

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's some he is attracted by a picture of a young girl, whom the millionaire explains is his granddaughter. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower e'even and retains lower ten. He finds a drunken man in lower, ten and retires in lower nine. He awa-kens in lower seven and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. Circumstantial evi-dence points to both Blakeley and the dence points to both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. They go to the Carter place for breakfast. The girl proces to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Her peculiar actions mysify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley puts it in his packet. Blakeley returns home. He finds that he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the trace with his stolen crip. Blakeley bar, s that a man named Sultivan leaped from the train near M and sprained his anide. He stayed some time at the Carter place.

CHAPTER XVII-Continued.

"Was the name Blakeley?" I asked. "it might have been- r can't say. But the men wasn't there, and there was a lot of noise. I couldn't hear well. Then in half an hour down came the other twin to say the gentleman was taking on awful and didn't want the message sent."

"lie's gone, of course?" "Yes. Limped down here in about

three days and took the noon train for the city." It seemed a certainty now that our

man, having hurt himself somewhat in his jump, had stayed quietly in the farm house until he was able to travel. But, to be positive, we decided to visit the Carter place.

I gave the station agent a five-dollar bill, which he rolled up with a couple of others and stuck in his paper, and we bent over them curiouspocket. I turned as we got to a bend ly. It was something like this: in the road, and he was looking curiously after us.

It was not until we had climbed the hill and turned onto the road to the Carter place that I realized where we farm house at once. It was the one where Alison West and I had breakfaster nine days before. With a new McKnight. I wondered afterward if not. he had suspected it. I saw him looking hard at the gatepost which had figured in one of our mysteries, but he asked no questions. Afterward he grew almost taciturn, for him, and let me do most of the talking.

We opened the front gate of the walk. Two ragged youngsters, alike this way it almost makes sense. Fill even to freckles and squints, were out that 'p-' with the rest of the playing in the yard. "Is your mother around?" I asked.

"In the front room. Walk in," they answered in identical tones.

As we got to the porch we heard voices, and stopped. I knocked, but the people within, engaged in animated, rather one-sided conversation, did not answer.

"In the front room. Walk in," quoted McKnight, and did so.

In the stuffy farm parlor two people were sitting. One, a pleasantfaced woman with a checked apron, rose, somewhat embarrassed, to meet us. She did not know me, and I was have the motive for the crime." thankful. But our attention was riveted on a little man who was sitting

the grace to look uncomfortable.

nervously, "I took the liberty-"

at the station?" "A few," he confessed. "I went to

the theater last night-I felt the need of a little relaxation—and the sight of a picture there, a cinematograph affair, started a new line of thought. Probably the same clew brought you gentlemen. I learned a good bit from

"And you paid him, I suppose?" "I gave him five dollars," was the

apologetic answer. Mrs. Carter, hearing sounds of

Hotchkiss folded up his papers.

of hat do you wear, Mr. Blakeley?" "Seven and a quarter," I replied.

he said cheerfully. "On the night of merest fluke of chance, take with him, "Well, it's only piling up evidence," the murder you wore gray silk under. in the value he changed for his own, clothing, with the second button of the very notes he was after. It was a the shirt missing. Your hat had 'L. bit of luck for him." R' in gilt letters inside, and there was a very minute hole in the toe of one black sock."

word gets to Mrs. Klopton that Mr. agent sent? You remember they tried to Mr. Root by the New York Repub-Blakeley was wrecked, or robbed, or to countermand it, and with some ex- lican congressional delegation. whatever it was, with a button miss-citement." ing and a hole in one sock, she'll re-

gravely and went on:

Tve been up in the room where the man lay while he was unable to get away, and there is nothing there. But you! I put the young man to bed I found what may be a possible clew with a spice poultice on his ankle; in the dust heap.

packing his grip the other day she what they will do in croup! And then him he would remind me that New some pieces of a telegram. As I fig. see the wreck. It was Sunday, and ure it, the pajamas were his own. He | the mister had gone to church; hasn't probably had them on when he ef- missed a day since he took the pledge your mathematics are inclined to be been on it. Know anything about it?" fected the exchange."

"Therefore the telegram was his, better than liquor after a shock." pot yours I have pieces here, but | Hotchkiss was listening absently; Mr. Knox. but (and he turned to a lon.

