

Mary Roberts Rinehart's Thrilling Mystery of "The Curve of the Catenary"

(Continued From Yesterday.)
"Oh, don't be an ass, Ollie. I don't believe she was looking in a tree. If she was, it may have been for one of the carrier pigeons."
"Carrier pigeons?"
"He has a few. He used to send them out with miniature cameras tied to their feet. But that was a fad; he doesn't do it now."
It looked quite plausible, or at least possible.
"The trouble is with you," Martin said. "You are trying to connect a series of disconnected episodes. You say you don't believe in coincidence. That's rot."
He upset the glass of water just then, and while the cloth was being changed we rather lost the thread of our talk. We tossed to see who would pay for the lunch, and Martin lost.
"How about golf this afternoon?" he asked, as he signed the check.
"I'm on. I need something to steady me."
"I'll come around for you. Here?"
"Here," I said. "Where's that watch crystal, or whatever it is?"
"You have it, haven't you?"
Well, I hadn't. The thing was gone.
"Carried out in the table cloth, probably," Martin suggested. "You don't want it, do you?"
"Not particularly. But it was cer-

tainly careless of George to carry it off. He'd better be made to look for it."
However, it was not to be found. We sat around a bit and waited, but without any result. It was while we were waiting there that I mentioned the big jewel robbery.
"It was a haul," I said. "Close on a million, maybe more."
"I've been wondering why they, or he since you say it may have been a one-man job—why he didn't go after the vaults of one of the big banks. The bank protection service was destroyed with the rest, according to the papers."
I pulled a gold piece out of my pocket and held it out to him.
"Feel that," I said.
"It's heavy. How much of that could you carry about? Ten thousand dollars, twenty-five, perhaps, I don't know. But take pearls and things like that. A fellow could carry a considerable fortune in his pocket. A Good for you!" said Martin. "Hon-est, Ollie, I didn't think you had it in you."
"Not only that. They're easier to dispose of than securities or than bank notes of large denomination."
He smoked meditatively.
"Of course, he's got to hide them for a while. That's not so hard, I suppose, as getting them."
Charlie Thomas came up about that time and wanted Martin to have the postponed party for Lottie Murray. But somehow what we'd been through had taken the party feeling out of both of us, and Charlie called us quitters.
"I'll have the party and not invite you," he threatened.
"Go to it," Martin said. "Anderson is using his right foot, which is 50 per cent of his business capital, but I daresay the girl would stand for some sort of a celebration."
It was after Thomas had drifted off that I drew out of my pocket the slip on which Martin had written the dead woman's address and showed him the reverse side.
"What is it?" I asked. "An acrostic?"
"Where did you get that?"
"You gave it to me. I'd like to know what the deuce it is."
"It's a formula."
"What's the Curve of the Catenary?"
"Some time," he said, as he rose, "when I have lots of time, and you haven't been up most of the night, I'll explain the Curve of the Catenary to you. It's mighty interesting."
Well, the glass was gone, and Martin, having finished his cigar, went back to the office. At 4 he was to pick me up. So I had more than two hours to spare.
My brain was foggy. I felt like a man wandering about in a darkened room and knocking into things. Every way I turned I struck something, but I couldn't find a door. Not bad, that!
It was a bit soon after lunch to box, which I usually do at Sam Blake's when I feel groggy. It sets me up. But I thought I'd go to Sam's anyhow and do a little light work. It was on my way to Sam's that I got the first light on things.
I was thinking about old Mr. Hazeltine, and his wanderings about at night, and his baby camera, tied to both hands, finished his cigar, and then I saw a duplicate of the glass affair I'd picked up, only not so large.
Of course, it was the lens of a camera.
Disappointing? Well, that's as you look at it. A camera is not as sensational as a revolver or a bomb, perhaps. But there are exceptions.
I was to learn, some time later, that a camera may be a party to a crime, may steal and murder, may—
"I'll be giving this thing away in a minute!"
It cleared the whole situation for me in a twinkling. Or I thought it did. The old map had been out taking night pictures, and he'd lost his camera. Perhaps he'd slipped into Boisseau's and was working from an upper window. Then he dropped the thing and it tore a hole in the awning.
Do you get it? Probably the camera had lodged in a tree? The girl went out to look for him, and for the camera. She found him and sent him home and stayed out, looking around, poor little kid. Then, when she learned what had happened at Boisseau's, she went to pieces.
All this in a minute. I think that way sometimes.

