

# THE MYSTERY GIRL

By CAROLYN WELLS.

(Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

**SYNOPSIS.**  
John Waring, the gentleman and scholar, has just won the hotly contested election to the presidency of Corinth college, a venerable New England seat of learning. Before his inauguration he plans to marry Emily Bates, a charming and cultivated widow. The widow and other friends are having tea at the Waring home.

The house was a large one, with a fine front porch upheld by six enormous fluted columns.

One of the most beautiful of New England doorways led into a wide hall. To the right of this was the drawing room, not so often used and not so well liked as the more cozy living room to the left as one entered and where the tea drinking group now sat.

Further back on the living room side, was the dining room, and beside it, back of the drawing room, was the doctor's study. This was the gem of the whole house. The floor had been sunken to give greater ceiling height, for the room was very large, and of fine proportions. It opened onto the cross hall with wide double doors, and a flight of six or seven steps descended to its rug-covered floor.

Opposite the double doors was the great fireplace with high over-mantel of carved stone. Each side of the mantel were windows, high and not large. The main daylight came through a great window on the right of the entrance and also from a long French window that opened like doors on the same side.

This French window, giving on a small porch, and the door, that opened into the cross hall of the house were the only doors in the great room, save those on cupboards and bookcases.

On the other side of the room, opposite the French window, was a row of four small windows looking into the dining room. But these were high, and could not be seen through by people on the sunken floor of the study.

The whole room was done in Circassian walnut, and represented the ideal abode of a man of letters. The fireplace was flanked with two facing divan-ports, the wide window seat was piled with cushions. The French window doors were suitably curtained and the high windows were of truly beautiful stained glass.

The spacious table desk was in the middle of the room, and bookcases, both portable and built-in, lined the walls. There were a few good busts and valuable pictures, and the whole effect was one of dignity and repose rather than of elaborate grandeur.

The room was renowned, and all Corinth spoke of it with pride. The students felt it a great occasion that brought them within its walls and the faculty loved nothing better than a session there.

Casual guests were rarely entertained in the study. Only special visitors or those worthy of its classic atmosphere found welcome there. Mrs. Peyton or Helen were not expected to use it, and Mrs. Bates had already declared she should respect it as the sanctum of Dr. Waring alone.

The two made their way to the window seat, and as he arranged the soft cushions for her, Waring said, "Don't Emily, ever feel shut out of this room. As I live now, I've not welcomed the Peytons in here, but my wife is a different proposition."

"I still feel a bit of the place, John, but I may get used to it. Anyway, I'll try, and I do appreciate your willingness to have me in here. Then if you want to be alone, you must put me out."

"I'll probably do that sometimes, dear, for I have to spend many hours alone. You know, I'm not taking the presidency lightly."

"I know it, you conscientious dear. But, on the other hand, don't be too serious about it. You're just the man for the place, just the character for a college president, and if you try too hard to improve or reconstruct yourself you'll probably spoil your present perfection."

"Well, nothing would spoil your present perfection, my Emily. I am to greatly pleased to have the great honor from the college—and you, too."

"Are you happy, John? All happy?" Waring's deep blue eyes fastened themselves on her face. His brown hair showed only a little gray at the temples, his fine face was not touched deeply by time's lines, and his clear, wholesome skin glowed with health.

If there was an instant's hesitation before his reply came, it was none the less hearty and sincere. "Yes, my darling, all happy. And you?"

"I am happy, if you are," she returned. "But I can never be happy if there is a shadow of any sort of your heart. Is there, John? Tell me, truly."

"You mean regarding this trouble that I hear is brewing for me?"

"Not only that, I mean in any direction."

"Trouble, Emily! With you in my arms! No, a thousand times no! Trouble and I are strangers so long as I have you!"

**Miss Mystery Arrives.**  
Any one who has arrived at the railroad station of a New England village, after dark on a very cold winter night, the train late, no one to meet him, and no place engaged for board and lodging, will know the desolation of such a situation.

New England's small railroad stations are much alike, the crowds that alight from the trains are much alike, the people waiting on the platform for the arriving travelers are much alike. But there came into Corinth one night a passenger who was not at all like the fellow passengers on that belated train. It was a train from New York, due in Corinth at 8:40, but owing to the extreme cold weather, and various untoward freights occasioned thereby, the delays were many and long, and the train drew into the station shortly after 7 o'clock.

The passenger who was unlike the others, stepped down from the car platform, and holding her small suitcase firmly, crossed the track and entered the station waiting room. She went to the ticket window, but found there no attendant. Impatiently she tapped her little foot on the old board floor, but no one appeared.

Undecided as to her next move, she opened the station door just in time to see an old man with long white beard jump into his sleigh and begin to tuck fur robes about him.

"He sprang to his sleigh—to his team gave a whistle," she quoted to herself, and then cried out, "Hey, there, Santa Claus, give me a lift!"

"You engaged for our house?" the man called back, and as she shook her head, he gathered up his reins.

"Can't take any one not engaged," he called back. "Snap!"

"Wait—wait! I command you!" The sharp, clear young voice rang out through the cold winter air, and Old Salt Adams paused to listen.

