

# The Abandoned Room

By Wadsworth Camp

CHAPTER XVII.

Who Crept in the Private Staircase.

The odd, mournful crying lost itself in the restless lament of the wind. The thicker from which it seemed to issue assumed in the pallid moonlight a new unkindness. Instinctively the six men moved closer together. The corner's thin tones expressed his alarm:

"What the devil was that? I don't really believe there could be a woman around here."

"A queer one!" the detective guessed.

The district attorney questioned Bobby and Graham.

"That's the voice you heard from the house?"

Graham nodded.

"Perhaps not so far away."

Dr. Groom, hitherto more captured than any of them by the influence of a spiritual responsibility for the mystery of the Cedars, was the first now to reach for a rational explanation of this new phase.

"We mustn't let our fancies run away with us. The coroner's right for once. No excuse for a woman hiding in that thick. A bird, maybe, or some animal."

"Sounded more like a human being," Robinson objected.

The detective reasoned in a steady unbroken voice: "Only a mad woman would wander through the woods, crying like that without a special purpose. This man Paredes has left the house and come through here. I'd guess it was a signal."

"Graham and I had thought of that," Bobby said.

"Howells was a sharp one," Robinson mused, "but he must have gone wrong on this fellow. He phoned me the man knew nothing. Spoke of him as a foreigner who lolled around smoking cigars and trying to make a fool of him with a lot of talk about ghosts."

"Howells," Graham said, "misjudged this case from the start. He wasn't to blame, but his mistake cost him his life."

Robinson didn't answer. Bobby saw that the man had discarded his intolerant temper. From that change he drew a new hope. He accepted it as the beginning of fulfillment of his prophecy last night that an accident to Howells and the entrance of a new man into the case would give him a fighting chance. It was clearly Paredes at the moment who filled the district attorney's mind.

"Go after him," he said shortly to Rawlins. "If you can get away with it bring him back and whoever you find with him."

Rawlins hesitated.

"I'm no coward, but I know what's happened to Howells. This isn't an ordinary case. I don't want to walk into an ambush. It would be safer not to run him down alone."

"All right," Robinson agreed, "I don't care to leave the Cedars for the present. Perhaps Mr. Graham—"

But Graham wasn't enthusiastic. It never occurred to Bobby that he was afraid. Graham, he guessed, desired to remain near Katherine.

"I'll go, if you like," Dr. Groom rumbled.

It was probable that Graham's intention to stay had sprung from service rather than sentiment. The plan, it was reasonable, sought to protect Katherine from the Cedars itself and from Robinson's too direct methods of examination. As an antidote for his unwelcome jealousy Bobby offered himself to Rawlins.

"Would you mind if I came, too? I've known Paredes a long time," Robinson sneered.

"What do you think of that, Rawlins?"

But the detective stepped close and whispered in the district attorney's ear.

"All right," Robinson said. "Go with 'em, if you want, Mr. Blackburn."

And Bobby knew that he would go, to help, but to be watched.

The others strayed toward the house. The three men faced the entrance of the path alone.

"No more long talks now," the detective warned. "If he went on tip-toe, so can we."

Even with this company Bobby shrank from the dark and restless forest. With a smooth skill the detective followed the unfamiliar path. From time to time he stopped, close to the ground, shaded his lamp with his hand and pressed the control. Always the light verified the presence of Paredes ahead of them. Bobby knew they were near the stagnant lake. The underbrush was thicker. They went with more care to limit the sound of their passage among the trees. At each moment the physical surroundings of the pursuit increased Bobby's doubt of Paredes. No ordinary impulse would bring a man to such a place in this black hour before the dawn—particularly Paredes, who spoke constantly of his superstitious nature, who advertised a thorough-paced fear of the Cedars. The Panamanian's decision to remain, his lack of emotion before the tragic succession of events at the house, his attempt to enter the corridor just before Bobby had gone himself to the old room for the evidence, his desire to direct suspicion against Katherine, finally this excursion in response to the eerie crying, all suggested a definite, perhaps a dangerous purpose in the brain of the serene and inscrutable man.

