THE MYSTERIES OF MYRA

An Inspiring Novel and Motion Picture Drama

Written by Hereward Carrington.
Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard.

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(Continued from Page Twelve.)

"It is the hand writing of John Maynard, her father!" he cried.

The master pondered for many minutes, as Varney waited with a premonition of further danger.

"Ah, now I have it," muttered the other. "What can be placed within her room tonight without attracting suspicion? Think and tell me!"

And as Varney racked his brains for reply a strange connection was being established between this secret meeting place of the spirits of evil and the library of Myra's home.

Dr. Alden had espied the rock-crystal globe upon the carved table, and he picked it up with interest.

"Here is a very interesting medium of clairvoyance, Miss Maynard. Crystal gazing is one of the surprising developments of the psychic which surprises the most skentical."

Myra restrained, through some girlish impulse of shame from telling of her experiments under the suggestion of Arthur Varney, with this same crystal.

The doctor continued:

"You know, I was like all scientific men usually are. I believed only that which I could see, touch, hear, feel, or weigh. But gradually I began to see that, as Shakespeare says, 'There is more in heaven and earth, Horatio, than in all thy philosophy.' I discovered that there were forces which could not be weighed and measured, photographed and phonographed."

He twirled the globe in his hand, unconscious, and without realizing it, Myra became intent upon the flashing play of the lights from its reflecting foci.

"Yes, it was a sort of intellectual joke on me," he continued, smiling in reminiscence. "I came to laugh and remained, if not to pray, at least to marvel and to seek more knowledge. I had ridiculed the idea of haunted houses, of messages from the dead and the distant living. Yet, I learned that telepathy, or mind-messaging, actually does exist, and is practiced by many people.

"The little coincidences, when we suddenly receive a letter from some absent friend about whom we have been thinking very intently, the meeting on the street in some unexpected place of some one else about whom our thoughts have been unduly busy—these things are not accidental, but the result of mental power."

"But, Dr. Alden, how can one mind communicate with another—it seems so ridiculous?" asked Myra, intently watching the crystal globe.

"Twenty years ago, Miss Maynard, we would have thought the idea of a wireless telegraph instrument a ridiculous phantasy of dreams. Yet, see what a tremendous part wireless messages now take in history, for peace and war, in shipwrecks, battles and trade.

"Yes, and more wonderful still is the wireless telephone—the projection of the voice to distant parts with a few small instruments made in a workshop by virtually ignorant men from the blueprint patterns of the inventors. Now, if what a man can make may do such wondrous things, think how much more delicate is the brain instrument which God and nature have developed. How reasonable to suppose that this wonderful mind instrument should be able to radiate the ether even more powerfully than the crude pieces of metal, wires, batteries and electric currents. Why, the great force which gives life to us all is the same which controls these messages and the other forms of the occult—it is the force of the lightning's flash, the blazing glory which fires the sun and the flame which burns in the life essence of the plant seed. It is—"

Myra Maynard's face was drawn and ashen; at first he imagined that she had returned to her immediate trance of the hour before.

Then he realized that he had been twisting the crystal, inducing a mechanical hypnotic state. He leaned forward, gazing into the girl's eyes.

"What do you see?"

She shuddered, and then to his amazement placed her hands and thumbs into the position of the Devil worshippers' symbol. The girl whispered, in word which were barely audible to the physician. "He is looking at me * * * oh, his eyes burn and freeze me * * * and his

Suddenly she gave vent to a suppressed scream and covered her face with her hands.

The spell was broken, and Myra turned her dilated eyes toward the anxious face of Alden.

"What was it? What was it, Miss Maynard?" he begged as she looked around in subjective fright.

"I can't remember! I saw a man * * * and such a queer man * * * that is all I recollect."

"Who was it? Did you ever see him before?"

"No" and she could not resist her sense of humor, as she laughed, albeit a bit wryly, "and I never want to see him again!"

More than this she could not describe, and Alden, fearing that he would strain the girl too much by further efforts, proposed that they take a walk, or even a little exercise.

"You are apt to have some unusual experiences tonight,' he suggested, "and it is well to free your mind of this morbid business for a while."

