THE SOLITARY HOUSE

(Copyright, 1918, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. (Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.) THIS STARTS THE STORY

Keith Norton, tramp, makes him nelf at home in the Solitary House. Searching the house for somebody who choked him while he slept he finds a case of jewels and hides them. Next day he finds unconscious in the woods a girl attacked by some mysterious creature and tells the doctor who attends her that she is his sis-She has lost her memory, but she knows intuitively that he is not her brother. Immediately after he has confessed to her, he receives a visit from a man named Wentworth who offers him a thousand dollars to assist him in his plans, which he assumes Norton knows all about. Wentworth is the name of the man whose name and station Norton is usurping. Norton takes the girl to the village and finds lodgings for her. On his return he finds the house or cupied by a man drinking himself to death with whisky and a woman striving to keep the stuff from him. hears his name called in the woods, meets there the man, Went worth, and is attacked by a hairy

creature who binds him with rope AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The Grave

HE WONDERED vaguely if those other disappearances of which people told had happened like this, and be felt the cords cutting like thin fire into his wrists and ankles as he lay waitto tell him was purposed and inevitable and not likely to be long delayed.

A thought came to him of Fisme wait ing in the village where he had left her, waiting for his return who would never come again. He found himself wondering what she would think. Would she preserve heretrust in him, or would doubts and suspicions grow in her mind till she came to believe that he had deher? Would she ever learn the truth? He thought not; he had an idea that whatever was going to be done would be well hidden Even as he lay helpless in his bonds

he writhed to think how easily he had been duped, how childlishly he had walked into the trap laid for him. It had been easy enough to learn his name apparently Keith had been taken for his surname, not for his first name - and the mere whispering it through the trees in the dark had been enough to lure him to the spot where his unknown and hideons enemy lurked in hiding-waiting, literally, to fall upon him unawares. come as simply and easily as to the nursery rhyme of "Dilly, dilly, duck, come and be killed." Why had no sushis nerves be so easily played on? Why had he yielded so foolishly to a babyish awe and sense of wonder that

Madly, furiously, wildly, he writhed the tightly drawn cords that held him so securely. But his efforts were use less, and as he struggled there came to his ears a faint new sound as not afraid now; it was as ears a faint. a horrid and disgusting laughter.

nothing, for it shone upon him from fear life? behind, but he understood that his capbehind, but he understood that his capter was watching him, gloating over his helplessness, and it seemed to him a fearful thing that he had to lie there in that firight beam of light while his enemy remained hidden in the gloom. He could offer no resistance.

He felt the hairy hands that had been grouped his body and by them articulate and grunting mumble like no human language Keith knew, but that ground. He could offer no resistance.

"What do you mean?" The new could be no properties.

some time he could not identify. His captor was certainly working hard, and was digging, digging very hard and fast very heavy and labored. in the soft mold near by. He asked this time and place was a grave.

body from his head to his feet. For he was afraid, desperately afraid.

with a sensuous and shrinking fear such as a little child may know in presence of vague but awful terrors. He tried to beat this terror down

and he listened again. There was no

doubt now, it was the sound of digging that he heard, and he called out sharply "You . . you there." No answer came, nor was there any

pause in the digging that went on very vigorously and quickly. He lay and listened and from behind him the ray of light still shone upon him and picked him out so that he made the center of a brilliant patch of light in the midst of that dark wood, and yet could see nothing himself save shadows around and the stars shining dimly overhead. At last the sound of the digging

ceased, and be supposed that the work was complete. His thoughts were be ginning to wander a little, and he felt somewhat dazed, and still the thought worried him whether the other people who were said to have vanished in this wood had been through the same experience and died in the same way. If so, he thought, he was sorry for them

There was a faint click and the light in which he lay vanished suddenly, so that again all was very dark. He be came aware of a slow shuffling sound as though some one or something that did not walk with ease was coming He heard a scream, very loud and terrible and shrill, and he did not now who had uttered that dreadful cry till he felt an enormous hand, realsive and hairy, press hard upon his

That was me, screaming like a rirl." he thought. oughtn't to be a coward.'