They slipped to the open space about the lake. The moon barely distinguished for them the flat, melancholy stretch of water. They listened breathlessly. There was no sound beyond the normal stirrings of the forest. Bobby had a feeling, similar to the afternoon's, that he was watched. He tried unsuccessfully to penetrate the darkness across the lake where he had fancied the woman skulking. The detective's keen senses were satisfied.

"Dollars to doughnuts they're not here. They've probably gone on. I'll have to take a chance and show the light again."

Fresh footprints were revealed in the narrow circle of illumination. Testifying to Paredes' continued stealth, they made a straight line to the water's edge. Rawlins exclaimed:

"He stepped into the lake. How deep is it?"

The black surface of the water seemed to Bobby like an opaque glass, hiding sinister things. Suppose Paredes, instead of coming to a rendezvous, had been led?

half-hearted theory of a phosphorescent emanation.

The tangle of footsteps near the rear door was confusing and it was some time before the three men straightened and glanced at each other, knowing that the doctor's wisdom was proved. For Paredes has been there recently; for that matter, might still be in the house. Moreover, he hadn't hidden his tracks, as he could have done, in the thick grass. Instead he had come in a straight line from the woods across a piece of sandy ground which contained the record of his direction and his continued stealth. But inside they found nothing except the burnt-out matches strewn across the floor, testimony of their earlier search. The fugitive had evidently left more carefully than he had come. The chill emptiness of the deserted house had drawn and released him ahead of the chase.

"I guess he knew what the light meant," the detective said, "as well as he did that queer calling. It complicates matters that I can't find a woman's footprints around here. She may have kept to the grass and this marked-up path, for, since I don't believe in banshees, I'll swear there's been a woman around, either a crazy woman, wandering at large, who might be connected with the murders, or else a sane one who signalled the foreigner. Let's get back and see what the district attorney makes of it."

"It might be wiser not to dismiss the banshees, as you call them, too hurriedly," Dr. Groom rumbled. As they returned along the road in the growing light Bobby lost the feeling he had of being spied upon. The memory of such an adventure was bound to breed something like confidence among its actors. Rawlins, Bobby hoped, would be less unfriendly. The detective, in fact, talked as much to him as to the doctor. He assured them that Robinson would get the Panamanian unless he proved miraculously clever.

"He's shown us that he knows something," he went on. "I don't say how much, because I can't get a motive to make it worth his while to commit such crimes."

The man smiled blandly at Bobby. "While in your case there's a motive at least—the money."

He chuckled.

"That's the easiest motive to understand in the world. It's stronger than love."

Bobby wondered. Love had been the impulse for the last few months' folly that had led him into his present situation. Graham, over his stern principles of right, had already stepped outside the law in backing Katherine's efforts to save Bobby. So he wondered how much Graham would risk, how far he was capable of going himself, at the inspiration of such a motive.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## George Brandeis Wins Blue Ribbons with His Horses at Chicago

Fashion Plate, a five-gaited saddle gelding owned by George Brandeis of Omaha, won second place in the class for five-gaited saddle geldings at the International Stock show, in Chicago, Thursday evening. Fashion Plate was purchased for Mr. Brandeis in Woodbury, Ky., last fall by Tom Quinn and is one of the best known saddlers in the country, having competed at nearly all the big shows for several years past.

Princess McDonald, also owned by Mr. Brandeis, won in the walk-trotting classes for mares, at the same show, both Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

## Prince Alexander Will Give Approval to Union of Slavs

Paris, Dec. 5.—Prince Regent Alexander of Serbia has received a delegation from the national council of the Jugo-Slav peoples, which presented an address demanding the union with Serbia of all Serbians, Croats and Slovenes formerly under the domination of Austria. Prince Alexander assented to the proposal, according to Belgrade advices.

"I might be wiser not to dismiss the banshees, as you call them, too hurriedly," Dr. Groom rumbled. As they returned along the road in the growing light Bobby lost the feeling he had of being spied upon. The memory of such an adventure was bound to breed something like confidence among its actors. Rawlins, Bobby hoped, would be less unfriendly. The detective, in fact, talked as much to him as to the doctor. He assured them that Robinson would get the Panamanian unless he proved miraculously clever.

"He's shown us that he knows something," he went on. "I don't say how much, because I can't get a motive to make it worth his while to commit such crimes."

The man smiled blandly at Bobby. "While in your case there's a motive at least—the money."

