

# SERIAL STORY

## ELUSIVE ISABEL

By JACQUES FUTRELE

Illustrations by M. KETNER

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### SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rosini, the Italian ambassador, is at dinner with diplomats when a messenger summons him to the embassy, where a beautiful young woman asks for 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 is brewing in Washington, and Grimm goes to the state ball for information. His attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne, who with her companion, disappears. A shot is heard and Senor Alvarez of the Mexican legation, is found wounded. Grimm is assured Miss Thorne did it; he visits her, demanding knowledge of the affair, and arrests Pietro Petrozini, Miss Thorne visits an old bomb-maker and they discuss a wonderful experiment. Fifty thousand dollars is stolen from the office of Senor Rodriguez, the minister from Venezuela, and while detectives are investigating the robbery Miss Thorne appears as a guest of the legation. Grimm accuses her of the theft; the money is restored, but a new mystery occurs in the disappearance of Monsieur Boissegur, the French ambassador.

### CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Monsieur," he went on, and there was a tense note in his voice, "the ambassador of France had disappeared, gone, vanished! We searched the house from the cellar to the servants' quarters, even the roof, but there was no trace of him. The hat he usually wore was in the hall, and all his other hats were accounted for. You may remember, Monsieur, that Tuesday was cold, but all his top-coats were found in their proper places. So it seems, Monsieur, and repression ended in a burst of excitement, "if he left the embassy he did not go out by either door, and he went without hat or coat!"

He stopped helplessly and his gaze alternated inquiringly between the benevolent face of the chief and the expressionless countenance of Mr. Grimm.

"If he left the embassy?" Mr. Grimm repeated. "If your search of the house proved conclusively that he wasn't there, he did leave it, didn't he?"

Monsieur Rigolot stared at him blankly for a moment, then nodded.

"And there are windows, you know," Mr. Grimm went on, then: "As I understand it, Monsieur, no one except you and the stenographer saw the ambassador after ten o'clock in the morning?"

"Oul, Monsieur, C'est—" Monsieur Rigolot began excitedly. "I beg pardon. I believe that is correct."

"You saw him about ten, you say; therefore no one except the stenographer saw him after ten o'clock?"

"That is also true, as far as I know."

"Any callers? Letters? Telegrams? Telephone messages?"

"I made inquiries in that direction, Monsieur," was the reply. "I have the words of the servants at the door and of the stenographer that there were no callers, and the statement of the stenographer that there were no telephone calls or telegrams. There were only four letters for him personally. He left them all on his desk—here they are."

Mr. Grimm looked them over leisurely. They were commonplace enough, containing nothing that might be construed into a reason for the disappearance.

"The letters Monsieur Boissegur had dictated were laid on his desk by the stenographer," Monsieur Rigolot rushed on volubly, excitedly. "In the anxiety and uneasiness following the disappearance they were allowed to remain there overnight. On Wednesday morning, Monsieur—and he hesitated impressively—"those letters bore his signature in his own handwriting!"

Mr. Grimm turned his listless eyes full upon Monsieur Rigolot's perturbed face for one scant instant.

"No doubt of it being his signature?" he queried.

"Non, Monsieur, non!" the secretary exclaimed emphatically. "Vous avés—that is, I have known his signature for years. There is no doubt. The letters were not of a private nature. If you would care to look at the copies of them?"

He offered the duplicates tentatively. Mr. Grimm read them over slowly, the while Monsieur Rigolot sat nervously staring at him. They, too, seemed meaningless as bearing on the matter in hand. Finally, Mr. Grimm nodded and Monsieur Rigolot resumed:

"And Wednesday night, Monsieur, another strange thing happened. Monsieur Boissegur smokes many cigarettes, of a kind made especially for him in France, and shipped to him here. He keeps them in a case on his dressing-table. On Thursday morning his valet reported to me that this case of cigarettes had disappeared!"

"Of course," observed Mr. Grimm, "Monsieur Boissegur has a latch-key to the embassy?"

"Of course."  
"Anything unusual happen last night—that is, Thursday night?"  
"Nothing, Monsieur—that is, nothing we can find."

Mr. Grimm sat silent for a time and felt to twisting the seal ring on his finger. Mr. Campbell turned around and moved a paper weight one inch to the left, where it belonged, while Monsieur Rigolot, disarmed at their amazing apathy, squirmed uneasily in his chair.

"It would appear, then," Mr. Grimm remarked, musingly, "that after his mysterious disappearance the ambassador has either twice returned to his house at night, or else sent some one there, first to bring the letters to him for signature, and later to get his cigarettes?"

