

Winter Hats



By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Innes, spinster and guardian of Gertrude and Halsey, established summer headquarters at Sunnyside. Arnold Armstrong was found shot to death in the hall. Gertrude and her fiancé, Dr. Walker, had conversed in the billiard room shortly before the murder. Detective Jamieson accused Miss Innes of holding back evidence. Cashier Bailey of Paul Armstrong's bank, defunct, was arrested for embezzlement. Paul Armstrong's death was announced. Halsey's fiancée, Louise Armstrong, told Halsey that while she still loved him, she was to marry another. It developed that Dr. Walker was the man. Louise was found unconscious at the bottom of the circular staircase. She said something had brushed by her in the dark on the stairway and she pocketed a card bearing the name "Louise." A ladder found out of place depicts the mystery. The stables were burned, and in the dark Miss Innes shot an intruder. Halsey mysteriously disappeared. His name was found on a note in a trunk. Miss Innes learned Halsey was alive. Dr. Walker's face becomes livid at mention of the name of Nina Carrington. Evidence was secured from a tramp that a man, supposedly Halsey, had been seen in a canoe and thrown into the water near the house. Gertrude was missing. Halsey for her Miss Innes ran into a room. A confession of Dr. Walker confessed his part in the mystery.

CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.

"She struck me as being an ugly customer, and when she left, about 11 o'clock, and went across to the Armstrong place, I was not far behind her. She walked all around the house first, looking up at the windows. Then she rapped the bell, and the minute the door was opened she was through it, and into the hall.

"How long did she stay?"

"That's the queer part of it," Riggs said eagerly. "She didn't come out that night at all. I went to bed at daylight, and that was the last I heard of her until the next day, when I saw her on a track at the station, covered with a sheet. She'd been struck by the express and you would hardly have known her—dead, of course. I think she stayed all night in the Armstrong house, and the agent said she was crossing the track to take the ultra to town when the express struck her."

"Another circle," I exclaimed. "Then we are just where we started."

"Not so bad as that, Miss Innes," Riggs said eagerly. "Nina Carrington came from the town in California where Mr. Armstrong died. Why was the doctor so afraid of her? The Carrington woman knew something. I lived with Dr. Walker seven years, and I know him well. There are few things he is afraid of. I think he killed Mr. Armstrong out in the west somewhere, that's what I think. What else he did I don't know—but he dismissed me and pretty nearly throttled me—for telling Mr. Jamieson here about Mr. Innes' having been at his office the night he disappeared and about my hearing them quarreling."

"What was it Warner overheard the woman say to Mr. Innes in the library?" the detective asked me.

"She said I knew there was something wrong from the start. A man isn't well one day and dead the next without some reason."

"How perfectly it all seemed to fit!"

CHAPTER XXX.

When Churchyard's Yawn.

It was on Wednesday Riggs told me the story of his connection with some incidents that had been previously unexplained. Halsey had been gone since the Friday night before, and with the passage of each day I felt that he might be carried thousands



"But the Face That Showed in the Light."

of miles in the box-car, locked in, perhaps, without water or food. I had read of cases where bodies had been found locked in cars on isolated sidings in the west, and my spirits went down with every hour.

His recovery was destined to be almost as sudden as his disappearance, and was due directly to the tramp Alex had brought to Sunnyside. It seems the man was grateful for his release, and when he learned something of Halsey's whereabouts from another member of his fraternity—for it is a fraternity—he was prompt in letting us know.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Jamieson, who had been down at the Armstrong house trying to see Louise—and failing—was met near the gate at Sunnyside by an individual precisely as repulsive and unkempt as the one Alex had captured. The man knew the detective, and he gave him a piece of dirty paper, on which was scrawled the words: "He's at City Hospital, Johnsville." The tramp who brought the paper pretended to know nothing, except this: The paper had been passed along from a "hobo" in Johnsville, who seemed to know the information would be valuable to us. Again the long-distance telephone came into requisition. Mr. Jamieson

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

called the hospital, while we crowded around him. And when there was no longer any doubt that it was Halsey, we all laughed and cried together. I am sure I kissed Liddy, and I have had terrible moments since when I seem to remember kissing Mr. Jamieson, too, in the excitement.

