

# Mystery in a Box

By HOPE DARING

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As Roger Wayne passed along the hotel corridor on his way down to dinner a door on his right opened. A girl stepped into the corridor and advanced straight to Roger's side, holding out to him a black box, six inches square and two inches high.

"Will you do me a great favor?" she asked in a clear, musical voice. "Please throw this into the bay tonight. And you are not to open it. Will you do it—for me?"

There was a slight pause before the girl spoke two words. Roger took the box, staring blankly at the girl. She was well dressed, petite, with frank gray eyes and masses of dead-black hair.

"But I do not understand." "Do you need to understand? Tell me that you will do what I ask."

"Of course I will do it, and—" "Thank you! Thank you!" She turned and re-entered the room from which she had emerged.

Roger thrust the box into his pocket and went slowly down the stairs. He had arrived at Pine Bay, a summer resort on one of the great lakes, but two hours before. Thus far he had met no one at the hotel whom he knew. What was the meaning of the girl's strange errand?

He had hardly finished his dinner when she entered the dining room. With her was a pretty blonde maiden of about her own age, a hatchet-faced chaperon and a genial, middle-aged man whom Roger was positive he had seen before. From the greeting that they were well known and social favorites.

When Roger had finished eating he left the house and sauntered leisurely down to the shore. A wharf ran far out into the bay, affording a stopping place for the steamers that touched at the tiny village. The young man stooped down and gathered his hands full of flat stones that covered the beach. As he walked along the dock



"Please Throw This Into the Bay Tonight."

he threw one stone after another into the water. At last he drew the box from his pocket, and after a searching glance at it, sent it flying after the stones.

"It is tin, painted black, and there is something in it that rattles," he said to himself. "I feel like the villain in a melodrama. Now I am going to make it the occupation of my vacation to form the acquaintance of the girl who was so anxious to dispose of this box."

Fate favored him. As he ascended the steps leading to the hotel veranda, where a large party was gathered watching the sunset flush the sky and water with crimson, he heard his name called. The speaker was Bobby Green, and by his side stood the mysterious girl.

"Glad to see you, old fellow," Bobby cried heartily. "Ladies and gentlemen, I want you all to be good to this lad. He is Roger Wayne, the magazine writer whose work you all know."

Then Bobby proceeded to individual introductions. The girl of the box was Audrey Fuller, and the blonde was her cousin Mildred. When Roger heard the name he understood why their male companion at dinner had looked so familiar. The man was Thomas Fuller, the wealthy mine owner, and the girls were his daughter and niece.

The group on the veranda chatted away merrily until the sunset's afterglow had faded from the sky and a cool breeze swept in from the bay. As they adjourned to the parlor, Roger fell into step with Audrey Fuller.

"Did you see, Miss Fuller, that I obeyed your command?"

"Oh? What do you mean? Oh, you refer to your accepting the invitation to go sailing with us in the morning. You will never regret it, for the day is beautiful."

It was evident that she had no intention of gratifying his curiosity.

Roger compressed his lips; he would be patient but persistent.

The next morning he managed to secure a place at the table with the Fullers. Before the meal was finished the landlord entered the dining room to announce that a bold robbery had been committed the afternoon before. A small tin box containing valuable jewels had been taken from the room of Mrs. Darrow, a Chicago woman. Already a detective had arrived at the hotel, and the landlord hoped that the guests would patiently submit to any questioning that seemed necessary, as the detection of the thief would be a protection to them all.

"Oh, papa! Let's go home!" Audrey cried.

Roger stared when he saw how pale she was. Mr. Fuller laughed.

"Now, don't be frightened, puss. You know that I insisted that you and Mildred should leave your jewelry in the safe. Why, Audrey, how white you are! You are not really frightened?"

She tried to smile, but it was easy to see that she was nervous. Her breakfast was untouched, while the discussion of the robbery went on around her.

A reward was offered for the apprehension of the thief, but he was not found. For several days an officer haunted the hotel corridors, and his presence, or even the mention of his errand, was enough to drive the color from Audrey's cheeks. At first she avoided Roger. He strove to make her feel that he was her friend, and gradually she came to trust him. The affair of the box was never mentioned between them, but the passage of time only strengthened Roger's determination to solve the mystery.

"She is the victim of some one's wrongdoing," was his decision. "It is not curiosity alone that prompts me; I will set her free from the fear that so often looks from her eyes."

At last Audrey recovered her usual gay spirits. The hotel was very gay. The throng of young people picknicked, danced, sailed over the bay, explored the pine woods and sped the summer hours with joy and laughter.

The hotel guests were at lunch one dull, rainy day when a telegram was brought in for Roger. An exclamation of dismay broke from his lips as he read it. Bobby looked across the table, genuine concern on his good-humored face.