"Ho, ho," he chuckled, "you command me, do you? Now, I haven't been commanded for something like 50 years."

"Oh, don't stop to fuss," the girl exclaimed, angrily. "Don't you see I'm cold, hungry and very uncomfortable? You have a boarding house—I want board—now, you take me in. Do you hear?"

"Sure, I hear, but, miss, we've only so many rooms, and they're all occupied or engaged."

"Some are engaged, but as yet un-

occupied? The dark eyes challenged him, and Adam mumbled—"Well, that is about it."

"Very well, I will occupy one until the engager comes along."

The wind blew fiercely. It was snowing a little, and the drifts sent feathery clouds through the air. The trees, coated with ice from a recent sleet storm, broke off crackling bits of ice as they passed. The girl looked about, at first curiously, and then timidly, as if frightened by what she saw.

It was not a long ride, and they stopped before a large house, showing comfortably lighted windows and a broad front door that swung open even as the girl was getting down from the sleigh.

"For the land sake!" exclaimed a brisk feminine voice, "this ain't Letty! Who in the earth have you got here?"

"I don't know," Old Salt Adams replied, truthfully. "Take her along, mother, and give her a night's lodging."

"But where is Letty? Didn't she come?"

"Now can't you see she didn't come? You s'pose I left her at the station? Or dumped her out along the road? No—since you will have it, she didn't come. She didn't come!"

Old Salt drove on toward the barn, and Mrs. Adams bade the girl go into the house.

The landlady followed, and as she saw the strange guest she gazed at her in frank curiosity.

"You want a room, I s'pose," she began. "But I'm sorry to say we haven't one vacant—"

"Oh, I'll take Letty's. She didn't come, you see, so I can take her room for tonight."

"Letty wouldn't like that."

"But I would! And I'm here and Letty isn't. Shall we go right up?"

Picking up her small suitcase, the girl started and then stepped back for the woman to lead the way.

"This is your name—if you please. What is your name?"

As the landlady's tone changed to a sterner inflection, the girl likewise grew dignified.

"My name is Anita Austin," she said, coldly.

"Where are you from?"

"What address?"

By this time the strange dark eyes had done their work. A steady glance from Anita Austin seemed to compel all the world to do her bidding. At any rate, Mrs. Adams took the suitcase, and without a further word conducted the stranger upstairs.

She took her into an attractive bedroom, presumably made ready for the absent Letty.

"This will do," Miss Austin said, calmly. "Will you send me up a tray of supper? I don't want much, and I prefer not to come down to dinner."

"Land sake, dinner's over long ago. You want some tea, 'n bread 'n butter, 'n preserves, 'n cake?"

"Yes, thank you, that sounds good. Send it in half an hour."

To her guest, Mrs. Adams showed merely a face of acquiescence, but once

outside the door, and released from the spell of those eerie eyes, she remarked to herself, "For the land sake!" with great emphasis.

"Well, what do you know about that?" Old Salt Adams cried, when, after Justice, started him on his supper, his wife related the episode.

"I can't make her out," Mrs. Adams said, thoughtfully. "But I don't like her. And I won't keep her. Tomorrow, you take her over to Belmont's."

"Just as you say. But I thought her interesting looking. You can't say she isn't that."

"Maybe so, to some folks. Not to me. And Letty'll come tomorrow, so that girl'll have to get out of the room."

Meanwhile "that girl" was eagerly peering out of her window.

She tried to discern which were the lights of the college buildings, but through the still lightly falling snow, she could see but little.

"Corinth," she whispered. "Oh, Corinth, what do you hold for me? What fortune or misfortune will you bring me? What fortune or misfortune shall I bring to others? Oh, Justice, Justice, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

**Miss Mystery Baffles Speculation.**  
The next morning Anita appeared in the dining room at the breakfast hour.

Mrs. Adams scanned her sharply, and looked a little disapprovingly at the short, scant skirt and slim, silken legs of her new boarder.

Anita, her dark eyes scanning her hostess with equal sharpness, seemed to express an equal disapproval of the country-cut gingham and huge white apron.

Not at all obtuse, Mrs. Adams sensed this, and her tone was a little more deferential than she had at first intended to make it.

"Will you sit here, please, Miss Austin?" she indicated a chair next herself.

"No thank you, I'll sit by my friend," and the girl slipped into a vacant chair next Salt Adams.

Old Salt gave a furtive glance at his wife, and suppressed a chuckle at her surprise.

"This is Mr. Tyler's place," he said to the usurper, "but I expect he'll let you have it this once."

"I mean to have it all the time," and Anita nodded gravely at her host.

"All the time is this one meal only," crisply put in Mr. Adams. "I'm sorry, Miss Austin, but we can't keep you here. I have no vacant room."

The entrance of one other person gave Anita a chance to speak in an undertone to Mr. Adams, and she said, "You'll let me stay till Letty comes, won't you? I suppose you are boss in your own house."

As a matter of fact almost any phrase would have described the man better than "boss in his own house," but the idea tickled his sense of irony, and he chuckled as he replied, "You bet I am! Here you stay—along as you want to."

