THE MYSTERY GIRL

A Fascinating Romanee of Baffling Plot and Throbbing Love Interest By CAROLYN WELLS Copyright, 1989, by J. B. Lippindott Company. Reviolized by Ledger Synctonie.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

John Waring, newly elected to the
presidency of Corinth College, a
venerable New England seat of
learning, is found stabbed to death in
his study. He was about to marry
Emily Bates, a cultured widow. He
had no known enemies, and there
was no way in which a murderer
could have left the locked room. Into
the town has come Anita Austin, an
artist called the "Mystery Girl" by
the natives on account of her reticence. Meeting her at a tea party
Waring had let a cup crash to the
Jopanese butler, is missing. Gordon
Lockwood, Dr. Waring's secretary,
scamined by Detective Morton, comes
ander the sleuth's suspicion. The
doctor's stickpin and a large sum of
moncy have disappeared. Mrs. Peyson, the doctor's housekeeper, and
Helen, her niece, with whom Pinky
Payne, Mrs. Bates' nephew, is smitten, are examined. The will, in
favor of Mrs. Bates' nephew, is smitten, are examined. The will, in
favor of Mrs. Bates, has disappeared
Maurice Trask, a distant relative
whom Waring disliked, is the next
heir. Miss Austin hears about the
murder.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES THIS BEGINS THE STORY

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-I heard him lecture, you know. Tell me—what is the—the news?"
"He's dead." Mrs. Adams spoke bluntly on purpose. She had felt in vague way that this strange person, this Miss Mystery, had more interest in Dr. Waring than she admitted, and the landlady was determined to find the I Tell me-what is the-the news?"

Mystery Girl Is Quizzed

aut, for the girl almost fainted. She was not so much a faint as such desperate effort to regain her poise hat it unnerved her.
"Now, now, Miss Austin, why do
rou take it so hard? He was a stranger
o you, wasn't he?"
"Yes—yes, of course, he was."
"Why are you so disturbed then?"

"He was such a—such a fine an—" the girl's stiffed sobs impeded

Well, somebody killed him." At that Miss Austin seemed turned stone. "Killed him!" she whispered,

accent of terror.
Yes-or else he killed himself-they on't feel sure.' Mrs. Adams, once mbarked on the narrative, told all she new of the circumstances, and in the citing recital almost forgot to watch e effect of the tale on her listener. But this effect was not entirely unoted. At the partly open door, Old alt Adams stood, eavesdropping, but with a kindly, anxious look on his face hat boded no til to any one.

And he noticed that the girl's atten-

on was wandering. She was pitifully hite, her face drawn and scared, and

zed entreaty. Mrs. Adams fairly umped, and alarmed as well as of-ended, she rose and started for the or, only to meet her husband enter-"Go down stairs, Esther," he said, girl's." Old Saltonstall Adams "Esther!" Old Saltonstall Adams

ravely, "I want to speak to Miss Aus-

liss Mystery. Why are you here? Thy are you in Corinth at all?" For a moment the girl seemed about

respond to his kindly, gentle attitude d address. Then, something stayed r, and she let her lovely face harden a stony blankness, as she replied, It is a bit intrusive, but I've no reaon not to tell. I am an art student, and I came here to paint New Engnd winter scenery. "Have you done much?"

"I haven't been here quite a week -and I've been picking out available -and for two days I've had a

"How did you get cold?" The voice as kind, but it had a definite note, if desirous of an accurate answer. Miss Mystery looked at him.
"How does any one get cold?" she
ild, trying to smile; "perhaps sitting a draft—perhaps by means of a rm. It is almost well now."

"Perhaps by walking in the snow ad getting one's feet wet," Mr. Adams iggested, and the girl turned fright-"Don't," she breathed : "Mr. Adams,

Her voice was piteous; her eyes imored him to stop torturing her.
"Why, what's the harm in my sayag that?" he went on, inexorably. You wouldn't go anywhere that you rouldn't want known, would you, Miss

irl recovered herself and said coldly: "Please speak plainly, Mr. Adams.

ave no right to ask you why, but I be ask you if you went over to Dr. Faring's house late in the evening night

refore last?"
"Sunday night, do you mean?"
Miss Mystery controlled her voice, her hands were clenched and her tapped the floor in her stifled ex-Yes, Sunday night."

"No: of course, I did not go over here at night. I was there in the ternoon with Mrs. Bates and Mr.

I know that. And you then met Waring for the first time?" "For the first time." She spoke with

"The first time in your life?"
"The first time in my life." But if
yer a statement carried its own denial
hat one seemed to. The long dark
ashes fell on the white cheeks. The le lips quivered, and if Anita Austin d been uttering deepest perjury she uld have shown no more convincing idence of falsehood.

