

WASHINGTON

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The Capitol Building; Corcoran Art Gallery; Library of Congress; and New National Museum will be open to public on this date.

SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES

Harrisburg, 1:05 A. M.	Mount Wolf, 1:42 A. M.
New Cumberland, 1:14 A. M.	Bohlersville, 1:48 A. M.
Goldboro, 1:29 A. M.	York, 8:00 A. M.
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THE AFTER HOUSE

A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Continued

"That is no... sleeping."
"I do not believe you."
"I am sorry," I said shortly. "As a matter of fact, Burns has that."

By the look of triumph in her eyes I knew I had told her what she wanted to know. She went below soon after, and I warned Burns that he would probably be approached in the same way.

"Not that I am afraid," I added. "But—keep the little Sloane woman at a distance. She's quite capable of mesmerizing you with her eyes and robbing you with her hands at the same time."
The murders had been committed on the early morning of Wednesday, the 12th. It was on the following Tuesday that Mrs. Sloane and I had our little conversation on deck.

It was on Friday that the incident happened that completed the demoralization of the crew.
The cook, taking down the dinner on Friday evening, reported Mr. Turner up and about and partly dressed. The heat was frightful. All day we had had a following breeze, and it had been necessary to lengthen the towing rope, dropping the jolly boat well behind us. The men, saying little or nothing, dozed under their canvas; the helmsman dozed at the wheel. Under our feet the boards sent up shimmering heat waves, and the brasses were too hot to touch.

At 4 o'clock Elsa Lee came on deck and spoke to me for the first time in several days. She started when she saw me, and no wonder. In the frenzied caution of the day after the crimes I had hung every razor overboard, and the result was as villainous a set of men as I have ever seen.

"Have you been ill again?" she asked.

I put my hand to my chin. "Not ill," I said; "merely unshaven."

"But you are pale, and your eyes are sunk in your head."

"We are very short handed and—no one has slept much."

"The cabin is unbearable," she said.

"We are willing to take the risk of opening the after-companion door."

But I could not allow this, and I tried to explain my reasons. The crew were quarreled there for one; for the other, whether they were willing to take the risk or not, I would not open it without placing a guard there, and we had no one to spare for the duty. I suggested that they use the part of the deck reserved for them, where it was fairly cool under the awning, and after a dispute below they agreed to this. Turner, very weak, came up the few steps slowly, but refused my proffered help. A little later he called me from the rail and offered me a cigar. The change in him was startling.

We took advantage of their being on deck to open the windows and air the after house. But all were securely locked and barred before they went below again. It was the first time they had all been on deck together since the night of the 11th. It was a different crowd of people that sat there, looking over the rail and speaking in monosyllables—no bride, no glasses clinking with ice, no elaborate toilets and carefully dressed hair, no flash of jewels, no light laughter following one of poor Vail's sallies.

At 10 o'clock they went below, but not until I had quietly located every member of the crew. I had the watch from 8 to 12 that night, and at half after 10 Mrs. Johns came on deck again. She did not speak to me, but dropped into a steamer chair and yawned, stretching out her arms. By the light of the companion lantern I saw that she had put on one of the loose negligees she affected for undress, and her arms were bare except for a fall of lace.

At eight bells (midnight) Burns took my place. Charlie Jones was at the wheel and McNamara in the crow's nest. Mrs. Johns was dozing in her chair. The yacht was making perhaps four knots, and far behind the small white light of the jolly boat showed where she rode.

I slept heavily, and at eight bells I rolled off my blanket and prepared to relieve Burns. I was stiff, weary, unrefreshed. The air was very still, and we were hardly moving. I took a pail of water that stood near the rail and, leaning far out, poured it over my head and shoulders. As I turned, dripping Jones, relieved of the wheel, touched me on the arm.

"Go back to sleep, boy," he said kindly. "We need you, and we're going to need you more when we get ashore. You've been talkin' in your sleep till you plumb scared me."

