

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Miss Innes, spinster and guardian of Gertrude and Halsey, established summer headquarters at Sunnyside. Amidst numerous difficulties the servants deserted. As Miss Innes looked up for the night, she was startled by a dark figure on the veranda.

CHAPTER II.—She passed a terrible night, which was ried with unseemly noises. In the morning Miss Innes found a strange link cuff button in a clothes hamper.

CHAPTER III.—Gertrude and Halsey arrived with Jack Bailey. The house was awakened by a revolver shot. A strange man was found shot to death, in the hall.

CHAPTER IV.—It proved to be the body of Arnold Armstrong, whose banker father owned the country house. Miss Innes found Halsey's revolver on the lawn. He and Jack Bailey had disappeared. The link cuff button mysteriously disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

Gertrude's Engagement.

At ten o'clock the Casanova hack brought up three men. They introduced themselves as the coroner of the county and two detectives from the city. The coroner led the way at once to the locked wing, and with the aid of one of the detectives examined the rooms and the body. The other detective, after a short scrutiny of the dead man, busied himself with the outside of the house. It was only after they had got a fair idea of things as they were that they sent for me.

I received them in the living room, and I had made up my mind exactly what to tell. I had taken the house for the summer, I said, while the Armstrongs were in California. In spite of a rumor among the servants about strange noises—I cited Thomas—nothing had occurred the first two nights. On the third night I believed that some one had been in the house; I had heard a crashing sound, but being alone with one maid had not investigated. The house had been locked in the morning and apparently undisturbed.

Then, as clearly as I could, I related how, the night before, a shot had roused us; that my niece and I had investigated and found a body; that I did not know who the murdered man was until Mr. Jarvis from the club informed me, and that I knew of no reason why Mr. Arnold Armstrong should gleam into his father's house at night. I should have been glad to allow him enter there at any time.

"Have you reason to believe, Miss Innes," the coroner asked, "that any member of your household, imagining Mr. Armstrong was a burglar, shot him in self-defense?"

"I have no reason for thinking so," I said quietly.

"Your theory is that Mr. Armstrong was followed here by some enemy and shot as he entered the house?"

"I don't think I have a theory," I said. "The thing that has puzzled me is why Mr. Armstrong should enter his father's house two nights in succession, stealing in like a thief, when he needed only to ask entrance to be admitted."

The coroner was a very silent man; he took some notes after this, but he seemed anxious to make the next train back to town. He set the inquest for the following Saturday, gave Mr. Jamieson, the younger of the two detectives, and the more intelligent looking, a few instructions, and, after gravely shaking hands with me and regretting the unfortunate affair, took his departure, accompanied by the other detective.

I was just beginning to breathe freely when Mr. Jamieson, who had been standing by the window, came over to me.

"The family consists of yourself alone, Miss Innes?"

"My niece is here," I said. "There is no one but yourself and your niece?"

"My nephew," I had to moisten my lips.

"Oh, a nephew. I should like to see him, if he is here."

"He is not here just now," I said as quietly as I could. "I expect him— at any time."

"He was here yesterday evening, I believe?"

"No—yes."

"Didn't he have a guest with him? Another man?"

please tell me all you know. Believe me, things always come out in the first place. Mr. Armstrong was shot from above. The bullet was fired at close range, entered below the shoulder and came out, after passing through the heart, well down the back. In other words, I believe the murderer stood on the stairs and fired down. In the second place, I found on the edge of the billiard table a charred cigar which had burned itself partly out, and a cigarette which had consumed itself to the cork tip. Neither one had been more than lighted, then put down and forgotten. Have you any idea what it was that made your nephew and Mr. Bailey leave their cigars and their game, take out the automobile without calling the chauffeur, and all that at—let me see—certainly before three o'clock in the morning?"

"I don't know," I said, "but depend on it, Mr. Jamieson, Halsey will be back himself to explain everything."

"I sincerely hope so," he said. "Miss Innes, has it occurred to you that Mr. Bailey might know something of this?"

Gertrude had come downstairs and just as he spoke she came in. I saw her stop suddenly, as if she had been struck.

"He does not," she said in a tone that was not her own. "Mr. Bailey and my brother know nothing of this. The murder was committed at three. They left the house at a quarter before three."