Yet Old Sait looked at her benevo-She was so young, so small, alone-and so mysterious. "I can't make you out," he shook his

and. "But I'm for you, Miss Austin. hat is," he hedged, "unless I find out mething definite against you. I feel ought to tell you that you've enemies as the girl looked up surprised, e made enemies in this house. mall wonder—the way you've acted! w, why can't you be chummy and

"Yes, yes. I know. I will—Mr. lams—I will try to be more sociable. ow—as to—to Dr. Waring—why did kill himself?"
Old Salt eyed her narrowly. "We back of her dainty gown.
Those fringes! Lockwood gave a groan as a sudden thought came to him. Old Salt eyed her narrowly. "We it know that he did," he began. "But Mrs. Adams told me all the etails"—she suddered—"and if that

room he was in was so securely locked that they had to break in, how could it be the work of—of another?" "Well, Miss Austin, as they found

"Well, Miss Austin, as they found a bad wound in the man's neck, just under his right ear, a wound that produced instant unconsciousness and almost instant death, and as no weapon of any sort could be found in the room, how could it have been suicide?"
"Which would you rather think it?" the strange girl asked, looking gravely at him

at him.
"Well, to me—I'm an old-fashioned chap—suicide always suggests coward-ice, and Doc Waring was no coward,

that I'll swear!"

"No, he was not—"

"How do you know?"

Miss Mystery started at the sudden

"I heard him lecture, you know," she returned; "and, too, I saw him in she returned; "and, too, I saw him in his home—Sunday afternoon—and he seemed a fine man—a fine man."
"Well, Miss Austin," Old Salt rose to go, "I'm free to confess you're a mystery to me. I consider myself a fair judge of men—yes, and of women, but when a slit of a ried libe you men.

but when a slip of a girl like you acts so strange, I can't make it out. Now, I happen to know——." happen to know——"
He paused at the panic-stricken look

on her face, and lamely concluded:
"Never mind—I won't tell." With which cryptic remark he went

away.
"Well, what you been saying to her?" demanded his aggreed spouse,

com says she saw Miss Austin traipsing across the field late Sunday night."

"She didn't! I don't believe a word of it! She's a meddling old maid—a snooping busybody!"

"There, now, you carry on like that because you're afraid we will discover something wrong about Miss Mystery."

"Look here, Esther." Adams spoke sternly; "you remember she's a young girl, without anybody to stand up for her, hereabouts. Now, you know what a bobbery a few word; can kick up. And we don't want that poor child's name touched by a breath of idle gossip that isn't true. I don't believe Liza Bascom saw her out on Sunday night! I don't even believe she thought she don't even believe she thought she

Well, I believe it. Liza Bascom's "She's worse, she's a knave! And she hates Miss Austin, and she'd say anything, true or false, to harm the girl."

"But, Salt, she says she saw Miss Austin, all in her fur coat and cap, going cross lots to the Waring house Sunday evening—late."

"Can she prove it?"
"I don't know about that. But she "How does she know it was Miss Austin? It might have been somebod, who looked like her. "You know those footprints."

"You can't say they're the Jap's

n myself."

rose in his wrath, "you ought to be Staring at one, then at the other, and shamed of yourself to let that girl's ashamed of yourself to let that girl's name get into the Waring matter at all.

Even if she did go out Sunday night. if Miss Austin," he said kindly. "I shake you, I want to help you—but I have ask you to explain yourself a lititle. The people in my house call you colliss Mystery. Why are you here?"

ashamed of yourself to let that girl's name get into the Waring matter at all. Even if she did go out Sunday night. if Miss Bascom did see her, you keep still about it. If that girl's wrong it'll be discovered without our help. If she isn't, we must not be the ones to bring her into notice."

"She couldn't be—be implicated—could she, Salt?"

ould she, Sa't?"
"No!" he thundered. "Esther, you astound me. That Bascom woman has turned your brain. She's a viper, that's what she is!"

He stormed out of the room, and getting into his great coat, tramped down to the village.

A Love Letter

Gordon Lockwood was in his room. This was much to the annoyance of Callie, the impatient chambermaid, who wanted to get her work done.

Lockwood was himself impatient to

get over to the Waring house, for he had much to do with the mass of incoming mail and the necessary interviews with reporters and other callers Yet he tarried, in his pleasant bedroom at Mrs. Adams', his door securely locked, and his own attitude one of

stupefaction. For the hundredth time he reread the rumpled paper that he had taken from he study wastebasket under the very of Detective Morton.

Had that sleuth been a little more worthy of his profession he never would have allowed the barefaced theft. And now that Lockwood had it be scarce knew what to do with it. And truly it was an astonishing mis-

For it read thus:

"My Darling Anita:
"At the first glance of your brown eyes this afternoon love was born in my

He spoke the last two words in a heart. Life is worth living—with you meaning way, and the great dark eyes in the world! And yet—in the world! Then again by a desperate effort the transported herself and said coldly: been started-and completed? Anita Austin received it-and was that there a special meaning in your why she kept to her room for two days? "There is, Miss Austin. Perhaps I vamp? Had she secretly become acquainted with John Waring during her presence in Corinth, and had so charmed him that he wrote to her thus? Or had they known each other before?

