



CHAPTER XV.

The Cinematograph. On Monday I went out for the first time. I did not go to the office. I wanted to walk. I thought fresh air and exercise would drive away the blue devils that had me by the throat.

"I don't know why not," he said sulkily. "I can't walk. I haven't walked two consecutive blocks in three years. Automobiles have made legs mere ornaments—and some not even that. We could have Johnson out there chasing us over the country at \$5 an hour!"

"He can chase us just as well at five miles an hour," I said. "But what gets me, McKnight, is why I am under surveillance at all. How do the police know I was accused of that thing?"

"The young lady who sent the flowers—she isn't likely to talk, is she?" "No. That is, I didn't say it was a lady." I groaned as I tried to get my splintered arm into a coat. "Anyhow, she didn't tell," I finished with conviction, and McKnight laughed.

It had rained in the early morning, and Mrs. Klopston predicted more showers. In fact, so firm was her belief and so determined her eye that I took the umbrella she proffered me.

"Never mind," I said. "We can leave it next door! I have a story to tell you, Richey, and it requires proper setting."

McKnight was puzzled, but he followed me obediently around to the kitchen entrance of the empty house. It was unlocked, as I had expected. While we climbed to the upper floor I related the events of the previous night.

"It's the finest thing I ever heard of," McKnight said, starting up at the ladder and the trap. "What a vaudeville skit it would make! Only you ought not to have put your foot on her hand. They don't do it in the best circles."

I wheeled on him impatiently. "You don't understand the situation at all, Richey!" I exclaimed. "What would you say if I tell you it was the hand of a lady? It was covered with rings."

"A lady!" he repeated. "Why, I'd say it was a darned compromising situation, and that the less you say of it the better. Look here, Lawrence, I think you dreamed it. You've been in the house too much. I take it all back; you do need exercise."

"She" escaped through this door, I suppose," I said as patiently as I could. "Evidently down the back staircase. We might as well go down that way."

"According to the best precedents in these affairs, we should find a glove about here," he said as we started down. But he was more impressed than he cared to own. He examined the dusty steps carefully, and once, when a bit of loose plaster fell just behind him, he started like a nervous woman.

"What I don't understand is why you let her go," he said, stopping once, puzzled. "You're not usually quisotic."

"When we got out into the country, Richey, I replied gravely, "I am going to tell you another story, and if you don't tell me I'm a fool and a craven, on the strength of it, you are no friend of mine."

We stumbled through the twilight of staircase into the blackness of the shuttered kitchen. The house had the moldy smell of closed buildings; even on that warm September morning it was damp and chilly. As we stepped into the sunshine McKnight gave a shiver.

"Now that we are out," he said, "I don't mind telling you that I have been there before. Do you remember the night you left, and the face at the window?"

"When you speak of it—yes." "Well, I was curious about that thing," he went on, as we started up the street, "and I went back. The street door was unlocked, and I examined every room. I was Mrs. Klopston's ghost that carried a light, and clumb."

"Did you find anything?" "Only a clean place rubbed on the window opposite your dressing room. Splendid view of an untidy interior. If that house is ever occupied, you'd better put stained glass in that window of yours."

As we turned the corner I glanced back. Half a block behind us Johnson was moving our way slowly. When he saw me he stopped and proceeded with great deliberation to light a cigar. By hurrying, however, he caught the car that we took, and stood unobtrusively on the rear platform. He looked tagged, and absent-mindedly paid our fares, to McKnight's delight.

"We will give him a run for his money," he declared, as the car moved countryward. "Conductor, let us off at the middlest lane you can find."

At one o'clock after a stormy ramble, we entered a small country hotel. We had seen nothing of Johnson for a half hour. At that time he was a quarter of a mile behind us, and losing rapidly. Before we had finished our luncheon he staggered into the inn. One of his boots was under his arm, and his whole appearance was deplorable. He was coated with mud, streaked with perspiration, and he limped as he walked. He chose a table not far from us and ordered Scotch. Beyond touching his hat he paid no attention to us.

"I'm just getting my second wind," McKnight declared. "How do you feel, Mr. Johnson? Six or eight miles more and we'll all enjoy our dinners." Johnson put down the glass he had raised to his lips without replying.

