THE SECOND BULLET

By ROBERT ORR CHIPPERFIELD

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

A dinner party is being held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Ledyard. It is attended by their daughter, Beatrice; her friend, Bebe Cowles; Cornelius Swarthmore, Wendle Braddock and Mrs. Hartshorne. Mrs. Hartshorne's past history is clothed in mystery. Under the pretense of a severe headache she suddenly leaves after a discussion relating to Zena Prall, the former president of a bank who was sent to prison for conversion of the bank's funds. A few days later following a dance at Mrs. Ledyard she is found dead in her home. Braddock and Swarthmore, who had been in love with her and were rivals, are exonerated by the authorities. Beatrice Ledyard also denies responsibility for the crime, but admits that the woman was murdered in her mother's home and that she had her servants remove the body in the middle of the night to the woman's own house. Swarthmore is arrested by the federal authorities after confessing to having defrauded the government in the matter of war contracts. Paul Harvey, a detective, takes a room at the house of Mrs. McNab. Prall's former housekeeper, in Riverton, the town where Prall wrecked his bank. He becomes suspicious of an Italian lurking near the house, and continues his investigations. Harvey follows Mrs. McNab to a lonely house in the night after rendering unconscious the Italian, who had followed her. There Harvey discovers Prall who, after admitting that it was Mrs. Hartshorne who caused his ruin, but denying responsibility for the murder, dies. Harvey confers with Rose Adare, a social secretary, who has been assisting him in the case.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"SHE told me of her shock when he appeared that night, how frightfully he had changed during his imprisonment and how he convinced here of his innocence in connection with Mrs. Hartshorne's death.

"But she realized that he would be accused and that at any moment we might be on his trail; that was why she dared not risk keeping him in her own house. The poor old creature is heartbroken now, but I think she is a bit relieved, too, that it is all over."

"And we've got to begin once more!" The chief's smile had changed to a frown and he smote the desk before him. "In all the annals of the department there has never been a case to equal this in pure cussedness! Who fired that shot, anyway? It's a cinch that it never came from the ballroom. Mrs. Cowles was eavesdropping in one corner of the conservatory; could some one else, unknown to her, have been hiding in another; or do you suppose she knows herself and is holding out on you?"

Paul shook his head.

"What about the French maid, Matilde?"

"She's out, of course, but I'm having her shadowed day and night and she knows it. If she tries to skip the town I'll have her run in, but she doesn't show any sign of such intention."

"How is she living, and where?"

"She seems to have been a thrifty individual; has a drawing account of over five hundred dollars in one bank and nearly three thousand in the First National. She has gone to board with a seamstress named Ebers, at number eighty-three, Cleveland road, and sticks close to the house." The chief pivoted about in his chair as Paul rose. "Where are you off to now?"

"Home to get some sleep," Paul responded. "I shall start for New York on the noon train tomorrow. Any instructions, sir?"

He added the last slyly and his colleague growled:

"Instructions? Surest thing you know! Bring in the man who killed Mrs. Hartshorne!"

Bright and early the next morning, when Rose Adare was preparing to start upon her daily round of calls, the door bell rang and opening it herself she beheld Paul Harvey standing upon the threshold.

"Oh, it's you!" Her salutation was brief, but had it not been dark in the passageway the sudden deep flush which mantled her cheeks would have been plainly visible. "You're back, Mr. Harvey! What luck?"

"The best and the worst," he said lightly as he held out his hand. "You were awfully good to adopt my suggestion about the little Mullen girl. How is she getting along?"

"That's the funny part of it; she's doing splendidly!" Rose led him into the little front parlor. "Of course, she's full of gratitude to me now, because she thinks I saved her from jail, but she's really taking an interest. I'm having her taught manicuring and facial massage. The creams and pastes and tonics are a lot more fun than dirty dishes. You can't blame Sadie for not liking that sort of work. She's getting over her screen-struck notions, and I'll make a beauty expert of her yet! She's in the kitchen now, putting up lip salve in jars. Do you want to see her? After all, it was you who saved her from paying for that one mistake and I—I think it was fine of you!"

It was Paul's turn to flush; but he turned her praise aside with a laugh.