What a mystery! There was not the slightest doubt of the writing. Lockwood knew it as well as he knew his own. And on top of all the other scraps in the wastebasket it must have been the last missive the dead man wrote-or, rather,

the last he threw away. This meant he had been writing it on the Sunday evening. Then, Lockwood reasoned, knowing the routine, if he had written another; which he com-pleted and addressed, it would, in natural course, have been put with the letters for the mail, and would have been posted by Ito that next morning.

What an oversight, never to have asked Ito about that matter. It was an inviolable custom for the butler to take all letters laid on a certain small table and put them in the pillar box carly in the morning. Had Ito done this? It must be in-

quired into. But far more absorbing was the actunl letter before him. How could it be possible that John Waring, the dignified scholar, the confirmed bachelor, should have loved this mystery girl? Yet, even as he formulated the question, Gordon Lockwood knew the an-He knew that from his own swer. point of view it would not be impossible or even difficult for any man with two eyes in his head to love that "Chummy? Sociable? With whom?"

"With all the boarders. There's
Jung Lockwood now—and there's he loved her himself. Yes, he had loved I know. I will—Mr. her almost from the moment he first saw her. Certainly from the time he sat behind her at the lecture and

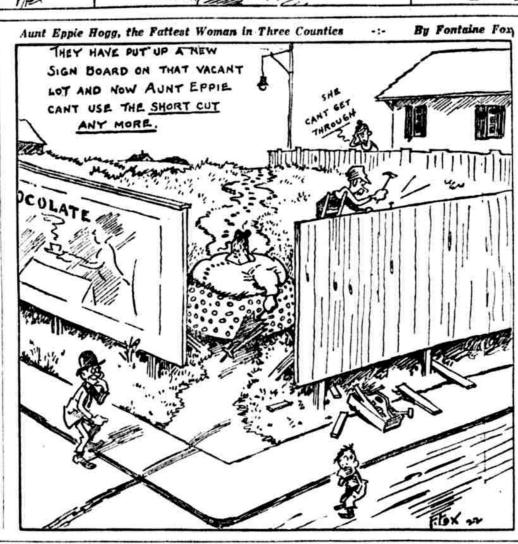
CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS—Bring on the Lions, Let Them Roar THE ONLY TIME YOU'LL WELL WHAT DO YOU IN COLLAR - THE SWAFFEL COLLAR ... HE MEYES NO WYALS EVER HEAR OF HIM IN THE BASY'S GOT ANOTHER ASTICLE ON ME TO DAY- ANDREW GUMP- THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE. THAT'S A LITTLE PREMATURE- HE HAD BETTER WAIT UNTIL NOW 7 AND SEE IF HE'S. THE THINK OF THAT , GUY ? 100% YOR THE PEOPLE-ME MAD ENOUGH I'LL 100% OF NOTHING IS STILL TIMCE AROUND HIS HEAD AND YOU'D HAVE ENOUGH LEFT TO THE IT TO HIS EARS - HE GOES TO WASHINGTON UN HAMPERED AND ALONE - YES, 49918A BIJAR SH AMP BURTACT AND DIVIDE AND STARTS TO BNORE--START A NEWSPAPER PEOPLE'S CHOICE -ANA DIMPON YE DNINTON AND RUN HIM RAGGED ONINTO W. BSVASJEJJITS TI AND WE'LL BE ALONE TOO

By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Sacrifice of "Venus" WE'RE SAFE, MARY-BUT OH, POOR OH LOVE II "VENUS" BACK THERE! WE MUST MY PRINCE · I WILL SING TO TOU - BUT TOU MUST SEAD THOSE OTHER MEN AWAY SO WE WILL BE MY DARLING! NOW REMEMBER, THE BANDIT CHIEF IS HURRY AND SEND HELP TO HER! SO DIPPY OVER ME HE'S AS BLIND AS A BAT. WHEN HE HOLDS MY HAND AND I LET US FLY! MY BROWN EYED HOT CAKE' I'LL SEND THEM FAR BEGIN TO SING TO HIM, YOU TWO RUN! THE CAR IS JUST BELOW THE STREAM AWAY ON A FAKE ALONE ERRAND! YOU CAN MAKE IT. DON'T WORRY ABOUT



The young lady across the way says she understands Henry Ford has assembling plants in many of the larger cities and she thinks it's a very good thing for the employes to get together socially once in a while and perhaps hear a lecture or some good music.





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By Sidney Smith