The enormous hand that had pressed his mouth was withdrawn and be to grope and feel about him as he and when it touched his throat

A Mystery Story By E. R. PUNSHON

earth pressing him on each side, bound as he was hand and foot by tight-drawn cords, he wrenched himself by an effort almost superhuman into a sitting position, and tore afresh at the bonds by with which he was fastened and that his fall and the rough handling he had received while being dragged over the ground had a little loosened.

farther, so mightily did he struggle, friend, Gladys Farnum, who was leavand with one great and final effort he tore free one bruised and bleeding hand. He got it out and opened it



There was no answer, but a beam of light shone upon him suddenly

terness of death was over indeed, but grave here dug for him. babyish awe and sense of wonder that once more to feel him up and down, a low bestial chuckling on the firm once more to feel him up and down, a low bestial chuckling on the firm only him as a butcher before ground above, and the first spadeful of only his one wild impulse to flee.

Made for local transfer of the space of nothing save only his one wild impulse to flee.

At first he was pursued, he thought.

new sound that though from the very awfulness of his was like nothing he had ever heard be position he derived a certain courage. fore, but that he knew somehow was As it is said that those sick to death

from an electric torch or from a dark ness—and who can be so foolish as to lantern of which the slide had been fear nothingness?—or else the begin-drawn back suddenly. It showed him ning of a new life; and why should one helpless a light flashed for an instant horror of the wood.

He felt the bairy hands that had been You've finished it?"

presently it dawned on Keith that he heard only a low, grunting breathing, late and grunted response conveyed an with a load of stuff. As he came along himself curiously what reason his captor could be digging at such an hour in
such a place? Why or what? * * But only for a moment, for first he was cry, and in recoiling quickly, as from
But only for a moment, for first he was cry, and in recoiling quickly, as from But only for a moment, for first he was cry, and in recoiling quickly, as from the rig, falling a distance of about fifand the answer came into his mind very twisted round as though it were neces- horror too great for him, caught his suddenly that what was being dug at sary that he should lie in one special foot in the spreading roots of the oak

position, and then he received a violent and stumbled and fell. He had still been struggling, more quietly but very strenuously, to free himself from his bonds that all his efliming from his bonds forts seemed only to draw tighter, but enough to bruise and shake him badly, stimulus to Keith to urge him to fresh now he ceased all at once and lay still. And above still shone the faint stars and yet more tremendous effort. and he felt a cold swent come upon his half hidden by drifting clouds and all Narrowly confined though he lay be-

IM THIRSTY I WANT

know no fear, so he, knowing that the the great oak. Apparently he was come from which he had escaped was always Who are you?" he said, loudly and end was certain, found all his earlier back to see if the task he had dele- greatest in the wood, beneath the trees.

as an electric torch was switched on

and darkness around.

"Who are you?" he said again.

There was still no answer, but heard fresh sounds, sounds, sounds, sounds, sounds, sounds, sounds, sounds, sounds that for the sounds is a sound of the resistance. Who it was that comer asked, his voice high and unterested to the committence of the new when he was explaining to them how heard fresh sounds, sounds that for least; he was aware only of a dark and you are, aren't you? * * do you harrow the road was in certain parts.

To some distance. What do you mean? The new tee on ways and bridges the other day. Want to do it?"

"Guess we'll give him an oil bath, when he was explaining to them how when he was explaining to them how harrow the road was in certain parts."

The one was till no answer, but he committed to the committence of the sounds and the committence of the sounds. The committence of the sounds are helding and the sounds are helding and the sounds are helding and the sounds. The committence of the sounds are helding and the sounds are helding and the sounds are helding and the sounds. The committence of the sounds are helding and the sounds ar crouching form indistinctly visible in mean he's alive in there?"

with a load of stuff. As he came along When he had been pulled along like victim still lived, though thrust into

around was the smell of damp, freshly tween the narrow walls of fresh dug

THE BEREAVED

I shall watch the boys march. I shall cheer as they pass Though my heart o'er the ocean lies buried; For the lines closely knit in parade will, alas!

I shall cheer as they pass both the quick and the wraith And to both thus some comfort be giving-For the spirits of those who have died for the faith Will be marching along with the living.