Anyhow, by 11 o'clock that night Gertrude was on her way to Johnsville, 350 miles away, accompanied by Rosie. The domestic force was now down to Mary Anne and Liddy, with the under-gardener's wife coming every day to help out. Fortunately, Warner and the detectives were keeping bachelor hall in the lodge. Out of deference to Liddy they washed their dishes once a day, and they concocted queer messes, according to their several abilities. They had one triumph that they ate regularly for breakfast, and that clung to their clothes and their hair the rest of the day. It was bacon, hardtack and onions, fried together. They were almost pathetically grateful, however, I noticed for an occasional broiled tenderloin.

It was not until Gertrude and Rosie had gone and Sunnyside had settled down for the night, with Winters at the foot of the staircase, that Mr. Jamieson brouched a subject he had evidently planned before he came.

"I never expected to come this," he said once. "There's one thing sure—I'll not be suspected of complicity. A doctor is generally supposed to be



"She Walked All Around the House First, Looking Up at the Windows."

"Miss Innes," he said, stopping me as I was about to go to my room upstairs, "how are your nerves to-night?"

"I have none," I said happily. "With Halsey found, my troubles have gone."

"I mean," he persisted, "do you feel as though you could go through with something rather unusual?"

"The most unusual thing I can think of would be a peaceful night. But if anything is going to occur, don't dare to let me miss it."

"Something is going to occur," he said. "And you're the only woman I can think of that I can take along."

He looked at his watch. "Don't ask me any questions, Miss Innes. Put on heavy shoes, and some old dark clothes, and make up your mind not to be surprised at anything."

Liddy was sleeping the sleep of the just when I went upstairs, and I hunted out my things cautiously. The detective was waiting in the hall, and I was astonished to see Dr. Stewart with him. They were talking confidentially together, but when I came down they ceased. There were a few preparations to be made: the locks to be gone over, Winters to be instructed as to renewed vigilance, and then, after extinguishing the hall light, we crept, in the darkness, through the front door, and into the night.

I asked no questions. I felt that they were doing me honor in making me one of the party, and I would show them I could be as silent as they. We went across the fields, passing through the woods that reached almost to the ruins of the stable, going over stiles now and then, and sometimes stepping over low fences. Once only somebody spoke, and then it was an emphatic bit of profanity from Dr. Stewart when he ran into a wire fence.

We were joined at the end of five minutes by another man, who fell into step with the doctor silently. He carried something over his shoulder which I could not make out. In this way we walked for perhaps 20 minutes.

The doctor was puffing somewhat when we finally came to a halt. I consoled myself with the thought that at just that minute even Sunnyside seemed a cheerful spot. We had just at the edge of a level cleared place, bordered all around with primly trimmed evergreen trees. Between them I caught a glimpse of starlight shining down on rows of white headstones and an occasional more imposing monument or towering shaft. In spite of myself, I drew my breath in sharply. We were on the edge of the Casanova churchyard.

I saw now both the man who had joined the party and the implements he carried. It was Alex, armed with two long-handled spades. After the first shock of surprise, I flatter myself I was both cool and quiet. We went in single file between the rows of headstones, and although, when I found myself last, I had an instinctive desire to keep looking back over my shoulder, I found that, the first un-



CHAPTER XXXI.

Between Two Fireplaces.

With what the excitement of the discovery, the walk home under the stars in wet shoes and dragged skirts, and getting upstairs and undressed without rousing Liddy, I was completely used up. What to do with my boots was the greatest puzzle of all, there being no place in the house safe from Liddy, until I decided to slip upstairs the next morning and drop them into the hole the "ghost" had made in the trunkroom wall.

