THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

ROBERTS RINEHART ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROYWALTERS

SYNOPSIS. '

Miss Innes, spinster and guardian of Gerirode and Halsey, established sum-mer hendquarters at Sunnyane. Arnold Armstrong was found shot to death in the half Gertrade and her finnes, Jack mer hendquarters at Sennyaue, Armoid Armstrong was found shot to death in the hall. Gertrude and her hance, Jack Batley, Ind conversed in the billiard room shortly before the murder. Detective Jamicson argues Miss Innes of helding back evidence. Cashier tialley of Paul Armstrong's bank, detunet, was arrested for embezzlement. Paul Armstrong's death was announced. Halsey's fluncee, Louise Armstrong, told Halsey that while she still loved him, she was to marry another. It developed that Dr. Walker was the man. Joulse 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 fishied. Balley is suspected of Armstrong's murder. Thomas, the ledgekeeper, was found dead with a note in his pocket bearing the name "Lucien Wallace." A ladder found out of place deeplens the mystery. The stables were burned, and in the dark Miss Innes shot an intruder. Halsey mysteriously disappeared. His auto was found wrecked by a freight train. It developed Halsey had an argument in the library with a woman before his disappearae. Miss Innes learned Halsey was before his disappearance. New cook disappears. Miss Innes learned Halsey was alive.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Who Is Nina Carrington?

The four days, from Saturday to the following Tuesday, we lived, or existed, in a state of the most dreadful Halsey on that memorable night. What suspense. We ate only when Liddy brought in a tray, and then very little. The papers, of course, had got hold of the story, and we were besieged by newspaper men. From all over the country false clews came pouring in

ad raised hopes that crumbled again night. nothing. Every morgue within 100 miles, every hospital, had been visited, without result.

The inaction was deadly. Liddy cried all day, and, because she knew I objected to tears, sniffled audibly around the corner.

"For heaven's sake, smile!" snapped at her. And her ghastly attempt at a grin, with her swollen nose and red eyes, made me hysterical. 1 laughed and cried together, and pretty soon, like the two old fools we were, we were sitting together weep-

ing into the same handkerchief. On Tuesday, then, I sent for the car and prepared to go out. As I waited at the porte-cochere I saw the undergardener, an inoffensive, grayishhaired man, trimming borders near the house. The day detective was watching him, sitting on the carriage block. When he saw me, he got up.

"Miss Innes," he said, taking off his hat, "do you know where Alex, the gardener, is?"

'Why, no. Isn't he here?" I asked. "He has been gone since yesterday afternoon. Have you-employed him long ?"

"Only a couple of weeks."

"Is he efficient? A capable man?" "I hardly know," I said vaguely. "The place looks all right, and I know very little about such things. I know much more about boxes of roses than bushes of them."

"This man," pointing to the assistant, "says Alex isn't a gardener. That he doesn't know anything about plants."

"That's very strange," I said, thinking hard. "Why, he came to me from the Brays, who are in Europe."

"Exactly." The detective smiled. "Every man who cuts grass isn't a gardener, Miss Innes, and just now it is our policy to believe every person around here a rascal until he proves to be the other thing."

Warner came up with the car then. and the conversation stopped. As he helped me in, however, the detective said something further.

"Not a word or sign to Alex, if he comes back," he said cautiously.

I went first to Dr. Walker's. I was tired of beating about the bush, and I felt that the key to Halsey's disappearance was here at Casanova, in spite of Mr. Jamieson's theories.

The doctor was in. He came at once to the door of his consulting room, and there was no mask of cordiality in his manner.

"Please come in," he said curtly. "I shall stay here, I think, doctor." I did not like his face or his manner; there was a subtle change in both. He had thrown off the air of friendliness, and I thought, too, that he looked anxious and haggard.

"Dr. Walker," I said, "I have come to you to ask some questions. I hope you will answer them. As you know my nephew has not yet been found." 'So I understand," stiffly.

"I believe, if you would, you could help us, and that leads to one of my questions. Will you tell me what was the nature of the conversation you held with him the night he was attacked and carried off?"

"Attacked! Carried off!" he said. with pretended surprise, "Really, Miss Innes, don't you think you exaggerate I understand it is not the first time Mr. Innes has-disappeared."

"You are quibbling, doctor. This is a matter of life and death. Will you answer my question?"

