

SERIAL STORY

ELUSIVE ISABEL

By JACQUES FUTELLE

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 state police, who is investigating the robbery of Miss 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 Petroni. Miss Thorne visits an old bomb-maker and he issues 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, bearing a letter which states that the ambassador has been kidnapped and demanding ransom. The ambassador returns and again strangely disappears.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"The house is two blocks west, along that street there," he explained, and he indicated an intersecting thoroughfare just ahead. "It is number ninety-seven. Five minutes after we enter you will drive up in front of the door and wait. If we don't return in fifteen minutes—come in after us!"

"Do you anticipate danger?" Miss Thorne queried quickly.

"If I had anticipated danger," replied Mr. Grimm, "I should not have permitted you to come with me."

They entered the house—number ninety-seven—with a key which Mr. Grimm produced, and a minute or so later walked into a room where three men were sitting. One of them was of a coarse, repulsive type, large and heavy; another rather dapper, of superficial polish, evidently a foreigner, and the third—the third was Ambassador Boissegur!

"Good morning, gentlemen!" Mr. Grimm greeted them, then ceremoniously, "Monsieur Boissegur, your carriage is at the door."

The three men came to their feet instantly, and one of them—he of the heavy face—drew a revolver. Mr. Grimm faced him placidly.

"Do you know what would happen to you if you killed me?" he inquired, pleasantly. "You wouldn't live three minutes. Do you imagine I came in here blindfold? There are a dozen men guarding the entrances to the house—a pistol shot would bring them in. Put down that gun!"

Eyes challenged eyes for one long tense instant, and the man carefully laid the weapon on the table. Mr. Grimm strolled over and picked it up, after which he glanced inquiringly at the other man—the ambassador's second guard.

"And you are the gentleman, I dare say, who made the necessary trips to the ambassador's house, probably using his latch-key?" he remarked interrogatively. "First for the letters to be signed, and again for the cigarettes?"

"There was no answer and Mr. Grimm turned questioning to Monsieur Boissegur, silent, white of face, motionless.

"Yes, Monsieur," the ambassador burst out suddenly. His eyes were fixed unwaveringly on Miss Thorne.

"And your escape, Monsieur?" continued Mr. Grimm.

"I did escape, Monsieur, last night," the ambassador explained, "but they knew it immediately—they pursued me into my own house, these two and another—and dragged me back here! Mon Dieu, Monsieur, c'est—!"

"That's all that's necessary," remarked Mr. Grimm. "You are free to go now."

"But there are others," Monsieur Boissegur interposed desperately, "two more somewhere below, and they will not allow—they will attack—!"

Mr. Grimm's listless eyes narrowed slightly and he turned to Miss Thorne. She was a little white, but he saw enough in her face to satisfy him.

"I shall escort Monsieur Boissegur to his carriage, Miss Thorne," he said, calmly. "These men will remain here until I return. Take the revolver. If either of them so much as wags his head—shoot! You are not—not afraid?"

"No," she smiled faintly. "I am not afraid."

Mr. Grimm and the ambassador went down the stairs, and out the front door. Mr. Grimm was just turning to re-enter the house when from above came a muffled, venomous cra-ash—a shot! He took the steps going up, two at a time. Miss Thorne was leaning against the wall as if dazed; the revolver lay at her

feet. A door in a far corner of the room stood open; and the clatter of footsteps echoed through the house.

"One of them leaped at me and I fired," she gasped in explanation. "He struck me, but I'm—I'm not hurt."

She stooped quickly, picked up the revolver and made as if to follow the dying footsteps. Mr. Grimm stopped her.

"It doesn't matter," he said quietly. "Let them go." And after a while, earnestly: "If I had dreamed of such a—such a thing as this I should never have consented to allow you—"

"I understand," she interrupted, and for one instant her outstretched hand rested on his arm. "The ambassador?"

"Perfectly safe," responded Mr. Grimm. "Two of my men are with him."

CHAPTER XV.

Master of the Situation.