"You're my friend, then?" and an appealing glance was shot at him beneath long, curling lashes that proved the complete undoing of Salt Adams.

"To the death!" he whispered in mock dramatic manner.

Anita gave a shiver. "What a way

to put it!" she cried. "I mean to live forever, slight to herself."

"Doubtless," Old Salt returned, placidly. "You're a freak—aren't you?"

"That isn't a very pretty way of expressing it, but I suppose I am," and a mutinous look passed over the strange little face.

In repose, the face was oval, serene, and regular of feature. But when the girl smiled or spoke or frowned, changes took place, and the mobile countenance grew soft with laughter or hard with scorn.

And scorn was plainly visible when a moment later Adams introduced Robert Tyler, a fellow boarder, to Miss Austin.

She gave him first a conventional glance, then, as he dropped into the chair next hers, and said "Only too glad to give up any place to a peach," she turned on him a flashing glance that, as he expressed it afterward, "wiped him off the face of the earth."

Nor could he reinstate himself in her good graces. He tried a penitent attitude, bravado, jocularly and indifference, but one and all failed to engage her interest or even attention. She answered his remarks with calm, curt speeches that left him

fluffed and uncertain whether he wanted to bow down and worship her, or wring her neck.

Old Salt Adams took this all in, his amusement giving way to curiosity and then to wonder. Who was this person who looked like a young, very young girl, yet who had all the mental powers of an experienced woman? What was she and what her calling?

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

And many other useful articles in our stock will solve the gift problem.

Christmas Greeting Cards and Seals.

The Robert Dempster Co. Eastman Kodak Co. 1813 Farnam Street. Branch 308 South 15th Street.

**KODAKS**

And many other useful articles in our stock will solve the gift problem.

Christmas Greeting Cards and Seals. The Robert Dempster Co. Eastman Kodak Co. 1813 Farnam Street. Branch 308 South 15th Street.

## The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made!

# and a LIVING MODEL

Demonstration and Sale of the World's Famous

# NOTASEME

"Guaranteed" Hosiery

## 3000 PAIRS

Women's and Children's Silk and Lisle Hose in An All Week Sale

Buy Now! and Save!

Notaseme Famous Art Silk Hose Fashioned seams, garter ravel barrier. Unlimited guarantee. Special— \$1.00 a Pair. 3 Pairs in Holly Box, \$2.85 All colors	Notaseme Ribbed Top, Pure Thread Silk Boot Reinforced seams, mercerized heel and toe. Regular \$1.35 a Pair. 3 Pairs in Holly Box, \$3.50 All colors	Notaseme 12-Strand Pure Silk Hose Fashioned seams, snug fitting, ankles, double lisle soles— \$1.50 a Pair. 3 Pairs in Holly Box, \$4.00 All colors
---	---	--

## NOTASEME

Said to Us:

Give Every WOMAN

A new pair

AT ONCE

for any pair that does not give the

Customer Perfect Satisfaction

What could be fairer than that?

## FATIMA CIGARETTES

now 20c for TWENTY

—and after all, what other cigarette is so highly respected by so many men?



Let Fatima smokers tell you

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

**ADVERTISEMENT.**  
**Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup**  
Easily and cheaply made at home, but best when all for quick results.  
Thousands of housewives have found that they can save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup. It is simple and cheap but it has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less. Get 2½ ounces of Pinex from any druggist, pour it into a pint bottle, and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make a full pint. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time. It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dread cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.  
Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract known the world over for its healing effect on membranes. Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright**  
Night's Tonic—fresh air, a good sleep and an NR Tablet to make your days better.  
Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) exerts a beneficial influence on the digestive and eliminative system—the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.  
Tonight—take an NR Tablet—its action is so different you will be definitely surprised.  
Used for over 20 years

**Chips off the Old Block**  
NR JUNIORS—Little NRs—One-third the regular dose.  
Made of same ingredients, then candy coated.  
For children and adults.  
Sherman & McConnell

**GOOD KINDLING**  
Phone Atlantic 2700  
Sunderland Bros. Co.

Watch Our Window for famous LIVING MODEL! Every Day This Week LIVING MODEL WEARS Coats and Dresses Made of Notaseme Hosiery

Demonstration from 10 until 6 p. m. every day this week.

## Introductory Showing and Sale of MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S NOTASEME Stockings for Christmas

Misses' Fine Cotton Ribbed  
In white, brown and black. Sizes 6½ to 10.  
35c Pair 6 Pairs in Holly Box, \$2.00

Misses' Fine Mercerized Lisle or English Ribbed  
50c Pair 6 Pairs in Holly Box, \$2.50  
White, brown, black. Sizes 6½ to 10.

Notaseme Children's Hose have the same unlimited guarantee. They Must Give Satisfaction



Sizes 6½ to 10  
Unlimited Guarantee  
MISSES' fine, fancy top worsted—  
\$1 a Pair  
3 Pairs in Holly Box \$2.50  
Brown Heather, Gray Heather and Buck.

# Orkin Bros.

Buy Your Hosiery Gifts "Here"