



CHAPTER XI—Continued.
—18—

Yet what house was this that she should be here? How did it happen that we were at the same place? Had she come voluntarily; or a prisoner? Had she been tricked into coming? or brought by force? and was she held here helpless to escape? I tried the door softly—it was locked. This, coupled with the fact that the key was upon the outside, served to answer the main question. However she came, she was now being held a prisoner. We must both be in the same hands, in the unscrupulous grasp of this desperate gang of criminals, determined to gain from us at any cost the secret we were supposed to share. I hesitated, but for only a moment, debating with myself the best course to pursue. Should I endeavor to escape from the house alone, and then return to her rescue with help? or face the greater danger of attempting to take her with me? The former move involved exposure of her whole connection with the affair, and I was afraid to take upon myself the responsibility. I knew not who she was, or why she had become involved in this mesh of crime. I feared Harris' knowledge, the evidence he might disclose, and what his passion for revenge might drive him to do, if he once found his game decisively blocked. It would be better for me to tell her all first and then act as her direction.

I reinserted the key in the lock noiselessly, shot back the bolt and opened the door, stepping quickly within to instantly shut out the glare of light. It seemed to me this was accomplished in utter silence, but as the door latched behind me, she was upon her feet, plainly startled by the intrusion.

"Who are you? What does this mean?—why, Mr. Severn?"

"Yes," I responded quickly, yet making no effort to advance, "you have nothing to fear; only do not speak loudly."

"But please explain. I—I am not afraid of you, of course, but how do you happen to be here?"

"Perhaps you will permit me to ask a question first, which may sound ridiculous enough—where am I?"

"You do not know that even? I can at least answer with certainty," her composure returning; "you are at 247 Le Compté street."

"Waldron's house; that possibility never occurred to me. Sounds strange, doesn't it? But the truth is I was brought here unconscious."

"You were attacked?"

"Slugged in Costigan's saloon," I explained shortly. "It took three of them to do it, but they did a good job. That must have been about midnight. What time is it now?"

"It is after four; who are they?"

"Harris, Waldron and Costigan—some combination."

"But why should they slug you, Mr. Severn?"

"Simply because of my connection with the mysterious Miss Gessler," I explained. "Harris had chosen to associate us together, believing we know who murdered and robbed Alva, and where the spoils are hidden. They endeavored first to put me through the third degree, and when I refused to squeal—as you know simply because I possessed no knowledge to communicate—they resorted to force, and here I am."

Her eyes, wide open, questioning, were upon my face.

"They—they asked you about me? Why should they suppose you know anything?"

"Largely because we were together at Perond's. I presume, Harris claims to know you—who you are. Is that true?"

"It may be," she admitted. "What has happened tonight almost convinces me. I came here willingly, only to find myself a prisoner. Sarah Waldron telephoned me that she was ill, and needed me. I have known her ever since I was a girl; we were from the same town, so really I thought nothing unusual of her call. I have seen no one here since I came—no men, I mean—and did not remove my clothes, in anticipation of being called."

"She claimed to be here alone?"

"There are roomers on the floor below, but I met none."

"But I found your door locked," I insisted.

"That is very strange. I heard nothing. Perhaps if you will explain what they asked you, we may come to some understanding of what this all means. Does Harris accuse me of the robbery?"

"Yes and of the murder. The way he tells it the thing does sound rather ugly," I confessed regretfully, but believing the time had arrived for plain speech between us. "At least I was in no position to contravert his claims."

"You imply you suspect me also of this crime?"

"No, not that! I have given you my faith; but it has been given blindly. You have refused me your confidence. I do not even know your name, your place of residence, how you became involved in this cordon. You must acknowledge I am badly handicapped when it comes to attempting your defense."

"You have been very true, very kind," she admitted, and extended her hand. "You must know how greatly I appreciate such faithfulness, Mr. Severn. But tell me what Harris holds to be proof against me. If all this be true, we cannot waste time here in talk."

CHAPTER XII.

At the Foot of the Stairs

"No, it will soon be morning, and all way of escape blocked. He is willing to swear that you agreed to permit Alva to drive you downtown, and that you actually departed together. This charge can perhaps be answered by the testimony of Krantz, if he can be got on the witness stand, as you have told me he accompanied you on a street car."

"Which is true?"

"I accept your word, of course, but Harris does not, and I must confess he has some evidence to create suspicion."

"You say that?"

"I must, to be perfectly honest. I will even confess there have been times when I doubted. Let me tell you—Alva was undoubtedly killed with a dagger hatpin, exactly like that one in your hat there," and I pointed to it on the dresser.

