

The MYSTERY of MARY

by Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

AUTHOR OF "MARCIA SCHUYLER," "PHOEBE DEANE," "DAWN OF THE MORNING" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRAY WALTERS

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Sat Erect, Every Nerve Strained.

soap and handkerchiefs. And, anyhow, if you'll accept it, it'll be something for you to hitch on to. One feels a little lost even for one night without a rag one can call one's own except a Pullman towel. I thought it might give you the appearance of a regular traveler, you know, and not a runaway."

He tried to make her laugh about it, but her face was deeply serious as she looked up at him.

"I think this is the kindest and most thoughtful thing you have done yet," she said. "I don't see how I can ever, ever thank you!"

"Don't try," he returned gallily. "There's your train being called. We'd better go right out and make you comfortable. You are beginning to be very tired."

She did not deny it, but rose to follow him, scanning the waiting room with one quick, frightened look. An obsequious porter at the gate seized the suitcase and led them in state to the Pullman.

The girl found herself established in the little drawing room compartment, and her eyes gave him thanks again. She knew the seclusion and the opportunity to lock the compartment door would give her relief from the constant fear that an unwelcome face might at any moment appear beside her.

"The conductor on this train is an old acquaintance of mine," he explained as that official came through the car. "I have taken this trip with him a number of times. Just sit down a minute. I am going to ask him to look out for you and see that no one annoys you."

The burly official looked grimly over his glasses at the sweet face under the big black hat, while Tryon Dunham explained: "She's a friend of mine. I hope you'll be good to her." In answer, he nodded grim assent with a smileless alacrity which was nevertheless satisfactory and comforting. Then the young man walked through the train to interview the porter and the newsboy, and in every way to arrange for a pleasant journey for one who three hours before had been unknown to him.

When he returned to her he found the shades closely drawn and the girl sitting in the sheltered corner of the section, where she could not be seen from the aisle, but where she could watch in the mirror the approach of anyone. She welcomed him with a smile, but instantly urged him to leave the train, lest he be carried away.

He laughed at her fears, and told her there was plenty of time. Even after the train had given its preliminary shudder, he lingered to tell her that she must be sure to let him know by telegraph if she needed any further help; and at last swung himself from the platform after the train was in full motion.

Immediately he remembered that he had not given her any money. How could he have forgotten? And there was the North side station yet to be passed before she would be out of danger. The last car was almost past when he made a daring dash and flung himself headlong upon the platform, to the horror of several trainmen who stood on the adjoining tracks.

He found the girl sitting where he had left her, only she had flung up the shade of the window next her, and was gazing with wide, frightened eyes into the fast flying darkness. He touched her gently on the shoulder, and she turned with a cry.

"Oh, I thought you had fallen under the train!" she said in an awed voice. "It was going so fast! But you did not get off, after all, did you? Now, what can you do? It is too bad, and all on my account."

"Yes, I got off," he said doggedly, sitting down opposite her and pulling his tie straight. "I got off, but it wasn't altogether satisfactory, and so I got on again. There wasn't much time for getting on gracefully, but you'll have to excuse it. The fact is, I couldn't bear to leave you alone just yet. I couldn't rest until I knew you had passed the North side station. Besides, I had forgotten to give you any money."

"Oh, but you must!" she protested, her eyes eloquent with feeling.

"Please don't say that," he went on eagerly. "I can get off later and take the down train, you know. Really, the fact is, I couldn't let you go right out of existence this way without knowing about you."

The moments fairly flew. They passed the North side station, and were nearing the flag station. After that there would be no more stops until past midnight. The young man

"I cannot help feeling that I ought to take care of you," he said.

"But I cannot permit it," she said firmly, lifting her trustful eyes to smile at him.

"Will you promise to let me know if you need anything?"

"No, I'm afraid I cannot promise even that," she answered, "because, while you have been a true friend to me, the immediate and awful necessity is, I hope, past."

