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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SYNOPSIS.

wireless operator to let him take see sees are seen takes is that a valuable ond mecklace is being smuggled into country. An elderly men and a young an are guilty. Again suspiden is did against the Talcotts, who attacked by a furnity who attacked to the see the sees of the sees of

New York, Mrs. Talcott into Crain's cab and sake er home. As they examins g attempts to declare his loot's voice is heard, warnbut Ar. Talcotts voice is heard, warning of his presence.

It then finds that he has been made a or the sminglers. In his pockets are use buckle and the string of diamonds, its lireal into the room, and again voice of Mr. Talcott saves the day. Exceps this blue buckle for eafety arms the diamonds over to the secret e agonts. They tell him that Heldersha been seen at his home every night a last two weeks. Craig goes himself eligible and through the glass wall idderman's nouse he seen that gentle craits and through the glass wall idderman's nouse he seen that gentle parailing up and down. Graig calls more than the second of th

control. They talk about the show gineident, gatherford finds out that the men who we attacked both him and Mrs. Talcott, employed by a Miss Arany who was a on the boat with him. Mrs. Talcott fesses that she is really Miss Hillie flantyne. There are two blue tuckles, h of which bears half an inscription, e whole is a clue to a hidden fortune, connection with which is a parser free-ber father from suspicion of swindling, tag, insisting that he will help Miss lantyne to the fortune which is rightly bers, confesses his love for her.

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 sald 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." "Why, once or twice-when I liked her

most-she reminded me of-you!" "Ah!" The girl drew in her breath with the sharpest little exclamation.

Manlike, Craig took it that she was pleased with his compliment; and she did not enlighten him.

"By the way," he observed, after a pause, "I may as well tell you that Miss Arany has taken quite a fancy to me. When she isn't calling in person, she is sending her agents, just to see if I am at home!"

"What do you mean?"

Rutherford related, with much drollery. the incidents of that afternoon, which had culminated with the setting-up exer-

Miss Ballantyne laughed delightedly at the story-then suddenly grew thoughtful. "Did they get the necklace?" she asked.
"They did not want the necklace—at lesst, that's what they said. They're after—the blue buckle."

"Oh!" She reached across the table and clutched his arm. "They didn't get that, "Hardly," he replied, reassuringly.

"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 leave it with you!"
"Why—have you ceased to trust me?"
"No, you know it's not that—but I am
afriad you will be watched now. Something might happen to you. They know
it's not in your safe, and will reason
that you have it with you. Oh, if anything should happen, I would never forgive myself!" give myself!"

Her vehemence had led her to say more than she had intended. Rutherford softly imprisoned the pleading fingers which had rested upon his arm.

had rested upon his arm.

"Would you really care?" he whispered.

"Don't-you mustn't?" she said, trying
to release her hand.

"Would you?" he pleaded.

"Mr. Rutherford, we are out in a publie place," she protested. "Besides, you
know you could not-like-a girl you have
not been able to trust!"

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.

"Come, we must be going," she said.
"Do not accuse me of not trusting," he protested, as he helped her into her cloak. "I have trusted you—in spite of many things I could not understand!"
"I know you have," she answered, hurriedly. "But I cannot explain all—yet."
Crair was forced to the could not understand."

riedly. "But I cannot explain all—yet."
Craig was forced to take comfort in that last word, as they emerged out upon the sidewalk. After they had gone a little way, a short, stout man, who had sat patiently on a flight of steps opposite the cafe all the time they were within, rose from his cramped position behind the stone newel-post that had screened him from sight, and walked leisurely after them. He was careful, however, to keep on the opposite side of the street.

Rutherford mounted the steps of her home, with Miss Ballantyne.

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

"I was too much pleased to be curious," he replied promptly.

The corners of her lips trembled; then they curved into that satisfactory smile.

"You never miss much in life by failing to express yourself—frankly!" she said, quizzically.

"I let you know how much I cared. Craig was forced to take comfort in that

quinzically. "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 shouldn't have done it either then or now," she reproved.
"So that's settled," he said ambiguturies.

"you see like nobody else but your-self!" 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!"

"Something else?" he asked, happy in the personal tone the conversation was

the personal tone the conversation was taking.

"Yes. That was what we wanted to talk with you about—if you didn't mind." If he didn't mind! They were in the little vestibule by now, and under pretense of helping her with the key he was holding her fingers longer than absolutely accessary.