But I was wide awake by that time, and he had had as little sleep as I had. I refused, and we went forward together. Jones got coffee, which stood all night on the galley stove.

It was still dark. The dawn, even in the less than four weeks we had been out, came perceptibly later. At the port forward corner of the after house Jones, stumbled over something and gave a sharp exclamation. The next moment he was on his knees, lighting a match.

Burns lay there on his face, unconscious and bleeding profusely from a cut on the back of his head, but not dead.

My first thought was of the after house. Jones, who had been fond of Burns, was working over him, muttering to himself. I felt his heart, which was beating slowly, but regularly, and, convinced that he was not dying, ran down into the after house. The cabin was empty. Evidently the guard around the pearl handled revolver had been given up on the false promise of

peace. All the lights were going. However, and the heat was suffocating.

I ran to Miss Lee's door and tried it. It was locked, but almost instantly she spoke from inside:

"What is it?"

"Nothing much. Can you come out?"

She came a moment later, and I asked her to call into each cabin to see if every one was safe. The result was reassuring. No one had been disturbed, and I was put to it to account to Miss Lee for my anxiety without telling her what had happened. I made some sort of excuse, which I have forgotten, except that she evidently did not believe it.

We carried the injured man aft, and with such implements as I had I cleaned and dressed the wound. It needed sewing, and it seemed best to do it before he regained consciousness. Jones and Adams went below to the forecastle, and brought up my amputating set, which contained, besides its knives, some curved needles and surgical silk, still in good condition.

I opened the case, and before the knives—the long surgeon's knives which were in use before the scalpel superseded them—they fell back, muttering and amazed.

I did not know that Elsa Lee also was watching until, having requested Jones, who had been a sailmaker, to thread the needles, his trembling hands refused their duty. I looked up, searching the group for a competent assistant, and saw the girl. She had dressed, and the light from the lantern beside me on the deck threw into relief her white figure among the dark ones.

"Let me try," she said, and, kneeling by the lantern, in a moment she had the threaded needle. Her hand was quite steady. She made an able assistant, wiping clean the oozing edges of the wound so that I could see to clip the bleeding vessels and working deftly with the silk and needles to keep me supplied. My old case yielded also a roll of so of bandage. By the time Burns was attempting an inco-ordinate movement or two the operation was over and the instruments put out of sight.

The operating case with its knives came in for its share of scrutiny, and I felt that an explanation was due the men. To tell the truth, I had forgotten all about the case. Perhaps I swaggered just a bit as I went over to wash my hands. It was my first opportunity, and I was young, and the girl was there.

"I see you looking at my case, boys," I said. "Perhaps I'm a little late explaining, but I guess after what you've seen you'll understand. The case belonged to my grandfather, who was a surgeon. He was in the war. That case was at Gettysburg."

They were not so impressed as I had expected—or perhaps they had known all along. Sailors are a secretive lot.

"I'm thinking we'll all be getting a rest soon," a voice said. "What are you going to do with them knives?"

I had an inspiration. "I'm going to leave that to you men," I said. "You may throw them overboard if you wish; but if you do, take out the needles and the silk. We may need them."

There followed a savage but restrained argument among the men. Jones from the tent called out irritably:

"Don't be fools, you fellows. This happened while Leslie was asleep. I'll swear he never moved after he lay down."

The crew reached a decision shortly after that and came to me in a body.

"We think," Oleon said, "that we'll lock them in the captain's cabin with the ax."

"Very well," I said. "Burns has the key around his neck."

Clarke, I think it was, went into the tent and came out again directly.

"There's no key around his neck," he said gruffly.

"It may have slipped around under his back."

"It isn't there at all."

CHAPTER XI. The Ax Is Gone.

I RAN into the tent, where Jones, exhausting the resources of the injured man's clothing, was searching the blankets on which he lay. There was no key. I went out to the men again, bewildered. The dawn had come, a pink and rosy dawn that promised another stifling day. It revealed the disarray of the deck—the basins, the old mahogany amputating case with its lock plate of bone, the stained and reddened towels, and it showed the brooding and overcast faces of the men.