"You will at least take this," he said, drawing from his pocket an inconspicuous purse of beautiful leather, and putting into it all the money his pockets contained. "I saw you had no pocketbook," he went on, "and I ventured to get this one in the drug store below the station. Will you accept it from me? I have your ring, you know, and when you take the ring back you may, if you wish, return the purse. I wish it were a better one, but it was the most decent one they had. You will need it to carry your ticket. And I have put in the change. It would not do for you to be entirely without money. I'm sorry it isn't more. There are only nine dollars and seventy-five cents left. Do you think that will see you through? If there had been any place down town here where I could cash a check at this time of night, I should have made it more."

"Thank you so much. I shall return the price of the ticket and this money as soon as possible," said the girl earnestly.

He suddenly became aware that the train was whistling and that the conductor was motioning him to go.

"But you have not told me your name," he cried in dismay.

"You have named me," she answered, smiling. "I am Mary Remington."

"But that is not your real name."

"You may call me Mary if you like," she said. "Now go, please, quick! I'm afraid you'll get hurt."

"You will remember that I am your friend?"

"Yes, thank you. Hurry, please!"

The train paused long enough for him to step in front of her window and wave his hat in salute. Then she passed on into the night, and only two twinkling lights, like diminishing red berries, marked the progress of the train until it disappeared in the cut. Nothing was left but the hollow echoes of its going, which the hills gave back.

CHAPTER IV.

Dunham listened as long as his ear could catch the sound, then a strange desolation settled down upon him.

The little station behind him was closed, though a light over the desk shone brightly through its front window and the telegraph sander was clicking busily.

Turning impatiently from the darkness, Dunham sought the bright window, in front of which lay a newspaper. He could read the large headlines of a column—no more, for the paper was upside down, and a bunch of bill-heads lay partly across it. It read:

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF YOUNG AND PRETTY WOMAN

His heart stood still, and then went thudding on in dull, horrid blow. Vainly he tried to read further. He followed every visible word of that paper to discover its date and origin, but those miserable bill-heads frustrated his effort. He felt like dashing his hand through the glass, but reflected that the act might result in his being locked up in some miserable country jail. He tried the window and gave the door another vicious shake, but all to no purpose. Finally he turned on his heel and walked up and down for an hour, tramping the length of the shabby platform, back and forth, till the train rumbled up.

At the first stop a man in front got out, leaving a newspaper in the seat. With eager hands, Dunham leaned forward and grasped it, searching its columns in vain for the tantalizing headlines. But there were others equally arrestive. This paper announced the mysterious disappearance of a young actress who was suspected of poisoning her husband. When seen last, she was boarding a train en route to Washington. She had not arrived there, however, so far as could be discovered. It was supposed that she was lingering in the vicinity of Philadelphia or Baltimore. There were added a few incriminating details concerning her relationship with her dead husband, and a brief sketch of her sensational life. The paragraph closed with the statement that she was an accomplished musician.

The young man frowned and, opening his window, flung the scandalous sheet to the breeze. He determined to forget what he had read, yet the lines kept coming before his eyes.

When he reached the city he went to the news stand in the station, where was an agent who knew him, and procured a copy of every paper on sale. Then, instead of hurrying home, he found a seat in a secluded corner and proceeded to examine his purchases.

In large letters on the front page of a New York paper blazed: HOUSE ROBBED OF JEWELS WORTH TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS BY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ADVENTRESS MASQUERADING AS A PARLOR MAID.

He ran his eyes down the column and gathered that she was still at large, though the entire police force of New York was on her track.

He turned to another paper, only to be met by the words:

ESCAPE OF FAIR LUNATIC AND UNDERNEATH

Fraction walks could not confine Miss Nancy Lee, who last week threw a lighted lamp at her mother, setting fire to the house, and then attempted suicide. The young woman found to have escaped from the asylum.

ing of what happened, and the physicians say she is liable to another attack of insanity, and deem it safe to keep her confined. She escaped during the night, leaving no clue to her whereabouts. How she managed to get open the window through which she left the asylum is still a mystery.

In disgust he flung the paper from him and took up another.

FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED! BEAUTIFUL YOUNG HEIRESS MISSING.

