

THE BLUE BUCKLE

A BAFFLING MYSTERY AND BREATHLESS TALE OF ADVENTURE

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Red Mouse," "The Running Fight," "Catspaw," Etc.

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On board a transatlantic liner, returning from Europe, Miss Ruthford falls in love with a young man...

Craig then finds that in his pockets are the blue buckle and the string of diamonds...

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued). "But she's not the type of beauty you admire—most in a girl?" Miss Ballantyne continued.

"See here, young lady!" Craig said with assumed severity. "I refuse to answer by advice of counsel."

"You absurd man!" said the girl, laughing and flushing at the same time. "Don't let her break your heart! But I—just wanted to know what she looked like."

"Hardly," he replied, reassuringly. "Oh, I am so worried about the buckle! Please, please keep it safe! And yet I feel that I ought not to leave it with you."

"Why—have you ceased to love me?" "No, you know it's not that—but I am afraid you will be watched now. Something might happen to you. They know that you have it with you."

"Yes—and to you, too!" Her vehemence had led her to say more than she had intended. Ruthford softly comprehended the pleading fingers which had rested upon his arm.

"You must have wondered," she said, "why we came to see you last night, and told you so much about ourselves."

with her glance. As she watched his face she could not help smiling. "Your face is just an open book, Mr. Ruthford," she said. "You have a speaking countenance and it spoke then—without eloquence."

"What did it say?" asked Craig. "It said," she returned, laughing, "what miserable falsehoods this young female tells!"

"Oh, well," said Craig, trying to smile, for she had read him truthfully, "there are times when every female has to lie a little."

"Oh," she exclaimed, drawing away from him, "it is something more than your countenance that speaks. Let me go on."

"Don't," said Craig, uneasily. "She changed her tone, yet want you to help me. I have got to get that other buckle. I've got to do things. I've got to put a personal in a Canadian paper. I've got to meet the person who replies. Father is out of the question. Sophie is a servant. I would feel easier if I had some one with me—"

"And it might as well be me," he hummed shortly the old Flodora tune. "You seem to take your various responsibilities easily," she said, as she carefully twisted her fingers loose from his detaining grasp.

"Some responsibilities are so easy," said Craig, "that it's a shame even to stand up and be thanked for them."

"I haven't thanked you—yet," she replied half sulkily. "Then don't—yet—and let me choose the brand."

"I think I would better go in now," she said hurriedly. "Could you be good enough to attend to the advertisement for me?"

and thrust it into his own pocket; then glanced stealthily around. Down the street howled a taxicab, which drew up to the curb in response to his excited gesticulations.

"Hi there, stop! Here's a man hurt. Drive us to the Sandringham! Be quick about it!"

The cabby helped the other man lift the limp, sprawling figure into the vehicle. "It's Mr. Craig Ruthford—address, the Sandringham. He's hurt bad! Drive like the devil!"

The chauffeur leaped to his seat and threw in the clutch the moment he saw the doctor enter the cab with its unconscious occupant. A few minutes' run brought them in front of the Sandringham, and the driver jumped down again to help.

He jerked open the door. The wounded man was his only passenger. "GIVE ME ESQAF IPSE!"

The blow which felled Ruthford was delivered by the hand of an adept. It was neither too hard, nor too light. He awoke the next morning little the worse for it, except a dizzy, aching head.

"Have a good strong cup of coffee, son!" he suggested. "But when he was, he did not comment upon the injury, but came straight to the point of service."

"I—believe I will—thank you, Mike, 'in a moment." "Somebody—get under my guard!"

"They did the dirty blackguards! But the doctor said you'd be all right. I'll fetch you the coffee, son."

offered no proof that he was the rightful claimant of this estate. Ruthford relinquished the notion that the blue buckle was only a subterfuge to cover up the necklace affair, for Miss Arany would scarcely have attached so much importance to it, if it were. Neither she nor the Ballantynes had exhibited the slightest interest in the necklace. They had not concealed their interest in the buckle, but none of them had shown the slightest proof that they were entitled to it.

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coffee. On the tray by its side lay a large white envelope, somewhat similar to one he had mailed the night before. Calmly disregarding all his doubts and censures of a few moments before, he reached for the envelope eagerly.

"Yes, it was from her, and he looked first to see how the man he signed at the bottom, Wilhelmina Ballantyne! An old-fashioned and somewhat cumbersome name, he thought, although it stood before him in a gracefully strong handwriting which did it credit.

Miss Ballantyne wrote to say that she was enclosing copy for the advertisement which he would please insert for her, in the accompanying list of newspapers.

"Quite business like," said Craig, approvingly. "I shall send them off today, if this old head will let up."