"How do you know that?" Mr. Jamieson asked oddly. "Do you know at what time they left?"

"I do," Gertrude answered firmly. "At a quarter before three my brother and Mr. Bailey left the house, by the main entrance. I was there."

"Gertrude," I said excitedly, "you are dreaming! Why, at a quarter to three—"

"Listen," she said. "At half-past two the downstairs telephone rang. I had not gone to sleep, and I heard it. Then I heard Halsey answer it, and in a few minutes he came upstairs and knocked at my door. We—we talked for a minute, then I put on my dressing gown and slippers, and went downstairs with him. Mr. Bailey was in the billiard room. We—we all talked together for perhaps ten minutes. Then it was decided—that that they should both go away—"

"Can't you be more explicit?" Mr. Jamieson asked. "Why did they go away?"

"I am only telling you what happened, not why it happened," she said evenly. "Halsey went for the car, and instead of bringing it to the house and rousing people, he went by the lower road from the stable. Mr. Bailey was to meet him at the foot of the lawn. Mr. Bailey left—"

"Which way?" Mr. Jamieson asked sharply.

"By the main entrance. He left—it was a quarter to three. I know exactly."

"The clock in the hall is stopped, Miss Innes," said Jamieson. Nothing seemed to escape him.

"He looked at his watch," she replied, and I could see Mr. Jamieson's eyes snap, as if he had made a discovery. As for myself, during the whole recital I had been plunged into the deepest amazement.

"Will you pardon me for a personal question?" The detective was a youngish man, and I thought he was somewhat embarrassed. "What are your—your relations with Mr. Bailey?"

Gertrude hesitated. Then she came over and put her hand lovingly in mine.

"I am engaged to marry him," she said simply.

I had grown so accustomed to surprises that I could only gasp again, and as for Gertrude, the hand that lay in mine was burning with fever.

"And—after that," Mr. Jamieson went on, "you went directly to bed?"

Gertrude hesitated.

"No," she said finally. "I—I am not nervous, and after I had extinguished the light, I remembered something I had left in the billiard room, and I felt my way back there through the darkness."

"Will you tell me what it was you had forgotten?"

"I cannot tell you," she said slowly. "I—I did not leave the billiard room at once—"

"Why?" The detective's tone was imperative. "This is very important, Miss Innes."

"I was crying," Gertrude said in a low tone. "When the French clock in the drawing room struck three I got up and then—I heard a step on the east porch, just outside the cardroom. Some one with a key was working with the latch, and I thought, of course, of Halsey. When we took the house he called that his entrance, and he had carried a key for it ever since. The door opened and I was about to ask what he had forgotten, when there was a flash and a report. Some heavy body dropped, and, half crazed with terror and shock, I ran through the drawing room and got upstairs—I scarcely remember how."

She dropped into a chair, and I thought Mr. Jamieson must have finished. But he was not through.

"You certainly clear your brother and Mr. Bailey admirably," he said. "The testimony is invaluable, especially in view of the fact that your brother and Mr. Armstrong had, I believe, quarreled rather seriously some time ago."

"Nonsense," I broke in. "Things are bad enough, Mr. Jamieson, without inventing bad feeling where it doesn't exist. Gertrude, I don't think Halsey knew the—murdered man, did he?"

But Mr. Jamieson was sure of his ground.

"The quarrel, I believe," he persisted, "was about Mr. Armstrong's conduct to you, Miss Gertrude. He had been paying you unwelcome attentions."

And I had never seen the man! When she nodded a "yes" I saw the tremendous possibilities involved. If this detective could prove that Gertrude feared and disliked the murdered man, and that Mr. Armstrong had been annoying and possibly pursuing her with hateful attentions, all that, added to Gertrude's confession of her presence in the billiard room at the time of the crime, looked strange, to say the least. The prominence of the family assured a strenuous effort to find the murderer, and if we had nothing worse to look forward to, we were sure of a distasteful publicity.

Mr. Jamieson shut his note-book with a snap and thanked us.

"I have an idea," he said, apropos of nothing at all, "that at any rate the ghost is laid here. Whatever the rappings have been—and the colored man says they began when the family went west three months ago—they are likely to stop now."

Which shows how much he knew about it. The ghost was not laid; with the murder of Arnold Armstrong he, or it, only seemed to take on fresh vigor.