The fact was, however, that I was like Johnson. I was soft from my week's traction, and I was pretty well done up. McKnight, who was a well-spring of vitality and high spirits, ordered a strange concoction, made of nearly everything in the bar, and sent it over to the detective, but Johnson refused it.

"I hate that kind of person," McKnight said pettishly. "Kind of a fellow that thinks you're going to poison his dog if you offer him a bone."

When we got to the car line, with Johnson a dragged and drooping tail to the kite, I was in better spirits. I had told McKnight the story of the three hours just after the wreck; I



And There's Johnson Just Behind, the Coolest Proposition in Washington.

had not named the girl, of course; she had my promise of secrecy. But I told him everything else. It was a relief to have a fresh mind on it; I had puzzled so much over the incident at the farm-house, and the necklace in the gold bag, that I had lost perspective.

He had been interested, but inclined to be amused, until I came to the broken chain. Then he had whistled softly.

"But there are tons of fine gold chains made every year," he said. "Why in the world do you think that the—or smerey piece came from that necklace?"

I had looked around. Johnson was far behind, scraping the mud off his feet with a piece of stick.

"I have the short end of the chain in the sealskin bag," I reminded him. "When I couldn't sleep this morning I thought I would settle it, one way or the other. It was hell to go along the way I had been doing. And—there's no doubt about it, Rich. It's the same chain."

We walked along in silence until we caught the car back to town.

"Well," he said finally, "you know the girl, of course, and I don't. But if you like her—and I think myself you'd rather hard hit, old man—I wouldn't give a whoop about the chain in the gold purse. It's just one of the little coincidences that hang people now and then. And as for last night—if she's the kind of a girl you say she is, and you think she had anything to do with that, you—yourself added, that's all. You can depend on it, the lady of the empty house last week is the lady of last night. And yet your train acquaintance was in Altoona at that time."

Just before we got off the car, I reverted to the subject again. It was never far back in my mind.

"About the young lady of the train, Rich," I said, with what I suppose was elaborate carelessness, "I don't want you to get a wrong impression. I am rather unlikely to see her again, but even if I do, I believe she is already 'bespoke,' or next thing to it."

He made no reply, but as I opened the door with my latch-key he stood looking up at me from the pavement with his quizzical smile.

"Love is like the measles," he cried. "The older you get it, the worse the attack."

Johnson did not appear again that day. A small man in a raincoat took his place. The next morning I made my initial trip to the office, the raincoat still on hand. I had a short conference with Miller, the district attorney, at 11. Bronson was under surveillance, he said, and any attempt to sell the note to him would probably result in their recovery. In the meantime, as I knew, the Commonwealth had continued the case, in hope of such contingency.

At noon I left the office and took a veterinarian to see Candida, the injured pony. By one o'clock my first day's duties were performed, and a long Sahara of hot afternoon stretched ahead. McKnight, always glad to escape from the grind, suggested a vaudeville, and in sheer ennui I consented. I could neither ride, drive nor golf, and my own company bored me to distraction.

"Coolest place in town these days," he declared. "Electric fans, breezy songs, airy costumes. And there's Johnson just behind—the coolest proposition in Washington."

He gravely bought three tickets and presented the detective with one. Then we went in. Having lived in a normal, busy life, the theater in the afternoon is to me about as a par with ice cream for breakfast. Up on the stage a very stout woman in short-sleeved skirts, with a smile that McKnight declared looked like a slash in a roll of butter, was singing nastily,

with a laborious kick at the end of each verse. Johnson, two rows ahead, went to sleep. McKnight prodded me with his elbow.

"Look at the first box to the right," he said, in a stage whisper. "I want you to come over at the end of this act."

It was the first time I had seen her since I put her in the cab at Baltimore. Outwardly I presume I was calm, but every atom of me cried out at the sight of her. She was leaning, bent forward, lips slightly parted, gazing raptly at the Japanese conjurer who had replaced what McKnight disrespectfully called the Columns of Hercules. Compared with the dragged lady of the farm house, she was radiant.

For that first moment there was nothing but joy at the sight of her. McKnight's touch on my arm brought me back to reality.

"Come over and meet them," he said. "That's the cousin Miss West is visiting, Mrs. Dallas."

But I would not go. After he went I sat there alone, painfully conscious that I was being pointed out and stared at from the box. The abominable Japanese gave way to yet more atrocious performing dogs.