He chuckled.

"That's the easiest motive to understand in the world. It's stronger than love."

Bobby wondered. Love had been the impulse for the last few months' folly that had led him into his present situation. Graham, over his stern principles of right, had already stepped outside the law in backing Katherine's efforts to save Bobby. So he wondered how much Graham would risk, how far he was capable of going himself, at the inspiration of such a motive.

## Bonds of Matrimony Become Irsome to Three Couples

Ella Camenzind filed suit for divorce from Charles B. Camenzind, to whom she was married in Crawford Neb., July, 1917. She says he is worth \$50,000 and so she asks \$20,000 alimony. Cruelly is the ground for divorce.

Louise Vonier alleges cruelty in his divorce suit against Grace Vonier. The couple were married in February, 1912.

Jack Sims charges desertion in a suit filed against Della. The couple have three children.

## THE GREAT LEADER OF OUR ALLIES



Our boys are now following the great leader of our Allies "over there," fighting the battle of the United States, fighting without thought of being heroes—but fighting that men, women and children may not be tortured, burned and mutilated. Fighting against the bestial foe of America and mankind. No greater heroes nor braver men ever fought on the battle-fields of France than our "Sammies." Men with dauntless spirits—men of red blood, courage, energy, vim and vigor are needed every day behind the lines as well as behind the guns. You need iron in the blood! Every healthy man or woman should have about as much iron in his or her body as there is in an ordinary "tenpenny" nail. To gain this iron, the best way is to take an iron-ionic, called "Iron-tic," a combination of iron in its most soluble form, discovered by Dr. Pierce and experimented with by his physicians at the Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y.

"Iron-tic" is a form of iron readily taken up by the blood, the blood-cells get round, rich-red in color, the cheeks are pink, the appetite improves, and one feels full of "snap"—"pep"—"vigor"—instead of tired before the day is half done. The eyes take on a luster and the body feels that tingle which one gets from a cold bath. If you want to try this new "Iron-tic" Tablet send 10 cents to the Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., and obtain a trial package. This 20th-century Iron tonic is sure to do you good. Druggists sell "Iron-tic" for sixty cents.

## BAD BREATH

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets Get at the Cause and Remove It.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, act gently on the bowels and positively do the work. People afflicted with bad breath find quick relief through Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The pleasant, sugar-coated tablets are taken for bad breath by all who know them.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets act gently but firmly on the bowels and liver, stimulating them to natural action, clearing the blood and gently purifying the entire system. They do that which dangerous calomel does without any of the bad after effects.

All the benefits of nasty, sickening, griping cathartics are derived from Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets without griping, pain or any disagreeable effects. Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the formula after seventeen years of practice among patients afflicted with bowel and liver complaint, with the attendant bad breath.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are purely a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color. Take one or two every night for a week and note the effect. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.



If you are suffering from skin trouble and have tried various treatments without success don't be discouraged, Resinol

Ointment and Resinol Soap bring speedy relief from eczema and other itching or embarrassing eruptions, and usually succeed in making the skin clear and healthy again.

Your druggist carries Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. Try them!

See Want Ads are the Best Business Boosters.

**A SQUARE MEAL Sunshine GRAHAM CRACKERS**

**Nature's Remedy R-TABLETS-NR**  
Better than Pills—GET A For Liver Ills. 25c Box  
Beaton Drug Co., Omaha, Neb.

**STORAGE IS CHEAPER THAN RENT**  
and you may rest assured that your household goods, piano, etc., will be safer in our Fireproof Warehouse. The cost is most reasonable when you consider the service rendered.

**Omaha Van & Storage Co.**  
Phone Douglas 4163  
806 So. 16th St.

**BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.**  
The Christmas Store for Everybody

Friday, December 6, 1918 STORE NEWS FOR SATURDAY Telephone Douglas 2100.

# Many Coats of Many Kinds For Many Men of Many Minds \$20.00 to \$85.00



THAT'S the story of our range of selection of overcoats for men. We doubt if you will find anywhere else in town so complete, so attractive and so interesting a collection of overcoats at anywhere the price.

There's every style favored by the young fellow who gives a thought to his clothes, as well as styles for the conservative dresser.