Mr. Jamieson left then, and when Gertrude had gone upstairs, as she did at once, I sat and thought over what I had just heard. Her engagement, once so engrossing a matter, paled now beside the significance of her story. If Halsey and Jack Bailey had

left before the crime, how came Halsey's revolver in the tulip bed? What was the mysterious cause of their sudden flight? What had Gertrude left in the billiard room? What was the significance of the cuff-link and where was it?

(Continued next Friday)

Clarksburg, Ky., W. J. Bellamy, gives particulars of his son's recovery. He says: "My boy of sixteen had bronchial trouble, ever since he was a baby, and it gradually grew worse until we feared consumption. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and soon there was such a marked improvement that I got a second bottle and this will, I think, make a permanent cure. The first bottle cured his stubborn cough and I think this wonderful medicine saved my boy's life." Shugars and Tanner.

MRS. MCGILL BROKE DOWN

Gives the Real Facts in Regard to Her Case and Tells How She Suffered.

Jonesboro, Ark.—"I suffered a complete break down in health, some time ago," writes Mrs. A. McGill, from this place. "I was very weak and could not do any work. I tried different remedies, but they did me no good. One day, I got a bottle of Cardui. It did me so much good, I was surprised, and took some more."

Before I took Cardui, I had headache and backache, and sometimes I would cry for hours. Now I am over all that, and can do all kinds of housework. I think it is the greatest medicine on earth."

In the past fifty years, thousands of ladies have written, like Mrs. McGill, to tell of the benefit received from Cardui.

Such testimony, from earnest women, surely indicates the great value of this tonic remedy, for diseases peculiar to women. Are you a sufferer? Yes? Cardui is the medicine you need. We urge you to try it.

N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chittenden Medicine Co., Chittenden, Vt., for Circular, Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

YOUNG WIFE SAVED FROM HOSPITAL

Tells How Sick She Was And What Saved Her From An Operation.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.—"Three years ago I was married and went to house-keeping. I was not feeling well and could hardly drag myself along. I had such tired feelings, my back ached, my sides ached, I had bladder trouble awfully bad, and I could not get to sleep. I had headaches, too, and became almost a nervous wreck. My doctor told me to go to a hospital. I did not like that idea very well, so, when I saw your advertisement in a paper, I wrote to you for advice, and have done as you told me. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and now I have my health."

"If sick and ailing women would only know enough to take your medicine, they would get relief."—Mrs. BENJ. H. STANSBERRY, Route 6, Box 18, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

If you have mysterious pains, irregularity, backache, extreme nervousness, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait too long, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy and should give every one confidence.

DAM A CERTAINTY

Capitalists Project \$3,000,000 Plant On Dix River.

The Dix River Power Company, which has been under discussion for several years among a number of capitalists and engineers of this and other States, has been organized under the leadership of Representative L. B. Herrington, of Richmond, Ky., and it is proposed to generate 20,000 horsepower a day and run transmission lines to Louisville, Lexington and other Kentucky towns and possibly to Cincinnati. Articles of incorporation were signed Friday at a meeting at the Phoenix Hotel, Lexington, but have not yet been filed. The officers are: President, L. B. Herrington, of Richmond; secretary, Harvey Chenault, Richmond; treasurer, Bethel Veech, president of the United States Trust Company, of Louisville. Mr. Veech is to have charge of the financing of the concern, which is to cost approximately \$3,000,000.

Messrs. Herrington, Chenault and Veech, together with Charles P. Kennedy, of Burgin, S. W. Forky, of Elkton, J. Miller Ward, Paris, and R. L. McDonald, Niagara Falls, N. Y., compose the board of directors.

The project is to build a dam 200 feet high across the Dix River several miles above its confluence with the Kentucky river at High Bridge, and thus create a lake 25 miles long, which store water enough to operate the plant through any drought that might occur.

For several years Mr. Herrington and Mr. Kennedy have been working on this project and surveys and engineers' reports have been made, Arthur Gesler, a consulting engineer, of Dayton, Ohio, being among those who have looked the proposition over and reported on it.—Lexington Leader.

