

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROY WATKINS

Miss Innes, spinster and guardian of Gertrude and Halsey, established summer headquarters at Sunnyside. Amidst the mercurial difficulties the servants deserted.

was cheap at the price of a church carpet. I received less gratification—and less gratitude—when I presented the new silver communion set to St. Barnabas.

of Thomas' funeral in the village, and Alex and I were in the conservatory cutting flowers for the old man's casket. Liddy is never so happy as when she is making herself wretched, and now her mouth drooped while her eyes were triumphant.



anything tangible that we have had yet." Warner took us to Richfield in the car. It was about 25 miles by railroad, but by taking a series of atrociously rough short cuts we got there very quickly.

HER PHYSICIAN APPROVES

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sabatius, 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."



A FEW THINGS.



Reggy—Bah Jove, I'd like to chastise those blawsted reporters!

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."

MEAN INSINUATION.



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

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.

Uncalled For.

"I hear the old bridge outside of Plunkville has collapsed."

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 always faithful and one should act at once.

A Good Job.

Jacob H. Schiff, at a dinner on the yacht Ramona, condemned a concern that had gone up.

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?

I Could See the Mortons' Big Country House.

I could see the Mortons' big country house. "Now then, I'll bet you don't know what your name is!"

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Certain." "In what part?" "In the east wing."



He Scrutinized the Whole Place Carefully.

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 peculiar circumstances of the old man's death had been carefully kept from the servants.

Why did both she and Dr. Walker warn us away from the house? Who was Lucien Wallace? What did Thomas see in the shadows the night he died?

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



I Could See the Mortons' Big Country House.

"I am inclined to place more faith in Dr. Stewart's story," he said, "since I 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 discreditable to the dead man, and, with a certain loyalty to the family, had kept it to himself. Then, you see, your story about the woman at the card-room window begins to mean something. It is the nearest approach to