I went asleep as soon as I reached C's decision, and in my dreams I lived over again the events of the night. Again I saw the group around the silent figure on the grass, and again, as had happened at the grave, I heard Alex's voice, tense and triumphant:

"Then we've got them," he said. "Only in my dreams, he said it and over and over until he seemed to shriek it in my ears."

I awakened early, in spite of my fatigue, and lay there thinking. Who was Alex? I no longer believed that he was a gardener. Who was the man whose body we had resurrected? And where was Paul Armstrong? Probably living safely in some extrajurisdiction country on the fortune he had stolen. Did Louise and her mother know of the shameful and wicked deception? What had Thomas known, and Mrs. Watson? Who was Nina Carrington?

This last question, it seemed to me, was answered. In some way the woman had learned of the substitution, and had tried to use her knowledge for blackmail. Nina Carrington's own story died with her, but, however it happened, it was clear that she had carried her knowledge to Halsey the afternoon Gertrude and I were looking for clues to the man I had shot on the east veranda. Halsey had been half crazed by what he heard; it was evident that Louise was marrying Dr. Walker to keep the shameful secret, for her mother's sake. Halsey, always reckless, had gone at once to Dr. Walker and denounced him. There had been a scene, and he left on his way to the station to meet and notify Mr. Jamieson of what he had learned. The doctor was active mentally and physically. Accompanied perhaps by Riggs, who had shown himself not overscrupulous until he quarreled with his employer, he had gone across to the railroad embankment, and, by jumping in front of the car, had caused Halsey to swerve. The rest of the story we knew.

That was my reconstructed theory of that afternoon and evening; it was almost correct—not quite.

There was a telegram that morning from Gertrude.

Halsey conscious and improving. Probably home in day or so.

GERTRUDE.

With Halsey found and improving in health, and with at last something to work on, I began that day, Thursday, with fresh courage. As Mr. Jamieson had said, the lines were closing up. That I was to be caught and almost finished in the closing was happily unknown to us all.

It was late when I got up. I lay in my bed, looking around the four walls of the room, and trying to imagine behind what one of them a secret chamber might lie. Certainly, in daylight, Sunnyside deserved its name; never was a house more cheery and open, less sinister in general appearance. There was not a corner apparently that was not open and above-board, and yet, somewhere behind its handsomely papered walls I believed firmly that there lay a hidden room, with all the possibilities it would involve.

I made a mental note to have the house measured during the day to discover any discrepancy between the outer and inner walls, and I tried to recall again the exact wording of the paper Jamieson had found.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN OLD-TIME CLOWN.

J. B. Agler, (Tony Parker.) Praises Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Agler is one of the best known men in the circus world, having been on the road with a wagon show 53 years. When interviewed at his home in Winfield, Kans., he said: "I contracted kidney trouble in the war, and suffered intensely for twelve years. Backache was so severe I could hardly walk and my rest was broken by distressing urinary trouble. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and my cure has been permanent for five years. This is remarkable as I am in my 53rd year."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A LITTLE TOO PRIMITIVE

Shower Bath Arrangement Something of a Shock to the Participant.

August Belmont, at a dinner in Saratoga, praised the seaside towns of New England.

"But some of them," he added, "are a little too primitive. I remember a story about the primitive town of Rockford. Rockford had a rough bathing establishment, with a shower bath. You stood in your bathhouse, and pulled a rope and a deluge of cool water descended from the ceiling.

"Well, a lady visitor stood one day in her bathhouse, ready for the shower. She pulled the rope and braced herself, but no shower followed. She gave the rope another tug, when the gruff voice of the sailor proprietor of the establishment sounded from aloft:

"Stand a pint more to east-mum," it said, "if ye want to get the full force."

"And the horrified lady, looking up saw the old sailor frowning impatiently through a hole in the ceiling and tilting a barrel of sea water for the shower."

SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW.



Cholly Soft—May I have just one aw-good-night kiss?

Miss Wise—Why, certainly, my poor, dear boy! How you must miss your nurse when you are away from home!

WASTED A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limbs, from the knee to the toes. I went to see a great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after I noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there, I used all the medicines that I could see, but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which men I showed most crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they were not really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had become so nervous that I positively lost all hope.