"You will understand that there is no-body—that is, nobody with intelligence, in this country, outside of my father, whom I could trust. I do not count Sophle—she is a servant. There is no one else but you. You will understand that father is continually ill. He is nervous—always confused. He was a strong man once, my father, physically and mentally, and he will be a strong man again when all this is over with. But he has so much to think about that he can hardly think at all, and besides, it is I and not my father sho must be prominent in this affair. This strange legacy is for me. This will not only ignores my father—it prohibits me was from living undermeath his roof. By the terms of this will the relations of lather and daughter must be actually sowned. We have severed them technically he are liping up to the latter of the will. Culvardly we are estranged. We live the country had be actually sowned. ally at wred. But the girl held him

she, could not help smiling.

"Your face to just an open book, Mr. Rutherford," she said. "You have a speaking countenance and it spoke then to his excited gesticulations. with eloquence."

"What did it say?" asked Craig. "It said," she returned, laughing, what miserable falsehoods this young female tella." "Oh, well," said Craig, trying to smile,

for she had read him truthfully, "there are times when every female has to lie, I guess."

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

go on."
"Do," said Craig, uneasily.
She changed her tone. "I 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 shoffly the old Florodera tune.

hummed shoftly the old Florodora tune.
"You seem to take your various re-possibilities easily." she said, as she carefully twisted her fingers loose from this detaining grasp. He scould not see the expression of her face, in the half light, and did not know whether she was amilling or frowning at his levity.

Across the street, a man encoused in a

convenient shadow grinned to himself at their protected leave-taking.
"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 re-plied half saucily. "Then don't-yet-and let me choose the

He reached for her hand again, and en-He reached for her hand again, and en-countered the key.
"I think I would better go in new," she said hurriedly. "Could you be good enough to attend to the advertisement for

"I certainly could-if you will allow me to accompany you when you meet the person advertised for."
"Oh, that duty has already been wished

upon you! "Indeed? I had it confused with my

rewards."
"Mr. Rutherford, do street lamps shining through vestibule doors have the same effect upon you as moonlight?" Why-make you-sentimental?

"You are the most tantalizing young person I have ever met!" he cried, reach-ing out for her in the dark. "And you are obstreperous!" she re-

torted, eluding him.

She was inside the inner door before he realized her intention. "Just like a girl!" Rutherford grumbled

to himself.

He heard a tiny laugh, and the door shut tightly. She had held it open a "Good night!" he called, and he fancied he heard a faint "good night!" from the

he heard a faint "good night!" from the opposite side of the panel.

Rutherford walked down the old stone steps, feeling as though he were treading on air. What cared he for mysteries and buckles and necklaces and smugglers? This clusive and yet alluring girl was nearer to him tonight than she had ever been. He was gloating riotously in the knowledge that she really cared a little for what he thought about her. He was as happy in this small triumph-for a few blissful moments—as if she had

was as nappy in this small triumph—for a few blissful moments—as if she had been the usual kind of person whom he would meet in his own exclusive circle, instead of one he had never been able

to classify, much less understand.

Then the absurdity of being head over heels in love with a girl whose first name. he didn't even know, came pleasantly home to him. He actually blushed, walk-ing along the street, as he reached into an inner pocket to stroke the little packwe myself!"
"You mean, anything happen to the uckle?"
"Yes—and to you, too!"
"Her velemence had led ber to say more that afternoon. He reached into another Ballantyne's own appearance, not to pocket to satisfy himself that he still had

t safe.
Suddenly the world flew sidewise into

with her glance. As she watched his face | cel and thrust it into his own pocket; then glanced stealthily around. Down the street bowled a taxicab, which drew up to the curb in response

> "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 "It's Mr. Craig Rutherford-address, the Sandringham. He's hurt bad! Drive like the devil!"

The chauffeur leaped to his seat and threw in the clutches the moment he saw the speaker enter the cab with its un-conscious occupant. A few minutes' run brought them in front of the Sandringham, and the driver jumped hown again He Jerked open the door. The wounded

man was his only passenger,

XIV. "OXB IVI ESAF IPSE" The blow which felled Rutherford was delivered by the hand of an adept. It was neither too hard, nor yet too light. He awoke the next morning little the worse for it, except a dizzy, aching head.

Gooley was moving softly about the room, looking over at him with anxious eye. When he saw his master look un-certainly around, he was by the bedside in an instant, smoothing the covers as lightly as a trained nurse would have "Have a good strong cup of coffee, he suggested. Ideal man that he was, he did not com

ment upon the injury, but came straight to the point of service. "I-believe I will-thank you, Mike. I'm at home?"

"Sure, sor."
"Somebody—get under my guard?"
"They did—the dirty blackguards! But
the doctor said you'd be all right. Pil

the doctor said you'd be all right. I'll fetch you the coffee, sor."

