

Nothing But The Truth

By **Frederic S. Isham**

Author of Under the Rose, Aladdin From Broadway, Etc.
Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

"No, I haven't," snapped Bob. That truth pact made it necessary to answer the most silly questions.

"Well, I didn't know but you had," murmured the temperamental young thing. "I heard a dog barking and that made me think you might have them. You're sure you didn't let anybody into the house?"

"I didn't."

Miss Dolly nudged herself together more cozily. She seemed about to ask some more questions. Perhaps she would want to know if he had let anybody out, and then he would have to tell her—

"Look here," said Bob desperately. "Maybe it hasn't occurred to you, but—this isn't exactly proper. Me here, like this, and you—"

"Oh, I'm not afraid," answered Miss Dolly with wonderful assurance. "I can quite take care of myself. I should—but—more desperately—'if I should be discovered'—Can't you see for your own sake—?"

"My own sake?" The big innocent eyes opened wider. "In that case, of course, I'd tell them the truth."

"The truth!" How he hated the word! "You mean that I—?" Glancing toward the brooch.

"Of course!" Tranquilly.

Bob tried to consider. He could see what would happen to him, if they were interrupted. It certainly was a most preposterous conversation, anyhow. Besides, it wasn't the place or the time for conversation of any kind. He had just about made up his mind that he would go, whether she screamed or not, and take the consequences, however disagreeable they might be, when—

"Well, trot along," said Miss Dolly graciously. "I suppose you've got a lot of work to do tonight and it's rather unkind to detain you. Only pick up the brooch before you go. He obeyed. "Now put it on the dresser and leave it there. Hard to do that, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't," Savagely.

"Well, you can go now. By the way, Mrs. Vanderpool has a big bronze-colored diamond surrounded by wonderful pink pearls. It's an antique and would adorn a connoisseur's collection."

"But I tell you I am not—"

"My! How stupid, to keep on saying that! But, of course, you must really be very clever. Society highwaymen are always a good night. So glad I was thinking of something else and forgot to let the door!"

Bob went to the door and he considered it: when she put out a hand and pushed a convenient button which shut off the light. Bob opened the door but closed it quickly again. He fancied he saw some one out there in the hall, a shadowy form in the distance, but was not absolutely sure.

"Aren't you gone?" said the temperamental young thing.

"S-sh!" said Bob.

For some moments there was silence, thrilling enough, even for her. Then Bob gently opened the door once more, though very slightly, and peered out of the tiniest crack, but he failed to see any one now, so concluded he must have been mistaken. The shadows were most deceptive. Anyhow, there was more danger in staying than in going, so he slid out and closed the door. At the same moment he heard a very faint click. It seemed to come from the other side of the hall. He didn't like that, he told himself, and waited to make sure no one was about. The ensuing silence reassured him somewhat; and the "click," he argued, might have come from the door he himself had closed.

The temperamental young thing, holding her breath, heard him move softly but swiftly away. She listened, nothing happened. Then she stretched her young form luxuriously and pondered on the delicious secret that was all hers. A secret that was Bob's slave! Objectively her slave! Like the servant of the lamp! She could compel him to turn somersaults if she wanted to.

Bob awoke with a slight headache, which, however, didn't surprise him any. He only wondered his head didn't ache more. People came down to breakfast almost any time, and sometimes they didn't come down at all but sipped coffee in their rooms, continental fashion. It was late when Bob got up, so a goodly number of the guests—the exceptions including Mrs. Dan and Mrs. Clarence—were down by the time he sauntered into the big sun-room, where breakfast was served to all with American appetites.

The temperamental little thing managed accidentally (?) to encounter him at the doorway before he got into the room with the others. He shivered slightly when he saw her, though she looked most attractive in her rather bizarre way. Bob gazed beyond her, however, to a vision in the window. "Vision!" That just described what Miss Gwendoline looked like, with the sunlight on her and making an aureole of her glorious fair hair. Of course one could put an adjective or two before the "vision"—such as "beautiful," or something even stronger—without being accused of extravagance.

The little dark thing, uttering some platitudes, followed Bob's look, but she didn't appear jealous. She hadn't quite decided how much latitude to give Bob. That young gentleman noticed that the hammer-thrower, looking like one of those stalwart, masculine tea-passers in an English novel, was not far from Miss Gwendoline. His big fingers could apparently handle delicate china as well as mighty iron balls or sledges. He reported himself as if his college educa-

tion had included a course at Tuller's in Oxford street, in London, where six-foot guardsmen are taught to maneuver among spindle-legged tables and to perform almost impossible feats without damage to crockery.

Miss Dolly now maneuvered so as to draw Bob aside in the hall to have a word or two before he got to bacon and eggs. What she said didn't improve his appetite.

"I'm so disappointed in you," she began in a low voice.

He asked why, though not because he really cared to know.

