

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.

SYNOPSIS On board a transatlantic liner, returning from Europe, a mysterious stranger falls in love with a woman named Mrs. Talcott. She seems to have a something about her, but she will not tell him anything. He tries to force his help, and spends most of the time on the ship in vain. He is finally rescued by the ship's doctor, who is a member of the same family as the man who has been pursuing him.

sure that the man only awaited his chance, just as he himself had done, as he lay there, a victim of the same fate. It was to be a struggle of wits, as well as of muscles. Under his pillow which the burglar had not had time to explore lay a revolver. If the man knew of its presence, his first move would be to secure it. This would again give him control of a very delicate situation. Determined to remove him from this dangerous proximity, Rutherford leaped forward, his hand reaching for the floor. Again he was warned by the ease with which the man abandoned himself to his rough handling. Pulling him away from the bed and into the middle of the room, Craig stood holding him, with arms pinioned to his side, in a bear-like embrace.

clusion of your present business matters, and every desire to serve you. "Very sincerely yours, Helderman." "Mr. Helderman again! She sat and stared at the communication as if in a trance. True, he had promised himself another interview, but since then they had been fairly persuaded that he was trying to trick them. Besides, her father was sure that he had entered their house surreptitiously, in her absence. If that were true, why this sudden bold move in his own quarters? More important still, should she see him? Her first impulse was to telephone, not her father, but Craig—because he knew more of the circumstances, she told herself. Her pride held her back. He had accused her of fibbing, the night before, and she must wait for him to apologize! So she held a short conversation with her father, and he saw no objection to her interview, on the contrary, pointed out that it might be very advantageous to her. It was not every day that industrial bankers concerned themselves with the personal concerns of possible clients.

At the door, New York, Mrs. Talcott forces her way into Craig's cabin and asks him to drive her home. As they exit, she sees Craig's attempt to declare his love. But Mrs. Talcott's voice is heard, and she is forced to retreat. Craig then finds that he has been made a fool of the evening. In his pocket, he finds the blue buckle and the string of diamonds. Ruffians break in, and Craig saves the day. He turns the burglar to the secret service agents. They tell him that Helderman has been home every night for the last two weeks. Craig goes himself to investigate and through Helderman's house he sees that gentleman parading up and down, Craig catches the burglar's eye, and the burglar, who is absolutely under his control. They talk about the burglar's incident.

Realizing that his antagonist was playing with him, allowing him to use up all his energy, Rutherford gathered himself together for a mighty effort. The push-button on the opposite side of the room was prominent. He must reach it. If he had to drag his inert weight all the way across with him. He turned in that direction.

Whether the man suspected his intention he decided that the time was now ripe for an effort in his own behalf. Rutherford could not guess. He only knew of the swift chance of attitude, as a grip like the snapping shut of a steel spring closed down upon his arm. He held his breath, he had never felt it but once. He had never in all his experience in the world of sport met such another. In his amazement he uttered a single word: "Helderman!"

THE GRIP IN THE DARK Rutherford found the taxi still waiting in front of the house, and departed there. In his high degree to his club and to dinner. After that function, partaken of in austere silence, he allowed three of the fellows, one being Monty, to inveigle him into a game of bridge. He and Monty were triumphant by some small margin. He departed for home with a rising barometer. A few minutes' vigorous exercise of the same sort that he had given his unwelcome visitors, a few minutes' rest, and he was ready to retire, and he turned in to begin a sound and refreshing sleep unbroken by any of the mental perplexities of the day. His conscience, at any rate, was proved to be muddled, even though his brain had been muddled.

That second of surprise with its accompanying relaxation was his undoing. The man who had slipped between him and the burglar, like a sick kitten became a thing of iron and steel. He seized Rutherford by the adept clasp of the trained wrestler. The two would have been pretty evenly matched, but for the fact that Craig had made him a surprise, and also was not as much as his antagonist. Despite these handicaps, however, he met the onslaught with a skill and wariness which soon showed the assailant he had no mean antagonist.

He said this in a tone void of offense, but his eyes spoke volumes of his admiration, as they swept over the handsome creature before him. Miss Ballantyne, always a connoisseur of color effects and harmonies, had never appeared to better advantage. Her dress, her hair, her jewelry, material, was of an indescribable array of blue-white pearl. It was just scanty enough to give an air of old-fashioned quaintness to her appearance. Her young shoulders, her neck, her face, her bodice, the upper edge of which was outlined by a dully-lustrous trimming. The buckles on her slippers were of the same dull pearl. The colorful jewels of the girl herself contrasted with the severely colorless costume. Around her shoulders was loosely thrown a pale blue scarf, its folds secured by a blue buckle.