As the women rose and started out, leaving the gentlemen over their coffee and cigars, Miss Thorne paused at the door and the blue-gray eyes flashed some subtle message to the French ambassador, who, after an instant, nodded comprehendingly, then resumed his conversation. As he left the room a few minutes later he noticed that Mr. Grimm had joined a group of automatons of which Mr. Cadwallader was the enthusiastic center. He spoke to his hostess, the wife of the minister from Portugal, for a moment, then went to Miss Thorne and dropped into a seat beside her. She greeted him with a smile and was still smiling as she talked.

"I believe, Monsieur," she said in French, "you sent a code message to the cable office this afternoon?"

His eyes questioned hers quickly.

"And please bear in mind that we probably are being watched as we talk," she went on pleasantly. "Mr. Grimm is the man to be afraid of. Smile—don't look so serious!" She laughed outright.

"Yes, I sent a code message," he replied.

"It was your resignation?"

"Yes."

"Well, it wasn't sent, of course," she informed him, and her eyes were sparkling as if something amusing had been said. "One of my agents stopped

Mr. Cadwallader tapped into silence as he sat staring at a large group photograph which was framed on a wall of the dining-room.

"Isn't that the royal family of Italy?" he asked. He rose and went over to it. "By Jove, it is, and here is the prince in the group. The picture was taken, I should say, about the time I knew him."

Mr. Grimm strolled over idly and stood for a long time staring at the photograph.

"He can drive a motor, you know," said Mr. Cadwallader, admiringly. "And Italy is the place to drive them. They forget to make any speed laws over there, and if a chap gets in your way and you knock him silly they arrest him for obstructing traffic, you know. Over here if a chap really starts to go any place in a hurry some bally idiot holds him up."

"Have you ever been held up?" queried Mr. Grimm.

"No, but I expect to be every day," was the reply. "I've got a new motor, you know, and I've never been able to see how fast it is. The other evening I ran up to Baltimore with it in an hour and thirty-seven minutes from Alexandria to Druid Hill Park, and that's better than forty miles. I never did let the motor out, you know, because we ran in the dark most of the way."

Mr. Grimm was still gazing at the photograph.

"Did you go alone?" he asked.

"There's no fun motoring alone, you know. Senorita Rodriguez was with me. Charming girl, what?"

A little while later Mr. Grimm sauntered out into the drawing-room and made his way toward Miss Thorne and the French ambassador. Monsieur Boissegur rose, and offered his hand cordially.

"I hope, Monsieur," said Mr. Grimm, "that you are no worse off for your unpleasant experience?"

"Not at all, thanks to you," was the reply. "I have just thanked Miss Thorne for her part in the affair, and—"

"I'm glad to have been of service," interrupted Mr. Grimm lightly.

The ambassador bowed ceremoniously and moved away. Mr. Grimm dropped into the seat he had just left.

"You've left the legation, haven't you?" he asked.

"You drove me out," she laughed.

"Drove you out?" he repeated.

"Drove you out?"

"Why, it was not only uncomfortable, but it was rather conspicuous because of the constant espionage of your Mr. Blair and your Mr. Johnson and your Mr. Hastings," she explained, still laughing. "So I have moved to the Hotel Hilliard."

Mr. Grimm was twisting the seal ring on his little finger.

"I'm sorry if I made it uncomfortable for you," he apologized. "You see it's necessary to—"

"No explanation," Miss Thorne interrupted. "I understand."

"I'm glad you do," he replied seriously. "How long do you intend to remain in the city?"

"Really I don't know—two, three, four weeks, perhaps. Why?"

"I was just wondering."

Senorita Rodriguez came toward them.

"We're going to play bridge," she said, "and we need you, Isabel, to make the four. Come, I hate to take her away, Mr. Grimm."

Mr. Grimm and Miss Thorne rose together. For an instant her slim white hand rested on Mr. Grimm's sleeve and she stared into his eyes understandingly with a little of melancholy in her own. They left Mr. Grimm there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HATED ADVERSE CRITICISM

Actor Retorts to Critic's Opinion With a George Washington Story.

The late Frank Worthing, the well-known actor, was the subject of a recent discussion at the Pen and Pencil club in Philadelphia. A dramatic critic said:

"Worthing, though a superb actor, hated adverse criticism—hyper-criticism he always called it. To some adverse criticism of mine he retorted one winter night at the Majestic, with a George Washington story."