"You are the one who is paying for it! I won't interrupt her labors, but I only hope she appreciates all you are doing for her. It seems as if I were continually asking favors of you, Miss Adare, every time we meet. Soon I shall be fairly swamped in my indebtedness to you!"

"Does that mean that you've got something more for me?" she cried eagerly. "The case isn't ended, then? You haven't found the murderer?"

Paul shook his head.

"Not yet. I'm afraid the motive lies far back in the past somewhere. We will have to find it before we can lay our hands on the man. I'm telling you this, Miss Adare, because I do want your help once more. I wish you would try very hard to remember if Mrs. Hartshorne ever dropped a hint as to any possible experience she might have had before coming here; anything which might give us a starting point prior to last autumn when she dropped from the clouds, so to speak."

"I've been doing that ever since the murder," Rose declared. "Puzzling my head, I mean, to recall the least thing about her.

"Looking back now I can see how cautious she was; but it struck me then as merely well-bred reticence. I've lain awake nights thinking over every bit of conversation I can remember having with her, and two or three little things have come back to me that you may be able to make something of, but they're awfully vague.

"Do you remember a month or so ago when the papers were full of the spring floods of the rivers in the Middle West? I spoke of it when I was sorting her mail at the time, more to make conversation than anything else, and she nearly had a fit; she said she had had a frightful experience as a child and couldn't think of a flood even now without going into a panic. I cannot recall her exact words, but I understood they had lived on a farm somewhere on the bank of a big river which overflowed and carried everything away. She was swept off downstream for two days clinging to the roof of a chicken house before the wreckage all got stuck in a jam and she was rescued.

"When I became interested and started to ask questions she shut up like a clam, but if you want to find out where she was raised you had better look up the big floods around thirty years ago—"

"Thirty?" Paul interjected. "Mrs. Hartshorne could only have been a baby then, if she existed at all!"

Rose smiled.

"I saw by the papers that even the coroner put her down as being between twenty-five and thirty, but I'd hate to be hanging since she was that age! Mrs. Hartshorne's manicurist told me once that in her line of business she had learned a lot of little infallible signs that give away the years as well as a birth-record could, and I learned from her one way of telling how old a woman is, that you can't go wrong on, and which even the statistic cranks haven't got hold of; that is by the number and depth of the little lines across the finger joints. They are scarcely creased before twenty-five, but after that they seem to add about one a year and cut in deeper all the time; I'm speaking, of course, of the women whose hands aren't strained and drawn with toil. Mrs. Hartshorne was nearer forty than thirty, if you ask me!"

"What else did you recall?" asked Paul, amused by the ingenuity of her reasoning. "That is a point well taken, Miss Adare, and I will look into it."

"Well, maybe this is just foolishness on my part—to attach any importance to it. I mean—but in February a musical comedy that had been running in Chicago for over a year came down here to the New Gaiety. I went the opening night. The next day when I went to attend to some social correspondence for Mrs. Hartshorne, she mentioned a box party the Gaylors had invited her to for that evening to see the show; 'The Maytime Maid,' it was called. I was surprised, because she never went to a theatre or public place like that, but I told her how good it was and how the comedian had kept me in stitches of laughter. She seemed rather quiet and thoughtful, but I didn't think anything about it until I went late that afternoon to Mrs. Gaylor's on a hurry call to send out some invitations for a dinner, and she spoke of having received a last-minute note of regret for that evening's box party from Mrs. Hartshorne, and now it had upset her arrangements. I couldn't help wondering if something I'd said hadn't made Mrs. Hartshorne change her mind about going."

"Do you remember exactly what you did say?" Paul leaned forward.

"I only described the show in a general way and told her some of the novelties in the musical numbers," Rose replied. "I don't think I spoke of any of the people in it except the funny man.

"She listened, but she wasn't particularly interested until I happened to mention his name, and then she seemed to come out of the clouds and asked me quite sharply to repeat it. It was right after that she grew thoughtful and absent minded; I don't think she heard another word I said."

"What was this comedian's name?" Paul's tone had quickened.

"I don't remember." Rose shook her head. "You see, it was fresh in my mind then from reading it in the program the night before, but I forgot it quickly. He played the part of a bush league pitcher masquerading as an English lord, and he had dreadfully funny legs! It seems silly, doesn't it, for me to have fancied his name meant anything to Mrs. Hartshorne?"

