



# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### Requested Helps

The silver cleaning method asked for some weeks ago has just been sent in. I am glad not only to publish it, but to recommend it, for it does away with hard rubbing and prolongs the life and use of your silverware.

Cleaning silver: This method removes tarnish and discolorations by immersion. Have an aluminum pan containing boiling water and add to it a generous bit of washing soda. About a tablespoonful to a quart of water. Dip the silver in this oxidizing bath. But better than this is to use a deep granite pan. Put the boiling water and the soda in and then lay in a sheet of aluminum. The water in the pan must cover the silver completely and as you watch you will see the tarnished places brighten until the whole piece is a clear white.

This method is satisfactory on all silver that is not worn through to the plated ware, but it must not be used on silver that is oxidized, for it will remove this as well as spots.

To make colored kalsomine or tinted whitewash, with a glass that can be applied over papered walls: Prepare the whitewash as usual and then heat it until it is just boiling. Add, while it is hot, one tablespoonful of powdered alum, one cup of cooked flour paste and half a pound of glue chips. Stir until the glue is dissolved, then mix indigo or ochre, lamp black or red dry paint powder with water and add to the

whitewash. This will give you blue, buff, grey or reddish tinted wash. Apply this before it is quite cold. It will cling to any surface.

This is not so sanitary as painted walls, but it is much better than soiled wall paper and very useful for many interiors that need to be made clean and light.

If it is applied over paper pull off any that is loose or fasten it securely before putting on the wash, for this is heavy and it will pull it loose.

The recipe for Javelle water is wanted again. It seems to be constantly in demand, and no wonder, for it is the best washing fluid of all: Put one pound of washing soda into four quarts of water, add a tablespoonful of unslaked lime. Boil this in a porcelain kettle until you have but two quarts and a pint left. Let stand in the kettle until the lime has settled, then pour the clear liquid into bottles and throw away the sediment. Cork tightly and use but one cupful to a boiler of clothes.

The Old English glass cement is from a book on collecting and it is transparent and very strong. Put ground isinglass into a small bottle until it is almost full. Pour on alcohol and cork the bottle firmly. Set this in a water bath or over a radiator until the isinglass dissolves, when it is ready for use. It must be warmed each time it is used.

# THE AFTER HOUSE

## A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht

### By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Continued

"The murderer is still on the ship," I protested. "And just now the deck is hardly a place for women. Wait until this afternoon, Miss Lee. By that time I shall have arranged for a guard for you. Although God knows, with every man under suspicion, where we will find any to trust."

"You will arrange a guard?"

"The men have asked me to take charge."

"But—I don't understand. The first mate—"

"—is a prisoner of the crew."

"Will you allow me to leave this room for five minutes?"

"If I may go with you, and if you will come back without protest."

"You are arbitrary," she said resentfully. "I only wish to speak to Mr. Turner."

"Then—if I may wait at the door."

"I shall not go under those conditions."

"Miss Lee," I said desperately, "surely you must realize the state of affairs. We must trust no one—no one. Every shadowy corner, every closed door, may hold death in its most terrible form."

"You are right, of course. Will you wait outside? I can dress and be ready in five minutes."

I went into the main cabin, now bright with the morning sun, which streamed down the forward companionway. The door to Vail's room across was open, and Williams, working in nervous haste, was putting it in order. Walking up and down, his shrewd eyes keenly alert, Charlie Jones was on guard, revolver in hand. He came over to me at once.

"Turner is moving in there," he said, jerking his thumb toward the forward cabin. "What are you going to do—let a drunken sot like that give us orders and bang us with a baying pin when we don't please him?"

"He is the owner. But one thing we can do, Jones. We can keep him from more liquor. Williams?"

He came out more dead than alive.

"Williams," I said sternly, "I give you an hour to get rid of every ounce of liquor on the Ella. Remember, not a bottle is to be saved."

"But Misiah Turner—"

"I'll answer to Mr. Turner. Get it overboard before he gets around."

you look at the bell register for me? What bell is registered?"

"Three."

"Then it was not my sister's bell that rang. It was Mr. Vail's."

"It must be a mistake. Perhaps the wires—"

"Mrs. Turner's room is number one. Please go back and ask her to ring her bell, while I see how it registers."

But I would not leave her there alone. I went with her to her sister's door, and together we returned to the maids' cabin. Mrs. Turner had rung as we requested, and her bell had registered "one."