"Splendid!" cried Myra, enthusiastically. "How would you like to make a round of our golf course—the club is just down the street, and I am quite sure that I could beat Colonel Bogey today!"

Alden took the suggestion eagerly. Before half an hour had passed the oddly mat pair were enjoying the clear air and the sun on the links, having dismissed for the time being all thoughts of black and white magic.

But other were not so forgetful!

CHAPTER XII.

The Bloom of Doom.

LATE that afternoon a wagon drew up before the Maynard home. Arthur Varney who had dropped in for a call, was cooling his heels impatiently, as Mrs. Maynard poured some tea.

"Myra, I am sure, will be back in a few minutes. She is playing golf with Dr. Alden," said the mother.

"Mrs. Maynard," and Varney's voice was in deadly earnest, "I do not trust this man. It seems to queer that you allow him such a freedom in your home—when you have known him only a few days."

Myra's mother looked at him anxiously.

"Arthur, I have made inquiries into his connections. He's very well connected socially. He presented some letters of introduction from mutual friends to-day. He knows a great many of our acquaintances. I hope I have not made a mistake. He saved Myra from suicide last night. And I feel confident that he means us no harm. Do you agree with me?"

Varney shook his head ominously.

"I do not. His mission has some ulterior motive. Myra is young, innocent and impressionable. She possesses an enormous fortune and I believe that this man is trying to gain control of her feelings by practicing this mysterious power of hypnotism which you say he exercised today. Beware of him!"

There came the sound of voices from the door.

"Keep out of here, I tell you!" cried the butler. Mrs. Maynard and Varney walked curiously toward the hall, and beheld two men holding flower pots, in stiff argument with the faithful Willis.

"We wants ter sell some of our flowers to the missus!" argued one of the men as Willis tried vainly to shut the door.

"I wish no flowers," exclaimed Mrs. Maynard, but Arthur Varney smiled insinuously.

"A good idea. Myra regretted the faded plant which she kept in her bedroom. I'll buy another one. Let me see your plants, my good fellow," he interjected.

"Sure, guv'nor, an' swell posies they is!" cried the foremost one, as Willis stepped aside in disgust.

Varney and Mrs. Maynard stepped to the doorway.

"Which one would you pick for her, Mrs. Maynard? I want to surprise her, you know, it is her birthday, and a little remembrance of flowers will be even pleasanter than the books I brought."

Mrs. Maynard, flattered at the appeal to her good taste, looked over the collection. Only one of the potted plants appeared of any value.

"Well, it is a small choice—what is the name of that flower? I have never seen it before?" she queried.

"Sure, lady, that's one of them Great White Way posies, I reckon. I don't know the Dago name for it—but it's sure some fancy moniker. The boss calls it a 'Night Blooming Lallole,' or somethin' like that!"

"What do you charge for it?" asked Varney, drawing out a roll of bills.

"This is ten besns, guv'nor, fer it's one of them classy flowers that don't get up until sunset! Is it a bargain?"

Varney laughed, and tossed the money to him.

"Give it to Willis—he'll take it upstairs, and put it in Myra's room as a surprise." He turned away, and Mrs. Maynard followed him into the house.

"You are so thoughtful, Arthur," she murmured.

"Not at all, not at all. I have my mind on Myra always," he said, "and I can't resist doing any little thing which means additional pleasure in her life. But I do wish that she and that miserable quack would come back from the golf links."

His wish was soon answered, as Myra danced joyously into the hallway, her eyes sparkling and the roses of a perfect physique on her cheeks. After a few polite words, Alden went out, leaving Varney to study the girl's indescribable indifference to the magnetic charm which he had formerly exercised without resistance.

There was some new element in her life which he could neither overcome nor fathom.

* * * * * *

That night, after Dr. Payson Alden had returned with a small hand-satchel, he was shown to a guest room.

He asked a curious favor, before retiring.

Myra had told him of the beautiful plant, covered with unopened blossoms, which Varney had sent to her room, in place of the one which had died.

"Let me have that plant in my bedroom just for tonight," Alden begged. "It may seem foolish, but humor me."

