



"I imagine it's Nothing More Serious Than Indigestion."



# ELUSIVE ISABEL

By JACQUES FUTRELLE  
ILLUSTRATIONS by M.G. 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, 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 Petrolini. 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 Botassier, 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. Later he is rescued from an old house in the suburbs. It is discovered that Pietro Petrolini shot Senator Alvarez and that he is Prince d'Abruzzi. Grimm figures in a mysterious jail delivery. He orders both Miss Thorne and d'Abruzzi to leave the country; they are conveyed to New York and placed on a steamer but return.

## CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Your paper?" he inquired courteously.

Mr. Grimm was still gazing dreamily out of the window.

"I beg pardon," insisted the newcomer pleasantly. He folded the paper once and replaced it on the table. One hand lingered for just the fraction of a moment above Mr. Grimm's coffee-cup.

Aroused by the remark, Mr. Grimm glanced around.

"Oh, thank you," he apologized hastily. "I didn't hear you at first. Thank you."

The newcomer nodded, smiled and passed on, taking a seat two or three tables down.

Apparently this trifling courtesy had broken the spell of reverie, for Mr. Grimm squared around to the table again, drew his coffee-cup toward him, and dropped in the single lump of sugar. He idly stirred it for a moment, as his eyes turned again toward the open window, then he lifted the tiny cup and emptied it.

Again he sat motionless for a long time, and thrice the newcomer, only a few feet away, glanced at him narrowly. And now, it seemed, a peculiar drowsiness was overtaking Mr. Grimm. Once he caught himself nodding and raised his head with a jerk. Then he noticed that the arc lights in the street were wobbling curiously, and he fell to wondering why that single flame sparkled at the apex of the

capitol dome. Things around him grew hazy, vague, unreal, and then, as if realizing that something was the matter with him, he came to his feet.

He took one step forward into the space between the tables, reeled, attempted to steady himself by holding on to a chair, then everything grew black about him, and he pitched forward on the floor. His face was dead white; his fingers moved a little, nervously, weakly, then they were still.

Several people rose at the sound of the falling body, and the newcomer hurried forward. His coat sleeve caught the empty demi-tasse, as he stooped, and swept it to the floor, where it was shattered. The head waiter and another came, pell-mell, and those diners who had risen came more slowly.

"What's the matter?" asked the head waiter anxiously.

Already the newcomer was supporting Mr. Grimm on his knee, and flicking water in his face.

"Nothing serious, I fancy," he answered shortly. "He's subject to these little attacks."

"What are they? Who is he?"

The stranger tore at Mr. Grimm's collar until it came loose, then he fell to chafing the still hands.

"He is a Mr. Grimm, a government employee—I know him," he answered again. "I imagine it's nothing more serious than indigestion."

A little knot had gathered about them, with offers of assistance.

"Waiter, hadn't you better send for a physician?" some one suggested.

"I'm a physician," the stranger put in impatiently. "Have some one call a cab, and I'll see that he's taken home. It happens that we live in the same apartment house, just a few blocks from here."

Obedient to the crisply-spoken directions, a cab was called, and five minutes later Mr. Grimm, still insensible, was lifted into it. The stranger took a seat beside him, the caddy touched his horse with a whip, and the vehicle fell into the endless, moving line.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A Slip of Paper.

When the light of returning consciousness finally pierced the black lethargy that enshrouded him, Mr. Grimm's mind was a chaos of vague, absurd fantasies; then slowly, slowly, realization struggled back to its own, and he came to know things. First was the knowledge that he was lying flat on his back, on a couch, it seemed; then, that he was in the dark—an utter, abject darkness. And final-

ly came an overwhelming sense of silence.

For a while he lay motionless, with not even the movement of an eye-lash to indicate consciousness, wrapped in a delicious languor. Gradually this passed and the feeble flutter of his heart grew into a steady, rhythmic beat. The keen brain was awakening; he was beginning to remember. What had happened? He knew only that in some manner a drug had been administered to him, a bitter dose tasting of opium; that speechlessly, he had fought against it, that he had risen from the table in the restaurant, and that he had fallen. All the rest was blank.