"He said I reminded him in my critical remarks of a Scot named Saunders."

"Saunders," said an American, "did you ever read the history of America?"

"Aweel, I canna say I hev," Saunders replied.

"Then I'll lend you the book," said the American. "I'd like you to read about George Washington."

"What about him?" Saunders inquired coldly.

"George Washington," said the American, "was celebrated in history as the boy who couldn't tell a lie."

"Could he no?" said Saunders.

"Man, there's no muckle to boast about in that. He couldn't lie, ye say? Noo we Scot's hae a higher standard o' veracity. We can lie, but we won't!"

Little Willie Again.

"Pat" came little Willie's voice from the darkness of the nursery.

Pa gave a bad imitation of a snore. He was tired and did not wish to be disturbed.

"Pat" came the little voice again.

"What is it, Willie?" replied his father, sleepily.

"Tum in here; I want to ast you sumple," said the little voice.

So Pa rose up from his downy and, putting on his bath-robe and slippers, marched into the nursery.

"Well, what is it now?" he asked.

"Say, pa," said little Willie, "if you was to feed the cow on soap wud she give shaving-cream?"—Harper's Weekly



"Nothing Can Stop Us—Nothing."

it. I may add that it will not be sent."

The ambassador's eyes grew steely, then blank again.

"Mademoiselle, what am I to understand from that?" he demanded.

"You are to understand that I am absolute master of the situation in Washington at this moment," she replied positively. The smile on her lips and the tone of her voice were strangely at variance. "From the beginning I let you understand that ultimately you would receive your instructions from Paris; now I know they will reach you by cable tomorrow. Within a week the compact will be signed. Whether you approve of it or not it will be signed for your country by a special envoy whose authority is greater than yours—his Highness, the Prince Benedetto d'Abuzzi."

"Has he reached Washington?"

"He is in Washington. He has been here for some time, Incognito." She was silent a moment. "You have been a source of danger to our plans," she added. "If it had not been for an accident you would still have been comfortably kept out in Alexandria where Mr. Grimm and I found you. Please remember, Monsieur, that we will accomplish what we set out to do. Nothing can stop us—nothing."

At just about the same moment the name of Prince d'Abuzzi had been used in the dining-room, but in a different connection. Mr. Cadwallader was reciting some incident of an automobile trip in Italy when he had been connected with the British embassy there.

"The prince was driving," he said, "and one of the best I ever saw. Corking chap, the prince; democratic, you know, and all that sort of thing. He was one scion of royalty who didn't mind soiling his hands by diving in under a car and fixing it himself. At that time he was inclined to be wild—that was eight or nine years ago—but they say now he has settled down to work, and is one of the real diplomatic powers of Italy. I haven't seen him for a half dozen years."

"How old a man is he?" asked Mr. Grimm carelessly.

"Thirty-five, thirty-eight, perhaps; I don't know," replied Mr. Cadwallader. "It's odd, you know, the number of princes and blue-bloods and all that sort of thing one can find knocking about in Italy and Germany and Spain. One never hears of half of them. I never had heard of the Prince d'Abuzzi until I went to Italy, and I've heard jolly well little of him since, except indirectly."

MRS. SLAPDASH ERRED

"MACHINE" MEANT NOTHING BUT AUTOMOBILE TO HER.

So She Has Her Say Before Mrs. Mousegray Can Explain It is a Sewing Machine.

"My machine," began the meek little lady.

"Oh, yes, your machine," broke in Mrs. Slapdash hurriedly. "Are you having trouble with it? Now, really, that's too bad! We have a machine that never gives us the slightest cause for worry. Why, Mrs. Mousegray, we drove out to Osprey last week—80 miles and return—and we did not find it necessary to make a single repair, either on the road or after we reached home. Mr. Gogglesby—our neighbor, you know—says that it is a truly wonderful performance. But, then, you understand, we have one of the new 1912 model Hurr-ups."

"But my machine," began Mrs. Mousegray again.