Myra jestingly agreed, and after bidding him "pleasant dreams," she retired. She slipped downstairs a few minutes later, on some un explainable impulse, to obtain the glass crystal which she carried to her own room.

She sat there, for perhaps an hour, engrossed in those sweet, secret meditations which moonlight invariably conjures into the mind of a maiden. It was a glorious night outside, and with the electric lights switched off, she sat on a divan near the window, looking curiously at the mysterious glass globe which had given her such curious visions.

Dr. Alden was restless, but eventually sank to troubled dreams.

Then a surprising thing happened.

The plant, standing on his dressing table near the bed, began to open its white waxen petals. He had carefully examined it—taking the roots out of the pot, prodding the earth, and at last arriving at the conclusion that nothing was wrong with it.

But as the flower spread, a few grains of powder dropped from the calyx to the damp earth of the pot. A thin white vapor arose, as the powder was absorbed.

Pungent fumes seemed to spread through the room with surprising rapidity, and the doctor turned uncomfortably in his sleep.

Then he began to cough, clutching at his throat as though some beast were gnawing at it.

Myra, with the glint of the moonlight on the crystal, suddenly beheld a new vision in the translucent depths. It was the face of Dr. Alden, struggling and moaning! The girl sprang to her feet. So vivid was the impression, that she tiptoed down the hallway to the bedroom of the visitor.

Listening for an instant she heard a low moan.

Then she detected a frightful, biting odor, and she forced open the door. The noxious gases almost overcame her, but coughing and stumbling over the floor, she reached the window, to force it up. The fresh air rushed in, driving out the poison vapors.

The electric light which she suddenly turned on disclosed the figure of the doctor, twitching in unconscious agony. Myra dashed water in his face and bathed his forehead with it until he opened his eyes.

As he blinked and rubbed his throbbing head, he smiled his gratitude.

"Turn about is fair play! I saved you and now you repay the debt with interest!"

She shook her head, and pointed to the plant.

"It must have been that," she said. "Let us throw it out of the window!"

"No, I have examined it. This is just another little trick of the occult evildoers. We have been more than a match for them this time. I wonder what will happen next?"

As he spoke Myra pointed excitedly at the picture which hung over his bed.

"Did you see that swing? Did you see the face upon it just then?" she demanded, in frightened tones.

"No, not a thing," replied the doctor. "But, I have no doubt at all that you did. Who was it?"

"The same horrible face of the man with his thumbs like this!"

Payden Alden scowled. This tremendous psychic struggle was gaining in intensity every hour!

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

Madman Tries to Kidnap Girl; Whips Three Men

CHARDON, Ohio, April 30.—Charge of assault and battery was made against Blaine Redding, thirty-two, after his arrest, when, it is alleged, he tried a few nights ago to carry away Miss Ethel Springer, seventeen, from her home in Fullertown.

Later the charge was withdrawn and he was adjudged to be insane. He was arrested only after having thrashed three men who tried to hold him. He was taken in charge by a deputy sheriff at his boarding house when kneeling in prayer.

"I will marry Ethel Springer, no matter what happens," said Redding as he left later in custody of Sheriff Ballard and Deputy Rhodes for the Newburg State hospital after being adjudged as insane.

Hunted for 42 Years Can't Find Wife to Suit

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 30.—Joseph Cronin, a farmer of Derby, announced that he had searched forty-two States and two countries of Europe, and that while in a receptive mood, he had not found a girl suitable to be his spouse.

"I am strictly temperate, a healthy and strong farmer, and I have been searching sixteen years for the right kind of a wife," he declared. "I have yet to find the woman, and I wish the newspapers would help me."

JEAN ELIOT TELLS NEWS OF CAPITAL

Items of Interest and Importance of Past, Present, and Future.

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

matic Association of George Washington University will present "Disraeli" at the Belasco Theater.

"Beauty Is Only Skin Deep" is being produced under the direction of Mrs. L. W. Busbey, and has the cleverest cast: Mabel Grandin, who is to "play the lead;" Mrs. William P. Borland, Elizabeth Bryan, Mrs. William Chase, Frances Carpenter, Mrs. Max Kauffmann, Dr. Anna Ketcham, and Dorothy Bauer.