ARTHUR McKECHNIE DEAD

Arthur R. McKechnie, aged 52, died at his home on the Copper pipe last Saturday evening at 5 o'clock after a sickness of only 7 days duration of bowel trouble. He was taken sick on Sunday and an operation performed on him Tuesday night. Mr. McKechnie was a son of the late James McKechnie, he born in Glasgow, Scotland moving here with his parents at an early age. He was married to Miss Minerva Ard, from which union five children, one girl and four boys were born all of whom survive him. He is also survived by his wife and one sister, Mrs. Jennette Campbell, of Pulaski county and three brothers R. R. McKechnie of this city, John of Bronston and William of Garrard county. He had always been a farmer and was a good man. His remains were buried at Bethesda, after funeral services by Rev. J. W. Caughorn.—Monticella Outlook

McKechnie was a brother of the late Squire McKechnie of this county.

AN ITEM OF HOME INTEREST

Charles Gormley, 507 Maxwell St. Lexington, Ky., has lately been cured of kidney and bladder trouble. He says: "I heard of Foley Kidney Pills and the good they were doing, and after taking them a few days the pain left my back, the tired feeling pressed away, and I am glad to recommend them." Shugars and Tanner.

RALLY TO HIM

(Anderson News)

We want to send an appeal to every gallant old Confederate soldier in the 13th judicial district to vote for that splendid young democrat W. S. Burch, for Commonwealth's Attorney of that district in the primary Aug. 1, 1912. Cripple as he is, physically, no night has been too dark or day too rainy for him to go out in the interest of the democratic party of his county. He is a democrat from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. Big heart; ever loyal to a friend; courageous as Julius Caesar; his life is open and you can unfold the leaves of the book that it is written upon and not a line, a syllable, or a comma, but what would read democratic. He never hides behind the door or causes the curtain of public opinion to disclose any act of his from public criticism, but always in the open and as brave a son of as true and gallant a Confederate soldier as ere donned the gray and trod the soil of the land of the free and home of the brave. Stand behind him solidly in the earnest wish of the editor of the News to ever see a Confederate soldier in that district as well as every son of a Confederate soldier and every nephew.

Remember how this gallant young man battled for Judge M. C. Saulty, an old Confederate, for circuit judge in 1903, when he was "up against" a combination in his district that defeated him by means unfair, but this hobbling, crippled, untiring friend stood every rest as true as the needle to the pole. If you love a true democrat, one who is competent by training and experience, fair to friend and foe, rich and poor, vote for W. S. Burch. We hold his opponent, Judge E. V. Puryear, of Danville, in the highest esteem. He is a good lawyer, a gentleman to the manner born and would make a capable official for the district, but the editor of the News would be ungrateful if he did not lend a helping word to one that he calls a true friend and one that for nearly 15 years he fought side by side with in the democratic ranks of old Lincoln county.

Has his political enemies, as I so have we, and we love him because he has them and we are truly proud of ours. Just as certain as death and taxes come will Burch sweep everything before him for Commonwealth's Attorney. It.

RELIEVE YOUR STOMACH

We Will Help You Do It. Hear Our Guarantee.

Dyspepsia may be completely eradicated if properly treated. We sell a remedy that we positively guarantee will completely relieve indigestion or dyspepsia, or the medicine used during the trial will cost you nothing.

This remedy has been named Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. Certainly no offer could be more fair, and our offer should be proof positive that Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are a dependable remedy.

Inasmuch as the medicine will cost you nothing if it does not benefit you we urge you who suffering with indigestion or dyspepsia to try Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. A 25-cent box contains enough medicine for fifteen days' treatment. For chronic cases we have two larger sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain Rexall Remedies only at our store—The Rexall store, The Penny Drug Store.

R. G. Collins, Postmaster, Benegat N. J., was troubled with a severe incripple cough. He says: "I would be completely exhausted after each fit of violent coughing. I bought a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and before I had taken it all the coughing spells had entirely ceased. It can't be beat." Shugars and Tanner.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has helped countless thousands of thin, weak, delicate children—made them strong, plump and robust.

It creates an appetite, aids digestion, fills the veins with rich red blood.

After illness or loss of weight from any cause, it brings strength and flesh quicker than anything else.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Ashland Brook

(No. 41756.)