"He rang for help," she cried, and broke down utterly. She dropped into a chair in the chart room and cried softly, helplessly, while I stood by, unable to think of anything to do or say. I think now that it was the best thing she could have done, though at the time I was alarmed. I ventured, finally, to put my hand on her shoulder.

"Please," I said.

She stopped crying after a time, and I knew the exact instant when she realized my touch. I felt her stiffen; without looking up, she drew away from my hand; and I stepped back, hurt and angry—the hurt for her, the anger that I could not remember that I was her hired servant.

"Mr. Turner is awake, I believe," I said stiffly.

"Very well."

"She turned back into the main cabin; but she paused at the storeroom door. "It is curious that you heard nothing," she said slowly. "You slept with this door open, didn't you?"

"I was locked in."

"She stooped quickly and looked at the lock.

"You broke it open?"

"Yes."

"You are sure it was locked?"

"The bolt is still shot," I showed her.

"Then—where is the key?"

"The key?"

"Certainly. Find the key and you will find the man who locked you in."

"Unless," I reminded her, "it flew out when I broke the lock."

"In that case it will be on the floor."

But an exhaustive search of the cabin floor discovered no key. Jones, seeing us searching, helped, his revolver in one hand and a lighted match in the other, handling both with an aban-

### CHAPTER VI. Prisoners.

My first thought had been for the women, and, unluckily, to save them a shock I had all evidences of the crime cleared away as quickly as possible. Status that might have been of invaluable service in determining the murderer were washed away almost before they were dry. I realized this now, too late. But the ax remained, and I felt that its handle probably contained a record for more skillful eyes than mine to read, prints that under the microscope would reveal the murderer's identity as clearly as a photograph.

I sent for Burns, who reported that he had locked the ax in the captain's cabin. He gave me the key, which I fastened to a string and hung around my neck under my shirt. He also reported that, as I had suggested, the crew had gone two at a time, into the forecastle and had brought up what they needed to stay on deck. The forecastle had been closed and locked in the presence of the crew and the key given to Burns, who fastened it to his watch chain. The two hatchways leading to the hold had been fastened down also, and Olsson, who was ship's carpenter, had nailed them fast.

"The bodies—all ready, Leslie," Burns said, his face working. "What are we going to do with them?"

"We'll have to take them back."

"But we can't do that. It's a two weeks' matter, and in this weather—"

"We will take them back, Burns," I said shortly, and he assented mechanically.

"Aye, aye, sir."

Just how it was to be done was a difficult thing to decide. Miss Lee had not appeared yet, and the three of us, Jones, Burns and I, talked it over. Jones suggested that we put them in one of the lifeboats and nail over it a canvas and tarpaulin cover.

I shuddered, but the idea was a good one, and I asked Burns to go up and get the boat ready.

"We must let the women up this afternoon," I said, "and, if it is possible, try to keep them from learning where the bodies are. We can rope off a part of the deck for them and ask them not to leave it."

Miss Lee came out then and Burns went on deck.

"You must not keep us prisoners any longer, Leslie," she said. "Put a guard over us if you must, but let us up in the air."

"This afternoon, Miss Lee," I said. "This morning you are better below."

She understood me, but she had no conception of the brutality of the crime even then.

"I am not a child. I wish to see them. I shall have to testify."

"You will not see them, Miss Lee."

"Will you take me to Karen's room?"

I could see no reason for objecting; but so thorough was the panic that had infected us all that I would not allow her in until I had preceded her, and had searched in the clothes closet and under the two bunks. Williams had not reached this room yet, and there was a pool of blood on the floor.

She had a great deal of courage. She glanced at the stain, and looked away again quickly.

"I—think I shall not come in. Will



"Look here!" he said hoarsely. "Look at the bell. He must have tried to push the button!"

I stared in. Williams had put the cabin to rights as nearly as he could. The soaked mattress was gone, and a clean linen sheet was spread over the bunk. Poor Vail's clothing, as he had taken it off the night before, hung on a mahogany stand beside the bed, and above, almost concealed by his coat, was the bell. Jones' eyes were fixed on the darkish smear, over and around the bell, on the white paint.

I measured the height of the bell from the bed. It was well above and to one side—a smear rather than a print, too indeterminate to be of any value, sinister, cruel.