"Not 'silly,'" Paul remonstrated. "Remember, I want to know everything, no matter how trivial it seems."

"Well, there is only one thing more," she announced after a pause. "It happened in February, too, about the last of the month. I had just finished Mrs. Hartshorne's letters when Jenny brought a card up to her. It was early dusk, but I could see plainly the look which came over her face. 'There is some mistake, Jenny,' she said. 'I don't know the gentleman.'"

"Jenny went away, but she came back in a minute or two with another card, a business one this time, with some writing scribbled on it. When she read it Mrs. Hartshorne sat as still as if she had been carved out of stone for the longest time, with her face turned away from me, while Jenny waited in the doorway. Finally she said she would be down in a minute, and for Jenny to show the gentleman into the reception room.

"She seemed to forget all about me being there, and I didn't say anything to remind her of my presence after I'd caught a glimpse of her face. She looked pale but mad, too, as though her lighting blood were up, and her eyes just flashed. She tore the card to pieces and flung it on the coals in the grate, twisted her hair up in a knot, slipped on a tea gown and sailed off downstairs. I didn't hear a word of greeting and she shut the reception room door after her.

"I stood where she had left me until I saw on the hearth rug a bit of that torn card she had meant to burn. Without thinking, I stopped and picked it up to put it in the fire, when some words on it caught my eye. Honestly, Mr. Harvey, I hadn't any intention of reading them, they just jumped out at me somehow. It was the lower right-hand corner which had been torn square through the middle, so the top of the piece I held had engraved on it the last part of the man's name 'i-o-h' a-e-l.' At the bottom was 'e-y-e' in small letters, then 'Agency' with a capital, and 'I-n-c.' Between the two lines of engraving four words were scribbled in pencil, two on a line, 'Your interest' and right underneath it 'brier ring'. I remember it distinctly because it struck me as being so queer. Of course, the rest of the message must have made sense, but I couldn't for the life of me guess what a 'brier ring' was. I poked the scrap of paper down in the coals when the reception room door opened and Mrs. Hartshorne's voice, that was usually so quiet, reached clear up to me,—'absolutely uninterested,' she was saying. 'You've brought your wares to the wrong market! Your employers may take what steps they choose, but I shall have no dealings whatever with you.'

"The front door slammed and Mrs. Hartshorne came upstairs. She looked a little surprised when she saw me, and murmured something about being sorry to have kept me waiting, but 'a stupid man had been sent to her on a business matter.' I let it go at that, in my own mind, and thought no more about it until just the other night, when it all came back to me. That 'ive Agency' must have been 'detective agency'; at least, I can't think of anything else it could have stood for."

Paul rose and held out his hand once more.

"Splendid! I told you we would make a real detective of you yet, Miss Adare. I'm off, now; leaving town again for a few days, but I'll look you up as soon as I get back, and I think that this time I will have some news worth hearing.

"Good-by!" There was a note of wistfulness in her tones which was lost upon his preoccupation. "I—I hope you will be successful, Mr. Harvey."

Before he left town Paul rang up his friend, Mr. Glaub.

"Principal comedian with the 'May-time Maid'? Feller with funny legs?" that gentleman repeated. "Sure I know him! He is Fred Sammis—'Frog' Sammis, we used to call him. Did contortion stunts in the Big Time years ago dressed as a frog, but he's made the hit of his life now in this production. * * * Yeh, they're in New York, playing the Hudson Square Theater, and booked for an all-summer run. Say, what are you after Frog for?"

But Paul had hung up the receiver and Mr. Glaub's curiosity remained unsatisfied.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

France Lost Twenty-seven Warships

Paris, Oct. 15.—Twenty-seven war vessels were lost by France during the period of hostilities, it is shown by an order of the day issued by Georges Leygues, the minister of marine. Included in the list are three battleships, the Danton, the Gaulois and the Saffren.

Philadelphian Heads Opticians

Harrisburg, Oct. 15.—The following officers were elected yesterday by the Pennsylvania State Optical Association: President, John H. Flanigan, Philadelphia; secretary, H. H. Reeser, York; treasurer, Leopold Goldstein, Philadelphia.

