CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1910.

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCA

BV MARY ROBERTS 4 RINEHART 11 1 USTRATIONS BY RAYWALTER

SYNOPSIS.

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CHAPTER XIX .-- Continued.

"Why was Mr. Bailey not present at the inquest?'

The detective's expression was pe culiar.

"Because his physician testified that he is ill, and unable to leave his bed.'

"Ill!" I exclaimed. "Why, neither Halsey nor Gertrude has told me that.

"There are more things than that. nothing of the crash at the bank un-til he read it in the paper Monday night, and that he went back and surrendered himself immediately. I do not believe it. Jonas, the watchman at the Traders' bank, tells a different story. He says that on the Thurs-day night before, about \$:30, Bailey went back to the bank. Jonas admitted him, and he says the cashier was in a state almost of collapse. Bailey worked until midnight, then he into a chair in the living room and closed the vault and went away. The stared moodily ahead. Once he roused. occurrence was so unusual that the watchman pondered over it all the rest of the night. What did Bailey do when he went back to the Knickerbocker apartments that night? He said, putting down the book she had packed a suit-case ready for instant been pretending to read. Halsey departure. But he held off too long: waited for something. My personal opinion is that he waited to see Miss Gertrade before flying from the country. Then, when he had shot down Arnold Armstrong that night, he turn public opinion in his favor, and breath from running, and he looked surrendered himself, as an innocent half abashed. surrendered himself, as an innocent man. The strongest thing against him is his preparation for flight, and his deciding to come back after the his deciding to come back after the murder of Arnold Armstrong. He was shrewd enough to disarm suspicion as to the graver charge."

The evening dragged along slowly. and we all stared at Warner. Mrs. Watson came to my bedroom be-fore I went to bed and asked if I had any arnica. She showed me a badly swollen hand, with reddish streaks bad, too; he can scarcely speak." running toward the elbow; she said it was the hand she had hurt the night



It Was Thomas.

hand.

was there, apparently in charge of the table my eyes traveled around the arrangements for the funeral. Halsey disappeared shortly after Louise left room, and stopped at the door of a closet. I hardly know what impulse moved me, but I went in and turned the knob. It burst open with the imand came home about nine that night, muddy and tired. As for Thomas, he went around dejected and sad, and I petus of a weight behind it, and somesaw the detective watching him closething fell partly forward in a heap Miss Innes, that are puzzling. Bailey | y at dinner. Even now I wonder-gives the impression that he knew what did Thomas know? What did he on the floor. It was Thomas-Thomas without a mark of injury on him, and suspect? dead.

At ten o'clock the household had settled down for the night. Liddy, who was taking Mrs. Watson's place, had finished examining the tea-towels and the corners of the shelves in the cooling room, and had gone to bed. Alex, the gardener, had gone heavily up the circular staircase to his room, and Mr. Jamieson was examining the locks of the windows. Halsey dropped "What sort of a looking chap is that

Walker, Gertrude?" he asked. "Rather tall, very dark, smooth-shaven. Not bad looking," Gertrude kicked a taboret viciously.

"Lovely place this village must be in the winter," he said irrelevantly. "A girl would be buried alive here."

It was then some one rapped at the knocker on the heavy front door. Halhad to choose between two evils. He sey got up leisurely and opened it, admitting Warner. He was out of

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said.

"What about Thomas?" I asked. Mr. Jamieson had come into the hall

"He's acting queer," Warner explained. "He's sitting down there on the edge of the porch, and he says he



with the body we all went back to the house. Mr. Jamieson walked with me, while Halsey and Gertrude followed.

"I suppose I shall have to notify the Armstrongs," I said. "They will know if Thomas had any people and how to reach them. Of course, I expect to defray the expenses of the funeral, but his relatives must be found. What do you think frightened him, Mr. Jamieson?'

"It is hard to say," he replied slow ly, "but I think we may be certain it was fright, and that he was hiding from something. I am sorry in more than one way; I have always believed that Thomas knew something, or suspected something, that he would not tell. Do you know how much money there was in that worn-out wallet of his? Nearly \$100! Almost two months' wages—and yet those darkies seldom have a penny. Well—what Thomas knew will be buried with him."