His soul turned sick within him. He looked up and saw a little procession of late revelers rushing out to the last suburban train, the girls leaving a trail of orris perfume and a vision of dainty opera cloaks. One of the men was a city friend of his. Dunham half envied him his unperturbed mind. To be sure, he would not get back to the city till three in the morning, but he would have no visions of robberies and fair lunatics and hard pressed maidens unjustly pursued, to mar his rest.

Dunham buttoned his coat and turned up his collar as he started out into the street, for the night had turned cold, and his nerves made him chilly. As he walked, the blood began to race more healthily in his veins, and the horrors of the evening papers were dispelled. In their place came pleasant memories of the evening at Mrs. Bowman's, of the music, and of their ride and talk together. In his heart a hope began to rise that her dark days would pass, and that he might find her again and know her better.

His brief night's sleep was cut short by a sharp knock at his door the next morning. He awoke with a confused idea of being on a sleeping car, and wondered if he had plenty of time to dress, but his sister's voice quickly dispelled the illusion.

"Tryon, aren't you almost ready to come down to breakfast? Do hurry, please. I've something awfully important to consult you about."

"His sister's tone told him there was need for haste if he would keep in her good graces, so he made a hurried toilet and went down, to find his household in a state of subdued excitement.

"I'm just as worried as I can be," declared his mother. "I want to consult you, Tryon. I have put such implicit confidence in Norah, and I cannot bear to accuse her unjustly, but I have missed a number of little things lately."

"What the matter, mother? Norah been appropriating property not her own?"

"I'm very much afraid she has, Tryon. What would you do about it? It is so unpleasant to charge a person with stealing. It is such a vulgar thing to steal. Somehow I thought Norah was more refined."

"Why, I suppose there's nothing to do but just charge her with it, is there? Are you quite sure it is gone? What is it, anyway? A ring, did you say?"

"No, it's a hat," said Cornelia shortly. "A sixty-dollar hat, I wish I'd kept it now, and then she wouldn't have dared. It had two beautiful white ostrich plumes on it, but mother

didn't think it was becoming. She wanted some color about it instead of all black. I left it in my room, and charged Norah to see that the man got it when he called, and now the man comes and says he wants the hat, and it is gone! Norah insists that when she last saw it, it was in my room. But of course that's absurd, for there was nobody else to take it but Thompson, and he's been in the family for so long."

"Cornelia," interrupted Tryon, quite beside himself, "don't think of such a thing as speaking to that poor girl about that hat. I know she hasn't stolen it, and then how will you feel?"

"But I tell you the hat cannot be found!" said the exasperated sister. "And I shall just have to pay for a hat that I can never wear."

"Mother, I appeal to you," said the son earnestly. "Don't allow Cornelia to speak of the hat to the girl. I wouldn't have such an injustice done in our house. The hat will turn up soon if you just go about the matter calmly. You'll find it quite naturally and unexpectedly, perhaps. Any way, if you don't, I'll pay for the hat, rather than have the girl suspected."

The mother rose reluctantly.

"Well, we might let it go another day," she consented. Then, looking up at the sky, she added: "I wonder if it is going to rain. I have a reciprocity meeting on for today, and I'm a delegate to some little unheard-of place. It usually does rain when one goes into the country, I've noticed."

She went into the hall, and presently returned with a distressed look upon her face.

"Tryon, I'm afraid you're wrong," she said. "Now my raincoat is missing. My new raincoat! I hung it up in the hall closet with my own hands, after it came from the store. I really think something ought to be done!"

"There! I hope you see!" said Cornelia severely. "I think it's high time something was done. I shall phone for a detective at once!"

"Cornelia, you'll do nothing of the kind," her brother protested, now thoroughly aroused. "I'll agree to pay for the hat and the raincoat if they are not forthcoming before a fortnight passes, but you simply shall not ruin that poor girl's reputation. I insist, mother, that you put a stop to such rash proceedings. I'll make myself



Hastily Scanned the Papers.

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Clear Creek Items

From Last Week

Misses Rose Adler and Irma Lowry are visiting at Purdum, Nebraska.

Miss Minnie Schmidt is working at the Van Dyke home.

Miss Sylvia Koach spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Grace Zahm.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke were Loup City visitors Saturday.