Miss Larner Business Manager.

Margaret Larner is business manager. The play is given to provide a Smith alumnae scholarship, to enable some clever girl who could not otherwise afford it to achieve a college education.

Frances Carpenter is to have the part of a manicure, and has spent the past week making an exhaustive study of coiffures, in the hope of finding something outrageous enough to suit the part.

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"Disraeli" would seem to be a most ambitious undertaking for a college dramatic association.

But young Mr. Gluck, who is to play George Arliss' famous role, has real dramatic ability. And there are eighteen enthusiastic workers in the cast, who are all talented. Inez Ryan is to be the Russian spy.

Rehearsals Every Evening.

Rehearsals are being held every evening, and the students of the university are doing everything in their power to help make the entertainment a success. There's a thrilling list of patronesses.

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Another pleasant event on the calendar is the concert to be given at the Raleigh, at 8:15 o'clock on Tuesday evening, by the combined musical clubs of Johns Hopkins University. They have been making a tour of other cities, being received with great enthusiasm, and their success here is assured, particularly as the entertainment is to be given under the patronage of the board of lady managers of the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital.

There, now, haven't I made you want to take in these good things that are in store for us. And don't you think I'd make a good press agent?

Prove that you do by coming down and going with me. Fondly yours,

JEAN ELIOT.

WRIGHT ON HAND FOR TENNIS EVENT

Bull and Peel, Titleholders, Expected Here Shortly for Workouts.

Irving C. Wright, finalist in the recent Palm Beach, Fla., winter tourney, and one of the ranking players last year, joined R. L. James and Harold Throckmorton today to make ready for his matches in the Chevy Chase Club tournament now in progress. C. M. Bull, jr., and Theodore R. Pell, title holders in the doubles are expected shortly to tune up for their matches in the challenge round.

The annual invitation tournament holds more cracks this season than ever before, and the process of weeding out begun yesterday will continue tomorrow at 10 o'clock unless a change is made. Matches contemplated at 10 yesterday were late in getting off as business engagements held many out of competition.

There were several defaults, some of the out-of-town entrants finding it impossible to get down for their engagements. Good headway was made, some of the matches getting to the third round. One or two matches in the consolation event will be started today.

Play in the men's singles will continue all day tomorrow, the event for women and the mixed doubles and men's doubles getting under way as soon as can be arranged.

Decidedly the best match of yesterday's play in the ninth annual invitation tennis tournament of the Chevy Chase Club was that between J. Upshur Moorhead and Harold A. Throckmorton, national interscholastic champion. The match went the full three sets to an 8—6 finish, Throckmorton finally winning out. A large gallery witnessed the exhibition.

Moorehead is credited with putting up one of the best games of his career.

Throckmorton, while only a youngster, ranks No. 12 in the N. L. T. A. ratings. He plays to beautiful form in all departments of the game, and is master of an exceptionally bewildering service. The second ball, following a fast initial shot, is a strong slice, bounding five or six feet in the air. It was this serve that was responsible for Moorhead's downfall, the local man finding it as much as he could do to return it at all—stroking it being at most times out of the question.

R. L. James, of Saratoga, N. Y., survived two matches. After easily disposing of Armstrong, 6—2, 6—1, he defeated George Lewis in straight sets, 6—3, 7—5. Jones used a string chop stroke with great percision.

Douglas Hillyer failed to play to his best form, going down before Ballard Moore, 6—3, 6—2.

Connie Doyle easily disposed of C. Garland, dropping but one game in the match.

H. C. Breck has two matches to his credit, coming through both without the necessity of extending himself at all. He defeated Sam Herrick, of the Washington Country Club, 6—1, 6—4, and T. P. Peckman, 6—1, 6—2. Breck is considered to have a good chance of surviving to the finals. Play will be resumed Monday morning.

The summaries:

First round—G. D. Parkes defeated W. Davis by default; G. L. Lewis defeated R. L. Palmer by default; R. L. James defeated H. C. Armstrong, 6—2, 6—1; J. T. Grayes, jr., defeated F. H. Davis, 6—1, 6—1; J. Karrick defeated H. S. Voshell by default; A. J. Gore defeated Coleman by default; C. B. Doyle defeated C. Garland, 6—1, 6—1.