"Isn't it there?" I asked. "Our agreement was for me to carry the key to Singleton's cabin and Burns the captain's."

Miss Lee, by the rail, came forward slowly and looked up at me.

"Isn't it possible," she said, "that, knowing where the key was, some one wished to get it, and so?" She indicated the tent and Burns.

I knew then. How dull I had been and stupid! The men caught her meaning, too, and we trumped heavily forward, the girl and I leading.

The door into the captain's room was open, and the ax was gone from the bunk. The key, with the cord that Burns had worn around his neck, was in the door, the string torn and pulled as if it had been jerked away from the unconscious man. Later on we verified this by finding on the back of Burns' neck an abraded line two inches

I ordered a rigid search of the deck at the ax was gone. Nor was it found. It had taken its bloody story many fathoms deep into the old Atlantic and hidden it, where many crimes have been hidden, in the ooze and slime of the sea bottom.

That day was memorable for more than the attack on Burns. It marked a complete revolution in my idea of the earlier crimes and of the criminal.

Two things influenced my change of mental attitude. The attack on Burns was one. I did not believe that Turner had strength enough to fell so vigorous a man, even with the capstan bar which we found lying near by, nor could he have jerked and broken the amberline. Mrs. Johns I eliminated for the same reason, of course. I could imagine her getting the key by subtly, wheedling the impressionable young sailor into compliance. But force!

The second reason was the stronger. Singleton, the mate, had become a tractable and almost amiable prisoner. Like Turner, he was ugly only when he was drinking, and there was no liquor on the Ella. He spent his days devising with bits of wire a ring puzzle that he intended should make his fortune, and I believe he contrived finally a clever enough bit of foolery.

The morning of Burns' injury I visited Singleton.

The new outrage, coming at a time when they were slowly recovering confidence, had turned the men surly. They went doggedly about their work, and whenever they gathered there was muttered talk of the white figure. There was grumbling, too, over their lack of weapons for defense.

The cook was a ringleader of the malcontents. Certain utensils were allowed him, but he was compelled at night to lock them in the galley after either Burns' inspection or mine and to turn over the key to one of us.

On the morning after the attack, therefore, Tom, carrying Singleton's breakfast to him, told him at length what had occurred in the night and dilated on his lack of self defense should an attack be directed toward him.

Singleton promptly offered to make him out of wire a key to the galley door, so that he could get what he wanted from it. The cook was to take an impression of the lock. In exchange Tom was to fetch him from a hiding place which Singleton designated in the forward house a bottle of whisky.

The cook was a shrewd mulatto, and he let Singleton make the key. It was after 10 that morning when he brought it to me. I was trying to get the details of his injury from Burns at the time in the tent.

"I didn't see or hear anything, Leslie," Burns said feebly. "I don't even remember being hit. I felt there was some one behind me. That was all."

"How long was Mrs. Johns on deck?"

"Not long."

"Did she ask you to do something for her?"

Pale as he was he colored, but he eyed me honestly.

"Yes. Don't ask me any more, Leslie. It had nothing to do with this."

"What did she ask you to do?" I persisted remorselessly.

"I don't want to talk. My head aches."

"Very well. Then I'll tell you what happened after I went off watch. No, I wasn't spying. I know the woman, that's all. She said you looked tired and wouldn't it be all right if you sat down for a moment and talked to her?"

"No; she said she was nervous."

"The same thing, only better. Then she persisted in talking of the crime, and finally she said she would like to see the ax. It wouldn't do any harm. She wouldn't touch it."

To Be Continued.

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

GIRL DYING LIKE HER FATHER
Suicide's Daughter Sets Fire to Her Clothing
Lansdowne, Md., Oct. 26.—Miss Lillie Emrich, aged 20, is dying from terrible burns upon her body. She set fire to her clothing Saturday evening in a determined effort to end her life because her sweetheart had treated her coldly of late.

Ten years ago the girl's father committed suicide. Twice in a few hours before she set fire to her skirts she attempted to kill herself.