With the death of Thomas, I felt that a climax had come in affairs at Sunnyside. The night that followed was quiet enough. Halsey watched at the foot of the staircase, and a com-plicated system of bolts on the other doors seemed to be effectual.

Once in the night I wakened and thought I heard the tapping again. But all was quiet, and I had reached the stage where I refused to be dis-turbed for minor occurrences.

The Armstrongs were notified of Thomas' death, and I had my first interview with Dr. Walker as a result. He came up early the next morning, just as we finished breakfast, in a professional looking car with a black hood.

"I must make a double excuse for this early visit, Miss Innes," he said as he sat down. The chair was lower than he expected, and his dignity re-quired collecting before he went on. "My professional duties are urgent and long neglected, and"—a fall to the every-day manner-"something must

even year manner something must be done about that body." "Yes," I said, sitting on the edge of my chair. "I merely wished the ad-dress of Thomas' people. You might have telephoned, if you were busy.'

"I wished to see you about some-thing else," he said. "As for Thomas, it is Mrs. Armstrong's wish that you allow her to attend to the expense.

"Heart disease and fright," I said, still on the edge of my chair. But the doctor had no intention of leaving. "I understand you have a ghost up

he said.

said, still with his smile. "What a disappointment to the village!'

I resented his attempt at playful-ness. It had been anything but a joke to us.

"Dr. Walker," I said tartly, "I fall to see any humor in the situation. Since I came here, one man has been Tit-Bits. shot, and another one has died from There have been intruders in shock. the house, and strange noises. If that is funny, there is something wrong with my sense of humor.'

"You miss the point," he said, still stairs Thomas put down the paper and taking his pipe went out on the porch. Then I heard an exclamation "You miss the point," he said, still good naturedly. "The thing that is funny to me is that you insist on re-maining here, under the circums-'The thing that is



Ethel--Weren't you surprised when you heard about my horse running away with me? Ernest-Not very. I'd do the same

thing myself if I got the chance.

Good Advice, but-A traveler entered a railway car-riage at a wayside station. The sole occupants of the compartment consisted of an old lady and her son, about twelve years old. Nothing of note occurred until the train steamed into the station at which tickets were collected. The woman, not having a ticket for the boy, requested him to "corrie doon."

The traveler intervened and suggested putting him under the seat. "Man," said the excited woman, "it's as shair as daith; but there's twa un-der the sait a'ready!"

Fair Play. One of the hardest things to wash is a mechanic's shirt. It accumulates dust and grime and grease, naturally, and the effort to get that dust and grime and grease out with ordinary soap is something tremendous. "Easy Task Soap," however, does half the work for you and makes the other half easier. Its duty is to get after the dirt and take it out. You don't have to rub and scrub over the tub. Tell your grocer you want it. Five cents a cake-same price as poo soaps.

Points to Good Future.

Seven poor children, four girls and three boys, all about ten years old, went to a nearby seashore resort, in charge of two women, for a day's out-The funds for the picnic were ing. provided by two boys who sell papers and who live in one of the two houses from which the excursion party was recruited. One of the women in charge of the children said that the boys had arranged the outing "of their own accord, and the remarkable thing is this: They are not good boys by any means and one of them is probably the naughtiest boy in the neigh-borhood. But we think that when boys do little things like this they will come out all right."—New York Tribune.

Woman-Like. "I hate him! I think he is the meanest man I ever met." "Gracious, Jeanette! What is the

trouble?" "Why, he told me he loved me devot-

edly and I told him it would be impos-

sibly for me to love him in return. The poor fellow looked so downhearted I

told him to try and forget me." Well? "Boo-hoo! He-he did."

Generosity.

The Backer-Go it, Billy, you ain't half licked yet. The Fighter-Well, you come and ave the other 'arf. I ain't greedy !-

The Only Way. "How can I win you for my very

"You fellows might get up a raffle," answered the summer girl. "I'm engaged to seven of you."

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS.

Little kidney troubles gradually grow more serious and pave the way to dropsy, di-abetes, and fatal Bright's disease.

disease.