"Certainly. He said his nerves were bad, and I gave him a prescription for them. I am violating professional ethics when I tell you even as much as

I could not tell him he lied. I think I looked it. But I hazarded a random

"I thought perhaps," I said, watching him narrowly, "that it might be

about-Nina Carrington." For a moment I thought he was go-

ple swelled and throbbed curiously. Then he forced a short laugh

"Who is Nina Carrington?" he asked. "I am about to discover that," I rewas not difficult to divine that he pened to him? feared Nina Carrington a good deal more than he did the devil. Our leavetaking was brief; in fact, we merely stared at each other over the walting room table, with its litter of year-old magazines. Then I turned and went

"To Richfield," I told Warner, and on the way I thought, and thought

"Nina Carrington, Nina Carrington," the roar and rush of the wheels seemed to sing the words. "Nina Carrington, N. C." And I then knew, knew as surely as if I had seen the whole thing. There had been an N. C. on the suit case belonging to the woman with the pitted face. How simple it all seemed. Mattie Bliss had been Nina Carrington. It was she Warner had heard in the library. It was something she had told Halsey that had taken him frantically to Dr. Walker's office, and from there perhaps to his death. If we could find the woman, we might find what had become of Hal-

We were almost at Richfield now, so I kept on. My mind was not on my errand there now. It was back with was it he had said to Louise, that had sent her up to Sunnyside, half wild with fear for him? I made up my mind, as the car drew up before the Tate cottage, that I would see Louise if I had to break into the house at

Almost exactly the same scene as before greeted my eyes at the cottage. Mrs. Tate, the baby-carriage in the path, the children at the swing-all were the same.

She came forward to meet me, and noticed that some of the anxious lines had gone out of her face. She looked young, almost pretty.

"I am glad you have come back," she said. "I think I will have to be honest and give you back your money.' "Why?" I asked. "Has the mother

"No, but some one came and paid the boy's board for a month. She talked to him for a long time, but when I asked him afterward he didn't know her name."

"A young woman?"

"Not very young. About 40, I suppose. She was small and fair-haired, just a little bit gray, and very sad. She was in deep mourning, and, I think, when she came, she expected to go at once. But the child, Lucien, interested her. She talked to him for a much happier when she left."

"You are sure this was not the real

"O mercy, no! Why, she didn't know which of the three was Lucien. I thought perhaps she was a friend of yours, but, of course, I didn't ask." "She was not-pock-marked?" asked at a venture.

"No, indeed. A skin like a baby's. But perhaps you will know the initials. She gave Lucien a handkerchief and forgot it. It was very fine, black-bordered, and it had three handworked letters in the corner-F. B. A.'

"No," I said with truth enough, "she is not a friend of mine." F. B. A. was Fanny Armstrong, without a chance of

ing to strike me. He grew livid, and a | nyside. So Fanny Armstrong knew of small crooked blood-vessel in his tem- Lucien Wallace, and was sufficiently. interested to visit him and pay for his support. Who was the child's mother and where was she? Who was Nina Carrington? Did either of them know plied, and he was quiet at once. It where Halsey was, or what had hap-

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Tramp and the Toothache.

The bitterness toward the dead president of the Traders' bank seemed to grow with time. Never popular, his an eye on the detective. memory was execrated by people who had lost nothing, but who were filled tramp cleared his throat. with disgust by constantly hearing

But, like everything else those days, by Gertrude and myself. We did not ters," he whined. "I found it in the mention Jack Bailey: I had found road, honest to God, I did." nothing to change my impression of his guilt, and Gertrude knew how I him. He was watching Alex. felt. As for the murder of the bank president's son, I was of two minds. least suspected that Jack had done it: the next I feared that it had been Gertrude herself, that night alone on the circular staircase. And then the mother of Lucien Wallace would obtrude herself, and an almost equally good case might be made against her. There were times, of course, when I was disposed to throw all those suspicions aside, and fix definitely on the unknown, whoever that might be.

I had my greatest disappointment when it came to tracing Nina Carrington. The woman had gone without leaving a trace. Marked as she was, it should have been easy to follow her, but she was not to be found. A description to one of the detectives, on my arrival at home, had started the ball rolling. But by night she had not been found. I told Gertrude, then, about the telegram to Louise when she had been ill before; about my visit to Dr. Walker, and my suspicions that Mattie Bliss and Nina Carrington were the same. She thought, as I did, that there was little doubt of it.