Dreamland Adventures

BY DADDY

The Great Brown Dragon

(Peggy, Billy, and their schoolmates wander in a jungle after they are turned into monkeys by the power of Rollo's Dream Stick. They help to save Leaping-Light, a girl monkey, from the Great Brown Dragon, but are themselves trapped in a tall tree.)

A Brave Leap

BILLY climbed the highest branch of the tree until it bent double under his weight. He took a careful look around to see if there were a way to escape, but could find none. They could reach other trees by going lower down, but lower down lurked the Great Brown Dragon awaiting for them.

Peggy and Smiling Teacher could

The Great Brown Dragon opened his mouth

scarcely keep their eyes off the huge snake. He certainly was handsome in his rich brown skin, while his beady eyes glittered like jewels.

"He doesn't seem dangerous," said Smiling Teacher.

"You'd better quit looking at him or he will charm you," cried Billy, who had read of serpents doing that very thing. "Climb up here with me."

So Peggy and Smiling Teacher climbed up near him, the branch rocking back and forth with them.

"This would be fun, wouldn't it, if that monster were not waiting down there to grab us," whispered Smiling Teacher, as a puff of wind shook the tree top, and all the children monkeys began to bob up and down on the slender branches to which they were clinging.

Rollo and Leaping Light, the girl monkey, were busily making love when that puff of wind came, but the moment they felt it they looked up in alarm.

"A storm is coming," chattered Rollo. "That will be bad for us."

"Hiss-s-s-s-s!" came the voice of the Great Brown Dragon. "I'm whistling for a breeze. His-s-s-s-s-s-s! Blow wind! Bend down the tree tops! Bring these fat, juicy monkeys within reach of my coils! Hiss-s-s-s-s-s! Blow, wind, blow! Hiss-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!"

"We've got to get out of this before that storm gets here," whispered Billy. "I have a plan that I think will work if every one is brave."

"We will be brave," answered Peggy.

"You girls can't possibly jump to the other trees, but I think Rollo and I can," said Billy. "My scheme is for us to make the leap, and then when the Great Brown Dragon chases us the rest of you can escape."

"No, no! He will get you!" said Smiling Teacher.

"It is better for him to get one of us than to get all when the storm shakes us out of the tree tops," answered Billy. "But I don't think he will catch us. Our only danger is in falling to the earth and getting hurt so that he can seize us before we run away."

The wind was coming in sharper puffs all the while, so Billy and Rollo got ready to leap at once while the others threw twigs and bark at the Dragon so he wouldn't notice what was going on.

"Hiss-s-s-s-s! I don't mind that," said the Dragon as the twigs hit him. "Soon the storm will send you tumbling down and then I will feast, feast, feast!"

"Good-by," whispered Billy. "Good-by," chattered Rollo. And away both leaped with all their might—out, out and down, down.

The bright eyes of the serpent saw them flash into the air, his long neck darted far out. But though he stretched and stretched he couldn't reach Billy and Rollo, and they landed safely in the tree tops below.

"Ho, ho, ho, Great Brown Dragon, we fooled you that time! Come chase us! You can't catch us," taunted Rollo, making faces at the snake.

But the Great Brown Dragon just drew in his long neck and settled back in the crotch of the tree.

"Hiss-s-s-s-s-s! I know I can't catch you, but I can catch these nice, sweet girl monkeys up in the tree. When the wind blows they're sure to fall. This wise old serpent will wait, will wait. Hiss-s-s-s!" The Great Brown Dragon opened his mouth in a bold, evil grin. It seemed as though Billy's plan had failed.

(Tomorrow will be told how Billy fixes up a stinging surprise for the Great Brown Dragon.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

COUNTRY MAGIC

By GERTRUDE CONNELLY

"YOU must take him away from this treacherous climate if you wish him to live."

In the private office of the Silver Stream Mills, Margaret Grant's fingers flew mechanically over the typewriter keys, while through her mind throbbed the doctor's command to her concerning her father.

Suddenly, as though it had some bearing upon the troubled state of her mind, a line in the letter which she was answering caught and held her attention. The letter was to Robert Eagen, owner of the Silver Stream Mills, from his only son:

"The country climate of Aronville is magical," he wrote. "Here the weak become strong, and the strong become veritable Samsons."

It was this last remark that had awakened Margaret's interest, and she read, fascinated.