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times, but could not make up my mind to buy them, for I had already used so many medicines. Finally I decided to use the Cuticura Remedies and I tell you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the entire inflammation had gone. I was completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with similar disease would come to me and find out the truth. I would only recommend them to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertha Sachs, 1621 Second Ave., New York, N. Y. Aug. 20, 1905."

"Mrs. Bertha Sachs is my sister-in-law and I know well how she suffered and was cured by Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments failed. Morris Sachs, 321 E. 89th St. New York, N. Y., Secretary of Deutsch-Ostrower Unt-Vereln, Kempner Hebrew Benevolent Society, etc."

Managing a Husband.

Men are like children; they want managing, although you must never let them dream that you think so. No child likes to be ordered about, no man will endure coercion. But managing; that is an art so subtle, so elusive, that few women understand the rudiments of it. Sisters mine, let us reason together, says Woman's Life. In every human being there is a spark of the divine; it is yours to fan that spark into a flame—that is managing a man—it is to get the very best out of him there is to have, and not two women in ten can do it.

Do not think that there is anything unworthy in managing a man—to bring out the best is a high vocation. Only let us see to it that we are worthy of it. There are women who have made angels of men, but at the cost of their own divinity. There is room for more than one unselfish person in a family.

A careless philosopher says a man never knows who his friends are until he hasn't any.

One genius is about all the average family can afford.

HATTERS check, select and leave...

will probably divide the honors of popularity during the coming season. All busy women are in great demand among those who are making ready for the winter the cutting millinery which never fails to fill our eyes with beauty and our hearts with longing. Millinery here in the big city having their stocks and to the front of October they will launch out into the business streets prepared to show their patrons the best millinery that has been prepared for many a season.

The winter hats are made from the choicest of shapes, size, material, and workmanship. The colorings are rich and elegant, there is an absence of overtrimming, and in the majority of cases is not exaggerated, French plumes and fancy feathers, Persian draperies and metal leaves play the conspicuous parts in their trimming. The shapes of latter's hats are large and picturesque, as a rule, and trimmed with masses of ostrich plumes, the latter a conservative number for one hat. For hats, on the other hand, are further shaped, and by comparison with the average ones, in which we have become accustomed, they may be called small. Beavers are medium or large, and trimmed in many ways. The trimming is selected with regard to the age of the wearer, for the beaver hat is no respecter of ages, and is worn by the little miss and the mature matron.

Three examples of this thoroughly practical hat are shown here. A pretty turban shape is finished with a single broad plume and Persian silk fashioned into an ornament and draped. The Persian shows touches of gold. The hat is in tones of blue and green belonging to the peacock colorings.

A novel crown in black and white is trimmed with a plink ornament and spray of short white and black half plumes mounted three in the cluster. A smart black alginate garnishes the pom-pom trimming.

Also large shape in a petting color is designed for a miss, and is therefore simply trimmed with a big bow made of shaded moire ribbon. The lines of the hat shape are almost unbroken.

These hats have much to recommend them. They are durable and comfortable, as well as pretty and fashionable. The fortunate possessor of a last year's beaver will find it easy to remodel, and the hat is a good investment. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

BUTTONS ARE OF ALL KINDS

Wide Selection Possible This Season for Those Fond of This Kind of Ornament.

Pearl buttons lead in favor as trimmings and for practical use in the tailoring. They are in white, black, mother-of-pearl and dyed shades. Most of these buttons are very large, nearly all in 1 1/2 and 2 1/2 size.

Decorative and cap shapes are seen, with false eyes or black-rimmed eyes. Often the artificial ivory buttons are dyed in two colors, or to black, red or color.

Metal buttons like metal passementerie, are largely favorite in effect. Gold, brown, orange and silver and hammered copper are some of the effects shown, usually in shell pattern.

Glass and enamel buttons show ornate figures—polar bears, swans, dogs, etc.—mounted in silver. These are especially designed for fur coats. A few pearl buttons are also shown, mounted in Egyptian patterns.