I said nothing to her, however, of the detective's suspicions about Alex. Little things that I had not noticed at the time now came back to me. I had an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps him into the house I had played into the enemy's hands. But at eight o'clock that night Alex himself appeared, and with him a strange and repulsive individual. They made a queer pair, for Alex was almost as disreputable as the tramp, and he had a badly swollen eye.

Gertrude had been sitting listlessly waiting for the evening message from Mr. Jamieson, but when the singular long time, and, indeed, she looked pair came in, as they did, without ceremony, she jumped up and stood staring. Winters, the detective who watched the house at night, followed them, and oner. For that was the situation as it developed.

He was a tall lanky individual, ragged and dirty, and just now he looked both terrifled and embarrassed. Alex was too much engrossed to be either, and to this day I don't think I ever asked him why he went off without permission the day before.

"Miss Innes," Alex began abruptly, 'this man can tell us something very important about the disappearance of limp. Mr. Innes. I found him trying to sell this watch.'

He took a watch from his pocket With another warning to Mrs. Tate and put it on the table. It was Halsey's as to silence, we started back to Sun- watch. I had given it to him on the



Alex Was Almost as Disreputable as the Tramp.



with apprehension. "He says he had a pair of cuff-links

also, but he sold them-"Fer a dollar'n half," put in the disreputable individual hoarsely, with

"He is not-dead?" I implored. The

"No'm," he said huskily. "He was new stories of the man's grasping used up pretty bad, but be weren't dead He was comin' to hisself when I"-he stopped and looked at the dethe bank failure was almost forgotten tective. "I didn't steal it, Mr. Win-

Mr. Winters paid no attention to

"I'd better tell what he told me," Alex broke in. "It will be quicker. One day I thought Gertrude knew or at When Jamieson-when Mr. Jamieson calls up we can start him right. Mr. Winters, I found this man trying to sell that watch on Fifth street. He offered it to me for \$3."

"How did you know the watch?" Winters snapped at him.

"I had seen it before, many times. I used it at night when I was watching at the foot of the staircase." The detective was satisfied. "When he offered the watch to me, I knew it, and I pretended I was going to buy it. We went into an alley and I got the watch." The tramp shivered. It was plain how Alex had secured the watch, studied engineering and metallurgy and low. He claims to have seen the empty car-in the car the automobile

tions by Alex and Mr. Winters. He miliar words took unfamiliar meanings, but it was gradually made clear

struck me as being graphic-in an drive him out of the state and the bat-Alex was a spy, and that by taking and due to leave at dawn. The tramp numerous suits through every court in perhaps earlier, a terrific crash turn. against the side of the car roused him. He tried to open the door, but could not move it. He got out of the other ture, judges were appointed to the side, and just as he did so, he heard bench and newspapers were bought or some one groan.

The habits of a lifetime made him sight of and men almost forgot that cautious. He slipped on to the bum- they were Democrats or Republicans, per of a car and peered through. An being classified instead as adherents automobile had struck the car and of the Amalgamated company or of the stood there on two wheels. The tail heinze interests. lights were burning, but the head- Heinze is a strong man mentally lights were out. Two men were stoop- and physicalig. On his father's side kept his eyes sharply on Alex's prising over some one who lay on the the family is traced back through a ground. Then the taller of two started on a dog-trot along the train looking for an empty. He found one four cars away and ran back again. The two lifted the unconscious man into the empty box-car, and getting in themselves, stayed for three or four minutes. When they came out, after closing the sliding door, they cut up over the railroad embankment toward the town. One, the short one, seemed to

The tramp was wary. He waited for ten minutes or so. Some women came down a path to the road and inspected the automobile. When they had gone, he crawled into the box-car and closed the door again. Then he lighted a match. The figure of a man, unconscious, gagged, and with his hands tied, lay far at the end. The tramp lost no time; he went through his pockets, found a little money and the cuff-links, and took them. Then he loosened the gag-it had been cruelly tight-and went his way. again closing the door of the box-car. Outside on the road he found the watch. He got on the fast freight east. some time after, and rode into the city. He had sold the cuff-links, but on offering the watch to Alex he had been "copped."

