

SERIAL STORY

ELUSIVE ISABEL

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

Illustrations by M. KETNER

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SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rosini, the Italian ambassador, is at dinner with diplomats in the national capital when a messenger brings a note directing him to come to the embassy at once. Here a beautiful young woman asks that she be given a ticket to the embassy ball. The ticket is made out in the name of Miss Isabel Thorne. Chief Campbell of the secret service, and Mr. Grimm, his head detective, are warned that a plot of the Latin races against the English, speaking races is brewing in Washington, and Grimm goes to the state ball for information. In a conservatory his attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne, who with her companion, soon disappears. A revolver shot is heard and Campbell and Grimm hasten down the hall to find that Senator Alvarez of the Mexican legation has been shot. A woman did it, and Grimm is assured it was Miss Thorne. He visits her, demanding knowledge of the crime, and arrests a man named Pietro Petrosini.

CHAPTER VII.

The Signal.

"And the original question remains unanswered," remarked Mr. Campbell. "The original question?" repeated Mr. Grimm.

"Where is Prince Benedetto d'Abruzzi, the secret envoy?" his chief reminded him.

"I wonder!" mused the young man. "If the Latin compact is signed in the United States—"

"The Latin compact will not be signed in the United States," Mr. Grimm interrupted. And then, after a moment: "Have we received any further reports on Miss Thorne? I mean reports from our foreign agents?"

"The chief shook his head. "Inevitably, by some act or word, she will lead us to the prince," declared Mr. Grimm, "and the moment he is known to us everything becomes plain sailing. We know she is a secret agent—I expected a denial, but she was quite frank about it. And I had no intention whatever of placing her under arrest. I knew some one was in the adjoining room because of a slight noise in there, and I knew she knew it. She raised her voice a little, obviously for the benefit of whoever was there. From that point everything I said and did was to compel that person, whoever it was, to show himself."

"His chief nodded, understandingly. Mr. Grimm was silent for a little, then went on:

"The last possibility in my mind at that moment," he confessed, "was that the person in there was the man who shot Senator Alvarez. Frankly I had half an idea that—that it might be the prince in person." Suddenly his mood changed: "And now our lady of mystery may come and go as she likes because I know, even if a dozen of our men have ransacked Washington in vain for the prince, she will inevitably lead us to him. And that reminds me: I should like to borrow Blair, and Hastings, and Johnson. Please plant them so they may keep constant watch on Miss Thorne. Let them report to you, and, wherever I am, I will reach you over the 'phone."

"By the way, what was in that sealed packet that was taken from Senator Alvarez?" Campbell inquired curiously.

"It had something to do with some railroad franchises," responded Mr. Grimm as he rose. "I sealed it again and returned it to the senator. Evidently it was not what Signor Petrosini expected to find—in fact, he admitted it wasn't what he was looking for."

"For a little while the two men gazed thoughtfully, each into the eyes of the other, then Mr. Grimm entered his private office where he sat for an hour with his immaculate boots on his desk, thinking. A world war—he had been thrust forward by his government to prevent it—subtle blue-gray eyes—his Highness, Prince Benedetto d'Abruzzi—a haunting smile and scarlet lips.

"At about the moment he rose to go out, Miss Thorne, closely veiled, left the Venezuelan legation and walked rapidly down the street to a corner, where, without a word, she entered a waiting automobile. The wheels spun and the car leaped forward. For a mile or more it wound aimlessly in and out, occasionally bisecting its own path; finally Miss Thorne leaned forward and touched the chauffeur on the arm.

"Now!" she said.

The car straightened out into a street of stately residences and scudded along until the placid bosom of the Potomac came into view; besides that for a few minutes, then over the bridge to the Virginia side, in the dilapidated little city of Alexandria. The car did not slacken its speed, but wound in and out through dingy streets, past tumble-down negro huts, for half an hour before it came to a standstill in front of an old brick mansion.

"This is number ninety-seven," the chauffeur announced.

Miss Thorne entered the house with a key and was gone for ten minutes, perhaps. She was readjusting her veil when she came out and stepped into the car silently. Again it moved forward, on to the end of the dingy street, and finally into the open country. Three, four, five miles, perhaps, out the old Baltimore Road, and again the car stopped, this time in front of an ancient colonial farm-house.

Outwardly the place seemed to be deserted. The blinds, battered and stripped of paint by wind and rain, were all closed, and one corner of the small veranda had crumbled away from age and neglect. A narrow path, strewn with pine needles, led tortuously up to the door. In the rear of the house, rising from an old barn, a thin pole with a cup-like attachment at the apex, thrust its point into the open above the dense, odoriferous pines. It appeared to be a wireless mast. Miss Thorne passed around the house, and entered the barn.

A man came forward and kissed her—a thin, little man of indeterminate age—drying his hands on a piece of cotton waste. His face was pale with the pallor of one who knows little outdoor life, his eyes deep-set and agitated with some feverish inward fire, and the thin lips were pressed together in a sharp line. Behind him was a long bench on which were scattered tools of various sorts, fantastically shaped chemical apparatus, two or three electric batteries of odd sizes, and ranged along one end of it, in a row, were a score or more metal spheroids, a shade larger than a one-pound shell. From somewhere in the rear came the clatter of a small gasoline engine, and still farther away was an electric dynamo.