How long he slept he did not know—nor why it was that he awoke with an uneasy start. He had heard nothing, at least he was sleeping peacefully, but now he lay motionless, but with every sense alert—his eyes wide open, striving to pierce the darkness. He was sure that something or someone was moving about in his room. The figure was not erect; he would have seen it as a blurred shadow. It was crouching or crawling in the darkness along the floor.

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He realized the truth of his words. It came as a sharp mental shock to her, that all her proofs were now out of her hands, and in the lawyer's possession. Supporting in the event he made them up—what possible chance would she have to recover? As if perceiving his advantage, Helderman proceeded.

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It concerns the relinquishment of the estate to the right party. I knew Geoffrey Ballantyne in life. "You knew my uncle!" "Yes—and I have reason to believe that he regretted the injustice he had done, and wished to make reparation. But he has involved his will in so many curious and intricate provisions that you may be defeated by impostors." "Mr. Helderman, if you know all this, why have you not sought me before?" The girl was looking him frankly in the eye, and speaking with an ingenuousness which forbade concealment.



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 instruments. The editor of the department will gladly answer all questions.

"Dancing Around" occur in some form on all the lists, so they really deserve to be called the best of the "six best sellers."

"Of making phonograph records there is no end." would be a modern paraphrase of the famous quotation from the Book of Ecclesiastes. Month by month the makers of records find fascinating subjects to put on their discs; month after month the owners of machines increase their pleasure by the variety of records they can put on. The companies do not all put out their records at the same time: the Victor records are "released" on the 8th of each month, the Columbia on the 29th, with special releases earlier, and the Edison each week, with no definite dates. The dealers throughout this city receive the new records a few days in advance, play them over and decide how many of each they desire. Sometimes they are outgushed by the public, which demands a record which they thought would not go; and vice versa.

Many music lovers who have been waiting for the great virtuoso of the 'cello to come here will be as pleased as this musician was by the recordings which are announced in the new (April) Columbia list. Puccini's 'Casala' plays on one record the famous 'Largo' of Haendel, and the 'Melody in F' of Rubinstein. On another he has the 'Spanish Dance No. 2' (Tosca), and 'Saint-Saens' 'The Swan.' 'Casala' tone is marvelously true and full, and the records are quite good. Among the other records of opera music put out by the Columbia for the coming month are Mme. de Casneros singing arias from 'Armin' and from 'La Favorita'; Henri Scott's 'Drinking Song' from 'Marta'; and the entire opera of 'Aida' on 31 faces (17 records). From the famous 'Celeste Aida' to the 'O terra aida,' the whole opera is reproduced. It is said that the company intends to produce an opera in this way each month. The Pathé Freres have already done so with many operas from the standard repertoire. On the Edison list (for this week only), there are 'Chin-Chin' from 'L'Opera de Gluck's 'Orfeo et Euridice,' sung by Margaret Keyes (soprano), and on the same record Helen Stanley's singing of Massenet's 'Elegie.'

Edison 'The Rony' and 'A Dream' (cornet solo), 'Cavalieri Rustico,' and 'Intermezzo in E-flat, Chopin, and Spanish Dance No. 2, Sarasate, played by Albert Knilling, violin. 'Chin-Chin' medley and 'Dancing Around' medley. 'A Farewell' and 'Island of Dreams,' sung by Irene Hollander, soprano. Humoresque, Dvorak, and Melody in F, Rubinstein, played by Isidore Moskowitz, violin.

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Advertisement for 'Burn Cummings' coal, featuring prices and contact information for the company.

Advertisement for 'Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter' highlighting its automatic features and accuracy.

Large advertisement for 'Real Action Pictures of the Great War' featuring a dramatic illustration of a soldier on a train and promotional text for the Forrest Theatre.

TELEPHONE R-EMEO WINDS UP AT MAGISTRATE'S TRIBUNAL Alleged Scion of du Pont's Held on Complaint of Woman's Husband. George W. du Pont, of 1532 Page street, Du Pont of Wilmington, will be given a hearing next Monday on the accusation of Mrs. Harry B. Williams, of 4th Street, that he threatened to injure her. The relationship which she claims with the well-known powder manufacturer and society man is denied by Mrs. Williams, who is charged by Mrs. Williams with calling her daughter, Margaret, continually and annoying her with his attentions. At a preliminary hearing held yesterday before Magistrate Scott, du Pont admitted that he had often called Mrs. Williams. He said he was deeply in love with her. He also admitted that he had followed her to Atlantic City. The man said he was born in Finland, that his father was Count Ramon du Pont, a noted French officer and legislator. He said he worked as private secretary for Alfred I. du Pont when he first reached this country. He said he has lately been selling 'Bible' day books for a Bible house.

Advertisement for 'CALIFORNIA Expositions' with contact information for O. M. Davis, G. A. Chicago & North Western Ry.