Two Hurt in Auto Accident
Boyetown, Pa., Oct. 26.—Preston Yergler and Frank Rhoads, of New Hanover, were injured yesterday afternoon when Yergler lost control of his automobile while racing with another car at Swamp. He struck the trolley rails, overturning the machine and almost completely demolishing it. Rhoads suffered a concussion and was badly lacerated. His injuries are serious, while Yergler escaped with several cuts and bruises.

Guglielmo Marconi experimenting on his new wireless telephone, talked 600 miles. The venerable "blue streak" is quite outstripped.

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To-night, "The Round-Up."
To-morrow afternoon and evening, "The Round-Up."
Thursday afternoon and evening, "Freckles."
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5 Reels—Lubin

SPECIAL—Tuesday and Wednesday
THE PLUM TREE
With Francis Bushman in the Lead

KILLS HIS SWEETHEART
Suitor Then Attempted Suicide in Mysterious Love Tragedy
Greensburg, Pa., Oct. 26.—Kate Kosner, 16, was shot and instantly killed, in the parlor of her home in Hermance, near here, last night, by her sweetheart, Roy Novosell, 25, who then attempted suicide. Physicians believe he will recover.

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HARGEST PUT ON COMMISSION
Deputy Attorney General Was Honored in Washington Conference
Deputy Attorney General William M. Hargest and Mrs. Hargest have returned home from Washington, where Mr. Hargest attended the meetings of the Conference of Commissioners for Uniform State Laws. He was appointed as a member of the Commission, with Judge W. H. Staake and Walter George Smith, of Philadelphia. The Commissioners also attended the meeting of the American Bar Association, and the banquet in honor of the members of the Supreme Court, at which were present the oldest living descendant of every Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.
The Commission on Uniform Laws recommended for adoption by all Leg-

islatures a uniform cold storage law, which is almost identical with the Pennsylvania law, except with regard to the period of storage for certain articles. It also recommended a uniform workmen's compensation law, a uniform partnership law, and a law making uniform foreign acknowledgments to deeds and conveyances. All of these laws will be presented to the Pennsylvania Legislature at its next session.

HUNTER'S DEATH ACCIDENT

Companion of Dead Man Absolved From Blame by Coroner's Jury
Kane, Pa., Oct. 26.—At the Coroner's inquest held Saturday night over the body of Herman Gerard, of Bradford, who was accidentally shot Saturday afternoon by William Fizzell while they were hunting in the vicinity of Klondike, the finding of the Coroner's jury was that Gerard's death was accidental and Fizzell was relieved of all blame.

The two men had been friends for 15 years, and close friends of Fizzell fear that he will never recover from the shock of the accident.

SON TO TAKE FATHER'S PULPIT

Accepts Call Extended by Ephrata Reformed Church
Frederick, Md., Oct. 26.—The lifetime work of the Rev. Stephen Schweitzer, who died several months ago, will be continued by a son, who will shortly take over the pastorate of the Reformed church at Ephrata, Lancaster county, Penna.

The Rev. Stephen Schweitzer filled the pulpit of that church for 40 years. At his death the congregation issued a call to his son, the Rev. M. W. Schweitzer, of Union Bridge, Md., who has accepted.

DROWNS IN FIVE GALLONS

Child of Two Found With Head in Trough, Dead
York, Pa., Oct. 26.—While dabbling in a trough containing only five gallons of water, Treva, 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver S. Hockacker, of near Hanover, fell over the edge and was drowned. The mother discovered the girl hanging over the side of the trough with her head partially submerged. Efforts to resuscitate her were in vain.

The father had seen his daughter playing with the water as he passed to his work in the field, but because of the small quantity in the trough he had no thought of her being in danger.

Fellowship Day at Lebanon

Lebanon, Oct. 26.—Yesterday was observed in most of the churches of Lebanon as Fellowship Day, when the ministers of this city exchanged pulpits in the evening. Practically every minister spoke in the various churches other than their own.

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