As Rutherford's head began to clear he reasoned painfully over the events of the day before. Who could be his assailant, and what was he after? His first answer was that it was one or both of the men whom he had caught in his room, after the blue buckle. That seemed the most obvious clew. They had not found the buckle in his safe, hence had reasoned that he must have it on his person. With a grosn and a sinking heart, he reached a groan and a sinking heart, he reached for his pocket to see if they had rifled it but encountered only the pocket of his palamas. His street clothes were care-fully hung up, and Mike was out of the

If it were not the blue buckle, what else could his enemy be after? The necklace, of course. He hadn't thought of that before. He smiled sourly when he realized how completely he had forgotten it. He was coming to Miss Ballantyne's apparent attitude, and not wasting time mind what Helderman had said about holding on to the necklace and thus catching the smugglers. Who else besides Helderman, the smug-

glers, Miss Arany, her agents, and the Ballantynes, knew or could possibly have any interest in his actions? Why, the service men-the real ones-of course! Craig gave a start, when it oc-curred to him that he might be watched, perhaps followed, by three different sets of people-the men after the buckle, the

of people—the men after the buckle, the smugglers after the necklace, and the customs men after clews. He was entirely too popular, he decided!
Granted that his first premise were correct, why should Miss Arany be so determined to secure the blue buckle? Why, indeed—his head was just sufficiently sore to make his wits active and his crossto make his wits active and his emo-tions dult—why, indeed, unless she were the person to whom it rightfully be-longed? How could its possession do her

space. A million lights danced before his eyes as Rutherford sank with a slight moan down on the paveemnt. Over his unconscious body a man bent, scarching carefully but rapidly. He seized a par-

offered no proof that he was the rightful claimant of this estate. Rutherford re-linquished 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. It was impossible for him to know, too, how many assistants each of the fair claimants had enlisted in her causs. Craig thought uncomfortably of his unenviable position, if both sides got confused and came to regard him as an ally of the other. More unexpected punches in the head seemed to be the natural order of events for him! He would better have a placard printed for street wear—like the blind beggars—only his would read: "Hands off! I am without buckles or necklaces!"

"Which will you have, sor?" asked Mike, tendering cream and sugar for his coffee. but none of them had shown the slightest

"Neither!" asserted his master promptly. "I shall henceforth do without either necklaces or buckles, for personal wear!" Mike felt his own head in silent sym-pathy, and then shook it gloomly. "It must have been an awful crack!" he

an effort, and reached for the welcome

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

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

before him in a gracefully strong hand-writing which did it credit.

Miss Hallantyne wrote to say that she was inclosing copy for the advertisement which he would please insert for her, in the accompanying list of newspapers. They were all Canadian papers, as she had said. She begged him also, as a favor, to keep a memorandum of any and all items of expense.

all items of expense.

"Quite business like," said Craig, approvingly. "I shall send them off todgy, 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. The next one he was sort that day. The next one, he was nearly himself again, and the advertise-

ments were duly sent off.

More than a week passed by, and dur-ing that time, which seemed uncon-scionably long to Rutherford, he neither heard from his client nor her advertise-ment. He was on the point of going around to see her anyway, just to "renust have been an awful crack!" he port progress." when at last a letter arrived from Montreal, bearing the address of a legal firm.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



This department will appear once 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. Notices will be taken of new records and rolls and of new inventions or improvements in in-

struments.

The editor of the department will gladly answer all questions.

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. In addition to this special records have been made since the war began which are full of the spirit of patriotism and bravery. "Tipperary" comes to mind first of all because it is the most popular, although it isn't, properly speaking, a war song at over things as trivial as strands of dia-monds! But the snugglers weren't likely to forget; and Craig called freshly to been issued by practically all of the com-

panies and in a 10-cent edition as well.

Among real war songs the Victor issued for March the Austrian national hymn and "Prince Eugene," both on one disc, and for the other side of the trenches "La Sambre et Meuse" and "Le Pere de la Victoire," two stirring French marches the former (also in the Pathe collection) being the national defile march. The English recruiting song, "Your King and Country Want You," by Paul Rubens, is also issued, with "For King and Country" on the other side of the record.

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 "Chamo Chamo za opga oha." The meaning of these simple words is, of course, clear. The first is the Japanese national song, the second the national song of Montenegro. They aren't as stirring as "My Country" to us,

the person to whom the property? How could its pessession do her any good, unless she were able to prove her claim to the property? If she were the true owner—then the Ballantynes, father and daughter, must be impostors, and this was the desperate game they and this was the desperate game they are interesting.

The Columbia record list for March contains a descriptive record which indicates what happens to you if you answer the call of the colors in England. It depicts every step in the transportation of a register of the colors in England to France, including the happens to you from England to France, including the happens to you answer the call the happens to

New Records

Making records has become a thriv-Ing industry by this time, and is not confined to any small group of companies. Records available for all types of phonographs are being made by independent companies, and attachments are now procompanies, and attachments are now pro-curable by which any record can be played on any machine, with negligible exceptions. Among the newest to this country is the record made by the Pathe Frores, known as makers of moving picof the other makes, because it is tracked in exactly the opposite direction—that is, you put your needle at the inner edge and it is fed out to the rim. It can be played on any machine, by means of an attachment.