"Not bad news, old man?" "Only that I am summoned to the city on a matter of business. I must leave on the evening train."

"You will return, will you not?" Mildred Fuller asked, carelessly.

"Not for a fortnight, at least, and by that time the season at Pine Bay will be over."

There were many expressions of regret. Lunch over, Roger went up to his room. He had begun his packing when, glancing from the window, he saw Audrey pacing back and forth on the wharf, mindful of the rain. He hastened out to join her. She did not see him until he called softly:

"Audrey!"

A cry broke from her lips. The face she lifted to him was wet, not with raindrops, but with tears. He took her hand, drawing it through his arm.

"Little girl, I love you." "But the box! Roger, it stands between us," she cried, a note of terror in her voice.

"I threw it into the bay. Let things between us be as if the box had never existed."

"But, Roger! How can you be sure that I am not a thief? Remember Mrs. Darrow's jewels?"

"You are the woman I love. I trust you. Never mention the box again; I do not care what it contained, or why you wished to get rid of it."

She let her hand slip down into his, laughing gleefully.

"If you feel that way, I can tell you, but it was so dreadfully silly! Mildred and I saw you when you arrived and recognized you as the famous author. We talked of your stories. There is always a mystery in them, and we wondered how you thought them out. Mildred dared me to give you the box."

"What was there in it?" "Pennies and thumb tacks. We thought we would give you a mystery at first hand. Then, next morning, there was that robbery, and I thought—O Roger! If some one should be looking out of the hotel windows!"

Might Call Later.

Ghosts and weird apparitions were said to appear in the empty house, and they were not an inducement to possible tenants, so the agent had it elaborately done up and decorated, and by way of a tempting bait he had some expensive gas fittings put up in all the rooms.

The next week he heard that some bold man had been after the house. His heart leaped with hope and expectation, and he rushed off in frantic excitement to the housekeeper of the haunted mansion.

"This is splendid!" he gasped. "Someone has taken the house, hasn't he?" "I don't know, sir, I'm sure. Perhaps he'll come back for the house. He's taken all the gas fittings."

## MINNESOTA'S FOOTBALL STAR



Johnny McGovern, Crack Quarterback.

To eulogize the work of any Minnesotan in particular in the recent game between the Gophers and Maroons, in which the latter team met defeat, would be only an injustice to the others, for the eleven in every department is so thoroughly and powerfully organized that it is equally irresistible on offense and defense. The 1,400-pound line ripped the lighter Maroon battle front into shreds or shoved it far out of the way and then turned and resisted as a stone wall when attacked by the futile Maroon offense. The back field, led by the agile and alert little McGovern, was set for the

next play before the present one was determined, and the end runs of McGovern and Johnston and the crossbucks of Stevens and Rosenwald seldom failed to gain ground.

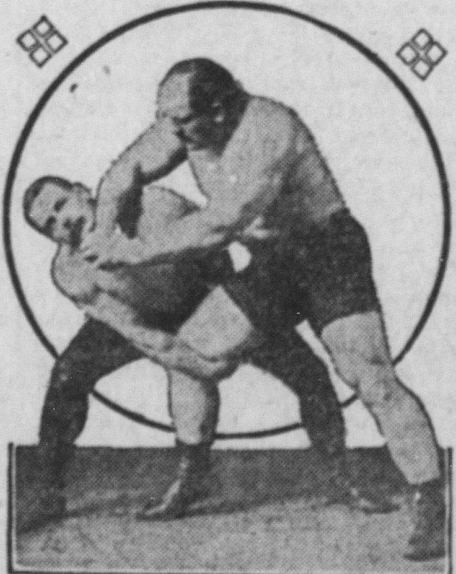
McGovern was everywhere. He tore off run after run of good size, fooled the Maroons at every point and kept the Gopher speed at top notch. Once he got away for 60 yards. The brilliant quarterback, who earned a place on last year's All-American, was the prize terror throughout, and not the least of his achievements was his headwork in solving some of Chicago's pet defensive formations.

### ZBYSZKO HAS "COME BACK"

Polish Wrestling Champion Here to Secure Another Bout With Gotch—Shows Improvement.

Stanislaus Zbyszko, champion wrestler of Poland, has returned to America. Zbyszko's object is to secure another match with Frank Gotch for the championship of the world. Gotch says he has retired, but with Hackenschmidt and Zbyszko after him he may come back.