Vol. 17 A. T. H. R., bred by Eugene Rucker, Georgetown, Ky. Ashland Brook was foaled 1903, solid bay with left hind foot white, 15 3-4 hands high.

PEDIGREE.—Sired by 'Silent Brook, No. 19769, record 2:16 1-2, the sire of Margaret Bathgate, 2:11 1-4, Bettie Brook (3) 2:17 3/4; Lady Bellbrooks, 2:17 1-4, Jennie Brook, (4) 2:17 1-4, Elliott Stone 2-18 1-4, Lady Brook, 2:30 and Running Brook 2:30, Silent Brook by Darknight, No 2858, the sire of Searchlight 2:02 1-4, Brightlight, 2:08 1-4 and Valpa, 2:09 1-2. Darknight sired by Aleyone No. 232 record 2:27. Ashland Brook's 1st dam Bona Wren by Ashland Wilkes, 2:29; record 2:17 1-4, the sire of John R. Gentry, 2:00 1-2, Sally Toler 2:06 1-4; Ashland Wilkes sired by Red Wilkes 1749, he by George Wilkes, second dam, Lide Lilly, by Pretender, 1453, 3d dam by Jim Monroe 835.

Note.—Ashland Brook is a handsome horse with lots of substance and we feel sure in offering to the public the service of him that there are very few his equal, for he has already proven himself to be a breeder unsurpassed, for he is a sire of the kind of horses the public are looking for today. His colts all have good color and have that nice way of going with the speed of trotters. They all possess the looks of a fine saddle horse in fact they meet with few defeats in the show ring. They have perfect manners. Ashland Brook will make the present season at \$15 to insure a living colt.

King Eagle

No. 2556.

Vol. 6, A. S. H. E. King Eagle is 16 hands high, dark bay with flowing mane and tail, goes all the gait with plenty of speed, style and action.

Pedigree.—Sired by Royal King 2555 he by On Time, 745, he by Stonewall Jackson 72, Royal King's first dam Mollie Mountz, 3584, was by the noted sire Cabell's Lexington F. S. King Eagle's first dam Hip 3579, she by Eagle Bird 1014, he by Old King Eagle, 759, second dam by Red Lion 3rd dam by Harris' Denmark, he by Miller's Denmark, 45, fourth dam by Jim Bell (thoroughbred.)

Note.—King Eagle is a combined stallion, a breeder of combined horses his colts all have good colors, with size, high style and action. He is also a sire of the most looked for horse today; that is the plantation horse. They all have a nice running walk and their canter is perfect. His get are in demand and always bring the highest prices. King Eagle will make the present season at the low price of \$15 to insure a living colt.

WAR TRACE

We will also stand the great young Jack War Trace at \$10 for mares and \$20 for jennets to insure a living colt. War Trace is black with white points 15 1-2 hands high. He was sired by Great Eastern II; he by imp. Tax Payer that sold for \$3,200. His dam was by the imp. Great Eastern. War Trace's dam by Bedford Star, he by Ezell Starlight.

Note.—This jack has proven himself to be a great breeder for mules for his colts sold last fall as high as \$110 horse mule colts to \$125 for mare mules, so you see in offering the service of this great jack, we are offering one that is second to none. This jack has also proven himself to be a great jennet jack, for he has the finest head and ear, and as much foot and bone as any jack living and as like begets like, he has departed the same to his jack and jennet colts.

EQUITY.

We will also offer for public service this great 16-hand Jack. He is black with white points. His head and ear, foot and bone are second to none, with style and action like a mule. He is sired by Yelberton, Jr., first dam by Dr. Wood, second dam by imported Jack. Yelberton, Jr., the sire of Equity is now at the head of Mr. T. B. Adams' herd of jennets, at Lexington, Ky.

In offering this jack for public service we feel sure we are offering a great breeder for competent judges say that he was the best breeder in Montgomery county, his colts always bringing the highest prices.

This great jack will make the present season at \$10 for mares and \$20 for jennets to insure a living colt. All of the above mentioned stock will make the present season of 1912 at our stable 2 1/2 miles west of Stanford on the Shelby City pike. Mares traded, parted with or bred elsewhere without our consent forfeits the insurance and money becomes due at time of such transaction. For information call on or address S. T. Harris & Robert Woods, Phone 72-Ring 3, Stanford, Ky.