THE MYSTERY GIRL

A fascinating Romance of Baffling Plot and Throbbing Love Interest By CAROLYN WELLS Copyright, 1988, by J. B. Lippincott Company Serialized by Ledger Syndicate.

Get Ready for a Hurry-Up Wedding" THE difficulty is to get away unpen. But it must be done. Pack a Il handbag-a very small one. I'll as our way out-and if we can make estaway under the noses of Stone and boy we'll soon be all right. I've where a dear old minister, who known and loved me from boy-

god, will marry us." "Doesn't he know about-about

"My little girl, leave all the details this thing to me. Don't bother your sent trust me—if we can escape."

"When was that?"

"That night at—at the doctor's letures. I sat behind you, I changed as seat to do sa—and I counted the buttons on your dear little gray frock—that was one way I discovered your presence in the study that night." He sooke gravely now. "And there was another way. I heard you talking. Yes. I heafd your blessed voice—remember. I loved you then—and I heard Waring alking to you. I could make out no word—I didn't try—but now I wish I had—for it might help you."

"I wish you had, Gordon," she returned, solemnly, "it would have helped me."

"But you can tell me, dear, tell me ill the conversation. Surely you trust me now."

"Solemnia down." Mrs. Adams announced, as she returned to Trask and they waited.

But when the minutes grew to a quarter of an hour, and then nearly to a half, Mrs. Adams again climbed the stairs to hasten proceedings.

This time she found the room empty.

The absence, too, of brushes and combs, the disappearance of a small suitcase, and the fact that her hat and coat were gone all pointed unmistakably to the assumption that the girl had fled.

"Well!" Mrs. Adams reported, "Well!" Mrs. Adams reported, "She's lit out, bag and baggage." "Gone!" exclaimed Trask in dismay.

Brust you—but—oh, as you say, "Well, she isn't in her room. Her trunk is locked and strapped and her trunk is locked and strapped and her suitcase is missing. Her hat and coat's

"Then you shan't. I've promised you hat, you know. Not until you want to tell me will I ask for a word of it."

"Now, here's another thing." and Anita blushed deeply. "If we go away—ta you say—what about—about agent?"

Lockwood stared at her. "I have goney." he said: "why do you ask fart."

"You did! And took no steps to prevent it! You're a nice detective, you are. Well, if you're so smart, where'd she go?"

"But—but the awful detective people she go?"

she go?" Brave little girl to say that.

me was the same as mine---"The same as mine——"
"The same as yours! How queer!"
"Oh, not a unique instance. Anysty, those bills I am paying off as I
an. I'm not legally responsible for
bem, but I want to clear my dad's
ame, and all that. Now, all that can
still—while I take unto me a wife, and
irringe for her comfort and convenbee. But is there—now remember.

"You'll have to catch him first,"
smiled the detective.
"I'll catch him! I'll set you to do
it. And, looky here, if she's gone off
with that man, you can go ahead and
catch her, catch them both, and then
go ahead and prove her guilty."
"Is she?"
"Is she?"
"Is she?"
"Is she?"
"Is she?"
"Is she?"
"Is wou'd you know?"

most prying—is there any one whose winds on you must ask to marry me?"

"Yo, I'm twenty-one—that's of age whose will tell you. I know her eyebrows!"

"So do I know her eyebrows. But any State."

His eyes clouded a trifle.

"Yes, dear heart," he said very article. Not artificial are they?"

"Then I can't get married, Gordon."

Miss Mystery say down and to be grown article. It is a proprietary article. Not artificial are they?"

"Now, see here, Mr. Stone, I'm in more good mond to be grown."

Miss Mystery sat down and folded her hands in her lap, her whole attiab that of utter despair.

"But, sweetheart," urged Gordon ockwood, "if we clope no one need

wy your real name except the minsaid Miss Mystery. Yes-and I-

"Oh, I can't marry you, anyway. I veins."
an't marry anybody. I can't tell who "Bi
am! Oh, let them take me away, and "Ir t them arrest me and I hope they'll

fold you of is a great and good man, e will advise you——"
Oh, no, I don't want to talk to a sinker!"
"Yes, you do. And his wife is a

ear, good woman. They will take you had been their hearts and home—and then we can all decide what to do. At any see, you must get away from here. Some, now, pack your bag—and would ou mind—Anita—if I ask you not to ake the—the money and the ruby

"But he gave them to me! I tell on, Gordon, John Waring gave me hose of his own free will—"Because of his affection for you?"
"Yes; for no other reason! I will sep the pin, anyway—I will!"
A loud rap was followed by an imidiate opening of the door, and Mrs. dams came into the room. She stared at Lockwood, but made position on his presence there.

case stared at Lockwood, but made position of the comment of his presence there.

"Miss Austin," she began, "I do not like you to stay in my house any sare. I have kept you until now, became my husband was so sorry for you, ad refused to turn you out. Nor am I stain you out, but—I wish you would

Out of the Tempest Came a Beautiful Woman

Jerry was only twenty-four and the recent legatee of a fortune of

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this thing to me. Don't bother your feely head about it. It will be all shift-trust me—if we can escape."