Wash Hammond gave a dance at his home Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hager spent Sunday with Warren Edson and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fielding visited at the Hammond home Sunday.

The farmers of this vicinity are busy threshing.

Miss Grace and Lewis Adams were Loup City visitors Monday.

Mr. Baker is a visitor at the Frank Potter home.

Geo. H. Zahn returned home Monday evening after spending a few days in the sand hills.

Road Notice

Aufrecht Vacation

To whom it may concern:

The commissioners appointed to vacate the public road commencing at a point about 80 rods South of the Northwest corner of the Northeast quarter of Section 1 twp 16 North range 16 west of the 6th p. m. and running thence in an easterly, southeasterly, and southerly direction, known as a part of old road No. 142, and terminating at the southeast corner of said section. The commissioners have reported in favor of such vacation. Therefore all objections thereto and all claims for damages must be filed in the County Clerk's office on or before noon of the 25th day of October, 1913, or such road will be vacated without reference thereto. Dated at Loup City August 16, 1913.

(SEAL) L. B. POLSKI, County Clerk.

Last pub. Sept. 18

Notice to Creditors

State of Nebraska, ss. In the County Court Sherman County, ss.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel Dadow, deceased.

To the creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified that I will sit at the County Court room in Loup City, in said County, on the 21st day of March, 1914, to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is the 21st day of March, A. D. 1914, and the time limited for the payment of debts is one year from the 16th day of August, 1913.

Witness my hand and seal of said County Court, this 16th day of August, 1913.

(SEAL) E. A. SMITH, County Judge.

Last publication September 11

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

First National Bank OF LOUP CITY.

CHARTER NO. 787, INCORPORATED AT Loup City in the State of Nebraska, at the close of business August 31st, 1913.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$196,306 89
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	3,024 84
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	7,000 00
Banking houses, furniture, fixtures	11,068 09
Due from approved reserve agents	27,633 29
Cheques and other cash items	756 85
Notes of other National Banks	756 85
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	178 46
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz: Specie	\$10,069 15
Legal tender notes	4,000 00-14,069 15
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	350 00
Total	\$300,365 57

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$35,000 00
Surplus fund	25,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1,430 00
National Bank notes outstanding	7,000 00
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	812 51
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	620 38
Individual deposits subject to check	102,058 57
Demand certificates of deposit	97,794 11
Total	\$300,365 57

State of Nebraska, ss. County of SHERMAN, ss.

I, L. HANSEN, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

L. HANSEN, Cashier

CORRECT-ATTEST: A. B. OUTHOUSE, Director, C. BRADLEY, Director, W. T. CHASE, Director.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of August, 1913.

(SEAL) R. H. MATHEW, Notary Public.

Last Notice

Unpaid book accounts and notes due the T. M. Reed estate I am ordered to bring suit to collect same after August 25th, 1913.

40-41 W. P. REED, Adm.

Do You Want Cement Work?

Anyone wanting block work, house or foundation, or any kind of cement work, see me. I have on hand at present a large number of concrete blocks nicely cured. I ask your patronage.

C. J. Tracy

1200 Acres Near Ashton

I have for sale some 1200 acres of land near Ashton, some of the best farming land in this section. Also, 10,000 acres of Canadian land for sale, see or write me for particulars.

J. J. Goc, Ashton, Neb.

Our Dollar Bill



Dollar Bill Says

Buy a suit of clothes from E. E. McFadden

and get an extra pair of trousers FREE. This will last only a few days. Come early and get your choice.

Qualities of the Great Book. A great book is a mine as well as a mine. It suggests and excites as much thought as it presents in finished form.

Don't Forget The SHERMAN COUNTY FAIR and Stock Show

3 BIG DAYS 3

SEPTEMBER 17, 18 and 19

Jenner's Park

Loup City, Nebraska

There Will Not Be Any Races

but numerous other attractions will help carry out our purpose

to make OUR FIRST EXHIBITION

A Grand Success

Come to the First Sherman County Fair

and bring ALL your friends

See the Secretary and get a

Premium List

which gives information in regard to Entriss and Prizes

Sherman County Agricultural Society

A. E. CHASE, Secretary

Loup City, Nebraska