Second round—H. C. Breck defeated S. Herrick, 6—1, 6—4; T. P. Peckham defeated R. L. Raggs by default; H. F. Selden defeated A. Wylie, 6—0, 6—1; Ezra Gould defeated C. M. Wood, 6—0 6—2. J. Ballard Moore defeated Douglas Hillyer, 6—3 6—2; R. L. James defeated G. L. Lewis, 6—3, 7—5; A. J. Gore defeated J. Karrick, 6—2, 6—2; J. N. Meade defeated F. C. Baggs by default; Gould Lincoln defeated J. H. McLean, 6—3, 6—1; H. E. Cotton defeated A. Y. Leech, jr., 6—3 6—1; H. A. Throckmorton defeated J. Upshur Moorhead, 2—6, 6—2, 8—6.

Third round—H. C. Breck defeated T. P. Peckham, 6—1, 6—2; J. N. Meade defeated Gould Lincoln, 5—7, 6—1 6—2.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MARY PAGE

By Frederick Lewis, author of "What Happened to Mary." Pictures by Essanay.

CHAPTER [illegible]
Confession.

WITH his hands clasped behind his back and his brows bent in a frown that made him look oddly old and tired, Langdon paced slowly up and down. Over and over in his mind he went back through the testimony of the long trial of Mary Page. He was confident now, as he had not been confident in the beginning, that she had not shot David Pollock in a frenzy of delirious fear.

But who had killed him?

That was the problem!

Never in all his experience had he remembered so baffling a case.

At least a half dozen times he had felt that his fingers were at last upon the right thread that would lead out of the maze, but each time his edifice of hope had crumbled.

The doorman at the Hotel Republic had repeated only what the chauffeur had already told—that Shale had left Pollock as soon as he got out of the machine, but even so, Langdon had sent Brennan and his conferees to scour the town for him.

He ought not to be hard to find; but, once found, could he tell anything?

That was the question.

And so, wearily and endlessly, Langdon paced the stone-paved room, doubly ugly in the clear light of the early morning.

Suddenly he was halted in his self-imposed sentry duty by the sound of a knock on the door, and in response to to his "Come in," Daniels entered.

"I looked for you over at the office," he said, "but they told me you were here."

"Did you want me for anything special?" asked Langdon coldly, and the theatrical man flushed.

"Yes," he said, "I did. I had a long talk with my wife last night, and she and I decided that the hoodoo on the Covington is too black for us, anyway. No good can come out of that place for me, and she—she said, she wanted me to come down here and ask you to put me on the stand again. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I think I do," said Langdon quietly, though a flame had leaped into his eyes. "You want to tell what you didn't say before?"

He was too clever to let this man know how jubilant he was.

"Yes," said Daniels. "It may not be important, yet somehow I know it is. It's—it's about what I heard when I passed the door of the gray suite that night."

"Thank God!" cried Langdon, and drew his chair close to that of Daniels.

When they entered the court room together an hour later every trace of anxiety and suffering had been wiped from Langdon's face.

He looked buoyantly young, and when he passed Mary, he whispered something to her that brought a light to her eyes, too, and though there was surprise there was no fear on her face when she herself was called as the first witness of the day.

"Miss Page," said Langdon in the vibrantly happy voice of one who sees success just ahead, "on the night when you went into the gray suite from the banquet room were you wearing or carrying your cloak?"

"I slipped it on as I came into the hall. I carried my gloves and my evening bag."

"Did you see Mr. Pollock the minute you entered the room?"

"No."

"What did you do?"

"I slipped off the cloak again because it was warm and laid it on a chair with my gloves and bag."

"Where was that chair?"

The question snapped like a whip lash, and for a moment Mary hesitated.

"I'm not quite sure," she said slowly; then, with more assurance: "Why, yes, I am! It was toward the door into the other room because it was then that I saw Mr. Pollock come out."

"And you retreated?"

"Yes." The answer was breathed rather than spoken, but Langdon pushed on, too eager to spare her.