"Certainement, Monsieur—I mean, that seems to be true. But where is he? Why should he not come back? What does it mean? Madame Boissegur is frantic, prostrated! She wanted me to go to the police, but I did not think it wise that it should become public, so I came here."

"Very well," commented Mr. Grimm. "Let it rest as it is. Meanwhile you may reassure Madame. Point out to her that if Monsieur Boissegur signed the letters Tuesday night he was, at least, alive; and if he came or sent for the cigarettes Wednesday night, he was still alive. I shall call at the embassy this afternoon. No, it isn't advisable to go with you now. Give me your latch-key, please."

Monsieur Rigolot produced the key and passed it over without a word.

"And one other thing," Mr. Grimm continued, "please collect all the revolvers that may be in the house and take charge of them yourself. If any one, by chance, heard a burglar prowling around there tonight he might shoot, and in that event either kill Monsieur Boissegur or—or me!"

When the secretary had gone Mr. Campbell idly drummed on his desk as he studied the face of his subordinate.

"So much!" he commented finally. "It's Miss Thorne again," said the young man as if answering a question.

"Perhaps these reports I have received today from the Latin capitals may aid you in dispelling that mystery," Campbell suggested, and Mr. Grimm turned them over eagerly.

"Meanwhile our royal visitor, Prince Benedetto d'Abuzzi, remains unknown?"

"The young man's teeth closed with a snap."

"It's only a question of time, Chief," he said abruptly. "I'll find him—I'll find him!"

And he sat down to read the reports.

### CHAPTER XIII.

A Conference in the Dark.  
The white rays of the distant arc light filtered through the half-drawn velvet hangings and laid a faintly illumined path across the ambassador's desk; the heavy leather chairs were mere impalpable splotches in the shadows; the cut-glass knobs of a mahogany cabinet caught the glint of light and reflected it dimly. Outside



Her Hand Still Rested on the Switch.

was the vague, indefinable night drone of a city asleep, unbroken by any sound that was distinguishable, until finally there came the distant boom of a clock. It struck twice.

Seated on a couch in one corner of the ambassador's office was Mr. Grimm. He was leaning against the high arm of leather, with his feet on the seat, thoughtfully nursing his knees. If his attitude indicated anything except sheer comfort, it was that he was listening. He had been there for two hours, wide-awake, and absolutely motionless. Five, ten, fifteen minutes more passed, and then Mr. Grimm heard the grind and whirr of an automobile a block or so away, coming toward the embassy. Now it was in front.

"Honk! Hon-on-onk!" it called plaintively. "Hon-on-onk! Honk!"

The signal! At last! The automobile went rushing on, full tilt, while Mr. Grimm removed his feet from the seat and dropped them noiselessly to the floor. Thus, with his hands on his knees, and listening, listening with every faculty strained, he sat motionless, peering toward the open door that led into the hall. The car was gone now, the sound of it swallowed up in the distance, still he sat there. It was obviously some noise in the house for which he was waiting.

Minute after minute passed, and still nothing. There was not even the whisper of a wind-stirred drapery. He was about to rise, when, suddenly, with no other noise than that of the sharp click of the switch, the electric lights in the room blazed up brilliantly. The glare dazzled Mr. Grimm with its blinding flood, but he didn't move. Then softly, almost in a whisper:

"Good evening, Mr. Grimm."

It was a woman's voice, pleasant,

unsurprised, perfectly modulated. Mr. Grimm certainly did not expect it now, but he knew it instantly—there was not another quite like it in the wide, wide world—and though he was still blinking a little, he came to his feet courteously.

"Good morning, Miss Thorne," he corrected gravely.

Now his vision was clearing, and he saw her, a graceful figure, silhouetted against the rich green of the wall draperies. Her lips were curled the least bit, as if she might have been smiling, and her wonderful eyes reflected a glint of—of—was it amusement? The folds of her evening dress fell away from her, and one bare, white arm was extended, as her hand still rested on the switch.

"And you didn't hear me?" still in the half-whisper. "I didn't think you would. Now I'm going to put out the lights for an instant, while you pull the shades down, and then—then we must have a—conference."

The switch snapped. The lights died as suddenly as they had been born, and Mr. Grimm, moving noiselessly, visited each of the four windows in turn. Then the lights blazed brilliantly again.

"Just for a moment," Miss Thorne explained to him quietly, and she handed him a sheet of paper. "I want you to read this—read it carefully—then I shall turn out the lights again. They are dangerous. After that we may discuss the matter at our leisure."