GRIF ALEXANDER

They stretched, gave way a little North Station to give a send-off to their



it lingered there, pressing softly and dug earth that pressed him closely and of it and ran, ran wildly, blindly, almost lovingly as though yearning in narrowly on every side. madly, drunk with terror and exhauscome and be killed." Why had no suspicion occurred to him? Why had be life. To Keith it seemed that the bit and sentient he had been thrust into the clonk of protection, on and on without pause or stay, on through bush and unthe hand withdrew again, and began. And even as he understood he heard dergrowth, by stream and tree, heed

he lay, and some of the mold was damp for he heard sounds behind. But they

gated to his instrument was over yet. A little farther he ran, and then in abruptly.

There was no answer, but a beam of lit seemed to him certain that death light shone upon him suddenly, either must either be an entry into nothing.

There was no answer, but a beam of lit seemed to him certain that death must either be an entry into nothing. The control of the co

Both Good Givers

"One day," said Representative Dutton, of Bingham, Me., to the committhe heavy darkness of the night; he It seemed that this time the inarticu- was an old fellow driving into market turned to give piggy a first aid—in oil. of Caratunk plantation-"one day there teen feet.

"It scratched the horse up considergreat mixup. 4

"The old fellow stood ruefully gazing at the wreck after he had extricated himself from the mess.

"Being in a hurry, as most of those chaps are, and anxious to be on his way, the automobilist said: 'I'm in a hurry, and while I'd like to wait, I so if you'll tell me how much you want me to give you, I'll pay and, be on my way.'
"The old fellow looked at him about

a minute, and then he exclaimed: 'How much had you ought to give me? Mister, if you'll just tell me how'n hell I'm Gladys, too humiliated to stand her a going to get that hose back in the ground, fied in tears to the garden, road I'll give you \$5!" "-Lewiston

DAILY NOVELETTE-PIGGY'S FIRST AID By BERTHA RICE

"BE SURE to write." "Good-by, old hayseed, good-

The above farewells were chorused simultaneously from three "hello" girls who were grouped on the platform at ing for a fortnight's vacation on a Maine farm.

"Good-by; get your choes, ready," she called from the car window as the forthwith she dispatched a courier to

amusedly the bet made with her friends. Upon learning that the friends whom she was to visit had a son living at home. the girls had prophesied that Gladys locked 'em up." he reported.

Whan ! 'A cymbal had sailed through would fall in love and "take to the simple life.

life for me in little old Boston, said which Cinderella read aloud: Gladys.

Upon which the bet had been taken. Bid me to your ball and you can have them all. Your loving friend, Red A five-pound box of chocolates from Beard. the three girls against a supper at some

popular cafe from Gladys.

The train arrived on time. As Miss Farnum alighted she almost ran into a stalwart young man who was standing close to the car steps. Holding out his can go on with our dance," yawned Standard While her princely close to the car steps. Holding out his can go on with our dance," yawned hand, he smiling said, "Guess you're Sleeping Beauty, while her princely the girl mother sent me to meet "I guess you're Ben." said Gladys

"Right-o. How much baggage have

"Only a suitense "

"We can take that in the car. Wait an orchestra." second and I'll fetch it around," As they turned into the driveway, they squeaked and wheezed and shrilled Gladys exclaimed, "Oh, what a dear so discordantly that Cinderella clapped mmensely.

A warm welcome greeted Gladys from Mr. and Mrs. Brewster.

"Supper is waiting. Come right in now and set up. Gracious, Henry, isn't Gladys the born image of her mother?" said Mrs. Brewster to her husband. 'Cept she ain't quite as good looksaid Uncle Henry, with a huge "Time she gets a cont o' tan

on her face she'll be all right." At an early hour-for Gladys-Mrs. THE PROBLEM OF THE OUTSIDE said, a bit flustered, "I hope they don't gave me one of her wonderful grins-Brewster conducted her niece to her room, which had home-braided rugs on the floor, a star patchwork quilt on the bed, and dormer windows. Gladys

went into raptures. "I'm glad you like the room, dear," and sleep as late as you want." "I'm going to be up at 6 o'clock,"

rashly declared the farmerette. morning.

any skirt. 'Well, you can't wear that rig out-

"But it's to work in. I---" A shadow in the doorway caused both women to turn and meet the twinkling

queried his mother.