Nevertheless, in spite of the strong coffee, he presently fell into an uneasy slumber, and attended to no business of any sort that day.

More than a week passed by, and during that time, which seemed unconsciously long to Ruthford, he neither heard from his client nor her advertisement.

He was on the point of going around to see her anyway, just to "report progress," when at last a letter arrived from Montreal, bearing the address of a legal firm.

Ruthford shook off his dizziness with an effort, and reached for the welcome

Records available for all types of phonographs are being made by independent companies, and attachments are now procurable by which any record can be played on any machine, with negligible exceptions.



This department will appear once a week in the Evening Ledger and will be devoted to all matters of interest to owners or prospective owners of phonographs, player-pianos and all other music instruments.

Keeping your phonograph neutral is becoming a very difficult and dangerous thing these days. The makers of records have long ago stocked up with the national anthems of the warring countries, so that the Frenchman and the Austrian, the British and the German, too, could hear their favorite songs.

Among the other national airs in this collection you can find, if you look far enough, a little song entitled "Fou soka," or if that doesn't interest you, you may want to hear "Ohano Ohano za opca oh."

THE WINDSOR beach, steam heat, ocean view sun parlors, Baths, Booklet, Miss Halpin.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES Jewish

ROBERT SHALOM (Seek Peace), 10 A. M., 2 E. corner Broad and Mt. Vernon sts., "The Place in Religion of Child Training," by Rabbi Henry Berkow.

opera records, including some of the favorite pieces heard here this year. Those who remember the telephone complications in "Dancing Around" will be glad to hear Joseph A. Phillips and a chorus singing "My Lady of the Telephone," and everybody, whether they heard "Chin-Chin" or not, will want to have "Good-bye, Girls, I'm Through," on their phonographs.

A feature of the Edison grand opera discs, which is quite novel, is the chat on the back of each. Heretofore the back of a record made by a high-price artist has been a dead loss.

Disturbances in Europe have not ended the activities of the Pathe producers, although on recording stations in Belgium has been closed down "by some one" because they are not making that kind of recordings.

THE LATEST two sendings of records from the Edison factory have been strangely peaceful. The song, "In Slam," which is a feature of "The War of the Worlds," at the Winter Garden in New York, is about the most military of the records.

Official Typewriter Panama-Pacific Exposition

Advertisement for Remington Typewriter, featuring the text 'Stop stopping to foot bills' and 'Self-Auditing'.

She said it brightly, but there was a little quiver of her lip. Craig winced in spite of himself. She was quick to note it, and rose from the table.

"Come, we must be going," she said. "Do not accuse me of not trusting," he protested, as he helped her into her coat.

"I know you have," she answered, hurriedly. "But I cannot explain all—yet." Craig was forced to take comfort in that last word, as they emerged out upon the sidewalk.

"You must have wondered," she said, "why we came to see you last night, and told you so much about ourselves."

"I let you know how much I cared for you, when I thought you were married. Why should I hesitate when I know you are not?"

"You are like nobody else but yourself!" she said, quaintly. "That's why it seems possible to trust you, and to ask you to—do hard things. Father, of course, couldn't understand, but I knew you would."

"You will understand that there is nobody—that is, nobody with intelligence, in this country, outside of my father, whom I could trust. I do not count Sophie—she is a servant. There is no one else but you."

HEPPE

A Genuine Aeolian-Made Player-Piano for only \$395



It is not a new thing to see a player-piano advertised for \$400 and even \$375, but it is an event far out of the ordinary and one of most considerable importance to see manufacturers, as highly esteemed and as reputable as the great Aeolian Company, place on the market a player-piano with their name on it and at a price far below the fondest hopes of their staunchest patrons.

- Consider for a minute—
—this \$395 Aeolian Player-Piano is made in the same factories, designed by the same artisans, built by the same workmen and produced under the same supervision that produces the world-famous Weber and Steinway Pianolas.
—this \$395 Aeolian Player-Piano contains practically every patented Aeolian device, except the exclusive Pianola features.
—this \$395 Aeolian Player-Piano carries the same guarantee of absolute satisfaction as the highest priced instruments of the Aeolian line.

Best of all, this new model is priced within the reach of every purchaser, and now to add a fitting climax to such a marvelous value, we have arranged an extremely low monthly rate, through our rental payment plan, for those who do not care to pay the full amount at the time of purchase.

The Aeolian Family of the player-piano world is on sale at HEPPE'S and includes The Steinway Pianola.....\$1250 The Weber Pianola.....\$1000 The Wheelock Pianola.....\$750 The Stroud Pianola.....\$550 Francesca-Heppe Player-Pianos \$450 Aeolian Player-Pianos.....\$395

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