

SERIAL STORY

ELUSIVE ISABEL

By JACQUES FUTRELLE
Illustrations by M. KETNER

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Count di Rostri, 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 Senator 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 Petrosini. Miss Thorne visits an old bomb-maker and they discuss a wonderful experiment. Fifty thousand dollars is stolen from the office of Senator 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. Elusive Miss Thorne reappears.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"You knew I was here," repeated Mr. Grimm musingly. "And may I—?"
"Just as you knew that I, or some one, at least, had entered this house a few minutes ago," she interrupted. "The automobile horn outside was a signal, wasn't it? Hastings was in the car? Or was it Blair or Johnson?"
Mr. Grimm did not say.

"Didn't you anticipate any personal danger when you entered?" he queried instead. "Weren't you afraid I might shoot?"
"No."

There was a long silence. Mr. Grimm still sat with his elbows on his knees, staring at the vague white spot which was Miss Thorne's face and bare neck. One of her white arms hung at her side like a pallid serpent, and her hand was at rest on the seat of the couch.

"It seems, Miss Thorne," he said at length casually, "that our paths of duty are inextricably tangled. Twice previously we have met under circumstances that were more than strange, and now—this! Whatever injustice I may have done you in the past by my suspicious has, I hope, been forgiven; and in each instance we were able to work side by side toward a conclusion. I am wondering now if this singular affair will take a similar course."

He paused. Miss Thorne started to speak, but he silenced her with a slight gesture of his hand.

"It is only fair to you to say that we—that is, the Secret Service—have learned many things about you," he resumed in the same casual tone. "We have, through our foreign agents, traced you step by step from Rome to Washington. We know that you are, in a way, a representative of a sovereign of Europe; we know that you were on a secret mission to the Spanish court, perhaps for this sovereign, and remained in Madrid for a month; we know that from there you went to Paris, also on a secret mission—perhaps the same—and remained there for three weeks; we know that you met diplomatic agents of those governments later in London. We know all this; we know the manner of your coming to this country; of your coming to Washington. But we don't know why you are here."

Again she started to speak, and again he stopped her.

"We don't know your name, but that is of no consequence. We do know that in Spain you were Senora Casavant, in Paris Mademoiselle d'Aubnon, in London Miss Jane Kellogg, and here Miss Isabel Thorne. We realize that exigencies arise in your calling, and mine, which make changes of name desirable, necessary even, and there is no criticism of that. Now as the representative of your government—rather a government—you have a right to be here, although unaccompanied; you have a right to remain here as long as your acts are consistent with our laws; you have a right to your secrets as long as they do not, directly or indirectly, threaten the welfare of this country. Now, why are you here?"

He received no answer; he expected none. After a moment he went on:

"Admitting that you are a secret agent of Italy, admitting everything that you claim to be, you haven't convinced me that you are not the person who came here for the letters and cigarettes. You have said nothing to prove to my satisfaction that you are not the individual I was waiting for tonight."

"You don't mean that you suspect—?" she began in a tone of amazement.

"I don't mean that I suspect anything," he interposed. "I mean merely that you haven't convinced me. There's nothing inconsistent in the

fact that you are what you say you are, and that in spite of that, you came tonight for—"

He was interrupted by a laugh, a throaty, silvery note that he remembered well. His idle hands closed spasmodically, only to be instantly relaxed.

"Suppose, Mr. Grimm, I should tell you that immediately after Madame Boissegur placed the matter in my hands this afternoon, I went straight to your office to show this letter to you and ask for your assistance?" she inquired. "Suppose that I left my card for you with a clerk there on being informed that you were out—remember I knew you were on the case from Madame Boissegur—would that indicate anything except that I wanted to put the matter squarely before you, and work with you?"

"We will suppose that much," Mr. Grimm agreed.

"That is a statement of fact," Miss Thorne added. "My card, which you will find at your office, will show that. And when I left your office I went to the hotel where you live, with the same purpose. You were not there, and I left a card for you. And that is a statement of fact. It was not difficult, owing to the extraordinary circumstances, to imagine that you would be here tonight—just as you are—and I came here. My purpose, still, was to inform you of what I knew, and work with you. Does that convince you?"

"And how did you enter the embassy?" Mr. Grimm persisted.