The MAN in INVIEW TEN AUTHOR of THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
ILLUSTRATIONS by M.G. KETTNER
COPYRIGHT by BORRS - MERRILL COMPANY



"You Don't Think He Locked the Door Himself?"

some are missing. I am not discour- McKnight was whistling under his breath, staring down across the field aged, however." to where a break in the woods showed | ton." He spread out some bits of yellow a half dozen telegraph poles, the line

Man with p- Get-

We spelled it out slowly.

make it something like this: The 'p-' | that. Rows of-" were going. Although we approached is one of two things, pistol-you reit from another direction, I knew the member the little pearl-handled affair belonging to the murdered manor is it pocketbook. I am inclined to awake," she went on, "hammering at just how grave it is," she said quietthe latter view, as the pocketbook had his door like all possessed. And it ly. "My grandfather will not leave one restraint between us, I did not tell been disturbed and the pistol had was locked on the outside!" She I took the piece of paper from the

table and scrawled four words on it. "Now," I said, rearranging them, "it happens, Mr. Hotchkiss, that I found one of these pieces of the telegram on the train. I thought it had been dropped by some one else, you Carter place and went slowly up the see, but that's immaterial. Arranged word, as I imagine it, and it makes 'papers,' and add this scrap and you

> "'Man with papers (in) lower ten, car seven. Get (them)." McKnight slapped Hotchkiss on the

"You're a trump," he said. "Br-is Bronson, of course. It's almost too easy. You see, Mr. Blakeley here engaged lower ten, but found it occupied by the man who was later murdered there. The man who did the thing was a friend of Bronson's, evidently, and in trying to get the papers we

"There are still some things to be explained." Mr. Hotchkiss wiped his before a table, writing busily. It was glasses and put them on. "For one thing, Mr. Blakeley, I am puzzled by

He got up when he saw us, and had that bit of chain." I did not glance at McKnight. I felt "Such an interesting case," he said that the hands with which I was gathering up the bits of torn paper "Look here," said McKnight sud were shaking. It seemed to me that denly, "did you make any inquiries this astute little man was going to drag in the girl in spite of me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A New World. Hotchkiss jotted down the bits of

telegram and rose. "Well," he said, "we've done some-

thing. We've found where the mur-"The son-of-a-gun," said McKnight, derer left the train, we know what day he went to Baltimore, and, most important of all, we have a motive for the crime."

"It seems the irony of fate," said strife in the yard, went out, and McKnight, getting up, "that a man should kill another man for certain pa-"I think the identity of the man is pers he is supposed to be carrying, established," he said. "What number find he hasn't got them after all, decide to throw suspicion on another man by changing berths and getting lout, bag and baggage, and then, by the

"Then why," put in Hotchkiss doubtfully, "why did he collapse when he heard of the wreck? And what about "Hush," McKnight protested. "If the telephone message the station

twins followed us to the steps.

my mether always was a firm believer "Mrs. Carter tells me that in un- in spice poultices. It's wonderful a year. Every time I went to see morning." shook out of the coat of the pajamas I took the children and went down to York's quota was exceeded by 14 per tourist, removing his coat. "What nine years ago. And on the way I met automatic.' I nodded assent. All I had retained two people, a man and a woman.

of my own clothing was the suit of They looked half dead, so I sent them of state," Senator Depew said, when pajamas I was wearing and my bath right here for breakfast and some the laughter had subsided. "Senator soap and water. I always say soap is Root went up to see him about con- indicative of strong disgust. "The ties

of the railroad. "It must have been 12 o'clock when we got back; I wanted the children to "I don't regard it as anything more see everything, because it isn't likely than-er-inconvenient," I lied. "They

"About 12 o'clock," I broke in, "and

what then?" "The young man upstairs was

paused to enjoy her sensation. "I would like to see that lock," Hotchkiss said promptly, but for some

reason the woman demurred. "I will bring the key down," she said and disappeared. When she returned she held out an ordinary door key of the cheapest variety. "We had to break the lock," she volunteered, "and the key didn't turn up

for two days. Then one of the twins found the turkey gobbler trying to swallow it. It has been washed since," she hastened to assure Hotchkiss, who showed an inclination to drop it. "You don't think he locked the door himself and threw the key out of the window?" the little man asked.

"The windows are covered with posquito netting, nailed on. The mister blamed it on the children, and it might have been Obadiah. He's the quiet kind, and you never know what he's about."

"He's about to strangle, isn't he. McKnight remarked lazily, "or is that

Obadiah?" Mrs. Carter picked the boy up and inverted him, talking amiably all the time. "He's always doing it," she said, giving him a shake. "Whenever we miss anything we look to see if

Obadiah's black in the face." She gave another shake, and the quarter I had given him shot out as if blown from a gun. Then we prepared to go back to the station. From where I stood I could look

into the cheery farm kitchen, where house that morning, for-I had kissed Alison West and I had eaten our al her! fresco breakfast. I looked at



the table with mixed emotions, and then, gradually, the meaning of something on it penetrated my mind. Still in its papers, evidently just opened, was a hat box, and protruding over children whose father is Crown the edge of the box was a streamer of Prince Ferdinand of the picturesque vivid green ribbon.