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Noted authority says Uric Acid from meat irritates the Bladder

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.
To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

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Home Craft Week, October 9 - 14



Home Craft Week has come to be of national importance. It is the one week in the Fall time of the year when the thoughts of every homekeeper turn to beautifying the home. If you would have your home well ordered during the dark winter days that are to come, you will read with enthusiasm this announcement of the opening, on Monday, in our Drapery Section, of Home Craft Week.

It is a good thing to remember, in connection with Home Craft Week, that windows are the very soul of your home. They reflect to passers-by the cheer, or lack of cheer, that lies on the other side of the window pane.

Windows Reflect a Personality---Your Personality

If you have not paid much attention heretofore to window treatment, we invite you to begin Monday by viewing the admirable collection of Quaker Craft lace, which we have assembled, in our Drapery Section on the third floor.

Examples of durable window coverings interestingly priced include—

| | |
|---|------------------------|
| Fine allover patterns, in conventional designs; 42 inches wide; yard | 25c and 50c |
| Small dainty patterns, in stripe and check designs with lace edge; yard | 50c to 65c |
| Large allover patterns in heavy effects; plain or lace edge | 85c, \$1.00 and \$1.39 |
| Beautiful stripe patterns with woven insertion and lace edge | \$5.00 |
| Fine patterns with plain center and lace edge; pair | \$1.50 |
| Fine allover patterns with lace edge; in floral or block designs; pair | \$3.00 to \$4.50 |
| Square mesh designs, with dainty border and lace edge; pair | \$2.50 to \$3.00 |

Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart—Third Floor.

Velour Coats in Lovely Shades Each Model Possesses New Fashion Ideas

There's an aristocratic tone to the better grade of coats for women this season that is unmistakable. The fabrics themselves are softer and rich than they have ever been and the styles express a greater youthfulness than they have for many a season.

The instant you see these splendidly warm garments you will want to be the proud possessor of one of them. And you can choose from so varied a color range as

Burgundy, Black Scarab, Green, African Brown, Navy and Purple

Many of the loveliest models are exact reproductions of Paris made coats, with little modification in the sleeves, or in the stitching to make them truly American.

A broad field for selection awaits you.

Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart—Second Floor.

Advance Showing, Monday, of Fur Trimmed Hats For Winter First Showing of Charming New Models \$10.00 to \$15.00

First of the new winter hats showing the use of fur trimmings on sumptuous velvet shapes. Gold and silver lace creations combined with fur crowns are among the newcomers and are decidedly new and attractive.

The new shapes continue as large as ever with broad sweeping brims, new sailors and chic little turbans for those who remain loyal to the petite chapeau.

Trimmings are principally fur combined with rich metal ornaments. These are the latest models from New York's leading ateliers and correctly mirror the new modes for Winter.

Be sure to see these new hats Monday.

Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart—Second Floor, Front.

New \$6.50 and \$6.95 Velvet Hats

Our styles of trimmed hat at \$6.50 are here in greater variety than ever before. The smartness of the shapes, the excellence of the materials and trimmings and the French finish stamp these models as leaders in this class of millinery.

Millinery styles are quick to change, and the frequent shipments of new styles from the makers of our famous \$6.50 hats keep the stock fresh and up-to-the-minute in style.

With the last lot of new \$6.50 hats came a fine assortment of models, at

\$6.95

Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart—Street Floor.