"Not with a latch-key, as you did," she replied. "Madame Boissegur, on my suggestion, left the French window in the hall there unfastened, and I came in that way—the way, I may add, that Monsieur l'Ambassadeur went out when he disappeared."

"Very well!" commented Mr. Grimm, and finally: "I think, perhaps, I owe you an apology, Miss Thorne—another one. The circumstances now, as they were at our previous meeting, are so unusual that—is it necessary to go on? There was a certain growing deference in his tone. "I wonder if you account for Monsieur Boissegur's disappearance as I do?" he inquired.

"I dare say," and Miss Thorne leaned toward him with sudden eagerness in her manner and voice. "Your theory is—?" she questioned.

"If we believe the servants we know that Monsieur Boissegur did not go out either by the front door or the rear," Mr. Grimm explained. "That being true the French window by which you entered seems to have been the way."

"Yes, yes," Miss Thorne interpolated. "And the circumstances at-

tending the disappearance? How do you account for the fact that he went, evidently of his own will?"

"Precisely as you must account for it if you have studied the situation here as I have," responded Mr. Grimm. "For instance, sitting at his desk there—and he turned to indicate it—"he could readily see out the window overlooking the street. There is only a narrow strip of lawn between the house and the sidewalk. Now, if some one on the sidewalk, or—"

"In a carriage?" promptly suggested Miss Thorne.

"Or in a carriage," Mr. Grimm supplemented, "had attracted his attention—some one he knew—it is not at all unlikely that he rose, for no apparent reason, as he did do, passed along the hall—"

"And through the French window, across the lawn to the carriage, and not a person in the house would have seen him go out? Precisely! There seems no doubt that was the way," she mused. "And, of course, he must have entered the carriage of his own free will!"

"In other words, on some pretext or other, he was lured in, then made prisoner, and—"

He paused suddenly and his hand met Miss Thorne's warningly. The silence of the night was broken by the violent clatter of footsteps, apparently approaching the embassy. The noise was unmistakable—some one was running.

"The window!" Miss Thorne whispered.

She rose quickly and started to cross the room to look out; Mr. Grimm sat motionless, listening. An instant later and there came a tremendous crash of glass—the French window in the hallway by the sound—then rapid footsteps, still running along the hall. Mr. Grimm moved toward the door untroubled, perfectly self-possessed; there was only a narrowing of his eyes at the abruptness and clatter of it all. And then the electric lights in the hall flashed up.

Before Mr. Grimm stood a man, framed by the doorway, staring unseeing into the darkened room. His face was haggard and white as death; his mouth agape as if from exertion, and the lips bloodless; his eyes were widely distended as if from fright—

clothing disarranged, collar unfastened and dangling.

"The ambassador!" Miss Thorne whispered thrillingly.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Rescue and an Escape.

Miss Thorne's voice startled Mr. Grimm a little, but he had no doubts. It was Monsieur Boissegur. Mr. Grimm was going toward the enframed figure when, without any apparent reason, the ambassador turned and ran along the hall; and at that instant the lights went out again. For one moment Grimm stood still, dazed and blinded by the sudden darkness, and again he started toward the door. Miss Thorne was beside him.

"The lights!" he whispered tensely. "Find the switch!"

He heard the rustle of her skirts as she moved away, and stepped out into the hall, feeling with both his hands along the wall. A few feet away, in the direction the ambassador had gone there seemed to be a violent struggle in progress—there was the scuffling of feet, and quick-drawn breaths as muscle strained against muscle. The lights! If he could only find the switch! Then, as his hands moved along the wall, they came in contact with another hand—a hand pressed firmly against the plastering, barring his progress. A light blow in the face caused him to step back quickly.

The scuffling sound suddenly resolved itself into moving footsteps, and the front door opened and closed with a bang. Mr. Grimm's listless eyes snapped, and his white teeth came together sharply as he started toward the front door. But fate seemed to be against him still. He stumbled over a chair, and his own impetus forward sent him sprawling; his head struck the wall with a resounding whack; and then, over the house, came utter silence. From outside he heard the clatter of a cab. Finally that died away in the distance.

"Miss Thorne?" he inquired quietly. "I'm here," she answered in a despairing voice. "But I can't find the switch."

"Are you hurt?"

"No."

And then she found the switch; the lights flared up. Mr. Grimm was sitting thoughtfully on the floor.