On the plea that I wished to ask Mrs. Carter a few more questions, I daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg let the others go on. I watched them and Gotha. The youthful prince is down the flagstone walk; saw Mc- not a grandson of the present ruler. Knight stop and examine the gate King Carol, and his wife, known posts and saw, too, the quick glance world wide as "Carmen Sylva." They he threw back at the house. Then I have no children. turned to Mrs. Carter.

"I would like to speak to the young lady upstairs," I said. She threw up her hands with a quick gesture of surrender. "I've done all I could," she exclaimed. "She won't like it very well, but-she's in

the room over the parlor." I went eagerly up the ladder-like stairs, to the rag-carpeted hall. Two doors were open, showing interiors of four poster beds and high bureaus. The door of the room over the parlor was almost closed. I hesitated in the hallway; after all, what right had a king of the country, which at that to intrude on her? But she settled my ime had just freed itself from the difficulty by throwing open the door and facing me.

"I--I beg your pardon, Miss West." stammered. "It has just occurred is his consort, known among her own to me that I am unpardonably rude. I people as Elisaveta. saw the hat downstairs and I-I guessed-"

"The hat!" she said. "I might have known. Does Richey know I am here?

"I don't think so." I turned to go down the stairs again. Then I haltes, justification. "I'm in rather a mess these days, and I'm apt to do irresponsible things. It is not impossible that I shall be arrested, in a day or so, for the murder of Simon Harring-

She drew her breath in sharply. "Murder!" she echoed. "Then they have found you after all!"

can't convict me, you know. Almost all the witnesses are dead." She was not deceived for a moment,

She came over to me and stood, both hands on the rail of stair. "I know stone unturned, and he can be terrible -terrible. But"-she looked directly into my eyes as I stood below her on the stairs-"the time may comesoon—when I can help you. I'm afraid I shall not want to; I'm a dreadful coward, Mr. Blakeley. But

-I will." She tried to smile. "I wish you would let me help you," I said unsteadily. "Let us make it a bargain; each help the other!"

The girl shook her head with a sad little smile. "I am only as anhappy as I deserve to be," she said. And when I protested and took a step toward her she retreated, with her hands out before her.

"Why don't you ask me all the ques tions you are thinking?" she demanded, with a catch in her voice. "Oh. I know them. Or are you afraid to

I looked at her, at the lines around her eyes, at the drawn look about her mouth. Then I held out my hand. "Afraid!" I said, as she gave me hers. There is nothing in God's green earth I am afraid of, save of trouble for you. To ask questions would be to imply a lack of faith. I ask you nothing. Some day, perhaps, you will come to me yourself and let me help

The next reoment I was out in the golden sunshine; the birds were singing carols of joy; I walked dizzily throught rainbow-colored clouds, past the twins, cherubs now, swinging on the gate. It was a new world into which I stepped from the Carter farm-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Turned Tables on Root

Secretary's Familiar Little Remark Didn't Seem as Funny as It Used To.

Senator Depew told a little story on himself and Senator Root in his speech at the dinner in Washington

"When Root was secretary of state." "We will ask him those questions said Senator Depew, "I went over to tire to the Old Ladies' home. I've when we get him," McKnight said. We see him and asked him if he couldn't were on the unrailed front porch by do something for me in the line of Mr. Hotchkiss was without a sense that time, and Hotchkiss had put away consular appointments. He said: of humor. He regarded McKnight his notebook. The mother of the Senator, I'm sorry, I would like do something for New York, but (and Mr. "and to think I was forgetting to tell desk) I see that New York's quota is and I need a man to set type for about now exceeded by 14 per cent!'

"Well," continued Senator Depew, "I kept going to see Senator Root for begin light now. I start to-morrow cent. Finally I said: 'Mr. Secretary, road are you going to travel on?" I think you're a great statesman, but

"After Mr. Knox became secretary; it from one end to the other."

document file) I find that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent."

He Could Not Recommend It.

The editor of the Plunkville Argus was seated at his desk, busily engaged in writing a fervid editorial on the necessity of building a new walk to the cemetery, when a battered specimen of the tramp printer entered the office. "Mornir', boss!" said the caller. "Got

any work for a 'print'?" "I have," answered the editor. "You Root picked up a paper from his got only a boy to help me in the office west. You can take off your coat and

> "All right," said the typographical "The X., Y. & Z., mostly. I've never

"I know all about it. I've traveled

"What kind of a road is it?" "Punk!" said the printer, in a tone sular appointments. 'I'm sorry,' said are too far apart!"-Youth's Compan-

Small Son of Nicholas a Picturesque Youngster.