What's the matter with Glad's suit, body has within two weeks." mother? It's a dandy."

work outdoors wear uniforms." escaped to the hayfield.

work, fun and a comradeship that in- was always mentioned "among those cluded the family and working force. Of all farm varieties, small animals Well, Doe breezed in a were the most interesting, and, specializing in these, Gladys declared in favor of pigs. One day Mr. Browster is real. That was surely a clever piece creations as we called it, they arrived

favor of pigs. One day Mr. Brewster found one of them developing a rash of business on your part. Mrs. Perwith the three saleswomen.

They all trooped over to form the first sales of and he teasingly told her she had riam is positively quivering with in-

into her lan "What shall we do for him, uncle?"

"In the store room. Take a soft rag are holding an indignation meeting and and give him a light rub." and give him a light rub."

The task was not easy by reason o piggy's strenuous objection, and work cry relieved taut nerves and sore feel-proceeded slowly. When the treatment ings. was finished both physician and patient were sticky subjects and Gladys went to the house to remove the evidences. Changing into a blue linen dress and Changing into a blue linen dress and "There girlie, don't cry. The looking very sweet, she went out on batch of pigs ain't worth a tear." pumpkins and other stuff. It made a went around to the backyard from matum. the view was unobstructed. Standing among the laughing men was

> As she neared the group she inquired, What's the fun?

"What did you put on that pig?" pointing to a very stiff, shiny pig, that looked as though it had just arrived from a taxidermist. "Why, just what you ordered-oil."

Again the men roared. "Oil nothing." grinned Mr. Brewster. You tarred him well with varnish. Another howl from the men and taking refuge under a lilac tree. Dropping on the bench beneath, a hearty He Came Back.

DREAM LAND ADVENTURES -- By Daddy

(Peggy and Billy, invited to Cin-derella's ball, are drawn there by Optimistic Ostrich. They find that the orchestra has been shut up by

THE GLASS SLIPPER

to let Red Beard come to your ball?" drawled Sleeping Beauty, opening wide her drowsy eyes.
"Indeed, I'm not. I'll ask King Cole to lend me his fiddlers three;

promptly answered Cinderella, and

failed in his mission. "King Cole says his fiddlers three have the influenza and Red Beard has

the window and dropped on the floor. "No farmer for mine. The simple To its handle was tied a second note "Fiddlers three are playing for me, Bid me to your ball and you can have

"I'll not invite him. I'm not going

husband drew his glittering sword and looked very fierce. "That's not my idea of a good time,"

replied Cinderella. "Can't some of you sing a melody to which the rest of us can dance? Then we will not need But when the guests tried their voice

if every one had caught a bad cold. "Perhaps I can find an orchestra,"



"CINDERELLA'S BALL"

glass slipper

suggested Peggy, to whom a happy thought had come. She ran window and cried out loudly: birds! My birds! Come, I need you!" Instantly the answer came. From very best efforts. the edge of the forest flocked canaries. warblers, reddy woodpecker and a host

of other; from the fields came meadow larks, pigeons and thrushes; from the robins; from the river rushed blue heron, sand-hill crane, bittern and kingfisher. In a minute she was surrounded by dozens of feathered song-

gy?" they twittered.

"We'll be the orchestra," chorused place!" which seemed to please Ben her hands over her ears. It seems as the birds, and forthwith they began to sing with all their might. "Hurrah for Princess Peggy." cried

Cinderella's princely husband, and all the guests cheered with a will and at once began to dance, but here new trouble arose. While the music was very pretty, every bird was singing no two of the dancers danced to

mixed up.
"Stop!" eried Peggy to the birds.
"You'll have to sing together. I'll beat

time for you. Peggy waved a little stick like a Peggy waved a little stream is he had the leader's baton, and soon she had the birds singing in harmony, and productions singing in harmony, and productions in the stream is a leader to the stream in the stream in the leader in the leader in the leader in the stream is a leader in the leader's leader in the l ing the jolliest imaginable dance music. It was made a bit jazzy by Bittern's deep booming notes, Sand-hill Crane's creaking. Kingfisher's rattly cowbel voice, and Reddy Woodpecker's drum-ming on a hollow log, but Cinderella's guests seemed to like jazz music, and they danced with vim and gest.