"That simplifies the matter considerably," he observed complacently, as he rose. "The men who signaled to me when you entered the embassy will never let that cab get out of their sight."

Miss Thorne stood leaning forward a little, eagerly gazing at him with those wonderful blue-gray eyes, and an expression of—perhaps it was admiration on her face.

"Are you sure?" she demanded, at last.

"I know it," was his response.

And just then Monsieur Rigolot, secretary of the embassy, thrust an inquisitive head timidly around the corner of the stairs. The crash of glass had aroused him.

"What happened?" he asked, breathlessly.

"We don't know just yet," replied Mr. Grimm. "If the noise aroused any one else please assure them that there's nothing the matter. And you might inform Madame Boissegur that the ambassador will return home tomorrow. Good night!"

At his hotel, when he reached there, Mr. Grimm found Miss Thorne's card—and he drew a long breath; at his office he found another of her cards, and he drew another long breath. He did like corroborative details, did Mr. Grimm, and of course, this—! On the following day Miss Thorne accompanied him to Alexandria, and they were driven in a closed carriage out toward the western edge of the city. Finally the carriage stopped at a signal from Mr. Grimm, and he assisted Miss Thorne out, after which he turned and spoke to some one remaining inside—a man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Many Dogs in France.

There are more dogs in France than most countries. Thus it appears that to one thousand inhabitants there are 75 dogs in France and only 35 in England, 31 in Germany and 11 in Sweden. Still, hydrophobia is extremely rare in the department of the Seine, the last case observed dating back to the year 1905. Doctor Martel says this good state of things has been brought about by the law for killing not only every mad dog, but also for killing every dog any mad dog may have bitten or played with. But since this law cannot work out to perfection the French also exterminate all stray dogs.

His Probable Fate.

"Waal, some ways I'd like to 'an' some ways I guess I wouldn't," said honest Farmer Bentover, when the suave dispenser of encyclopedias had paused in his siren song. "Ye see, if I was to sign for that 'ere cyclopedee in forty-seven parts, includin' the index an' appendicels, I'm sorter afraid I'd hev to work so hard to pay fer it that I'd be too tired to enjoy readin' it; while if I read it at my leisure, as I'd ort to, in order to git the good of it, I wouldn't hev time to earn the price. So, all things considered, I guess I'll hev to deny myself the privilege, as it were. Looks sorter like rain off to the northwest, don't it?"

Fine Winter Vegetable.

We are only just now beginning to have skirrets in our market. This vegetable is an Asiatic one, being known to China and India. It has been a favorite in Europe and especially in Paris for 25 years, and has tuberous clustered roots, very white and sweet, and when served with butter they are delicious. It is a most desirable winter vegetable.

THE NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

Carlisle.—The discovery of coal in the South Mountain, a few miles south of Carlisle, within the last few days, has caused quite a sensation here. While drilling for water on property leased from George Tanager, of Hatton, Pa., by Chester C. Bashore, of the Holly Sand Company, the latter company has run through a vein of coal for twenty-two feet which represents a deposit of what Chemist Wilbur F. Horn, of Carlisle, says is semi-bituminous coal of a quality something similar to the Clinton county, Pa., product. Dr. Horn has made careful analysis of the coal and believes that it is of great value. The samples partake of the qualities of asphaltum and burn like a petroleum product. Mr. Bashore, the lessee, is entirely unexpected, although a member of the Ahl family, whose estate in the South Mountain was extensive years ago, said that some traces of coal were found three decades ago.

Pittsburgh.—Adeline Fraser, alias Smith, and Kathryn Harman, two young women from Hazleton, who were arrested several weeks ago, charged with shoplifting at three different department stores here, pleaded guilty before Judge Davis and they were placed on parol for one year. During the hearing it was developed that the young girls came from excellent families, the Fraser girl being the daughter of a former superintendent of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company of Hazleton, who died last year.

Pottsville.—Warden Walton refused to allow Mrs. Susan Mesnick, of Tuscorara, to enter jail as a prisoner although the woman was accompanied by a constable with a commitment. Mrs. Mesnick is killing all the chickens belonging to her neighbors, who enter her yard, and this is the second time within a week she has been sent to jail for this offense. District Attorney Lyons says such cases are too trifling to be listed for trial.

