# THE CIRCULAR STAIRCA

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAYWALTERS

BILITERATION BY REVIEW AND ASSESSMENT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P

#### CHAPTER XX .- Continued.

"Certain."

'In what part?"

"In the east wing."

'Can you tell me when these intru-

"Can you tell me when these intrusions occurred, and what the purpose seemed to be? Was it robbery?"

"No," I said decidedly. "As to time, once on Friday night a week ago, again the following night, when Arnold Armstrong was murdered, and again last Friday night."

The doctor looked serious. He seemed to be debating some question

in his mind, and to reach a decision.
"Miss Innes," he said, "I am in a peculiar position; I understand your attitude, of course; but—do you think you are wise? Ever since you have have come here there have been hostile demonstrations against you and your family. I'm not a croaker, but take a warning. Leave before anything occurs that will cause you a lifelong regret.

"I am willing to take the responsi-

bility," I said coldly.

I think he gave me up then as a poor proposition. He asked to be shown where Art and Armstrong's body had been found, and I took him there. He scrutinized the whole place carefully, examining the stairs and the lock. When he had taken a formal farewell I was confident of one thing. Dr. Walker would do anything he could to get me away from Sunnyside.

# CHAPTER XXI.

# Fourteen Elm Street.

It was Monday evening when we found the body of poor Thomas. Monday night had been uneventful; things were quiet at the house and the pe-culiar circumstances of the old man's death had been carefully kept from Rosie took charge the dining room and pantry, in the absence of a butler, and, except for the warning of the Casanova doctor, every-

thing breathed of peace.

Affairs at the Traders' bank were progressing slowly. The failure had hit smail stock-holders very hard, the minister of the little Methodist chapel in Casanova among them. He had received as a legacy from an uncle a received as a legacy from an uncle a few shares of stock in the Traders would elapse before everything was bank, and now his joy was turned to bank, and now his joy was turned to bitterness; he had to sacrifice everything he had in the world, and his some two months before testified that some two months before testified that every bond, every piece of valuable paper, was there at that time. It had been shortly after their examination that the president, who had been to that the president who had been to that the president who had been to the president who had been to the president who had examined the books some two months before testified that every bond, every piece of valuable every bond, dead banker's body was interred in Casanova churchyard, but the good man providentially took cold, and a

called to see me, a kind-faced little matters pertaining to the bank, and man, in a very bad frock-coat and never, to my knowledge, either wrote man, in a very bad frock-coat and laundered tie. I think he was uncertain as to my connection with the Armstrong family, and dubious whether I considered Mr. Armstrong's takelieved her lover guilty, and—although

Thomas well, and had promised to of-fleiate at the services in the rickety

But pres African Zion church. He told me more that made me think that under Ger trude's surface calm there was a seeth to he left I astonished him—and myself.

I admit—by promising a new carpet
for his church. He was much affected,
and I gathered that he had yearned
to have a surface came there was a section in glood of emotions.

Tuesday morning the detective made a careful search of the grounds, but he found nothing. In the afterever his ragged chapel as a mother noon he disappeared, and it was late over a half-clothed child.

the new silver communion set to St.

was cheap at the price of a church of Thomas' funeral in the village, and carpet. I received less gratification— and less gratitude—when I presented cutting flowers for the old man's case Alex and I were in the conservatory ket. Liddy is never so happy as when Barnabas.

I had a great many things to think

she is making herself wretched, and now her mouth drooped while her eyes



He Scrutinized the Whole Place Carefully.

meaning of the subtle

abstitute was called in.

A few days after the services he seemed indifferent, refused to discuss ing away a matter for condolence or I believed it myself, for that matter-congratulation. He was not long in I was irritated by her indifference Girls in my day did not meekly accept
I liked the little man. He had known
the public's verdict as to the man

But presently something occurred

"You are laying up treasures, Miss said he would have to go back to the lines," he said brokenly, "where city the following day, and arranged neither with nor rust corrupt, ner with Halsey and Alex to guard the that night when he came home

of Alex's stare, I turned on Liddy.

"Some one is to play bridge to-night at nine o'clock," I said. "Is that

about to reply when I scooped up the and yellow. pieces and left the conservatory.

"Now then," I said, when we got atside, "will you tell me why you choose to take Alex into your conpose he thinks any one in this hous nine o'clock, by appointment! I suppose you have shown it in the kitchen, and instead of my being able to slip It down to the bridge to-night quietly, and see who is there, the whole house

hold will be going in a processi-"Nobody knows it," Liddy said hum-ly. "I found it in the basket in Miss Gertrude's dressing room. Look at the back of the sheet." I turned over some of the scraps, and, sure enough, it was a blank deposit slip from the Traders' bank. So Gertrude was going to meet Jack Bailey that night by the ge! And I had thought he was It hardly seemed like the action bridge! of an innocent man-this avoidance of decided to make certain, however, by going to the bridge that night.