One of the Best Natured as Well as Best Looking of the Royal Little Fellows of Europe—Seven Years of Age.

Vienna.-Among the numerous little princes in Europe, one of the best natured as well as the best looking little fellows is the small Prince Nicholas of Roumania, who is now seven years of age. The youngster is the fourth in the charming group of kingdom of Roumania and whose mother was formerly Princess Marie,

King Carol was born a Hohenzol-

lern and his consort a grand duchess of Vienna. After the deposition of Prince Couza-Alexander John I., which was a result of the military revolt of 1866, the Count of Flanders, vounger brother of Leopold II. of Belgium, was unanimously chosen hospodar, but the perilous honor was 13clined with thanks. Then the Roumanians selected Prince Carol of Hohenzollern-Sirgarangen, and he has made an excellent ruler. In 1878 the Berlin congress acknowledged him Turkish yoke and had to begin, as it were, from the beginning. He is exreedingly popular with his subjects, as

The constitution of Roumania settled the succession on the king's oldest brother, Leopold, but he renounced his rights in favor of his son, Wilhelm, and the latter, in turn, renounced his rights in favor of his brother Ferdinand. The crown prince of "The fact is," I said, in an attempt at Roumania, therefore, is King Carol's nephew. The princess is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and is English by birth and training, though her mother was a Russian grand duchess. She was married to the crown prince when she was barely



Prince Nicholas, of Roumania.

seventeen, and, though her eldest son, Carol, is fifteen, she is quite a young

Princess Marie is very beautiful and her five children resemble her. She has fair hair, blue eyes and a brilliant complexion. She is very fond of appearing in the native Roumanian costume and does her best to popularize it. Her children, too, often are dressed in the cle costumes of Wallachia and Moldavia, the principalities from which the country was formed. In this way the princess tries to promote native industries. the garments being made of band-voven linen, embroidered with most del-

Prince Ferdinand objects to beigg photographed. Not so his prety On the contrary, she rather likes to pose before the camera and has no objection to having her children photographed. Quite often the pictures show them in the national costume. The little lad whose likeness is shown is gar-ed most picturesquely.

Languages in British Isles. London.-Has anybody ever reckoned how many languages are spoken in the British Isles? Few people would put the number as high as seven. But take a census thus: English, Welsh in Wales, Erse in Ireland, Manx in the Isle of Man (church services in Manx were discontinued there but recently). Gaelic in Scotland (six weeks ago at Oban this writer heard maid-servants gossiping in that tongue). French in the Channel Islands, and Cornish was spoken in Cornwall far more recently than either historians or the public know. The total is seven languages for the British Isles-and yet the Englishman is the poorest linguist in the world.

> Costly Playhouses. Pa Two small play-

houses, each of which will cost as much as the average Pittsburg home. are being erected by E. P. Mellon, a millicnaire banker.

They are replicas of the houses in which the parents of the children for whom they are being provided played when they were youngsters. Mr. Mellon gave the order for the playhouses to a contracting firm. Each will be 11 feet high and will contain two rooms. Mr. Mellon's grandchildren will use

One will be shipped to his daughter at San Antonio and the other will be placed on the Mellon lawn. The houses are complete in every detail. They will cost \$1,500 each.

DOUGLAS '3 '3.50 & '\$4 SHOES 190.000

BOYS' SHOES, \$2.00 \$2.50 AND \$3.00.

print, that I make and sell more \$2.00, \$2.50 at these than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and the LAR FOR DOLLAR, I GUARANTEE MY SMOES to be been last and \$1 better, and were larger than any other part on the U.S. and the sell or \$4.00 above per one larger than any other major than any other majo of when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than that once were as well, and gave you so much comfort, had one were as well, and gave you so much comfort, as province without W. L. Sentine TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE as and price of upol on a belief. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE as and price of upol on a belief. Take No Substitute.

W. L. BOUGLAS, 142 Sparts Serves, Erection, M. L.

LEFT TO A WORSE FATE

Dynamiter, Himself a Married Man, Knew What Awaited Forgetful Husband.

The business man was sitting in his office, thinking of starting for home, when a suspicious looking person came in with a leather bag in his hand.

"If you don't give me \$25," said the visitor, coming at once to the point, "I will drop this on the floor."

The business man was cool. "What is in it?" he asked. "Dynamite," was the brief reply.