Disturbances in Europe have not ended the activities of the Pathe producers, al-though one recording station in Belgium has been closed down "by some one" because they are not making that kind of recordings. Here in America the indus-try flourishes, to be sure, but the Edison company is still severely set back by the fire which destroyed a part of the works recently. It is interesting to note that the Edison and the Pathe methods are very similar. In both the recording is made on the floor of the tiny groove and the vibrations of sound are caused by the passage of a permanent point over the ups and downs of this floor. In the Victor the recording is made on the star of the grooves and the needle works sigzag, picking up the sound from the walls instead of from the floor. The advantages of each record are made clear by agents for the different machines, and it is a good idea to hear all before buying. Then the kill-joy can "spring a new one" on the proud owner of one make or another.

Ragtime and Operetta

The latest two sendings of records from the Edison factory have been strangely peaceful. The song, "In Siam," 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. Instead there are a host of good comfo

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Jewish

RODEPH SHALOM (Seek Peace). Services Saturday, 10 a. m., S.

vorite pieces heard here this year. Those who remember the telephone complications in "Dancing Around" will be glad New Piano Rolls te hear Joseph A. Phillips and a chorus Chin" or not, will want to have "Goodby, Girls, I'm Through," on their phonoabout the "tulip" and another about what happens "After the Roses Have Faded Away" are also on the list. Another song, not quite the same sort of thing, but very beautiful, is Liddle's setting of Kingsley's "A Farewell," sung by Redferne Hollinshead. "Teenle, Eenle, Weenle," from "Suzi," which Jose Collins sang here at the beginning of the season, and the "Gray Dove" song from "Chin-Chin," are also on the Edison lists of the week. A Pathe list is given over largely to dance records.

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. The Edison diamond-disc records of grand opera selections have on the back of each a little intimate lecture which tells the hearers what the selection means, where it occurs in the opera, who the composer and solohappens "After the Roses Have Faded

in the opera, who the composer and solu-ist are. It adds nothing to the cost of the record, and often enhances the interest record, and often enhances the interest of a selection by showing its connection with the rest of the opera. Among the records so treated is Anna Case's singing of "Depuls le jour," from "Louise." This spiendid song is, of course, not to be taken apart from the rest of Charpentier's opera. And if you can't hear the opera, it is a good thing to have it sketched for you. Another artist, not new by any means, to whom the Edison records are drawing a lot of attention, is Guiseppi Anselmi, of La Scala, Milan, Italy, Anselmi has consistently refused to Italy. Anselmi has consistently refused to come to this country. He is very rich and doesn't need the prizes offered him. But his praises have been brought here

opera records, including some of the fa- by those who have heard him at La Scale, and if we can't hear him in person, voice is ready for us on the Edison dis-

The player-plane is more than holding singing "My Lady of the Telephone," and its own in the advancement of mechanic everybody, whether they heard "Chin- cal music instruments. A recent development is the Duo-Art, which combines a piano, a player-plano and an electria graphs. Two flowery songs, the one player-plane. That is, in the examples is be seen in Philadelphia at present, there is first of all, an ordinary (or perhaps one should say, an extraordinary). plane. On this plane you can play the usual type of roll, and that without foot power, as there is an electric attachment.

power, as there is an electric attachment. In addition to this, you can put on a record made by a master, and it will be played exactly as the master played it. Hand-recorded rolls are very popular nowadays. They are stamped to correspond with the interpretation of a master-planist, and any variations you wish to make are more or less at your own risk. Recent rolls show a tendency own risk. Recent rolls show a tendency to make dance recordings as nearly like orchestral music as the plane will allow. They are made from four-hand recordings. This month's rolls include a onestep medley known as "Azipper," in
which will be discovered among others
three of the incomparable Ai Joison's
songs. The "Broadway Hesitation" is
full of musical comedy hits: "The Ras
of Rags" is exactly what its name indicates, and, of course, there is "I Didn't
Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," which
may shortly rival "Tipperary."

Another type of roll is devoted to
classical music. For the first time Massenet's popular "Elegie" has been cut for
the player-plano. The fourth movement
of Beethoven's "Pastoral" sonata is now
added to the other movements. Incidentsily, the "Moonlight" is one of the longest rolls made; it runs to almost 80 feet. ings. This month's rolls include a one-

est rolls made; it runs to almost 80 feet.
One of the shortest is a McDowell piece
of seven feet. Practically all rolls are
made in 88-note. The 65-note roll seems
doomed to follow the 58, which is no longer made.

Stop stopping to foot bills

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