"It it right for me to go? Oughtn't fat yand—what do they call it?—give tay and—what do they call it?—give tay and—what do they call it?—give give loved you, hard! Now, you obey your good you, hard! Now, you obey your good and master, and get ready give lord and master, and get ready give loved it. You'll pardon me, I low, if I remind you that that isn't give full to give loved giv as she would any other personal adorn-

may.

Brave little giri to say that. I laconic response.

"Lockwood!" exclaimed Trask.

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"Wherever he is, he hasn't run off with Anita Austin! If he has—by Jove, I'll break every bone in his body!" "You'll have to catch him first," smiled the detective.
"I'll catch him! I'll set you to do

says man cannot overcome the

great forces of nature and the

wind listeth where it bloweth.

"No, I'm twenty-one—that's of age any State."
"So do I know her eyebrows. But "So do I know her eyebrows. But they don't tell me she's a murderer."
"Do you mind?"
"No, you goosie! But—your mother, aw?"
"Oh—my mother. She doesn't care that I do."
"And your father? Forgive me, but have to ask."
"Darling nose!" put in Fibsy, who was interested in Anita, but not in Trask's deductions.
"Does your knowledge of physiog-

*May a minute—Gordon—to get Trask's deductions.

Trask's deductions.

"Does your knowledge of physiog-nomy tell you that those meeting eyebrows are a sign of a criminal?" asked Stone.

"Wait a minute—Gordon—to get "Nothing of that sort. But they

t a minute—Gordon—to get —must I—must I tell my real are the Truesdell brows."

Stone.

"Nothing of that sort. But they are the Truesdell brows."

"Now, see here, Mr. Stone, I'm in no good mood to be guyed. Those eye-brows are frequently seen in the Trucsdell family. My grandfather's brother married a Truesdell." "Your grandfather's brother married a Truesdell. And your own grandfather

didn't?"
"No: I haven't those brows." "Well, you're not entitled to them, having no Truesdell blood in your

"But that girl has."
"Indeed! Interesting, is it not?"
"Aw, come off that line o' talk, F. said Fibsy, knitting his brows, "You will go with me, anyway, which were not Truesdellian. "I'm which were not Truesdellian. "I'm seein" a chink o' light. The brother seein' a chink o' light. The brother of your grandfather, now, Mr. Trask, we will go, as I planned. The minister to was named—?"

Told you of it a great and commission with the was named—?"

Waring, of course. Henry Waring.

"Waring, of course. Henry Waring.
My grandfather was James Waring."
"And this Henry Waring—he was
the father of Dr. John Waring?"

As Fibsy said this, Stone sat upright, and gazed hard at Trask.
"Yes, John Waring's father was Henry, and my grandfather was Henry's brother James. That's how I'm related. And being the only one, that's why I'm the heir here. But, don't you see. Dr. Waring's mother was a Truesdell-

"And Miss Austin is a relative of hers—a connection of the Truesdell family somehow——" exclaimed the now excited Fibsy, "and she found out about it, and came here and---

"Yes." Trask said, "and tried to get some money from John Waring on the ground of relationship." "What relation could she be?"

"Maybe a niece of Dr. Waring-or a ousin. Maybe the same relation to cousin. Maybe the same relation to Dr. Waring's mother that I am to his father. Then, that would explain his giving her money and the pin—and maybe she burned the will; and then

Stone, who was thinking quickly. "However, if Miss Austin is connected with the Truesdell family it gives us a way to look to learn her history." "Well, learn it," said Trask, abrupty. "I'm not afraid of losing my inheritance, for I'm in the direct Waring line and she can't be."

CONTINUES.



By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Help Wanted Registered U. S. Patent Office I WONT TRY TO MOVE HELL-O-R.R STATION? A TOE 'TIL YOU MAKE Y LISSEN-KIN I BORROW ONE OF THEM TRUCKS SOME ARRANGEMENT DUCHESS SO ITS SAFE ITS AUT Y'USE TO JUGGLE TRUNKS MY FAULT THEY SWITCH ABOUT - SO'S I KIN STYLES ON US UUST MOVE SOMETHIA' WHEN WERE LEARNIN FROM ONE ROOM TO TO USE OUR LAIGS COMING ANOTHER WHEN I WANT TO - HEY ? - I SAY -OLD DEAR Copyright. 1922 by Public Ledger Co.

By FONTAINE FOX THE POWERFUL KATRINKA The Young Lady Across the Way TOTAL THAT FIERCE BULL DOG WAS CHAINED TO HIS HOUSE RIGHT NEAR WHERE THE FOOT- BALL WENT OVER THE FENCE SO THE TEAM The young lady across the way

GOT KATRINKA TO MOVE THE HOUSE AND DOG FAR ENOUGH AWAY SO THE BALL COULD BE RECOVERED. SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG IDLE THOUGHTS OF 72 DIE FELLERS