Her eyes turned that way in an expression of startled surprise. "Killed with a hatpin like that of mine?"

"Yes, there is no doubt as to the nature of the weapon. I know more about that than Harris, even."

"How are you so sure a hatpin was the weapon used? The police reports say nothing like that."

"They do not know; I do. The truth is, I was the first to discover the murder. I related to you my conversation with Harris, after all others had left the foundry. We must have been there alone for an hour. When we left we separated, believing this to be safe, and I walked down Gans street alone in the rain. Some blocks below the foundry I came upon this car, bumped up against the curb, and apparently abandoned. The rear door stood wide open, and I looked inside, and felt about, merely from curiosity. My fingers touched something lying on the floor, and when I drew it out, and looked at it in the light of a distant street-lamp, I discovered it to be a dagger hatpin, discolored with blood."

"She stared at me in horror."

"Like that one there?"

"Exactly like it. I had seen the one in your hat, and remembered."

"You thought it must be mine?"

"That—that I had murdered him?"

"I hardly believe I thought at all. But I investigated the front seat, and found Alva's body hanging over the wheel, with a gash in the back of his coat sticky with blood. Then I knew."

"Knew what?"

"How the man had been killed. I believed then you were with him alone; I had reason to, for I overheard his invitation, and your answer. I recognized the weapon as one you had in your possession. My first thought was that it would utterly condemn you if ever found."

"I would not believe you guilty of deliberate murder."

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"And, even then, you sought to protect me? You cared enough for that?"

"I hardly know; it must have been true enough. I scarcely doubted but what it was your act—only I persuaded myself that the man must have attacked you, and that you struck in self-defense. I would not believe you guilty of deliberate murder. I meant to give you a chance; so I took the weapon away with me."

She drew a long breath.

"No one saw you?"

"Not a soul; the street was absolutely deserted. I wiped off the blood, and hid the knife in my pocket until I reached the hotel; then I concealed it at the bottom of my valise."

"It is still there?"

"No; something led Harris to suspect I was not Daly, and he set out to investigate. He had my telephone number, and easily located both hotel and room. Waiting until I left the key, he entered, and went through the valise in search of anything he could find. He came upon the dagger hatpin, remembered that you had just such a one in your hat that night, and instantly jumped to the conclusion, as he had seen the wound, that this was the weapon of murder. He believes we were working together, and this was why I had concealed the knife."

"And you? You believed that?"

"I believed in you," I said earnestly. "At first I thought it must be you; then I saw that pin in your hat again, when I knew I had one just like it hidden at the hotel. This gave me new hope, until I returned and discovered my valise still open, and the dagger gone. I knew of no one who would do such an act—or had occasion to—except you, in an effort to destroy evidence."

"Then later, when that was cleared up by Harris acknowledging that he was the one who got the pin, I told him about your having your own in your hat at Perond's. He only laughed, and said you were smart enough to buy another, as soon as the first was found missing; that doubtless there were plenty to be had."

"He's right; there are. At least I know of one shop on lower Broadway where they are for sale." She stopped suddenly, with a peculiar gesture.

"Why, now I think of it, Sarah Waldron has one exactly like mine; I bought it for her."

"Sarah Waldron's wife?"

"Of course; that's rather odd, isn't it?"

"It opens up a line of thought, anyway. Could you find out, you suppose, if she has it still? What does she know about her husband?"

"The girl laughed softly."

"Know! Less even than I do, I imagine. He doesn't show up here often, but once in six months, and Sarah gets nothing from him. She wouldn't know—why?"

"Because, after all, it might be the Russian; if it was he would have to lie to Harris, and pretend to know nothing. You heard how those two talked at Perond's. What did you make of it?"

She drew her eyes together, leaving the marks of a frown on her forehead.

"That they had planned together to rob Alva; that Waldron was to be hidden somewhere outside, and was to wait for Harris to signal him that the money had been paid over."

"Exactly; Harris failed to learn that; the money changed hands, and consequently did not signal. But Waldron, nevertheless, was outside waiting; had no doubt spotted Alva's machine, and was ready to act. The one thing we do not know is—did Alva start home alone; or did one of the men accompany him? If the latter supposition is true then that fellow must have committed the murder, with Waldron a possible accomplice after the crime. If not true, then the only other solution is that Alva picked Waldron up for companionship. Were they acquainted at all?"

"I think so, but am not sure; you said Waldron first reported this chance to Harris."

"So he did; then it is quite possible the two knew each other. That would make it easy for the Russian to ask a ride. Whoever struck the blow was in the rear seat. This theory fits in all right with his actions toward Harris."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Shadow Waldron; he is sure to expose himself sooner or later. We must get away from here, out of the hands of these fellows. Could you find your way to the stairs in the dark?"