After luncheon Mr. Jamieson suggested that I go with him to Richfield, and I consented.

'I am inclined to place more faith in Dr. Stewart's story," he said, found that scrap in old Thomas pocket. It bears out the statement that the woman with the child, and the woman who quarreled with Armstrong, are the same. It looks as if Thomas had stumbled on to some affair which was more or less discred-table to the dead man, and, with a thieves break through and stoal."

I sent him home in the car, with a bunch of bothouse roses for his wife, and account with her black slik apronable account overwhelmed. As held up like a bag and her eyes big for me. I had a generous glow that with virtuous wrath. It was the day



anything tangible that we have had

holding out her apron.

"I don't see with my nose," I remarked. "What have you got there?"

Liddy pushed aside a half dozen clously rough short cuts we got there very quickly. It was a pretty little town on the river, and back on the little out. Liddy pushed aside a half dozen geranium pots, and in the space thus cleared she dumped the contents of her apron—a handful of tiny bits of paper. Alex had stepped back, but I saw him watching her curiously.

Tiddy" I said.

Elm street was almost the only street, and number 14 was easily found. It was a small white house, dilapidated without having gained anything picturesque, with a low window and a porch only a foot or so above the bit of a lawn. There was a baby-carriage in the path, and from a swing at the side came the sound of conflict. Three small children were disputing vociferously, and a faded young woman with a kindly face was trying to hush the clamor. When she saw us she untied her gingham apron and came around to the porch. "Good afternoon," I said. Jamieson lifted his hat, without speaking. "I

came to inquire about a child named Lucien Wallace."

"I am glad you have come," she aid. "In spite of the other children, I think the little fellow is lonely. We thought perhaps his mother would be here to-day."

Mr. Jamieson stepped forward. "You are Mrs. Tate?" I wondered how the detective knew.

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Tate, we want to make some inquiries. Perhaps in the house—"
"Come right in," she said hospitably. And soon we were in the little shabby

parlor, exactly like a thousand of its prototypes. Mrs. Tate sat uneasily, her hands folded in her lap.
"How long has Lucien been here?"

Mr. Jamieson asked.
"Since a week ago last Friday. His

mother paid one week's board in advance, the other has not been paid." "Was he ill when he came?"
"No, sir, not what you'd call sick.

He was getting better of typhoid, she said, and he's picking up fine."

"Will you tell me his mother's name and address?"

"That's the trouble," the young woman said, knitting her brows. "She gave her name as Mrs. Wallace, and said she had no address. She was looking for a boarding house in town. She said she worked in a department store, and couldn't take care of the child properly, and he needed fresh air and milk. I had three children of my own, and one more didn't make much difference in the work, but—I wish she would pay this week's board."

"Did she say what store it was?" "No, sir, but all the boy's clothes came from King's. He has far too fine clothes for the country."

There was a chorus of shouts and shrill yells from the front door, followed by the loud stamping of chil-dren's feet and a throaty "whoa, whoa!" Into the room came a tan-dem team of two chubby youngsters, a boy and a girl, harnessed with a clothes-line, and driven by a laughing boy of about seven, in tan overalls and brass buttons. The small driver caught my attention at once; he was a beautiful child, and, although he showed traces of recent severe illness, she and Dr. Walker Bridge," I read aloud. Then, aware his skin had now the clear transparency of health.

"Whoa, Flinders," he shouted.
"You're going to smash the trap."

Jamieson coaxed him over by Liddy was aggrieved. She was holding out a lead pencil, striped blue

Now, then," he said, when the boy had taken the lead pencil and was testing its usefulness on the detect-



I Could See the Mortons' Big Country House.

ive's cuff, "now then, I'll bet you don't know what your name is 'I do," said the boy. "Lucien Wal-

'Great! And what's your mother's name!

'Mother, of course. What's your mother's name? And he pointed to me! I am going to stop wearing black; it doubles a

# SAID BY THE YOUNGSTERS

Some Bright Remarks Worth Preserving, That Have Fallen From · Childish Lips.

A little girl, after listening to the hymn, "In heaven there stands an ever open door," remarked that there must be two heavens, "'cause grandma'd never had any open door where she is." And a dear little country laddie, visiting a city Sunday school and hearing about the "many mansions" of the better land, later explained that they had been "studying all about 'Paradise Flats.'"