"Is the test arranged, Rosa?" the little man queried eagerly in Italian.

"The date is not fixed yet," she replied in the same language. "It will be, I hope, within the next two weeks. And then—"

"Fame and fortune for both of us," he interrupted with quick enthusiasm. "Ah, Rosa, I have worked and waited so long for this, and now it will come, and with it the dominion of the world again by our country. How will I know when the date is fixed? It would not be well to write me here."

My lady of mystery stroked the slender, nervous hand caressingly, and a great affection shone in the blue-gray eyes.

"At eight o'clock on the night of the test," she explained, still speaking Italian, "a single light will appear at the apex of the capitol dome in Washington."

"I have been waiting to write you with the hope that I could report Senator Alvarez out of danger, but his condition, I regret to say, remains unchanged. Shall I send an attorney to you? Would you like a book of any kind? Or some delicacy sent in from a restaurant? Can I be of any service to you in any way? If I can please drop me a line.

"Sincerely,
"ISABEL THORNE."

"At last she rose and standing in the window read the note over, folded it, placed it in an envelope and sealed it. A maid came in answer to her ring, and there at the window, under the watchful eyes of Blair and Hastings—and, perhaps, Johnson—she handed the note to the maid with instructions to mail it immediately. Two minutes later she saw the maid go out along the avenue to a post-box on the corner.

Then she drew back into the shadow of the room, slipped on a dark-colored wrap, and standing away from the window, safe beyond the reach of prying eyes, waited patiently for the postman. He appeared about five o'clock and simultaneously another man turned the corner near the post-box and spoke to him. Then, together, they disappeared from view around the corner.

"So that's Johnson, is it?" mused Miss Thorne, and she smiled a little. "Mr. Grimm certainly pays me the compliment of having me carefully watched."

A few minutes later she dropped into the seat at the desk again. The dark wrap had been thrown aside and Hastings and Blair from their hiding places could see her distinctly. After a while they saw her rise quickly, as an automobile turned into the avenue, and lean toward the window eagerly looking out. The car came to a standstill in front of the legation, and Mr. Cadwallader, an under-secretary of the British embassy, who was alone in the car, raised his cap. She nodded and smiled, then disappeared in the shadows of the room again.

Mr. Cadwallader went to the door, spoke to the servant there, then returned and busied himself about the car. Hastings and Blair watched intently both the door and the window for a long time; finally a closely veiled and muffled figure appeared at the bay-window, and waved a gloved hand at Mr. Cadwallader, who again lifted his cap. A minute later the veiled woman came out of the front door, shook hands with Mr. Cadwallader, and got in the car. He also climbed in, and the car moved slowly away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"With That We Control the World," Exclaimed the Man, Triumphantly.

ington. That is the signal agreed upon; it can be seen by all in the city, and is visible here from the window of your bedroom."

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed. The feverish glitter in his eyes deepened.

"If there is a fog, of course you will not attempt the test," she went on.

"No, not in a fog," he put in quickly. "It must be clear."

"And if it is clear you can see the light in the dome without difficulty."

"And all your plans are working out well?"

"Yes. And yours?"

"I don't think there is any question but that both England and the United States will buy. Do you know what it means? Do you know what it means?" He was silent a moment, his hands working nervously. Then, with an effort: "And his Highness?"

"His Highness is safe." The subtle eyes grew misty, thoughtful for a moment, then cleared again. "He is safe," she repeated.

"Mexico and Venezuela were—?" he began.

"We don't know, yet, what they will do. The Venezuelan answer is locked in the safe at the legation; I will know what it is within forty-eight hours." She was silent a little. "Our difficulty now, our greatest difficulty, is the hostility of the French ambassador to the compact. His government has not yet notified him of the presence of Prince d'Abruzzi; he does not believe in the feasibility of the plan, and we have to—"

extremes to prevent him working against us."

the long table and curiously lifted one of the spheroids. It was a sinister looking thing, nicked, glittering. At one end of it was a delicate, vibratory apparatus, not unlike the transmitter of a telephone, and the other end was threaded, as if the spheroid was made as an attachment to some other device.

"With that we control the world!" exclaimed the man triumphantly. "And it's mine, Rosa, mine!"

"It's wonderful!" she mused softly. "Wonderful! And now I must go. I may not see you again until after the test, because I shall be watched and followed wherever I go. If I get an opportunity I shall reach you by telephone, but not even that unless it is necessary. There is always danger, always danger!" she repeated thoughtfully. She was thinking of Mr. Grimm.

"I understand," said the man simply.

"And look out for the signal—the light in the apex of the capitol dome," she went on. "I understand the night must be perfectly clear; and you understand that the test is to be made promptly at three o'clock by your chronometer?"

"At three o'clock," he repeated.