"Did he come toward you?"

"Yes."

"Did he follow you so far that he came between you and that chair?"

"Why, of course. He—he—came right up to me."

She shuddered and hid her face in her hands, as the tide of recollection swept over her, but Langdon had only one more question.

"Then in order to secure the revolver from your bag, you would have had to push past him and secure the bag from under your cloak, would you not?"

"Yes. But I—I—don't remember what happened."

"That is all, thank you, Miss Page," said Langdon, and turning to the bailiff he added briskly:

"Call Mr. Daniels."

A sense of something big impending stirred the spectators and the jury alike, and the judge himself, keenly alive to that new note in Langdon's voice, turned deliberately in his chair as Daniels began his testimony.

Everyone in the room leaned forward, tense with excitement.

"Mr. Daniels," began Langdon with no preliminaries, "on the night of the banquet you walked with Miss Page past the door of the gray suite, did you not?"

"I did."

"Did you know that Mr. Pollock was in there?"

"No. But as I passed I heard his voice."

"Could you hear what he said?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

Langdon was firing his questions like shot from a gun.

"He said 'Let's understand each other once and for all on this thing. I've got you and got you good. I can send you up tomorrow if I want to. You've no more chance than a snowball in h—.'"

"Did any one answer him?"

"Yes. A man said 'You'll make that threat once too often Dave Pollock. I'll make you eat your words at the point of a gun some day.'

"Then I heard Dave laugh contemptuously and I had to walk on toward the banquet."

"Did you know whom that other voice belonged to?"

"I thought I did. That's why I left the banquet room and came back to listen at the door. I was startled when I heard Miss Page's voice instead of the one I expected."

"Whose voice did you think it was?"

"That o' a man named Shale. 'Dave's jacka!' we used to call him."

"Mr. Daniels do you know of any reason why Mr. Pollock should threaten to send this man Shale 'up?'"

"Well, Pollock told me once that he had 'got the goods' on Shale for some shady work that would easily send him to prison, and that he kept him out of jail because he was useful."

Mr. Daniels, have you seen Mr. Shale since the death of Mr. Pollock?"

"Yes, I have."

"When?"

"The—the—day before I came back home, I ran into him on the street. We had a talk, and he told me that he thought he could get me fresh backing for The Covington."

"Did he see you again?"

"Yes. A few days ago he came to me and told me that a syndicate had been formed and had raised the money to put on a musical comedy, and that I was to be manager of the theater and look after the financial interests of the syndicate. He was very nice to me."

"Mr. Daniels," Langdon's voice became suddenly grave and freighted with meaning, "did Shale know you had heard his voice in that hotel room?"

"Yes. I asked him if he had been there."

"What did he say?"

"He said I couldn't testify to what I wasn't sure of, and that it was wiser not to ask too many questions."

"Did you understand that the backing for your theater was in order to keep you from testifying?"

"I object!" cried the district attorney, on his feet in an instant.

There was much wrangling as to whether this question could be admitted; but the judge finally ruled that it was material evidence.

"It was never put into words, Mr. Langdon, though I gathered it," the witness said. "But there are some bigger things than business success, and I wanted to set this straight."

A sudden commotion arose at the back of the room, and as the spectators turned and stared, and the judge's gavel rapped for order, a man's voice rose shrill and exasperated.

"So that's what you've got me here for, is it? Daniels has snitched. Well, he can't prove anything—I tell you he don't know nothin'!"

A pallid-faced man in a light checked suit was struggling in the grip of Brennan and a policeman, who drew him steadily down through the gaping crowds as Langdon called his next witness.

"George Shale."

"I won't testify!" stormed the newcomer, twisting angrily under the by no means light handling of the detectives. "What do you want of me?"

"I shall tell you that when you are on the stand," said Langdon briefly, and his honor, leaning forward, said sharply:

"A refusal to testify is contempt of court. You can be sent to prison for that."

For a moment Shale stared wildly about, then his eyes narrowed shrewdly, and he said gruffly, "all right," and allowed himself to be led up into the stand.

The excitement of the spectators can be imagined.