Ecclesiastical modes and matters

frequently are puzzling to the little ones. A small Chicago citizen was taken to a fine church, where the music, windows, furnishings, and all accessories were as impressive as the building. The minister, living up to his enviable reputation as an orator, induged in a brilliant rhetorical flight.

"I know," he declared, "who gilds the sun and silvers the stars and

paints the flowers and tints the sky and lends to the rivers their beauty, to the ocean its glory, to the skies their perfect light," and so on through long and effective periods. Finally came the interrogatory climax: "Who

is it, my friends, who performs all these wonders? Who is it? Who?" From the front pew where the baby listener had been all eager attention came a shrill, disappointed pipe:

"You said you knew!"

A FEW THINGS.



Reggy—Bah Jove, I'd like to chas tise those blawsted reporters! Cyril-Why so?

Reggy-We have been insulted. The other day the firemen rescued us fellows from the burning clubhouse, and now the reporters have the account headed, "A Few Things Saved, but Nothing of Value."

## WASTED A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limbs, from the knee to the toes. I went to see a great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after I noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there, I used all the medicines that I could see but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which made me almost crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they would get really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had be come so nervous that I positively lost all hope.

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times, but could not make up my mind to buy them, for I had already used so many medicines. Finally I did decide to use the Cuticura Remedies and I tell you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the entire inflammation had gone. completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with similar disease would come to me and find out the truth. I would only recommend them to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertha Sachs, 1621 Second Ave., New York, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1909.

"Mrs. Bertha Sachs is my sister-inlaw and I know well how she suffered and was cured by Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments Morris Sachs, 321 E. 89th St. New York, N. Y., Secretary Deutsch-Ostrowoer Unt.-Verein, Kempner Hebrew Benevolent Society, etc.

A Good Job.

Jacob H. Schiff, at a dinner on the yacht Ramona, condemned a concern that had gone up. "Straight business methods are the only ones," he said. "There is a moral

in the receiver story. man, you know, said one day to a little boy 'Well, Tommy, what are you go-

ing to be when you grow up?"
"'A receiver, sir,' Tommy answered promptly. 'Ever since pa's been a receiver we've had champagne for din-ner and two automobiles."

A Woman's Hands.

It isn't work that ruins the hands-It is the soap, the common dangerous yellow rosin soap. It will eat into and rot cloth, so what won't it do to that delicate skin of a woman's hands? "Easy Task Soap" is pure and antisepic; it has no nasty, disagreeable odor it does the cleaning for you and you don't have to wear out your skin and your muscles with rubbing. As it costs no more than poor soaps, why should you ruin your hands?

A Kansas woman wants a divorce ecause her husband throws bricks at ier. No man has a right to throw ything at his wife but bouquets and

# HER PHYSICIAN **APPROVES**

## Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Sabattus, Maine.—"You told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound and Liver Pills before child-birth, and we are all surprised to see how much good it did. My physician said 'Without doubt it was the Compound that helped you.' I thank you for your kindness in advising me and give you full permission to use my name in your testimonials."—Mrs.

H. W. MITCHELL, Box 3, Sabattus, Me.

Another Woman Helped.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing throughthe Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. Charles Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MEAN INSINUATION.

MEAN INSINUATION.



Miss Lively-Isn't it strange that baseball players are seldom sun-

struck? Mr. Fussy-Not necessarily. Sun-

stroke is an affection of the brain.

Simple Expedient. An American student at a German university tells of a professor who was reading aloud in a classroom papers on a celebrated living German novelist, which had been written by the members of the class. After read-ing one he commented upon its excellence. "You show an exact comprehension of the matter," he said, addressing the student who had written the paper; "tell us what method you used." "(1)", raplied the student. you used." "Oh," replied the student, "I just wrote to X——, stating what I wanted to know, and that was what

Uncalled For.

outside of

"Yes, and the town council can't understand it. We had just given that bridge a coat of paint. Why, it looked Why, it looked like new."-Louisville Courier-Journal

DAME NATURE HINTS When the Food Is Not Suited.

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food. The old Dame is al ways faithful and one should act at

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. An Arizona man says;

"For years I could not safely eat any reakfast. I tried various kinds of breakfast food, but they were all soft, starchy messes which gave me dis coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterwards. Toast and coffee were no better, for I found the toast very constipating.

"A friend persuaded me to quit the old coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice. I began using them three

'The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight and feel better in every way. "Grape-Nuts make a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, and I find that Postum is easily digested and

"There's a Reason." Get the little book, "The Read to

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