"He didn't do that, Charlie," I said. "He couldn't have got up to it after."

"That is the murderer's mark. He leaned there, one hand against the wall, to look down at his work. And, without knowing it, he pressed the button that roused the two women."

He had not heard the story of Henrietta Sloane, and as we waited I told him. Some of the tension was relaxed. He tried, in his argumentative German way, to drag me into a discussion as to the foreordination of a death that resulted from an accidental ringing of a bell. But my ears were alert for the voices near by, and soon Miss Lee opened the door.

Turner was sitting on his bunk. He had made an attempt to shave and had cut his chin severely. He was in a dressing gown and was holding a handkerchief to his face. He peered at me over it with red rimmed eyes.

"This—is this horrible, Leslie," he said. "I can hardly believe it."

"It is true, Mr. Turner."

"Why was I not called at once?" he demanded.

"I notified you. You were—you must have gone to sleep again."

"Where's Williams?" He turned to me.

"I can get him for you."

"Tell him to bring me a highball. My mouth's sticky." He ran his tongue over his dry lips. "And—take a message from me to Richardson."

He stopped, started. Indeed, Miss Lee and I had both started. "To—who's running the boat, anyhow—Singleton?"

"Mr. Singleton is a prisoner in the forward house," I said gravely.

The effect of this was astonishing. He stared at us both, and, finding corroboration in Miss Lee's face, his own took on an instant expression of relief. He dropped to the side of the bed, and his color came slowly back. He even smiled—a crafty grin that was inexpressibly horrible.

"Singleton!" he said. "Why do they—how do they know it was he?"

"He had quarreled with the captain last night, and he was on duty at the time of the—when the thing happened. The man at the wheel claims to have seen him in the chart room just before, and there was other evidence, I believe. The lookout saw him forward, with something, possibly the ax—not decisive, of course, but enough to justify putting him in irons. Somebody did it, and the murderer is on board, Mr. Turner."

His grin had faded, but the crafty look in his pale blue eyes remained.

"Where are they?" he asked in a different tone.

"On deck."

"We can't keep them in this weather."

"We must," I said. "We will have to get to the nearest port as quickly as we can, and surrender ourselves and the bodies. This thing will have to be sifted to the bottom, Mr. Turner."

He fell into a passion at that, insisting that the bodies be buried at once, asserting his ownership of the vessel as his authority, demanding to know what I, a forecastle hand, had to say about it. He ended by demanding Williams.

I opened the door and called to Charlie Jones to send the butler, and stood by, waiting for the fresh explosion that was coming. Williams shakily confessed that there was no whisky on board.

"Where is it?" Turner thundered.

"I ordered it overboard," I said.

"To Be Continued."

Carvers' Tonic Tablets  
For nerves, weakness and nervous prostration, 50 cents at druggists. Adv.

Catholic Women's Age Limits  
St. Louis, Oct. 21.—The age limit for women members of the Western Catholic Union yesterday was lowered to 16 years and raised to 50. The former limits for women were 18 and 45. The purpose of the change was to increase the membership. The Supreme Council of the union was instructed by the annual convention yesterday to take steps for the institution of industrial convicts.

Ex-Convicts Steal Heifer  
Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 21.—Abram and Albert Boots, each with a record of six terms served in the county prison and one in the State penitentiary, are again in jail. They were arrested for stealing a heifer from a field, and were identified as the men who sold it to a farmer.

Blow Fatal After Four Years  
Towanda, Pa., Oct. 21.—Remarking that a sledge hammer blow in the stomach four years ago would yet cause his death, James Heats is dead, near here, just as he predicted. He complained of a burning sensation from the pit of his stomach to the tip of his tongue, and fell dead.

STRAWS CAN'T FIX TERMS  
Court Ousts Councilmen Who Were Elected at Random  
Pottsville, Pa., Oct. 21.—Court yesterday handed down a decree ousting William Baldwin, W. A. Reese and W. A. Helms as Councilmen of the Third ward of St. Clair. Two of them were elected to unexpired terms, and the ballot did not specify what length of term any of them were elected for. The Councilmen tried to remedy the defect afterward by drawing straws to determine which should fill the long-term offices, but Court decided this was illegal.

The case was brought by former Councilman Frank Betz, and has the effect of settling disputes in a number of towns, where the same practice as in St. Clair had been followed.