Solid colors, oxfords, black and blue, with velvet or self collars, full lined, quarter lined, many silk lined.

The materials are plain cloths, mixtures, etc., with single or double-breasted style.

## MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS \$20.00 to \$60.00

The range of selection is so large that you will have no trouble in choosing a suit that will please and satisfy you.

The materials are the best of wool fabrics in both domestic and imported weaves, homespuns, worsteds, flannels and chevots, made up in plain models, double or single-breasted, two or three-button or soft roll lapel.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Fourth Floor

**Buy the Boy Something Useful for Christmas**

HE will appreciate something to wear, especially if it comes from this big boys' section on the Fourth Floor.

- Boys' suits, ages 5 to 18 years, \$7.95 to \$25.00.
- Juvenile suits, ages 2 to 8 years, \$5.00 to \$18.00.
- Boys' blouses, fast colors, 89c to \$6.00.
- Boys' neckwear in four-in-hand and Windsor styles, plain and fancy colors, at 50c.
- Boys' dress gloves, \$1.75 and \$2.00.
- Boys' fur gloves, \$5.00 to \$5.95.
- Other gloves and mittens, 60c to \$3.00.
- Boys' Jersey Sweaters, \$1.50 to \$3.00 in plain red, blue, gray and maroon and gray and purple. All sizes.
- Boys' hats and caps in velvet, plush and chinchilla fur and fancy patterns of cloth hats, 50c to \$5.00.
- Also trench caps, \$1.50 to \$3.00.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Fourth Floor

**Give Him Something to Wear As a Christmas Gift**

AND come here to make your selection—we doubt if you can find a better range of choice than here.

**Silk Shirts, \$7.50 to \$10.00**  
Finest qualities of beautiful silk crepes, empire silks, broad-cloth and tub silks, rich and exclusive patterns.

**Men's Shirts, \$1.50 to \$5.00**  
"Star" and "Beau Brummel" shirts in a vast assortment of fine madras, percales, silk mixtures and fiber silks, in either soft or stiff cuff styles.

**Men's Blanket Robes, \$5.85**  
Men's fine blanket robes, many beautiful color combinations to choose from, made either shawl or military collar, neatly trimmed and tailored, \$5.85.

**Men's Neckwear, \$1.50 to \$3.50**  
Fine high grade silk neckwear, representing the finest qualities. A wonderful assortment of fine scarfs in heavy rich silks and satins, beautiful designs and colorings, \$1.50 to \$3.50.

**Men's Fine Scarfs, 50c to \$1.00**  
Silk four-in-hands, embracing all the newest designs and patterns. An almost endless variety of hundreds of beautiful scarfs assembled here for your inspection. All scarfs made to our own specifications, insuring your satisfaction.

**Men's Hose**  
Interwoven and Holeyproof hose, for men in every desirable color and grade, also many styles of beautiful and striking novelty hose in fancy stripes and checked effects.  
Men's lisle hose, 25c to 40c.  
Pure thread silk hose, 50c to \$2.00.  
Fine cashmere hose, 40c to \$1.50.

**Men's Gloves, \$2.00 to \$5.00**  
Men's street gloves in genuine gray mochas, gray suedes, gray and tan capes, washable chamois, ivory cape and buckskins, either lined or unlined with fur, silk, wool or fleeces.

**Men's Silk Mufflers, \$1.00 to \$10.00**  
Men's silk mufflers in either plain silks or knitted styles. From the plain color silks in black, pearl and white to the many beautiful high colored effects and novel stripings. Finest qualities of imported Swiss reeters, rich colorings and beautiful texture.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Main Floor

**Choice of Any Man's Suit or Overcoat**

In the Downstairs Store for Saturday Only

## \$15.00

THE OVERCOATS are made of such materials as chevots, tweeds and chinchillas, full belted, with slant or patch pockets and convertible collars, in brown, gray, green and a variety of fancy mixtures.

THE SUITS—Worsteds and cassimeres, plain and fancy mixtures. Up-to-the-minute styles for men and young men. Your choice for \$15.00.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Downstairs Store

**Men's Fine Scarfs, 50c to \$1.00**

**Men's Hose**

**Men's Gloves, \$2.00 to \$5.00**

**Men's Silk Mufflers, \$1.00 to \$10.00**