"I'll lead the orchestra," volunteers Blue Heron, much to Peggy's relief for her toes were fairly aching to dame. She ran to the Beating time with Peggy's stick, with out loudly: "My his bill, and with his tufted crest, he quickly speeded up the birds to their

Billy came forward to take Peggy for his partner, but suddenly she found herself whisked away from him, and there she was gliding through a fasciorchards flew orioles, bob-o-links and nating waltz in the arms of a handsome prince. It was Cinderella's hus-band. He had chosen her for his partner shead of all the other beautiful heroines.

"You dance like a nymph," whisper-"What do you desire, Princess Peggy?" they twittered.
"Cinderella is giving a Ball and her
musicians are prisoners of Red Beard.
We need an orchestra."

To dance in a a hympa. Walspered the prince. "If I hadn't seen Cinderella first, I might have chosen you.
I wonder if your foot would fit my
glass slipper." From his pocket he
drew a dainty glass slipper, all set with diamonds and other precious gems.

(Tomorrow will be told how Red

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

COMPETITION Jealousy Again Interferes With

whole lot of stuff from me. Of course, lows at the Nypoo Club were nowing I'm worried at having lost so much of their business to Easterly's, but— do you think they will be mad at me for selling those fur-trimmed dresses? I departed, shaking his head, and still have to expect them to—that is the state of the solution of the stuff for solutions. I did it for solutions the state of the solutions of the state of the solutions of the solutions of the state of the solutions. I did it for solutions of the solutions o cause they-er-well, you see what I mean, don't you, Mr. Flint?"

"I see, all right, Mr. Jackson, but "How long you been there, Ben?" I don't think you need worry. They are more likely to feel vexed with East-"Long enough to hear and to see, erly's for offering something that every-

Jackson felt better when old Doc Per-"Oh. Ben, your mother thinks it riam breezed into the store. Doctor Horton House. Messrs. Meyer & riam breezed into the store. Doctor Stout, who were making those exclusive brk outdoors were uniformly proposed to Keith knew the voice for that of the man who had talked with him under the great oak. Apparently he was come back to see if the task he had dele-greatest in the wood, beneath the trees.

Work outdoors wear uniforms."

"Just right, too. Mother isn't used to the new woman yet." laughed Ben, back to see if the task he had dele-greatest in the wood, beneath the trees.

Work outdoors wear uniforms."

"Just right, too. Mother isn't used to the new woman yet." laughed Ben, fashioned doctor does, and charges twenty times as much. However, hay with the had escaped to the havfield. The days that cusued were full of his wife is so well known that her name

Well, Doe breezed in and slapped them. oved it too hard."

"Poor little piggy." she said, taking into her lap. "What shall me foist past season's styles on her. She about five minutes to one. Immediately buying, selling, advertising and employbought some gowns at Easterly's, and afterward Mrs. Jackson came in. She ment. next fall!"

While enjoying her damp siesta she The whole

Ben tightened his clasp as he said. Mr. Brewster, who called, "Come up you. Oh, Gladys, I love you so, won't

"And take care of pigs?" coyly questioned the farmerette.
"Take care of me. I've cared ever

nandcered her lips to other use The next day a post card went Hubvard. It briefly stated: in a piggery." GLAD.

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blame me. You see I had the dresses and then the grin stuck on her face as ffered and—and——" she saw the six tall, graceful and re-"Don't you worry, Jackson, old markably good-looking manikins. Her offered and-and-"

MERRIWEATHER JACKSON was seem to think you deserve credit for positively worried at the success of showing Easterly's up. A mighty clever she gazed first at the girls, then at said Mrs. Brewster. "Now, good-night the popular price sale. He put it this move on your part, I must say, although Jackson (who looked as guilty as if he'd "Of course, we've had a big sale it cost me about three hundred dollars been caught kissing them), and then at and made some money, but-er-I won- so far, and I suppose I'll have to part me der what the Crescent people will say. with a few more dollars now for new Her mouth snapped to an angry line For the land's sake, Gladys, what You see-er-those society people are duds. Still, it's worth it to see the and she said with deadly calm-a calm you got on? Where's your skirt?' said good customers. They - er - buy a excitement it has stirred up. The fel- hard to maintain for her fingers were whole lot of stuff from me. Of course, lows at the Nypoo Club were howling drumming on her arms, "Merry, who

Jackson thrust his hands into his to me, "I thought it would work out like that!" like that!