With eyes still closed, and nerveless hands inert at his sides he listened, the while he turned the situation over in speculative mood. The waiter had administered the drug, of course, unless it had been the courteous newspaper who had replaced the newspaper on the table! That thought opened new fields of conjecture. Mr. Grimm had no recollection of ever having seen him before; and he had paid only the enforced attention of politeness to him. And why had the drug been administered? Vaguely, incoherently, Mr. Grimm imagined that in some way it had to do with the great international plot of war in which Miss Thorne was so delicate and vital an instrument.

Where was he? Conjecture stopped there. Evidently he was where the courteous gentleman in the restaurant wanted him to be. A prisoner? Probably. In danger? Long, careful attention to detail work in the Secret Service had convinced Mr. Grimm that he was always in danger. That was one reason—and the best—why he had lain motionless, without so much as lifting a finger, since that first glimmer of consciousness had entered his brain. He was probably under scrutiny, even in the darkness, and for the present it was desirable to accommodate any chance watcher by remaining apparently unconscious.

And so for a long time he lay, listening. Was there another person in the room? Mr. Grimm's ears were keenly alive for the inadvertent shuffling of a foot; or the sound of breathing. Nothing. Even the night roar of the city was missing; the silence was oppressive. At last he opened his eyes. A pall of gloom encompassed him—a pall without one rift of light. His fingers, moving slowly, explored the limits of the couch whereon he lay.

Confident, at last, that wherever he was, he was unwatched, Mr. Grimm was on the point of concluding that further inaction was useless, when his straining ears caught the faint grating of metal against metal—perhaps the insertion of a key in the lock. His hands grew still; his eyes closed. And after a moment a door creaked slightly on its hinges, and a breath of cool air informed Mr. Grimm that that open door, wherever it was, led to the outside, and freedom.

There was another faint creaking as the door was shut. Mr. Grimm's nerveless hands closed involuntarily, and his lips were set together tightly. Was it to be a knife thrust in the dark? If not—then what? He expected the flare of a match; instead there was a soft thread, and the rustle of skirts. A woman! Mr. Grimm's caution was all but forgotten in his surprise. As the steps drew nearer his clenched fingers loosened; he waited.

Two hands stretched forward in the dark, touched him simultaneously—one on the face, one on the breast. A singular thrill shot through him, but there was not the flicker of an eye or the twitching of a finger. The woman—it was a woman—seemed now to be bending over him, then he heard her drop on her knees beside him, and she pressed an inquiring ear to his left side. It was the heart test.

"Thank God!" she breathed softly. It was only by a masterful effort that Mr. Grimm held himself limp and inert, for a strange fragrance was enveloping him—a fragrance he well knew.

The hands were fumbling at his breast again, and there was the sharp

crackle of paper. At first he didn't understand, then he knew that the woman had pinned a paper to the lapel of his coat. Finally she straightened up, and took two steps away from him, after which came a pause. His keenly attuned ears caught her faint breathing, then the rustle of her skirts as she turned back. She was leaning over him again—her lips touched his forehead, barely; again there was a quick rustling of skirts, the door creaked, and—silence, deep, oppressive, overwhelming silence.

Isabel! Was he dreaming? And then he ceased wondering and fell to remembering her kiss—light as air—and the softly spoken "Thank God!" She did care, then! She had understood, that day!

The kiss of a woman beloved is a splendid heart tonic. Mr. Grimm straightened up suddenly on the couch, himself again. He touched the slip of paper which she had pinned to his coat to make sure it was not all a dream, after which he recalled the fact that while he had heard the door creak before she went out he had not heard it creak afterward. Therefore, the door was open. She had left it open. Purposely? That was beside the question at the moment.

And why—how—was she in Washington? Pondering that question, Mr. Grimm's excellent teeth clicked sharply together and he rose. He knew the answer. The compact was to be signed—the alliance which would array the civilized world in arms. He had failed to block that, as he thought. If Miss Thorne had returned, then Prince Benedetto d'Abruzzi, who held absolute power to sign the compact for Italy, France and Spain, had also returned.

Stealthily feeling his way as he went, Mr. Grimm moved toward the door leading to freedom, guided by the fresh draft of air. He reached the door—it was standing open—and a moment later stepped out into the star-lit night. It was open country here, with a thread of white road just ahead, and farther along a fringe of shrubbery. Mr. Grimm reached the road. Far down it, a pin point in the night, a light flickered through inter-lacing branches. The tall lamp of an automobile, of course!