"What will it do if you drop it?" "Blow you up." "Drop it!" was the instant command. "My wife told me when I left home this morning to be sure and

prepare me for the blowing up I'll get when she sees me!" He threw himself back in his chair and waited for the explosion, but it

send up a bag of flour, and I forgot

it. I guess it will take just about as

much dynamite as you have there to

did not come. "I'm a married man myself." said the dynamiter, and quietly slipped out.



Tit for Tat. Lloyd C. Griscom, in an interview in New York, said of party disser-

"They are animated by a nasty spirit, a tit-for-tat spirit; and they go from bad to worse.

"It's like the case of the engaged couple at the seaside dance. The young man, a little jealous, said coldly to his flancee at supper. "'Let me see—was it you I kissed

in the conservatory?" "'About what time?' the young gir answered, with a little laugh."

Slightly Mixed. Two Englishmen were resting at the Red Home inn at Stratford-on-Avon. One of them discovered a print picturing a low, tumbling building underneath which was printed: "The House in Which Shakespeare Was Born." Turning to his friend in mild surprise he pointed to the print. His friend exhibited equal surprise and called a waiter, who assured them of the accuracy of the inscription.

"'Pon my word," said the observing Englishman, shaking his head dublously. "I thought he was born in a man-

He Knew.

A small boy brought up by a fireeating father to hate anything connected with England or the English was consigned recently to eat dinner with the nurse while the family entertained a genuine English lord in the dining room. The grown-ups' meal had come to that "twenty minutes past" stage where conversation halts directly, when a childish treble fell upon the dumb-waiter shaft from the kitchen. This is what the astonished nobleman heard:

"Fe, fi, fo, fum, "I smell the blood of an Englishmun."-Wasp.

COFFEE WAS IT. People Slowly Learn the Facts.

"All my life I have been such a slave to coffee that the very aroma of it was enough to set my nerves quivering. I kept gradually losing my health but I used to say 'Nonsense, it don't hurt me.' "Slowly I was forced to admit the

truth and the final result was that my whole nervous force was shattered. "My heart became weak and uncertain in its action and that frightened me. Finally my physician told me, about a year ago, that I must stop

drinking coffee or I could never expect to be well again. "I was in despair, for the very thought of the medicines I had tried so many times nauseated me. I thought of Postum 'but could hardly bring myself to give up the coffee.

"Finally I concluded that I owed it to myself to give Postum a trial. So I got a package and carefully followed the directions, and what a delicious, nourishing, rich drink it was! Do you know I found it very easy to shift from coffee to Postum and not mind

the change at all? "Almost immediately after I made the change I found myself better, and as the days went by I kept on improving. My nerves grew sound and steady, I slept well and felt strong

and well-balanced all the time. "Now I am completely cured, with the old nervousness and sickness all gone. In every way I am well once more."

It pays to give up the drink that acts on some like a poison, for health is the greatest fortune one can have. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Res-

The Place of Honov. Farmer Hodge was of tue good, oldfashioned school, and he always gave a feast to his hands at harvest time. It was harvest time and the feast

was about to commence. Giles was the oldest hand and the hostess, with beaming cordiality, motioned him to the seat by her right hand. But Giles remained silently un-

responsive. "Come," said the hostess, "don't be bashful, Mr. Giles"—he was just Giles on ordinary occasions—"you've a right to the place of honor, you know." Giles deliberated a moment, then

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Hodge," he said, "but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather sit opposite this pud-

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart-Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c. 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Poor Prospects.

"Yes," said Miss Passay, "I found very nice boarding house today, but the only room they had to offer me had a folding bed in it, and I detest those things." "Of course," remarked Miss Pert, one can never hope to find a man

under a folding bed."-Catholic Stand ard and Times. A Blased Opinion. "Do you think buttermilk will pro-

"Ahem! I have no doubt, Miss Plumper, that if a person had to drink buttermilk every day it would make life seem longer." You may call the farmer slow, but

long one's life, Col. Soaksby?"

inside at a salary.

of cranks.

When a girl marries for money the evil is usually the best man at the

he takes more chances from year to

year than any dozen men who work

wedding. Life is a grind, but the world is full

RHEUMATISM

VICTORIA CLEANSER This great educational contest will terminate November 19th, 1910, so all down right now and write out your list. We want to make

VICTORIA CLEANSER

ron the Market. This contest is eas of the means we are employing to do it.
Go to your grocer and ask him for a
can of Victoria Cleanser. In this can you will find a coupon entitling you to



VICTORIA CLEANSER CO. Omaha, Neb

The Army of

Constinution le Growing Smaller Every Days CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

for COUCHS & COLDS