"How many offers of marriage will the young lady in the box have?" The dog stopped sagely at "none," and then pulled out a card that said eight. Wild shouts of glee by the audience. "The fools," I muttered.

After a little I glanced over. Mrs. Dallas was talking to McKnight, but she was looking straight at me. She was flushed, but more calm than I, and she did not bow. I fumbled for my hat, but the next moment I saw that they were going, and I sat still. When McKnight came back he was triumphant.

"I've made an engagement for you," he said. "Mrs. Dallas asked me to bring you to dinner to-night, and I said I knew you would fall all over yourself to go. You are requested to bring along the broken arm, and any other souvenirs of the wreck that you may possess."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I declared, struggling against my inclination. "I can't even tie my necktie, and I have to have my food cut for me."

"Oh, that's all right," he said easily. "I'll send Stogie over to fix you up, and Mrs. Dal' knows all about the arm. I told her."

(Stogie is his Japanese factotum, so called because he is lean, a yellowish brown in color, and because he claims to have been shipped into this country in a box.)

The cinematograph was finishing the program. The house was dark and the music had stopped, as it does in the circus just before somebody risks his neck at so much a neck in the dip of death, or the hundred-foot dive. Then, with a sort of shock, I saw on the white curtain the announcement:

THE NEXT PICTURE IS THE DOOMED WASHINGTON FLIER, TAKEN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE SCENE OF THE WRECK ON THE FATAL MORNING OF SEPTEMBER TENTH. TWO MILES FARTHER ON IT MET WITH ALMOST COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

I confess to a return of some of the sickening sensations of the wreck; people around me were leaning forward with tense faces. Then the letters were gone and I saw a long level stretch of track, even the broken stone between the ties standing out distinctly. Far off under a cloud of smoke a small object was rushing toward us and growing larger as it came.

Now it was on us, a mammoth in size, with huge drivers and a colossal tender. The engine leaped aside, as if just in time to save us from destruction, with a glimpse of a stooping fireman and a grimy engineer. The long train of sleepers followed. From a forward vestibule a porter in a white coat waved his hand. The rest of the cars seemed still wrapped in slumber. With mixed sensations I saw my own car, Ontario, fly past, and then I rose to my feet and gripped McKnight's shoulder.

On the lowest step of the last car, one foot hanging free, was a man, his black derby hat was pulled well down to keep it from blowing away, and his

coat was flying open in the wind. He was swung well out from the car, his free hand gripping a small valise, every muscle tense for a jump.

"Good God, that's my man!" I said hoarsely, as the audience broke into applause. McKnight half rose; in his seat ahead Johnson stifled a yawn and turned to eye me.

I dropped into my chair limply, and tried to control my excitement. "The man on the last platform of the train," I said. "He was just about to leap; I'll swear that was my bag."

"Could you see his face?" McKnight asked in an undertone. "Would you know him again?"

"No. His hat was pulled down and his head was bent. I'm going back to find out where that picture was taken. They say two miles, but it may have been forty."

The audience, busy with its wraps, had not noticed. Mrs. Dallas and Allison West had gone. In front of us Johnson had dropped his hat and was stooping for it.

"This way," I motioned to McKnight, and we wheeled into the narrow passage behind us, back of the boxes. At the end there was a door leading into the wings, and as we went boldly through I turned the key. The final act was being struck, and no one paid any attention to us. Luckily they were similarly indifferent to banging at the door I had locked, banging which, I judged, signified ohson.

"I guess we've broken up his interference," McKnight chuckled. Stage hands were hurrying in every direction; pieces of the side wall of the last drawing room menaced us; a switchboard behind us was singing like a tea-kettle. Everywhere we stepped we were in somebody's way. At last we were across, confronting a man in his shirt sleeves, who by dots and dashes of profanity seemed to be directing the chaos.

"Well!" he said, wheeling on us. "What can I do for you?" "I would like to ask," I replied, "if you have any idea just where the last cinematograph picture was taken."

"Broken board—picnickers—lake?" "No. The Washington Flier." He glanced at my bandaged arm.

"The announcement says two miles," McKnight put in, "but we should like to know whether it is railroad miles, automobile miles, or railroad miles."

"I am sorry I can't tell you," he replied, more civilly. "We get those pictures by contract. We don't take them ourselves."

"Where are the company's offices?" "New York." He stepped forward and grasped a super by the shoulder.