I felt we had plain sailing ahead of us, but you never know what's going to upset a plan. We had hired the ballroom at the

"Be sure to get good lookers." they were told and they promised us that we would be quite satisfied when we saw

they are manikins, my dear-see."

"We must have them if we are success," I ventured.

"Humph-we never had them before and don't need them now. Merry, it's I o'clock-we'll talk this over while you enjoy your lunch.'

escorted her out of the office.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What are "By-Laws"?

He gave me a despairing look as he

Answer will appear tomorrow. ANSWER TO VESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION A "Bull" is stock exchange slang

a broker or dealer who believes that the value of stocks will rise and speculates for a rise; "goes long"

A NUMBER OF THINGS

oe betide Easterly's when they come ext fall!"

"Oh, dear, me, Doctor!" Jackson the drained marshy land below the sea who machines them to accurate dimenlevel natural gas is plentiful and plants sions, and after hardening they are have been installed to put it to practical use. The installation comprises a into blanking, drawing and forming dies. well, into which water from the soil hot and cold trimmers for forge work; filters, with a gas generator therein, milling cutters, counter sinks, slotting this extracting the gaseous properties saws and bending rolls. a reservoir containing a supply for the house. The gas thus obtained provides St. Petersburg has created a new ocall the wants for cooking, heating and lighting in the house or any other part watchers assemble every day on the of the farm. After the plant is once banks of the Neva and the canals of installed, which can be done at a small the lookout for attempted suicides. expense, the cost is nothing, and the each rescue the "hero" receives \$2.50 quality of the gas is said to be particularly good.

Owing to the acute shortage of tung-"Take care of me. I've cared ever sten for making high-speed steel one of since the first day you came. Wo-won't the developments of the war was the you? Ca-can't you?' stammered Ben.
Gladys turned her face to answer, but alloy for this purpose, which is without speech was defied her, for Ben com-tungsten. This steel, high in chrome manufacture and successful use of an and cobalt, is now being used for fabrication of dies and tools, being offered as a substitute for both carbon "The bet's on me. Taken a life share and tungsten high-speed tool steel. The pig metal brought from England is melt-ed at a Cleveland plant in a crucible The next complete novelette-When and cast in molds in the form desired. The patternmakers make the same al-By Chas. McManus

The appalling number of suicides in

banks of the Neva and the canals on from the prefecture of police. In one week one man made \$7.50 in this way.

It always unmans a woman

A man's hide is too poor for utility when it won't hold an opinion. Most of our troubles arise from trying to uphold the blunders wa make.—New York Globe and Commer-

cial Advertiser.

Mr. Jones rang the bell at the new doctor's house. Usually he went to his old family doctor, but this new man happened to live nearer and it was an urgent call. The doctor's wife auswered the ring. "You wish to see the doctor?" she said. "Couldn't you come tomorrow morning?" "Why?" said Jones, "isn't the doctor in?" "Oh, yes, he's in," said the lady wistfully, "but you're his first patient, and I'd

like you to come as a surprise for him tomorrow. You see, it's his birthday!" Speaking of words, it is related that a Yank overheard an Australian captain call his company "a fine lot of grafters," and later remarked to one of the Australians, "Gee! we fellows wouldn't like to have our captain call us a lot of grafters, but I suppose yours was only kiddin'. Some spicler, anyway!'
"What's that?" bellowed the Australian. "I say he's some spieler," repeated the Yank. Before the angry Australian could pounce upon the Yank, a friend intervened and straightened matters out by explaining that in Antipodean parlance a "grafter" is a worker, a hustler, while a "spieler" is crook, a jailbird.

A safe toy gun for children that has een invented shoots a wire ring



DOROTHY DARNIT-Dogs Are Getting Fussy





-:-,