MAMMOTH GIRL IN WRECK  
Her Weight, 740 Pounds, Breaks a Sturdy Baggage Truck  
Sunbury, Pa., Oct. 21.—Miss Emma Moore, who weighs 749 pounds, broke down a sturdy baggage truck while she was changing cars here, and had to be put aboard her train by seven sturdy trunk handlers.

The young woman, a blonde of 19, was traveling from Williamsport to Altoona. She uses a wicker wheel chair, much too wide to be taken in the regular way, and must ride in the baggage car. When loaded on the truck, it creaked, groaned, then cracked. The heavy armed men then seized her chair, and amid her warnings to be careful, she was safely lifted into her car.

More than 500 persons, who had word of her coming, were at the station.

WATSON TOWN WANTS BRIDGE  
Sunbury, Oct. 21.—Upon petition of practically all of the residents of Watson town, Judge Moser, in the Northern District court here, yesterday issued a mandamus upon the County Commissioners directing them to join with the Commissioners of Union county in the erection of a bridge across the Susquehanna between that place and Allenwood. The commissioners assert such a structure will cost \$130,000.

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### THE NICKNAMES OF STATES

Three Commonwealths Have Only Original Names and Twenty-two Have Indian Names

Do you know where you live? That's right. Well, do you know where your friends live? That's all right, too, but it is a safe bet that you can't answer "yes" to both those questions if someone should start to dropping the names in the geography, and "switch in" a few nicknames of States.

For instance would you own up to being a resident of "The Gopher State?" Not unless you knew where it was—certainly not.

Three States, however, have been neglected by the nicknamers and no humorous appellation has been added to Washington, Wyoming and Arizona. These Commonwealths, with their newly-acquired honors of statehood stand out distinctly from their sister States in not having been nicknamed by the ribald jester, so as to come into national prominence.

Here are a few of the names borne by other States in order that you may see if you can designate them:

"The El Dorado of the North;"

"The Bear State;"

"The Blue Hen State;"

"The Gem of the Mountains;"

"The Red Mud State."

Better get the New Modern English Illustrated Dictionary and read the rest of the list which Dr. Harry Thurston Peck has prepared. One coupon and a small expense bonus gets it from the Star-Independent.

This Dictionary is brought up to the present date in accordance with the best authorities from the greatest universities.

### FRIEND'S BLOOD FUTILE

Transfusion Fails to Save Life of Wounded Man

Kane, Pa., Oct. 21.—Blood transfusion failed to save the life of Fred McDowell, cashier of the First National Bank at Youngville, who was accidentally shot by J. Frank Oberth while they were out hunting. A transfusion operation was performed, and Henry Hokanson, a lifelong friend of McDowell, donor of the blood, withstood the operation so well that he was able to leave the hospital four hours after the operation.

Following the operation McDowell showed signs of improvement, quickly regaining consciousness; but late yesterday afternoon complications developed, and his death soon followed.

Oberth, who did the accidental shooting, is heartbroken, and is under the care of a physician.

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500 Elegantly Furnished Rooms

European Plan

Rooms, without bath... \$1.50 up

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Hot and cold running water in all rooms

WALTON HOTEL CO.

Louis Lukes, President-Manager.

### FOR STOLEN CANTALOUPE

Fifteen Cents Comes to Merchant From a Convert in Ten Years

Columbia, Pa., Oct. 21.—The revival in progress in this borough resulted in restitution of the value of a cantaloupe stolen 10 years ago. B. F. Reilly, a merchant, received a letter yesterday morning, in which was 15 cents. The writer said:

"When a boy, 10 years ago, I stole a cantaloupe from in front of your store, worth 10 cents, and as I am now trying to lead a Christian life I must make restitution, and enclosed is 15 cents, the price of the cantaloupe with interest to date." The letter was unsigned.

### BUSINESS COLLEGE

H.B.G. BUSINESS COLLEGE

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Day and Night Sessions

Positions for All Graduates

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SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

15 S. Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa.

### Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.

Trains leave Harrisburg: 5:03, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5:02, 7:50, 11:53 a. m., 2:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 4:48 a. m., 2:18, 5:27, 8:20, 9:40 p. m.

For Elizabethtown, at 5:03, 7:50, 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 5:40, 8:32, 6:30 p. m. Daily. All other trains daily except Sundays.

H. A. RIDDLE, G. F. A. Supt.

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