Mr. Grimm read the paper while Miss Thorne's eyes questioned his impassive face. At length he looked up indolently, listlessly, and the switch snapped. She crossed the room and sat down; Mr. Grimm sat beside her.

"I think," Miss Thorne suggested tentatively, "that that accounts perfectly for Monsieur Boissegur's disappearance."

"It gives one explanation, at least," Mr. Grimm assented musingly. "Kidnapped—held prisoner—fifty thousand dollars demanded for his safety and release." A pause. "And to whom, may I ask, was this demand addressed?"

"To Madame Boissegur," replied Miss Thorne. "I have the envelope in which it came. It was mailed at the general post office at half-past one o'clock this afternoon, so the canceling stamp shows, and the envelope was addressed, as the letter was written, on a typewriter."

"And how," inquired Mr. Grimm, after a long pause, "how did it come into your possession?"

"Why didn't Monsieur Rigolot report this development to me this afternoon when I was here?"

"Monsieur Rigolot did not inform you of it because he did not know of it himself," she replied, answering the last question first. "It came into my possession directly from the hands of Madame Boissegur—she gave it to me."

"Why?"

Mr. Grimm was peering through the inscrutable darkness, straight into her face—a white daub in the gloom, shapeless, indistinct.

"I have known Madame Boissegur for half a dozen years," Miss Thorne continued, in explanation. "We have been friends that long. I met her in Tokio, later in Berlin, and within a few weeks, here in Washington. You see I have traveled in the time I have been an agent for my government. Well, Madame Boissegur received this letter about half-past four o'clock this afternoon; and about half-past five she sent for me and placed it in my hands, together with the singular details following upon the ambassador's disappearance. So, it would seem that you and I are allies for this once, and the problem is already solved. There merely remains the task of finding and releasing the ambassador."

Mr. Grimm sat perfectly still.

"And why," he asked, slowly, "are you here now?"

"For the same reason that you are here," she replied readily, "to see for myself if the person who took care here at night—once for the ambassador's letters and once for his cigarettes—would, by any chance, make another trip. I knew you were here, of course."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His First Day in School.  
It was a country school. A small, bright-faced boy had just been enrolled, and this was his first day. The teacher pointed out a desk for him, and gave him a lesson to study. He took his seat, propped his feet up against the desk, with his feet swinging down underneath, and soon he became absorbed in his lesson. He became so absorbed, in fact, that he forgot he was in school, and presently he poked her in his lips and whistled first softly and then quite shrilly. The teacher laid down his pen in amazement, and cried sharply: "Who is that whistling?" The small boy looked up quickly, and then said, innocently: "That was me. Didn't you know I could whistle?"

Voting Machines.  
Because some of the Buffalo voting machines did queer things with the figures on election day, there is an outcry in some quarters against them. Buffalo has been voting by machine for 12 years. The Express condemns the proposition to abolish them and go back to the old system, and the Utica Herald-Dispatch agrees with it and observes: "Utica, with its longer experience with the machines, will concur in this view. In fact, it would be impossible to persuade Uticans that return to the old system could ever be desirable."—New York Tribune.

The Other Way Around.  
Mr. Angus—"If you knew how to cook we could save money." Mrs. Angus—"If you knew how to save money we could employ a cook."—Answers.

## ALL OVER THE STATE TOLD IN SHORT ORDER

Allentown.—Fire of unknown origin destroyed Colonel Harry C. Trexler's monster barn at the Ormrod plant of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company. Colonel Trexler regarded it as the finest barn in the state, and it was built at a cost of more than twenty-five thousand dollars to replace one on the same site, destroyed mysteriously two years ago, the first floor being entirely of iron and concrete. The livestock was saved, but all this year's crops went with the superstructure and the total loss is about thirty-five thousand dollars, partly covered by blanket insurance. This is the sixth barn Col. Trexler has lost in five years.

Chester.—The coroner's jury in case of Mary Evans, the little girl who died in Crozer Hospital after being taken ill, supposedly from eating a cheap variety of candy, rendered a verdict to the effect that the death of the girl, who was two years old, was due to gastro enteritis, as shown by the diagnosis made by Dr. H. F. Taylor, the coroner's physician. Dr. J. A. Armaiz, an interne at Crozer Hospital, explained to the jury the condition of the child when she was admitted to the institution. He said from the symptoms he had formed the opinion that the girl had died from ptomaine poisoning.