For a moment they stood with their arms around each other, then tenderly his visitor kissed him, and went out. He remained looking after her vacantly until the chug-chug of her automobile, as it moved off down the road, was lost in the distance, then turned again to the long work-table.

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Thorne and Not Miss Thorne.

From a pleasant, wide-open bay window of her apartments on the second floor, Miss Thorne looked out upon the avenue with inscrutable eyes. Behind the closely drawn shutters of another bay-window, farther down the avenue, on the corner, she knew a man named Hastings was hiding; she knew that for an hour or more he had been watching her as she wrote. In the other direction, in a house near the corner, another man named Blair was similarly ensconced, and he, too, had been watching as she wrote. There should be a third man, Johnson. Miss Thorne curiously studied the face of each passer-by, seeking therein something to remember.

She sat at the little mahogany desk and a note with the ink yet wet upon it lay face up before her. It was addressed to Signor Pietro Petrosini in the district prison, and read:

"My Dear Friend:

"I have been waiting to write you with the hope that I could report Senator Alvarez out of danger, but his condition, I regret to say, remains unchanged. Shall I send an attorney to you? Would you like a book of any kind? Or some delicacy sent in from a restaurant? Can I be of any service to you in any way? If I can please drop me a line.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Economy in Smoke Prevention.

After remarking that there can be no hope of the general adoption of means to prevent the fouling of the air of great cities with factory smoke unless it can be demonstrated that the adoption of such means will result in the saving of money to the makers of the smoke, Prof. J. A. Switzer of the University of Tennessee records the result of experiments which he has made with smoke consumers based on the principle of injecting with steam jets, fresh air into the furnace whenever fresh fuel is put upon the fire. He finds that the claim that such apparatus increases the efficiency of the boilers by increasing the evaporation of the water is well founded, and that there is a real economy in their use.—Youth's Companion.

THE NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

Local notices accompanying display advertising five cents per line for each line; otherwise, eight cents per line, minimum charge twenty-five cents.

Legal notices, twenty cents per line for three insertions; one cent per line for each additional insertion.

ADVERTISING RATES—Display advertising of ten or more inches for three or more insertions, eight cents per inch for each line. Display advertising occupying less space than ten inches will be charged on a proportionate basis to twenty cents per inch for each line, according to composition.

Local notices accompanying display advertising five cents per line for each line; otherwise, eight cents per line, minimum charge twenty-five cents.

Legal notices, twenty cents per line for three insertions; one cent per line for each additional insertion.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

DEMOCRATIC.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that Arthur B. Lee, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of sheriff, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30.

We are authorized to announce that D. J. Cogeny, of Union township, is a candidate for the office of sheriff, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic primaries to be held on September 30.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that John R. Leamon, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to the usages of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that John H. Dunlap, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic party.

We are requested to announce that John L. Dunlap, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of the county as expressed at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

We are authorized to announce that William A. Shover, of Penn township, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of the county as expressed at the primaries to be held September 30.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Treasurer of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30.

We are authorized to announce that John D. Miller, of Walkersville, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the usages of the Democratic party.

FOR REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that Frank Smith, of Philadelphia borough, is a candidate for the office of County Register, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30.

FOR RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that D. A. Dietrich, of Walkersville, is a candidate for the office of Recorder of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of the county as expressed at the general primaries to be held Saturday, September 30.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce that J. M. Kestler, of Centre county, is a candidate for the office of District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that Paul Fortney, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for the office of District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that J. Kennedy Johnston, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for the office of District Attorney, subject to the action of the Democratic voters at the primary election to be held September 30.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that D. R. Foreman, of the Borough of Bellfonte, is a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, subject to the usages of the Democratic party.

REPUBLICAN.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

TO EDITOR REPORTER—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, 1911.

BOALSBURG TAVERN.

OLD FORT HOTEL.

ATTORNEYS.

D. P. FORTNEY. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. BELLEFONTE, PA. Office North of Court House.

W. RABERSON WALKER. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. BELLEFONTE, PA. No. 19 W. High Street. All professional business promptly attended to.

A. D. GIBBS, Jno. J. Bowen, W. B. ELLIOTT, BOWEN & ZERBY. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. BELLEFONTE, PA. ACCOMPANY TO CIVIL, BOWEN & GIBBS. Consultation in English and German.

H. B. SPANGLER. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. BELLEFONTE, PA. Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange Building.

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Penn's Valley Banking Company. CENTRE HALL, PA. W. B. MINBLE, Cash. Receives Deposits. Discounts Notes.

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LARGEST INSURANCE Agency IN CENTRE COUNTY.

H. E. FENLON. Agent Bellefonte, Penn'a.

The Largest and Best Accident Ins. Companies Bonds of Every Description. Plate Glass Insurance at low rates.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY. VETERINARY SURGEON. A graduate of the University of Penn'a. Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both 'phones. Oct. 1, 1911.

DR. SMITH'S SALVE. CURES: Flesh Wounds, Ulcers, Felons, Carbuncles, Bolls, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Tetter, Eczema, White Swelling, Skin Eruptions, Fever Sores, Piles, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Corns, Bunions, Chapped Hands, Etc., Etc.

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