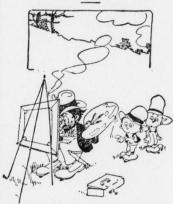


were so badly swollen I could not wear my shoes. Soon after using Doan's Kidney Pills I was able to walk without crutches. I gradually im-proved until I ceased to bloat and the kidneys became normal."

Remember the name-Doan's. For sale by all dealers, 50 cents a

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

IGNORANT OF ART.



The Kid-Mister, Johnnie says that purple thing in front of the picture's a windmill an' I say it's a tree; which is right?

The Impressionist-That's a cow.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Illiterate Immigrants. Ellis island records show that of July 12,895, or about 25 per cent, are illiterates. Illiteracy is no bar to an immigrant so long as he appears physically able to care for himself. Only 1,127 persons who sought to enter the country were barred at this port last month .- New York Press.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrap. ildren teething, softens the gums, reduces in-ation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A Question.

Vera (eight years old)-What does transatlantic mean, mother? Mother—Across the Atlantic, of course; but you musn't bother me.

Vera-Does "trans" always mean across?

Mother-I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions I shall send you right to bed

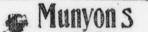
Vera (after a few minutes' silence) -Then does transparent mean a cross parent?-Ideas.

Of Course.

"What's the matter?" "Cold, or something in my head." "Must be a cold, old man."-Lippincott's.

It must be a lot of trouble to hunt for trouble all the time.

Some people are happy only when they are envied.



Soap ~

Dr. Walker's Warning. He smiled. Warner was on his knees in a moment, fumbling at the old man's col-lar to loosen it, but Halsey caught his

can't help him; he is dead." We stood there, each avoiding the

we tacitly avoided any mention of the suspicion that was in every mind. When Mr. Jamieson had finished his

CHAPTER XX.

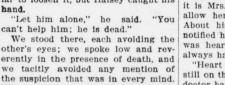
"There is no sign of injury," he said, and I know I, for one, drew a long breath of relief. "From what Warner says and from his hiding in

gether ' "But what could have done it?" Ger-

he say when you found him on the porch?"

boyish face was colorless.

"Just what I told you, Miss Innes. He'd heen reading the paper downstairs; I had put up the car, and, feeling sleepy, I came down to the lodge to go to bed. As I went up-

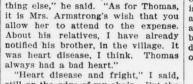


cursory examination, he got up and dusted the knees of his trousers.

the closet, I should say he was scared to death. Fright and weak heart, to-

trude asked. "He was all right this evening at dinner. Warner, what did

Warner looked shaken; his honest,



here, and that you have the house filled with detectives to exorcise it,"

For some reason I felt I was being "pumped," as Halsey says. "You have been misinformed," I replied. "What, no ghost, no detectives!" he

of the murder a week before, and that she had not slept well since. It looked to me as if it might be serious, and I told her to let Dr. Stewart see it.

The next morning Mrs. Watson went up to town on the 11 train and as admitted to the Charity hospital. She was suffering from blood-poisoning. I fully meant to go up and see her there, but other things drove her ntirely from my mind. I telephoned to the hospital that day, however, and ordered a private room for her, and whatever comforts she might be allowed.

Mrs. Armstrong arrived Monday evening with her husband's body, and the services were set for the next day. The house on Chestnut street, the round of the lodge, occasionally in town, had been opened, and Tuesday morning Louise left us to go She sent for me before she went, and I saw she had been crying.

"How can I thank you, Miss Innes?" she said. "You have taken me faith, and-you have not asked me you will all despise me-Halcomes.

I tried to tell her how glad I was to have had her, but there was some-thing else she wanted to say. She said it finally, when she had bade a constrained good-by to Halsey and the

sa Innes," she said in a low "if they-if there is any attempt 'Miss Innes,' made to-to have you give up the house, do it, if you possibly can. I am afraid-to have you stay."

That was all. Gertrude went into towa with her and saw her safely home. She reported a decided cool-acts in the greeting between Louise and her mother, and that Dr. Walker

"He's as full of super an egg is of meat." I said, "Halsey, bring ome whisky and we will all go

down." No one moved to get the whisky. from which I judged there were three pocket flasks ready for emergency. Gertrude threw a shawl around my shoulders, and we all started down over the hill; I had made so many

nocturnal excursions around the place that I knew my way perfectly. But Thomas was not on the veranda, nor was he inside the house. The men exchanged significant glances, and Warner got a lantern.