"Yes, I have been here often."

"Then I am going to turn out this light before opening the door."

She led the way confidently enough, moving silently along the wall, I keeping close so as to touch her. A few steps brought us forth into the hall at the head of a flight of stairs leading downward. My fingers gripped the banisters, while she stood aside to let me pass.

"You better go ahead now; the next flight is directly beyond this, and ends at the street door."

"You will follow?"

"Of course; I shall keep right behind you."

We went down step by step, not a stair creaking, or a sound louder than our own breathing. I reached the last step, warned by the newel post, and felt ahead with one groping foot to assure myself of the level beyond. Her fingers grasped my sleeve, and lips almost at my ear, whispered a barely audible warning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Absorbing.

"He makes a soft living."

"How?"

"By sponging it."

IN CREPE DRESSES

Simple Designs Idea for Girlish Frocks for Fall Wear.

Circular Skirt Comes Bobbing Its Way Into the Realm of Favored Fashion.

Dresses of jacquard crepe made in very simple designs are quite an idea for girlish frocks for fall. The silk has about it more body than the ordinary quality of silk; and by reason of its patterns and the two tones of its coloring it is especially adapted to dresses for daytime wear. One of these youthful frocks was made of a Jacquard fabric that combined two tones of blue, and a hint of gold was hidden away in its weaving. The collars and cuffs were of the "Bramley blouse" variety and they were made of cream needlework with a narrow cream lace edging. The dress itself was of the one-piece fashion with a narrow belt to hold it in place and long sleeves to make it more appropriate for fall and winter wear.

The circular skirt comes bobbing its way into the realm of fashion with a peculiar persistency. It will not be frowned no matter whether the American women keep on repeating that it is not consistent with their social plans and duties. Then this season it promises to have a certain well-defined vogue. Many of the newer models are showing not only the circular cut, but trimmings that accentuate the round and round tendency of the skirt lines. One of the newer models is of blue serge, that old and stand-by fabric. Its trimming is row after row

LACY STREAMERS NOVEL IDEA



When the lace is arranged as streamers so that it can be swung around and used as a veil it gives a novel effect. It is said this will be one of the prevailing fall modes.

FADED AND GRIMY CLOTHES

Garments That Have Changed Color May Be Given New Lease of Life.

There comes a time in the life of many a garment of colored wash material when the color it once possessed is streaked and faded. The blue has turned a dirty oyster color, yellow is a streaked tan, green is more yellow than green, lavender is either very pale or actually turned to light blue through the action of washing powders on the lavender dye.

But don't forget that faded and grimy clothes may be dyed so as to give the garments a new lease on life. The color selected should be darker than the color of the old material, but this does not mean that it need be dull. It sometimes happens that a child's frock or suit has both become faded and is too small. Now, although there may be none of the original material with which to let it down, it is quite possible to dye a little plain material with the faded garment with which to mend it.

It is quite easy for the amateur to get interesting effects from the process known as tying and dyeing. To do this you tie a knot in the material before you put it in the dye vat so that the dye takes on an interesting design, leaving the part of the material within the knot free from dye. Silk dyed in this way makes interesting cushion tops or lamp shade covers, especially for the cottage or bungalow where you wish to gain interesting effects at small cost.

Looped Panels and Sashes.

Straight line dresses all have drapery of some sort, looped panels and sashes chiefly. The bateau neckline is retained, but the short sleeve has been superseded by the long wide open sleeves, sometimes of sheerer fabric than the dress itself. There is, for instance, such a dress of black satin with sleeves and side draperies of black net embroidered in large disks of silvery gray silk thread.

Millinery Fashions.

The Napoleonic influence is seen in the millinery collection of tricorn, marquis and continental effects. The Napoleonic reds are widely used, as are the multi-colored ribbons employed a century ago as insignia. The close-fitting turban a la Josephine is very picturesque and some poke shapes are shown with little platings and unusual flowers used as trimmings.

STYLES OF SPAIN ARE SEEN

Shawls of Brilliant Colorings Among the Winsome Articles of Apparel That Are on Display.

More than any other European nation, Spain is the heir of the Orient. Her architecture, her philosophy and her literature as well as her ornaments are all strongly tinged with the fine colors and dramatic designs which originated in the Near East.

Spain was the one great nation in Europe proper, conquered and held for centuries by an oriental people, and under the Moors she was the center of culture, learning, tolerance and art. When the Moor was finally driven from Spain in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, he left behind him great wealth, funds of learning and an almost universal love of beauty.