Zbyszko thinks Gotch tricked him into defeat and he is of the opinion he can stand off the world's champion now, especially since the disparity in age is greater than formerly. Zbyszko says Gotch promised him another chance after his defeat last winter. The Polish champion took three Amer-



Stanislaus Zbyszko.

ican wrestlers home with him and has been in constant training ever since. He has shown great improvement, his friends say, and is confident he will be able to send Gotch into permanent retirement. Although this has a strangely familiar sound, it must be admitted Gotch is growing old and Zbyszko is still young for a wrestler. Zbyszko has forwarded \$1,000 to his manager, Jack Herman of Buffalo, who has posted that amount to bind the match.

### HOOSIERS MAY GO TO COAST

Indiana Team Likely to Play Washington on Christmas Day—Good Game is Expected.

Washington University will give Indiana University a football game here on Christmas day, is the belief expressed by the management of the athletics if only Coach Gilmore Doble can be persuaded that his men will not be stale by that time.

Doble has always been reluctant to allow his men to play as late as Christmas day, despite previous requests, but when the Indiana authorities sent their request to Seattle the other day it was practically decided that the game would be arranged. Doble's team for two years has been champion of the Pacific coast

### NEVER FORGOT HIS START

"Chick" Fraser, Veteran Pitcher, Tells of Early Career—Took Great Care of Arm.

BY "CHICK" FRASER.

(Copyright, 1916, by Joseph B. Bowles.) It has been so long ago that I scarcely remember when I started, but I never shall forget how I got my start. I had not the least idea of pitching baseball professionally but had mapped out a career for myself as an expert accountant.

At that time there existed in Chicago an organization called the Boys' League. I was small and not strong, but I wanted to be a pitcher. The bigger boys didn't want me to play on the team even. I saw I hadn't a chance against them in strength, so determined to beat them some way and I sat down and studied the work of every pitcher I saw work. I went to the National League grounds every time a famous little pitcher worked and saw how he did it. Then I went with my own crowd of boys and tried out all the things I had seen. One day I braced the manager of the Ogden in the Boys' League and demanded a chance to pitch. I told him I could pitch better than any pitcher he had and made it so strong I guess he decided I must be as good as I said I was. He put me in a game a few days later and I won, but imitating the pitching I had been studying I realized then that there were two things for me to do; first to take good care of my arm, and second to keep on studying the game.

I do not want to place myself in the position of criticizing young players who are coming into the game but it seems to me that half of those I have seen tried and sent back as failures, failed merely because they thought they knew it all as soon as they got into the big leagues, and stopped progressing just at the time they ought to have been working hardest to learn more.

I jumped from the Boys' League into fast company and soon was known as a "smart" pitcher. They called me smart chiefly because I studied and worked hard and was willing to learn anything anyone would show me.

The care of my arm and body was always first in my mind. I worked as hard as anyone, but never neglected the massage, never a hard one, and light vibrations. Then too, I pitched in heavy flannels and guarded the arm and shoulder from colds. When I warmed up hard before a game I always changed to dry warm flannels before sitting on the bench and in that way avoided catching cold or having the arm stiffen up on me.

Having made the start successfully I worked harder than ever and when my arm finally began to weaken a bit I studied out a new system of slants and used that. I adopted everything



Charles ("Chick") Fraser.

new that came into the game and applied it to my style of pitching. I think this constant study of the game, and constant care of the arm added many years to my active service.

### ATTACK RACING IN MARYLAND

Baltimore Presbyterian Synod Demands Legislation Prohibiting Bookmaking at Tracks.

Legislation prohibiting bookmaking at race tracks in Maryland is demanded in a resolution adopted unanimously by the Baltimore Presbyterian synod at its annual meeting the other day. The synod is made up of clergymen of that denomination in Maryland and the District of Columbia. The legislature is also called upon to enact a law making illegal the publication of betting odds in advance of the races by the newspapers of the state.

No legislative action can be had, however, for more than a year, as the Maryland general assembly does not meet until January, 1917.

Trainer Welch is Stricken. Thomas Welch, one of the best known trainers of race horses in this country, is seriously ill of locomotor ataxia at his home in Gravesend. Welch was apparently in good health when he saddled the Whitney filly Bashti for the Matron stakes a few days ago at Baltimore.

### MADE INSANE BY ATHLETICS

College Boy of Noted Ancestry Suffers Through Ambition to Become Famous as Athlete.

Samuel J. Randall Lancaster, son of Charles C. Lancaster, a prominent lawyer who practices in the supreme court at Washington, is suffering from dementia in the Hood Wright hospital, New York. He is a member of the Pennsylvania university football team.

Associates say he was made insane by athletics.

It was Lancaster's ambition to become a great runner, to lower running records, and do many other things that would win him fame. An entry in his diary read:

"Get in good condition on track team so that you can win a medalion."

The young man is a grandson of the famous Samuel J. Randall.

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