"What in blazes are you doing with that gold chain in a kitchen set? Take that piece of pink plush there and throw it over soap box, if you have not got a kitchen chair."

I had not realized the extent of the shock, but now I dropped into a chair and wiped my forehead. The unexpected glimpse of Allison West followed almost immediately by the revelation of the picture, had left me limp and unnerved. McKnight was looking at his watch.

"He says the moving picture people have an office downtown. We can make it if we go now."

So he called a cab, and we started at a gallop. There was no sign of the detective. "Upon my word," Richey said, "I feel lonely without him."

"The people at the downtown office of the cinematograph company were very obliging. The picture had been taken, they said, at M—, just two miles beyond the scene of the wreck. It was not much, but it was something to work on. I decided not to go home, but to send McKnight's Jap for my clothes, and to dress at the incubator. I was determined, if possible, to make my next day's investigations without Johnson. In the meantime, even if it was for the last time, I would see Her that night. I gave Stogie a note for Mrs. Klopston, and with my dinner clothes there came back the gold bag wrapped in tissue paper.

Hoarse Coughs, Stuffy Colds, pain in chest and sore lungs, are symptoms that quickly develop into a dangerous illness if the cold is not cured. Foley's Honey and Tar stops the cough, heals and eases the congested parts, and brings quick relief. McBride & Will Drug Company.

Cheerful Heart a Life Preserver. There is no life preserver like a cheerful heart. It will weather the worst storms of human existence.

Real Cleverness. A man is really clever if he can make you like an old story when he tells it.

FOR SALE—FOR RENT—TO EXCHANGE—

Wanted—Washings. 1001 Turner street.

Wanted—To buy a \$1,500 cottage. Carl's Employment Agency.

Wanted—To rent, by April 1 a six or seven room house partly modern, with barn. Address V-21, care T-R.

Wanted—Position as stenographer with good firm. Address L-21, care this office.

Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl's Employment Agency. Phone 950.

Wanted—Representatives in Marshall, Tama, Grundy, Hardin, Story, Jasper counties to sell household specialties of exceptional merit. For particulars write M-17, care Times-Republican.

Wanted—Lady or gentleman, travel collect names catarrh sufferers. \$100 per month, \$60 expenses, advanced. No experience or canvassing needed when traveling. Easy, permanent, profitable. We teach you. Dept. M Waverly Brown Company 3651 E. Ravenswood, Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—A good delivery boy. Bristol Grocery Company.

Wanted—Boy at Bailey's plumbing shop, 136 West Main.

Wanted—Single man to work on farm. Give references. Gus Wendt, Dillon.

Wanted—Experienced farm hand for nine months. Apply or write Jabez Quincy, Rockwell, Iowa, R. 3.

Wanted—A good horse shoer. Write to M. Watts, Eldora, Iowa.

Wanted—A man to do the road work in Vienna township. A house can be furnished. See Howard Eckles or John Nickerson, trustees.

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Wanted—Dishwasher. Good wages. Henry Sundell, 31 North Center street.

Wanted—Lady cook, after March 1. Address T. L. Thompson, restaurant, Latimer, Iowa.

WANTED—SALESMEN. Wanted—Clear salesman. Experience unnecessary; sell our brands to the retail trade; big pay. Write for full particulars at once. Globe Cigar Company, Cleveland, O.

AGENTS WANTED. Wanted—Live agents to handle South Dakota land. Morden Land & Loan Company, 411 Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. For Sale—Furniture and baby cab at 397 West Linn street.

For Sale—Heating stove. Round Oak No. 20, Island City steel cook stove, in good condition. Call Saturday forenoon. W. H. Wilson, 403 1/2 West State.

For Sale—Two thoroughbred Toulouse ganders. L. Harrah, route No. 7.

For Sale—Six doors, one cupboard, some lumber and windows. Call 10 North Sixth street.

For Sale—Yellow seed corn. C. F. Brooks, route 7.

For Sale or Trade—\$125 phonograph for horse. S. H., care Times-Republican.

For Sale—Old papers, large bundles, for 5 cents, at T-K office.

For Sale—Cheap. Kingery's steam power peanut and popcorn machine, nickel plated and silver mounted, good

as new. Address William Haskel, 408 North Fourth avenue, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Hotel ranges, cooking utensils, dishes, chairs, and tables, cheap. Stoddard Hotel, Marshalltown.