The story, with its cold recital of villainy, was done. I hardly knew if I were more anxious, or less. That it was Halsey, there could be no doubt. How badly he was hurt, how far he had been carried, were the questions that demanded immediate answer. But it was the first real information we had had; my boy had not been murdered outright. But instead of vague terrors there was now the real fear that he might be lying in some strange hospital receiving the casual attention commonly given to the charity cases. Even this, had we known it. would have been paradise to the terrible truth. I wake yet and feel myself cold and trembling with the horror of Halsey's situation for three days after his disappearance. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Labor That Aids the World. It is true that all wealth comes from labor, but not necessarily from labor by the hands. The thinkers of the world have added inestimably to its development. It was a portrait painter who invented the telegraph, a college professor who produced the telephone, and the list might be extended almost indefinitely. It is well that to-day, with all our indulgence in rest and play, that we remember that it is intelligently directed energy of whatever kind which makes man better and helps along the world to the millennial dawn.

HEINZE MARRIES AN ACTRESS

Montana's Young Copper King, Who Worsted the Trust, Weds Bernice Golden Henderson.

Butte, Mont.-The marriage of F Augustus Heinze to Miss Bernice Golden Henderson, which recently took place, was of considerable public interest, not so much on account of the bride, who is young, beautiful and an actress, as because of the remarkable personality of this young "copper king" of Montana, who single-handed and almost alone brought the most powerful trust in the world to its

Heinze, who is a native of Brooklyn, where he was born in 1867, came to Butto in 1889 as a surveyor and found



F. Augustus Heinze.

work in the copper mines. After two years' service he came into a fortune of \$50,000, went to Germany, where he Then-I got the story from this fel- returning to Montana organized the Montana Ore Purchasing company, At whole affair. He says he was in an this period was formed the great Amalgamated Copper company, with a capitalization of \$75,000,000, since in-The tramp broke in here and told creased to \$155,000,000. In a labor dishis story, with frequent interpreta- pute which the trust forced upon its employes, seeking to reduce wages and used a strange medley, in which fa- rearrange the hours of labor, Heinze stood by the workers, paying those in his employ the usual wage rate, and thus came under the displeasure of the On the night in question the tramp trust. For years the Amalgamated had been "pounding his ear"-this sought to force him into the trust or empty box-car along the siding at the between Heinze on the one hand and Casanova. The train was going west, the trust on the other was carried in and the "brakey" were friendly, and the state and to the supreme court of things going well. About ten o'clock, the nation. And Heinze won at every

Upon the issues at stake in these suits men were elected to the legislasubsidized. Pomical issues were lost



Mrs. Henderson-Heinze.

long line of Lutheran ministers for over three centuries, and on the mother's side it goes back in this country to the first governor of Connecti-

His bride is a well-known actress, who won success on the stage as the Vampire in "A Fool There Was," succeeding Kathryn Kaelred in this role. Although still in the early 20s, Miss Henderson has already been married and divorced, and it was to support a two-year-old daughter that she embarked, on the advice of David Belas co, on a stage career last season.

About Women Smoking. Washington.-Just now there is a crusade against the smoking of cigarettes by women. The fact that society women have taken up this solace is considered an evidence that our present social course is leading the way to decay. Yet the only thing that is new about the smoking of cigarettes by women is the protest

against it. Andrew Jackson's mother used to smoke a corncob pipe. Probably Abraham Lincoln's mother did, too. Certainly most of the ladies who came over in the steerage-and the daughters of many of them are now found in our most exclusive circles-were rarely without their old pipes, some clay, some corncob.

No protest was made against the smoking of a pipe by Andrew Jackgon's mother and we have never heard of any meetings of protest in Mrs. Lincoln's neighborhood. Incidentally, each of these women reared a son who made his mark in the

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The Explanation,

Old Podkins lay back in his chair in calm content, and though his wife was quite near him he was happy, for she had not broken the silence for nearly five minutes.

He had been married for five-andtwenty long years, and Mrs. Podkins, almost daily during 24 of them, had disturbed the domestic peace by a too full exercise of her tongue.

"My dear," broke in Mrs. P---" thinking it time she said something to interrupt the quiet, "I see by the papers that a petrified jaw two yards long has been found in Cornwall."

"What!" cried Podkins, starting up. 'Now I know your secret. But you never told me your ancestors came from that part of the world!"

NO HEALTHY SKIN LEFT

"My little son, a boy of five, broke

out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Cintment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heartbreaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improveme?t, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is to-day, twelve years or more since the cure was effected. Robert Wattam, 1148 Forty-eighth St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1909."

The Part of It. "I wonder if that sour Miss Oldgirl ever had any salad days?"

"I am sure she had the vinegar and peppery part of them."

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