English Walking Boots For Women In Styles That Are Incomparable

One of the handsomest boots of the entire season is a new arrival in a rich Russia calfskin, with a top of luxurious brown African suede. The style is laced and trim looking—altogether one of the best examples of fine boot-making we have ever seen. Pair

\$8.50

Tans and browns have become strong favorites and every indication points to their continued popularity in the better grades of footwear for women.

Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart—Street Floor.

far as I know, to cut a man's shoulder clear to the bone.
I got to thinking about the carrier pigeons again. Maybe he had a bird trained to carry the camera. What's the biggest bird there is. Ostriches don't fly much, do they? Eagles?
Did you ever read "The Hound of the Baskervilles"? It's about a dog that wanders about at night, isn't it? And scares people to death, or eats them—I've forgotten which. Well, it shows what a state my brain was in, that I had a sort of instantaneous vision of a huge bird flying over the city, taking pictures incidentally, and dropping down now and then to bite a policeman, or cut the throat of an unlucky taxi driver!
I didn't go to Blake's. I went into the camera dealer's and asked to use the telephone. I got Boisseau's and called the old chap to the phone.
"Look here, Boisseau," I said. "What

have you done with the camera that was found in front of your place this morning?"
"Who is that?"
"Olliver Gray."
"You know what camera. One with the lens missing."
"Either he didn't know, or he acted perplexity pretty well."
"I'll inquire, Mr. Olliver."
But when he came back he said no camera had been turned in at the office.
"If I hear about one I'll let you know," he promised. So there I was. The photographer had been listening and offered to sell me another camera. But when I asked what sort of bird would carry a fair-sized camera around at night, he got behind the counter and fingered a steel tripod and lost interest in selling me anything. I had started out well enough, but here I was, winded already, and chas-

ing a hypothetical camera. Maybe I had had some sort of a fool idea of helping Miss Hazeltine and showing her that I wasn't the dumb and play-boy she'd thought I was. But I give you my word, at 3 o'clock that afternoon, when I wandered back to the club, my mind was a chaos and I was saying over and over to myself—
"I—w—1 per cent. The Curve of the Catenary."
The golf that afternoon was a failure. In the first place, Martin couldn't play. He has an old car without a self-starter, and halfway to the club he stalled the engine. I offered to get out and crank it for him, but he was irritable anyhow, and he swung over the side without even replying. He gave the crank a vicious twist, and the thing came back at him and nearly broke his wrist. He came around, holding it, and said I'd have to drive the rest of the way. Then he relapsed into a silence that was half temper and half pain, and I took the wheel. "Going too fast?" I asked him once, when we struck a bump and he'd clutched his arm.
"Drive it into the ditch and smash it up," was his pleasant reply.
So, naturally, there wasn't much zip to my game that afternoon. Martin sent his clubs and the grip with his golf clothes to his locker, and followed me about the links. But the only time he cheered up at all was once when I got into a sand pit and stuck there. Somebody had been flying a box kite on the links, which they'd no business to, and it had come down and lay smashed in the pit. I had a right to move the thing, and he knew I had, but he was in one of the nasty spells he takes now and then, and he insisted on arguing about it.
"Be a sport and play through it," he suggested. "How do you know the greens committee hasn't put it there as an extra hazard?"
"You go to the deuce," I said. "Very well, then, I won't touch it."
I lighted a cigaret and flung the burning match on the kite. It blazed like fun in an instant, and in three minutes I was out of the pit and on my way.
We had dinner at the club, and went

back to town early. Martin's wrist was better, though, and he drove the car. He was in a better humor, too.
"I've been pretty sore all day about your father, Ollie," he said. "But to-night I'm over the worst. I don't know that I'd have been very agreeable in his place to-day. What does your mother place her loss at?"
"Seventy-five thousand."
"Well, if the new order goes through all right, he can buy her another necklace and then some."
I took it from that that he had reconsidered and wasn't going to leave the works. I was glad of it. He knew and I knew and the governor knew, for that matter, that he'd pulled us out of trouble, a half-dozen times. He was worth ten times his salary. The governor doesn't believe in big salaries.
(To Be Continued.)

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