Here was drama of the most thrilling kind—an unwilling witness in a sensational murder trial, dragged to the stand, forced to open his sealed lips and tell what he knew.

"Mr. Shale," cried Langdon, "what had David Pollock asked you to do for him on the night when he was shot?"

"He asked me to get him the gray suite at the Republic. He wanted to get Miss Page in there for a quiet chat—so he said."

"Did you do it?"

"Yes. But I was kind of sore, because a man gets tired playin' errand boy for a guy that's dead crazy about a skirt."

"What were you doing on the fire-escape?"

The question came so sharply that it held the whole room tense with its unexpectedness; but Shale did not wince.

"Dave told me to get out there, and keep an eye out for anybody likely to butt in. He knew you could reach the different rooms by it."

"Isn't it true that you and David Pollock quarreled that night?"

Shade blanched.

"Yes, it's true," he said hoarsely. "Dave was a devil when he was drunk."

His face was beaded with perspiration and his hand gripped the edge of the witness stand till the knuckles showed lividly.

He tried to look angry, but he succeeded only in being tragically ridiculous.

Suddenly Langdon softened his voice.

"Where were you when Miss Page came into the room?"

"On the fire-escape, standing flattened against the wall, so that anybody looking at the steps wouldn't see me."

"Why did you re-enter the room?"

Shale moistened his dry lips, then with a gust of defiance flung up his head.

"I went in because Dave called me," he said loudily. "The girl had gone hysterical. She was laughin' and shriekin', and he calls to me. 'For God's sake, Shale, see if she's got any smellin' salts, or anything in that line.'"

"And when you opened that bag you found a revolver, didn't you?" Langdon's voice rang out triumphantly. "George Shale, what did you do with that revolver?"

For a moment the man swayed as he stood, then he laughed and flung his hands wide.

"I shot him with it!" he shrieked. "I shot him! I didn't intend to do it, but he was a dirty dog. He had threatened me again that very night. He struck me—he called me his jackal—and when I saw the gun—I knew my chance had come. I took it out and walked around and said, 'Here's your smelling salts—and when he turned to take it I shot him. Oh, my God——"

He broke off with a storm of gasping sobs.

Everyone in the room was on his feet. Even the judge had risen.

Mary herself was standing swaying like some lovely lily, the light of a wondrous joy shining in her eyes, while her lips murmured over and over, "Philip—Philip—Philip!"

Then, high above the turmoil rose the voice of the district attorney.

"George Shale, you are hereby declared under arrest, to be held to await the action of the grand jury!"

Again pandemonium broke out but fell to silence when Mary, her eyes drenched with happy tears, cried softly:

"What's to become of me now?"

"Your Honar," Langdon's voice was exultantly happy, and his hand caught and clung to Mary's, "Your honor, the defendant desires to know what is to become of her?"

"She is discharged," answered his honor with a smile, and made no effort to stem the cheers that rose, filling the room and echoing far down the corridors proclaiming to the world at large that Mary Page was free!

Still more cheering throngs greeted her when she merged from the prison a little later with Philip and her mother beside her, and they followed the speeding motor for blocks shouting their acclamations and congratulations, while Mary nestled contentedly against Philip.

Forgotten were the days of horror following the death of Pollock and her arrest for a crime she knew nothing of; forgotten even were the unpleasant moments when Pollock pursued her with manifestations of his unwelcome love.

It was the most wonderful moment of her life.

"And you never suspected?" she said at last, and Philip shook his head.

"Not Shale," he said. "I was looking for someone else."

"Now don't talk any more about it" said Mrs. Page quietly. "Tomorrow, Mary, I am going to take you back to the country, and keep you until you have put this dreadful thing out of your mind forever."

"And then," said Mary wistfully, "I will come back and take up my work."

Langdon tightened his arm about her.

"And then," said he, "you will come back and marry me. A fee is always paid a lawyer for services rendered. I ask the biggest one in the world, Mary—will you pay it?"

And what her low-voiced reply was not even her mother knew.

(The End.)

Suffrage Press Agent Leaves for Chicago

Preparatory to the national convention of the Woman Voters' party in Chicago, in June, Mrs. Hortense McDonald, national press chairman of the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage, left Washington yesterday for the Windy City, which will be headquarters for publicity until after the convention. Offices already have been established there, and a corps of workers are employed making preparations for the convention.