At least a form of this loveliness has been preserved in the Spanish peasant art. Fashions come, modes veer and customs change, but at regular periodical intervals, the world of fashion again discovers the charm of things Spanish.

The popularity of the great modern Spanish authorship, the romance we unconsciously associate with the name of Spain, are all to be carefully considered by the designer of today.

All types of peasant art are receiving great attention, and in each of them is an interesting similarity to the others, and in all material of profound interest and importance.

Just now the shops are showing the Spanish shawls in the most gorgeous of colorings. Brilliant reds shot with sunset yellow, that milk; it is the prized possession of any dark-eyed Castilian,



Blue Crepe Dress, Silver Trimming.

of crepe satin ribbon applied so that there is the smallest appreciable space between each separate row. Then the sleeves, which are bell shape, have the same design of ribbon applied to them. The waistlines are of the basque type, long and slightly fitted.

Grease on Floor.

To prevent hot grease from sinking into the floor, sop cold water on it with a cloth to harden it. Scrape off what is on the surface with a dull knife. Remove the stain with a wet cloth sprinkled with baking soda.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

The newest note in blouses is the wide armhole.

The redingote frock is to be a favorite this fall.

There is unquestionably a definite reaction against overtrimmed dresses for next season.

In dress accessories one of the interesting novelties of the moment is the waistcoat of novelty cotton.

A striking sleeve recently seen in an afternoon frock was slit from elbow to shoulder, exposing the upper arm.

Negligees on Oriental lines with long wing or panel sleeves and developed in brilliant-colored silks, are among the new things brought out.

Serge is to be an exceedingly popular early fall fabric. Heavy silk crepes worn last spring, and which are just as popular now, are scheduled for a new lease of life.

Longer skirts, simplicity of style, line, and lack of elaboration in trimming may be said to be the dominant notes in frocks, with a leaning to lovely fabrics for formal wear.

Harding Blue.

Necklaces and earrings in the new Harding blue are a recent introduction. This color is becoming to both blond and brunette and adds a note of elegance to the costume when worn in the manner mentioned.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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Many men and women owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon.

PIES FOR EVERY OCCASION.

The best of pie filling will never make up for the lack of a good crust.

For those who will not use lard, or prefer butter, the following recipe will be usable:

Butter Pastry.—Take one-half cupful of butter,

one and one-fourth cupfuls of pastry flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, four

tablespoonfuls of ice water, one teaspoonful of melted butter, and one

tablespoonful of flour. Chop the butter into the first quantity of flour,

which has been mixed with the salt, after the butter is well blended add

the ice water, mixing with a knife. Roll out the pastry, spread with the

melted butter and sprinkle with the

tablespoonful of flour and roll it in. Roll up like a jelly roll and put away

long enough to chill. Then cut in halves, roll out two crusts, and when

the pie is made brush the top with milk.

Hot Water Pastry.—This is one of the quickest made pastries, but will

need to stand on ice to chill before using. Make it the night before

needing it or early in the day in which it is to be used.

Take one cupful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of

boiling water; pour over the lard and add three cupfuls of flour; mix well

and set away to become firm. This makes two covered pies and one crust

for an open pie. The bits left from rolling may be returned to the pastry

and used again without hurting its texture.

Sliced Pineapple Pie.—Take two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one cupful

of thin cream, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sliced

pineapple, diced, one and one-half

tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Heat the cream, saving out a little to mix

with the cornstarch, and cook until thick. Cream

the butter and sugar, add the eggs, slightly beaten, add to the first mixture

and cook until thick. Now add the pineapple, cool slightly and pour

into a baked pastry shell. Cover with meringue and brown or serve with

marshmallows over the top, lightly browned.

Strength of character is not mere strength of feeling; it is the resolute

restraint of strong feeling; it is unyielding resistance to whatever would

disconcert us from without or unsettle us from within.—Dickens.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

The new turnips and kohlrabi are such good eating that they should be

more often served. If one desires them to be especially attractive, cut

them with a vegetable scoop into small balls.

Cook three cupfuls of them in boiling water until tender, drain, rinse with cold water to which

a little vinegar has been added; if rutabagas are used, the

vinegar or lemon juice adds flavor. Fry a small onion and one carrot, very

small, chopped fine, stir a tablespoonful of flour into the butter used

for frying the vegetables, cook until smooth, add a little chicken broth and

milk, then add the turnips and when well heated, serve at once.

Beans With Tomatoes.—To one quart of fresh lima beans, shelled, add

one tablespoonful of butter, one and one-half

teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth of a pound of salt pork, chopped

fine, and three-quarters of a pound of fresh tomatoes, with one small clove