Mr. Grimm left the road and skirted a sparse hedge in the direction of the light. After a moment he heard the engine of an automobile, and saw a woman—barely discernible—step into the car. As it started forward he staked everything on one bold move, and won, his reward being a narrow sitting space in the rear of the car, hidden from its occupants by the tonneau. One mile, two miles, three miles they charged through the night, and still he clung on. At last there came relief.

"That's the place, where the lights are—just ahead."

There was no mistaking that voice raised above the clamor of the engine. The car slackened speed, and Mr. Grimm dropped off and darted behind some convenient bushes. And the first thing he did there was to light a match, and read what was written on the slip of paper pinned to his coat. It was, simply:

"My Dear Mr. Grimm:

"By the time you read this the compact will have been signed, and your efforts to prevent it, splendid as they were, futile. It is a tribute to you that it was unanimously agreed that you must be accounted for at the time of the signing, hence the drugging in the restaurant; it was only an act of kindness that I should come here to see that all was well with you, and leave the door open behind me.

"Believe me when I say that you are one man in whom I have never been disappointed. Accept this as my farewell, for now I assume again the name and position rightfully mine. And know, too, that I shall always cherish the belief that you will remember me as

"Your friend,  
"ISABEL THORNE.

"P. S. The prince and I left the steamer at Montauk Point, on a tug boat."

Mr. Grimm kissed the note twice, then burned it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## Appreciated the "Posie"

A pathetic incident occurred in the Waifs' school in Pittsburg. One of the teachers brought a beautiful red rose to school, which, holding up before the scholars, she asked, "Now, children, how many of you know what this is?" Nearly every little one shook his head, to indicate ignorance. One small boy and a couple of little girls piped out, with great importance. "It's a posie, please, ma'am." But no one had ever heard of a rose. Most of the children had never seen one before. The teacher put it in a glass of water to preserve it, and when school was dismissed each child was rendered supremely blissful by

the gift of a tiny petal. As they filed out of the door, each little waif clutched his treasure tightly in his small hand, while he murmured softly to himself the name, "Pitty wose, pitt-y wose."

Expert Chefs on Vessels.

The term "son of a sea cook" is no longer a title of reproach. The highly paid specialist who presides over the kitchens is a chef with an international reputation.

It's all right to get out your little hammer—when you have occasion to drive nails.

qualities and characteristics, than horses like those of the draft breeds, which greatly exceed in size the normal and original type.—Outing Magazine.

Thought He Covered the Ground.

A man who was dunned by a book seller for a book delivered some time before returned the bill with this written on it: "I never ordered this book. If I did, you did not send it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't."

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

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

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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 T. Lee, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic party, to be held September 30.

We are authorized to announce that D. J. Gingsy, of Huston township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic party, 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 rules and regulations of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that John H. Runkle, 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 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.

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 at the primary election to be held 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 voters to be held September 30.

We are authorized to announce that D. A. Grove, of Cottage 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 I. 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. Ketchline is a candidate for the office of District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that L. B. Paul, 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.

### 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.

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.

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,  
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"He does. He's a doctor."

## Shaping the Pony

The formation of breeds of ponies in different parts of the world is one of the most interesting things in connection with horses, for, unlike the diminutive breeds in other kinds of domestic creatures—as bantams, among fowls, or the smaller varieties among dogs—which have been bred down below the normal size by the skill of man, the diminution which has resulted in any of the breeds of

really small ponies has been wholly the work of nature. The horse only attained the size that we are accustomed to consider as normal in the temperate zone and if taken to a very cold or very hot country he will inevitably deteriorate in size. He does not deteriorate, however, in other respects; indeed, the pony of whatever type is much more thoroughly a horse, as regards the highest equine

qualities and characteristics, than horses like those of the draft breeds, which greatly exceed in size the normal and original type.—Outing Magazine.

Thought He Covered the Ground.

A man who was dunned by a book seller for a book delivered some time before returned the bill with this written on it: "I never ordered this book. If I did, you did not send it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't."