"He can't have gone far," he said. "He was trembling so that he couldn't stand when I left."

Jamieson and Halsey together made there was no response. No Thomas came, bowing and showing his white teeth through the darkness. I began to be vaguely uneasy, for the first on time. Gertrude, who was never nerv

ous in the dark, went alone down the any questions. Some time, perhaps, I drive to the gate, and stood there, can tell you; and when that time looking along the yellowish line of the road, while I waited on the tiny ver-

anda Warner was puzzled. He cam around to the edge of the veranda and stood looking at it as if it ought to know and explain.

"He might have stumbled into the buse," he said, "but he could not

have climbed the stairs. Anyhow, he's not inside or outside, that I can see.

"Didn't he say anything you could understand?" I asked.

"He said something about the grave giving up its dead."

Mr. Jamieson was going through the old man's pockets, and Gertrude was Innes," he said, rising at last. composing his arms, folding them across his white shirt-bosom, always so spotless.

In the course of his investigations the detective had come to the inner pocket of the dead butler's black coat. Here he found some things that interested him. One was a small flat key, with a red cord tied to it, and the

other was a bit of white paper, on which was written something in in Thomas' cramped hand. Mr. Jamie-son read it; then he gave it to me. It was an address in fresh ink:

> LUCIEN WALLACE. 14 Elm Street, Richfield.

As the card went around, I think both the detective and I watched for any possible effect it might have, but, beyond perplexity, there seemed to be none

"Richfield!" Gertrude exclaimed Why, Elm street is the main street; don't you remember, Halsey?" "Lucien Wallace!" Halsey said.

"That is the child Stewart spoke of at the inquest."

Warner, with his mechanic's in stinct, had reached for the key. What he said was not a surprise "Yale lock," he said. "I

"Probably a key to the east entry."

There was no reason why Thomas, an old and trusted servant, should The other members of the party had come back now, and no one had found any trace of the old man. His pipe, still warm, rested on the edge of the rail, and inside on the table his old gray hat showed that its owner had not gone far.

He was not far, after all. From the be attended to, and, leaving Warner | knives and forks."

tances. I should think nothing would keep you."

"You are mistaken. Everything that occurs only confirms my resolution to stay until the mystery is cleared.'

"I have a message for you, Miss "Mrs. Armstrong asked me to thank you for your kindness to Louise, whose whim, occurring at the time it did, put her to great inconvenience. Also-and this is a delicate matter-she asked me to appeal to your natural sympathy for her, at this time, and to ask you if you will not reconsider your de-

cision about the house. Sunnyside is her home; she loves it dearly, and just now she wishes to retire here for quiet and peace

"She must have had a change of heart," I said, ungraciously enough. "Louise told me her mother despised the place. Besides, this is no place the place. for quiet and peace just now. Any-how, doctor, while I don't care to force an issue, I shall certainly re-main here, for a time at least."

'For how long?" he asked.

"My lease is for six months. I shall stay until some explanation is found for certain things. My own family is implicated now, and I shall do everything to clear the mystery of Arnold Armtsrong's murder

The doctor stood looking down, slap ping his gloves thoughtfully against the palm of a well-looked-after hand. "You say there have been intruders in the he asked. "You are sure of that, Miss Innes?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One Thing at a Time.

"Why do you always eat a square meal before dining out?"

"So that I can give my entire attention to the management of the various

A FOOD DRINK. Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes

Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a poison like coffee

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but be cause coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for busi ness during the day. "On the advice of a friend, I first

tried Postum, making it carefully as directed on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look--'like a new saddle.

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied, with my Postum in taste and effect, and am et, being a constant user of it all these years.

ntinually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep sound and am not nervous. "There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human

Ever read the above letter? A non-one appears from time to time. The are genuine, true, and full of hum-interest.

is more soothing than Cold Cream; more healing than any lotion, liniment or salve; more beautifying than any Cures dandruff and stops hair from falling out. **Muddled** Brains

result from an overloaded stomach, sluggish liver, inactive bowels, or impure blood. Clear thinking follows the use of

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