Mrs. McDonald, who keeps in close personal touch with all the activities of the various branches of the union, plans to keep telegraph operators in Chicago busy sending out suffrage bulletins for the next few weeks.

This is the first time in the history of the Union that the press department has been separated from headquarters here. The move is only a temporary one, it was stated at union headquarters today, and when the Chicago convention is over Washington will be headquarters as before.

How Nuxated Iron Helped Me To Whip Frank Moran

Jess Willard Tells Secret of His Easy Victory. Also reveals hitherto untold secret of his great triumph over Jack Johnson; Says

IRON IS GREATEST OF ALL STRENGTH BUILDERS

Ordinary Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 200 per cent. in two weeks' time

I consider that plenty of iron in my blood is the secret of my great strength, power and endurance.

Jess Willard

SPECIAL NOTE—Dr. E. Sauer, a well known physician who has studied widely in both this country and Europe, has been specially employed to make a thorough investigation into the real secret of the great strength, power and endurance of Jess Willard, and the marvelous value of nuxated iron as a strength builder.

NEW YORK—Upon being interviewed at his apartment in the Colonial Hotel, Mr. Willard said: "Yes, I have a chemist with me to study the value of different foods and products as to their power to produce great strength and endurance, both of which are so necessary in the prize ring. On his recommendation I have often taken nuxated iron and I have particularly advocated the free use of iron by all those who wish to obtain great physical and mental power. Without it I am sure that I should never have been able to whip Jack Johnson so completely and easily as I did, and while training for my bout with Frank Moran, I regularly took nuxated iron, and I am certain that it was a most important factor in my winning so easily." Continuing, Dr. Sauer said, "Mr. Willard's case is only one of hundreds which I could cite from my own personal experience which proves conclusively the astonishing power of nuxated iron to restore strength and vitality even in most complicated chronic conditions."

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old, and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 20 he was in bad health; at 46 careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run-down people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.—E. Sauer, M. D.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent, or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by Jas. O'Donnell's drug store, People's Drug Store, and all other druggists.—Advt.

DON'T USE COCOANUT OIL ON YOUR HAIR

Or Anything That Must Be Washed Off

The scalp is not like other skin on the body that can be thoroughly cleansed with soap and water. The scalp contains a hair germ that must be treated with respect.

All soaps and everything that foams contains alkali and alkali dries up the scalp. Don't use them. Dandruff comes from too dry a scalp. The most sensible way to treat your hair is to thoroughly brush it once a day to keep it clean. Then use Speiser's Scalp Tonic after brushing to give your scalp that life and health which produce glossy hair. Speiser's Scalp Tonic corrects any abnormal condition of the scalp, kills dandruff, and relieves itchy and irritated skins. But even Speiser's Scalp Tonic cannot do the best work against the persistent use of soaps, perfumed oils, cocoanut oil, and patented concoctions that must be washed out of the hair to make your head presentable in public. Speiser's Scalp Tonic is for sale only at O'Donnell's Drug Store at 50 cents and is absolutely guaranteed by them in every respect.—Advt.

DANCING

MRS. COBB, 100 EYE ST. N. W. Phone Main 2842. Lessons in day or evening. Assembly Dances Every Monday Evening.

HARTLEY'S, Prof. and Mrs., 1308 10th st. nw., all dancing taught; private and class 75c hour; 10 lessons, $5. Ph. N. 2184. Est. 1905.

SUMMER RATES. Main 5678. PRIVATE LESSONS, 75c. PROF. WYNDHAM, 816 12th st. N. W.

NATIONAL RIFLES ARMORY. Every Men., Wed., Thurs., Sat. eves. Dancing, 8:30 to 12, with band and orchestra.

MILLER'S BELASCO THEATER; Phone M. 4829. Up-to-the-Minute Dances.

Glover's, 613 22nd—Priv. lessons, any hr. 50c. Classes Tues., Thurs., Sat.; all dances taught; ballroom for rent. 25 Ph. W 1128.

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