"Yes, yes, I know!" went on Mrs. Slapdash breezily. "You really should have taken expert advice before buying. Of course, you not having lived here very long, I don't know all of the circumstances; but I am certain that you would have found it to your advantage. When I say expert advice, I do not mean the advice of those horrid, insistent salesmen; they, of course, desire only to advertise the merits of their own machines. But there are plenty of owner-drivers—like Mr. Slapdash or myself—who would cheerfully have given you the benefit of their experience."

"I ought to tell you," broke in the meek little lady—"I ought to tell you that when I spoke of my machine I did not mean—"

"I know you didn't mean to say that it is any better than other machines, my dear. I did not suppose that you intended any vulgar boasting. We—Mr. Slapdash and myself—have been through just what you are undergoing now, and I assure you that we would have appreciated a little valuable advice at the right moment. That, of course, explains my interest in your trouble. We tried a dozen different makes, and finally chose the 1912 'Hurrup' because it runs easily—"

"But, Mrs. Slapdash," interposed Mrs. Mousegray, "my machine runs as easily as I could wish; and I think you mistake my meaning because my machine is—"

"Now, Mrs. Mousegray, please do not believe that I am trying to belittle your machine. I wouldn't do it for the world! I only thought that perhaps you intended purchasing a new machine and Mr. Slapdash and I—I hope you are not offended!"

"O, not at all!" deprecated Mrs. Mousegray. "But please let me explain. The shuttle on my machine does not work properly, and I only wanted to ask you if you could tell me where I can get a man to fix it."

"The shuttle? The shuttle? What make is your machine?" questioned Mrs. Slapdash, wonderingly.

"That's what I wanted to tell you," replied Mrs. Mousegray. "It's a ball-bearing, lock-stitch sewing machine."

—Judge.

Eels for the Irish.

When so many hard things are being said about the house of lords it should be kept in mind that they have just affirmed the claim of certain Irishmen to the exclusive right to fish for eels in Lough Neagh for a period of five thousand years from July 1, 1905. It is an affirmation that raises an inquiry as to whether or not the people of Ireland eat eels. Scots—even London Scots—never touch them, and a Scotch angler, catching an eel, promptly throws it away. Eels used to be associated with snakes, and just as men of every race entertain an instinctive horror for snakes," writes Sir Herbert Maxwell, "so there remain traces of the same feeling about eels."

It seems somewhat unkind of Sir Herbert to state that most civilized races have overcome this long ago, and then to add that there exists among the Scots a strong and universal prejudice against eels.—London Chronicle.

WAS THE CULPRIT HIMSELF.

A tall, urbane man, with a black mustache, was a guest at a fashionable dinner in New York not long ago, when the lady on his right, after mentioning that she had just returned from a trip to Europe, proceeded to "roast" William Loeb Jr., the collector of customs for the city. She panned that official to a rich, dark brown, and did it in such a witty manner that the tall, urbane gentleman laughed uproariously. "I think the appropriate death for him," she said, "would be choking with Irish lace—and I'd like to contribute some of the lace for the purpose." After dinner she asked her hostess: "What was the name of the black-mustached man on my left, dear? He talked so intelligently about the custom house."

"I should think he would," replied the hostess. "That was Loeb himself!"

HAD HE KEPT COUNT?

Ethel—All is over between us. Here are your presents. A gold locket and chain, a diamond ring, and a pearl necklace.

Herbert—There are some other things I gave you, I insist upon being returned!

Ethel—What are they?

Herbert—Seven thousand, three hundred and fifty-one kisses.

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

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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.

We are authorized to announce that D. J. Gloger, of Hixon 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 R. Lemon, 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. Kunkle, 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, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the primaries of the Democratic party as expressed at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

We are authorized to announce that William A. Brewer, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the primaries of the Democratic party as expressed at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

We are authorized to announce that William H. Kunkle, of Pleasant Gap, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the primaries of the Democratic party to be held September 30.

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 primaries, September 30th.

We are authorized to announce that William H. Fry, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election to be held Saturday, September 30th.

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.

We are authorized to announce that Frank W. Grebe, 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 T. Frank Smith, of Centre Hall borough, is a candidate for Register, subject to the usages 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. Korman, of the Borough of Bellefonte, is a candidate for 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 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.

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.

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 Meade, 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 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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