Allentown.—George Demuth was hustled into jail here on a charge of having attempted to dynamite the safe in the saddlery of P. J. Weider, at Emaus. The noise aroused the neighborhood and a chase followed through lumber yards and corn fields. He had apparently escaped when a dog that accompanied the pursuers sniffed the fugitive under a pig sty on the farm of Frank Moyer.

Pottsville.—Jacob H. Lightone, a St. Clair merchant, was arrested for selling a stove to Charles Tillip, which Tillip alleges would not bake bread, notwithstanding he was assured it would do this. District Attorney Lyons was much amused when the case was sent to him and at once informed the prosecutor that the offense he charges would have to be tried in a civil and not a criminal court.

Belle Vernon.—The body of James Garrison, a wealthy real estate dealer, was found in a field near his home here. Wounds on the face and head prompt the belief by the police that he met with foul play. Garrison was known to have a considerable amount of money when he left home. There was none on his body.

Scranton.—Stanley Fortuna was battered to death with a pick handle which crashed through his skull several times, at Olyphant. Lawrence Mundor and Jacob Ollish have been arrested as the murderers, the latter having been heard to threaten Fortuna for being attentive to his wife. The blood covered pick handle was found at Mundor's home.

Shenandoah.—Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, notified all anthracite coal operators that according to the price of coal at tidewater points all anthracite mine workers were to be paid three per cent. above the basis for August, an increase of two per cent. over July.

Reading.—Fifteen hundred cigar-makers of the Reading district were made happy over an announcement of an increase of wages. The new scale has been signed by all the union factories in the district. The men will receive from 50 cents to \$1.00 more on a thousand.

Homer City.—Fire destroyed the plant of the Prairie State Incubator Company and for a time threatened destruction to the entire town. A number of buildings were dynamited to check the spread of the flames. The loss is \$150,000.

Lewistown.—Henry, ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Dumpman, was drowned in the Juniata River. The lad, with a number of others, was walking on a sandbar in less than two feet of water when he dropped out of sight.

News of an interesting suit by the Pure Food Department and its resultant refund of \$666 by a dishonest milk dealer was received here. It seems that in Berks county a man who had been supplying a State institution for some time with milk was found to have watered his product. When arrested he was told it was known he had been engaged in the practice for several months and could be fined several thousand dollars or sent to jail for 234 days. He offered to make refund and was allowed to go.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.—Display advertising of ten or more lines for three or five insertions, eight cents per inch for each line. Display advertising occupying less space than ten lines and for less than three insertions, from ten to twenty cents per inch for each line, 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 Sheriff, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that D. J. Glasgow, 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.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that John E. Lomon, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic party.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

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

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that John L. Dunlap, of Potter 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, 1911.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

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 voters of the county as expressed at the primaries to be held September 30.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that William H. Neill, of Pleasant Gap, in Spring 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 COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that D. A. Grove, of College 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 COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that Will A. H. Fry, of Ferguson 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 COMMISSIONER.

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

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that Frank W. Grebe, of Philadelphia 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 Frank Smith, of Centre Hill borough, is a candidate for Register, subject to the usage of the Democratic party.

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.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce that J. M. Keschline is a candidate for the office of District Attorney, subject to the usage of the Democratic party.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

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

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce that J. Kennedy Johnston, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for the office of District Attorney, subject to the decision 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 Bellefonte, is a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, subject to the usage 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.

JACOB WOODRING, Port Matilda, Pa.

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.

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

FOR REGISTER.

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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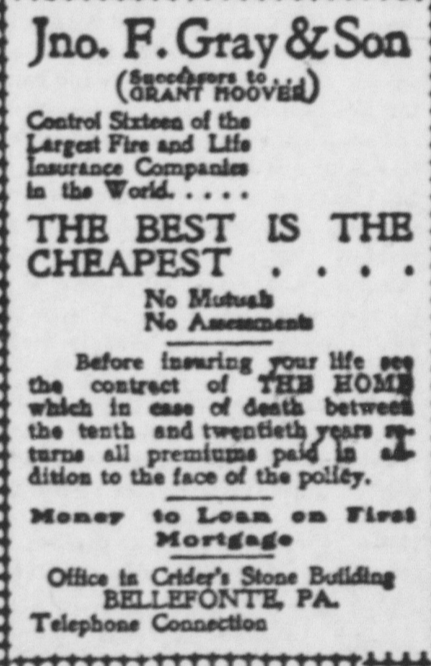
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