"I have almost finished my last picture," went on the letter, "and I am looking for a model just now."

Seized with a sudden wild impulse, Margaret scribbled the address of the young artist in her memorandum book, and, crossing the room to the mirror, she regarded her beautiful face very soberly.

Hurriedly finishing her letter, she stepped into the inner room occupied by her employer.

"Well, Margaret, what have you decided to do about your father?" questioned Mr. Eagen, signing letters rapidly.

"I am going to take him to Aronville," she said, slowly. "Your son's letter painted the place in such glowing colors that I thought he might get better there."

John Eagen had never seen his father's secretary, and when Margaret appeared in answer to his advertisement, he was delighted with his model. Day after day, as Margaret sat or stood before John's easel, she planned for her father's future. And the artist, as he painted, felt some of the magic of which he had often spoken creep into his brush; but when he felt it tugging at his heart he knew that it was caused, not by scenery or atmosphere, but by love for this sweet-faced, serious model. And some of this love must have been transmitted to her own heart, for Margaret, when the picture was finished, left father in Aronville and returned to her work without disclosing her identity to John Eagen.

On Margaret's first morning back she sat in nervousness and trepidation, awaiting the arrival of her employer. Sealey, the head bookkeeper, entered the room.

"Beg pardon, Miss Grant," he said, respectfully; "but Mr. Eagen telephoned he would not be down today. He said to tell you that his son had come home and was on his way down here to the office. When he arrives you are to go over the contracts with him."

He went out, closing the door softly behind him, and Margaret tried to still the beating of her heart, and to think coherently. With John Eagen even now on his way to the office there was no escape. She repented having withheld her identity.

In the midst of her reverie the door behind her opened and closed again softly. Her heart beat suffocatingly for a moment, stood still, and then continued its beating in a swift, nervous rush of thumping blood. It seemed to be ages that she stood there with her back to that waiting figure, and just as she resolved to turn and face it all, a familiar voice spoke, filling the room with its cheerfulness and Margaret's heart with courage:

"Well, Margaret, Aronville is a great place, but business is business, I suppose."

When the realization that he already knew her came to Margaret, the sunshine became normal again and a little spirit of mischief, born of her relief, bubbled up within her.

With flushed cheeks and a nervous little smile tugging at her lips she turned toward him and as John Egan caught sight of the downcast eyes he threw back his head and laughed a deep, hearty laugh of pure enjoyment.

"How—how—did you know?" she stammered.

"Why I knew the first day I saw you," he explained in great amusement. "Father wrote that you were coming and suggested hunting you up as a possible model."

Suddenly he became serious. "Father is delighted with my coming back to the mills," he said, "and when he spoke about our going over these contracts I suggested that you and I draw up a new one that has not the power of expiring. It met with his complete approval; does it meet with yours?" As he spoke he drew Margaret tenderly toward him, and with Margaret's consent the work of many days was thus begun.

The next complete novelette—Engine Trouble.

Municipal Appointments Made

Municipal appointments made public today were: Harry Cratin, 1447 North Sixtith street, transitman, surveys, $1000 a year; Bernard A. D'Amour, 4255 Sansom street, chainman, surveys, $600, and Louis Snyder, 701 North Forty-fourth street, chainman, surveys, $600.

SON GETS COMFORT ESTATE

President of Haverford College Is Left $52,000 by Mother's Will

The will of Mrs. Susan Wistar Comfort, probated today, bequeathed an estate of $52,000 to her son, Dr. William Wistar Comfort, president of Haverford College and to three grandchildren.

Mrs. Comfort, whose home was at 5339 Knox street, Germantown, died October 7 in the Germantown Hospital.

The following appraisals of estates were anounced today by the register of wills: Robert W. Ramsden, $54,238.74; Robert Foster, $25,753.13; Harry Seitter, $18,954.09, and Harriet A. Goudie, $17,740.61.

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Glass, 3348 Market
P. A. Deitrich, 60th and Girard Ave.
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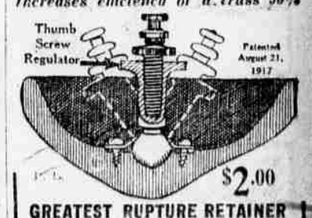

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