For Sale—Appliances. E. E. Hood.

For Sale—On easy payments, bar fixtures, new and second hand billiard and pool tables, billiard and bowling supplies. We lead in cheap prices. The Brunswick-Balke-Chandler Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

FOR SALE—LIVESTOCK. For Sale—Good mare, coming 3 years old. Also one heavy work mare. 408 Union street. Phone 1192 white.

For Sale—Good fresh cow. C. E. Haddock, Rural No. 3.

For Sale—A grade Polina stallion, weight 1,800 pounds. Price reasonable. J. H. Ruberbauer, one mile south of Dillon, Gilman, Iowa, route No. 2.

For Sale—Brown Percheron stallion, coming 3 years old in May, has good style, clean bone. Will make 1,899 pounds when matured. Recorded, sound. Also black French stallion, coming 3 years old in June, weight 1,750 now, has fifteen inch bone, the making of a big horse. Farm located seven miles north of Conrad. P. J. Baasch, Conrad, Iowa.

For Sale—A pair of good mares. George Estel, R. No. 1.

For Sale—Sixty imported draft stallions, thirty mammoth jacks. 411 Good block, Des Moines.

TWO GROCERY STOCKS FOR SALE. No Dead Stock. Each invoice \$1,500 to \$2,000. \$10,000 to \$20,000 business in 1909. Good locations in city of 4,000. Address S. C. L., care this paper.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY. For Sale—We have houses from \$500 to \$2,000. We can sell on payments. Also several good Marshall county farms and acreage properties. McBride & Will Real Estate Company, 104 East Main street.

For Sale—Modern home, on easy terms if taken within thirty days. Charles Glick, 411 West State street.

For Sale—Five room cottage on East Linn. Address K-19, care T-R.

For Sale—Some good city property paying better than 11 per cent on investment. Inquire J. O. Monahan over Fidelity Bank.

For Sale—Two and one-half acres land, eight-room house, well, cistern, good cellar, small fruit of all kinds, good orchard, good barn. Cheap if sold soon. Inquire 111 South Third avenue.

For Sale—Modern seven-room house, 597 North First avenue, lot 50x185, well sit cheap if taken soon. Henry J. Pleischer, 1211 Fifth street, Des Moines, Iowa.

For Sale—An eight room house in Albion, good cistern, cellar, good wood house, and good barn, together with one block land on which house is situated, known as Sarah Cowgill place. For terms of sale see Forrest Smith, R. 3, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—General store in northern central Iowa, doing \$15,000 business annually. Stocks are composed of groceries, dry goods, shoes and some hardware. Good reason for selling. Address "K-18" care T-R.

IOWA LAND FOR SALE BY OWNER. My several farms in Howard county, from 80 to 240 acres, well improved, near town, smooth, black soil, good drainage, no ponds or ditches, no better corn or dairy land. Prices \$50 to \$90. Easy terms. Farms to rent. List

SARCASM THAT WAS WASTED

What Player's Ill Humor Had Little Effect on Good-Natured Man from the West.

Life tells of an old fellow, a member of a whist club in Brooklyn, who enjoyed the reputation of being a great crank. His animadversions against his partners were so severe that it was rare indeed that he could get anyone to play with him.

One night, however, a man happened in from the west and the avoided one promptly assailed him with a request to "sit in." The western man was about to comply when he was taken aside by one of the members of the club who told him the reputation of the crank.

"I don't care," he said. "I can stand it, I guess."

At the end of the evening he was approached once more by the curious member.

"Well," said the member, "how did you manage?"

"First rate."

"Didn't he insult you?"

"Why, no."

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"Didn't he browbeat you?" "Not at all."

"Didn't he say anything?" "Nothing special. He only spoke once during the whole course of the game."

"What did he say then?" "Why, I didn't get the cards out right, and he looked over very pleasantly and said: 'Why, you can't even deal, can you?'"—Montreal Herald.

Sore Lungs and Raw Lungs. Most people know the feeling and the miserable state of ill health it indicates. All people should know that Foley's Honey and Tar, the greatest throat and lung remedy, will quickly cure the soreness and cough and restore a normal condition. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar. McBride & Will Drug Company.

Big Electrical Project. It is planned to extend the New York Central electrification to North White Plains.