Among novelties, pendants, in imitation of beads, and small black and red glass buttons are offered.

CHARM IN PERFECT VOICE

Probably No One Thing is More Worth Cultivating Than Pure Musical Tone.

Many women overlook the fact that singing belongs to the refinements more necessary than a pure voice, will not only cure, free from inflammation. In fact, it is the voice that is the secret of the charm of many women.

Not every person may have the advantage of a voice in vibration, but every person who will may cultivate a new tone and a pleasant tone.

The first step in learning to talk well is to breathe correctly.

Let your tones be clear and as musical as you can produce them. Do you ever hear a person speak the following:

A Fad of "Now."

The woman with many neckties is lucky.

There is a craze for them at present.

Not only with evening dress, but with afternoon and morning gowns are they worn.

At the moment the favorite form is a long string of beads.

Wooden beads are particularly to be desired for daytime wear, and it is surprising the ways they have obtained.

The strings of beads are also carried out in jade, lapis lazuli, jet and onyx.

To Hold Flowers.

To wear a cluster of flowers or a single blossom on a tailor-made coat, sew a little loop of heavy braid under each the collar lapel, with the ends sewed together at the outer edge, just under the buttonhole.

In this way flowers can be attached without sticking a pin into delicate cloth just where it will show most. It is a plan adopted by men also for their boutonniere, and a very useful one.

Black and White Eton.

Among the new Eton suits sent out by the Paris dressmakers may be noted cream-colored moire suits with square black sailor collars of mousseline de soie, and also black satin suits with white cloth sailor collars, finished with a double row of gilt buttons down the front of the short jacket.

In black and white fabric combinations white silk with a black velvet stripe has been seen.

White fox and ermine continue to be the leading evening furs.

A late fad is the use of a shadow Chantilly under white chiffon.

The Vogue of Satin.

"Satin," says a Paris authority, "is used for everything that a woman could carry."

That includes handbags, scarfs, parasols, bands on long gloves, the new raincoats in our grandmothers' style, fans, everything—all appear in heavy satin, usually in black or in black and white.

No look carefully to that material for all your dress accessories.

Takes In Circuitous Routes

Letter Journeys Long Distance to Reach Destination Ten Feet from the Starting Point.

One of the most remarkable mail routes in the world is that in which a letter journeys in going from Beebe Plain, Vt., to Beebe Plain, Quebec, Canada. While the two offices are within ten feet of each other—are located in the same room, in fact—a letter mailed from one office to the other must make a trip of 294 miles—67 miles in Canada and the remainder in the United States.

The plain, old-fashioned store building which is situated on the international boundary line contains both the United States and the Canadian offices. There are separate entrances to each, but both are in the same room, have the same lobby and there are no partitions to mark the division between the domain of Uncle Sam and the possession of King Edward.

"If you mail a letter from the Vermont side addressed to the Quebec side," says the postmaster, "it goes from here to the junction, then to Newport, then to White River Junction, and back to Lenoxville, Quebec, over the Boston and Maine. There it is transferred to the Grand Trunk and

goes to a south-bound mail pouch and comes to Stanstead Junction and then back to this same building, a distance of 294 miles.

"If we wish to mail a letter from the American side to Derby Line, it must go to White River Junction and then come back over the official route."

At the Half-Century Mark.

YOUTH is eternal to him who believes in eternity. To me youth means anywhere from eight onward. I was an exceedingly old person at eight and I trust I violate no confidence when I confess a youthful exuberance now that I have bumped against the half-way post. Fifty is a splendid time for youthful expansion; one's fancy still retains all its ingenuity while one's judgment is bettered by experience.

When sitting on the 50 milestone on the way of man's vision points southward to the past and northward to the future with a minimum of oscillation. Rancorous thought and pessimistic prevision give way to quieter nerves and calmer view, and the mellow lighted vista of the years that have gone softens the heart of the youth of a half century of years.—John Philip Sousa in the Circle.