Reading.—Miss Ida Miller, aged 23 years, was brought here from Lancaster on the charge of robbing her former employer, Levi Moch, of a gold watch and chain, valued at \$50; a diamond ring, worth \$40; three other rings, a gold bar stickpin and bric-a-brac. She admitted the theft and was committed to jail.

Reading.—Financial aid to the amount of \$1000 was received by the Neversink Mountain Tuberculosis Sanatorium, and with the revenue from the fruit and grape yield of the property and collection day, September 19, coming on, it is hoped that the condition of the treasury will soon be relieved so that the sanatorium will not be closed.

Reading.—The biggest fish caught in this section for many years was pulled out of the Tulpehocken creek by Walter Greber, of the Cotton Bud Camping Club. After a struggle lasting more than a half hour the fish was landed. It proved to be a monster carp, 33 inches long and weighed seventeen and one-half pounds.

Mauch Chunk.—Mrs. Mary Packer Cummings, in whose honor the magnificent Second Ward school building is called the Aaa Packer School Building, at a meeting of the Board of Education presented that body with a check for four thousand dollars to be used in defraying school expenses.

Huntingdon.—Maize Wilson, an 11 year old girl of Conneville, visiting in this place, disappeared in Blair's Park and a large hunting party searched for her believing she had been abducted. Her body was found in Stone Creek, near a spring, where she had evidently gone for a drink and fell in.

Reading.—Albert J. Detweiler, aged nineteen years, the only support of his widowed mother and four smaller brothers and sisters, was killed on the Lebanon Valley bridge of the Reading Road.

Lewistown.—Roy Folk, aged 15, and Williams Muthersbaugh, 20, were held in \$300 and \$500 bail respectively for their appearance before the Grand Jury at the August court on charges of forgery.

Williamsport.—Joseph Fousel, aged 45 years, of Du Bois town, went out in a boat with two companions to take a swim in the river. The boat capsized and Fousel was drowned.

Mauch Chunk.—Because the weavers in the Derry Silk Mills at East Mauch Chunk were reduced three-fourths of a cent per yard, five hundred of them went on a strike, causing the mill to suspend operations.

Northampton.—A contract has been awarded for an addition to double the capacity of the Meyer silk plant here. It will provide space for two hundred new looms, which will employ two hundred additional hands.

Allentown.—Overcome by grief and excitement, Mrs. Amanda H. Jacoby, of Allentown, aged 63, died on a trolley car several miles out of town, en route to inform her sister that their brother, Alfred Fink, a Civil War veteran, had died.

Allentown.—Report was made to the Allentown police of the disappearance of Harry Miller, an insurance agent, who is accused of having deserted his wife and baby two weeks ago.

Allentown.—Some fiend, by poisoning dogs and cattle, has created a reign of terror among the Lehigh farmers at the base of the Blue Mountain near Germanville, and anyone venturing on any of their farms after nightfall does so at the risk of his life, as every farmer in that section has a loaded gun ready to shoot to kill. In former years it was nothing uncommon to have the best hunting and coon dogs in that section die from poison, but this summer horses, cattle and swine are meeting a like fate.

TERMS.—The terms of subscription to the paper are one dollar per year in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Display advertising of 10 or more lines for three or more insertions, eight cents per inch for each issue. Display advertising occupying less space than ten lines and for less than three insertions, from six to twenty cents per inch for each issue, according to composition.

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

Legal notices, twenty cents per line for three insertions, and ten cents 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 County Commissioner, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30.

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

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

We are requested to announce that John L. Dunlap will be a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of the county as expressed at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911. paid.

We are authorized to announce that William A. Stover, of Penn township, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic party on September 30.

We are authorized to announce that William H. Noll, of Pleasant Gap, in Spring township, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic 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. J. MITCHELL CUNNINGHAM, paid.

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

We are authorized to announce that Frank W. Krebs, of Phillipsburg Borough, is a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30.

FOR REGISTER.  
We are authorized to announce that I. Frank Smith, of Centre Hill borough, is a candidate for Register, subject to the usages of the Democratic party. paid.

FOR RECORDER.  
We are authorized to announce that D. A. Dietrich, of Walker township, will be 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. paid.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.  
We are authorized to announce that J. M. Kee of Centre township, is a candidate for the office of District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Democratic party. paid.

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

We are authorized to announce that J. Kennedy Johnson, 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. paid.

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

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. JACOB WOODRING, Fort Matilda, Pa.

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. HARRY E. ZIMMERMAN, Springtownship, Formerly of Benner township.

FOR REG. TER.  
TO EDITOR REPORTER—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Register of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, 1911. EDWARD J. WILLIAMS, Unionville, Pa.

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