"After that hint of mine!" she explained reproachfully. "About Mrs. Vanderpool's bronze diamond, I mean."

"I fear I do not understand you," said Bob coldly.

She bent nearer. "Of course, I thought it would disappear," she murmured. "I expected you to execute one of those clever coups, and so I went purposely to Mrs. Vanderpool's room on some pretext this morning to learn if it was gone. But it wasn't. I cleverly led the conversation up to it and she showed it to me."

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Did you think she wouldn't have it to show you? That it had found its way into my pockets?"

"Of course," she answered. "And you are quite sure you haven't it after all?" she asked suspiciously.

"How could I when you saw—?"

"Oh, you might have substituted a counterfeit brooch just like it for—"

Bob groaned. "You certainly have absorbed those plays," he remarked.

"I expected a whole lot of things would be gone," she went on, "and, apparently," with disappointment, "no one has missed anything. It's quite tame. Did you get discouraged because you failed to land the 'foot'?"

"Is that the word?—in my case? And did you then just go prosaically to bed?"

"I certainly went to bed, though there was nothing prosaic about the procedure."

"And yet what a dull night it must have been for you!"

"I shouldn't call it that."

"No?" She shifted the conversation. "Who do you suppose has come?"

Dickie Donnelly. Said he had arrived in town on some business and took advantage of the opportunity to make a little call on me. Incidentally, he seems interested in you. Said he would make it a point to see you after you got down. He's out on the veranda smoking now. I guess, he wanted to talk to me but I made an excuse to shoo him away. He isn't half so exciting as you are. You know, I'm sure, how I can't now I couldn't marry him and annex his old chimneys to ours, for all the world. Chimneys are such commonplace means to a livelihood, Mr. Bennett, don't you think? They are so ugly and dependable. Not at all romantic and precarious! They just smoke and you get richer. There isn't a single thrill in a whole forest of chimneys. But I mustn't really keep you from your breakfast any longer," she added with sudden sedulousness. "I've quite planned what we're going to do today."

"You have?" With a slight accent on the first word.

"Yes," she assured him quietly. "So run along now."

The slave, glad to get away, started to obey, when—"One moment!" said Miss Dolly as if seized with an afterthought. "Dickie asked about you so particularly that it occurred to me that—Well, do you think he harbors any suspicions?"

"Yes; do you imagine he, too, by any chance, may have guessed—'you know?' And Dolly again drew closer, her eyes beaming with new excitement.

Bob looked disagreeable, but he had to reply. "I'm sure he doesn't think what you do," he answered ill-humorously.

Dolly looked relieved, but still slightly dubious. She didn't appear to notice that lack of appreciation in Bob's manner for her interest in his welfare. "Well, you'd better see him," she said in the tone of one who has already established herself to the post of secret adviser. "He's bent on an interview with you. Says it's business. And speaking about business, what business could he possibly have in that dinky little town? Unless he wanted to buy the whole village! His conduct is, to say the least, slightly mysterious. Dickie may prove a factor to be reckoned with."

"That's true enough," assented Bob, and went in to breakfast.

The temperamental little thing gazed after him approvingly; she glowed in her big burglar. It was so nice to know something no one else knew, to be a little wiser than all the rest of the world, including the police and the detective force! Bob must be terribly resourceful and subtle to have deceived them all so thoroughly. He only seemed a little dense at times, just to keep up the deception. It was a part of the role. He wouldn't even let her, who knew his secret, see under the surface and she liked him all the better for his reticence. It lent piquancy to the situation and added zest to the game. Dickie's manner had certainly seemed to her unduly sober. He appeared to have something on his mind, though of course he was awfully eager and joyous about seeing her.

At the breakfast table Bob only dabbled with his hot rolls and took but a few gulps of coffee. The monic man who sat nearby noticed that want of appetite.

"Don't seem very keen for your feed

this morning," he observed jocularly. "No, not over-peckish," answered Bob.

"Why not? You look—aw—fit enough!" Reaching for one of those racks for unbuttoned toast which Mrs. Raiston had brought home with her from London.

"Headache, for one thing," returned Bob. It was the truth, or part of the truth. No one looked sympathetic, however. In fact, with the exception of the monic man (Mrs. Raiston hadn't yet come down), every one in there made it apparent he or she desired as little as possible of Mr. Bennett's society. Bob soon got up, casting a last bitter glance at Miss Gerald who seemed quite contented with her stalwart, honest-looking hammer-thrower. And why not? His character, Bob reflected, was unimpeachable. He looked so good and honest and so utterly wholesome that Bob, who himself was tainted with suspicion, wanted to get out of his presence. So Bob went out to the porch to hunt up Dickie and ascertain what was the matter with him?

It didn't take Bob long to learn what was worrying Dickie. He was carrying the weight of a new and tremendous responsibility. He had now come an emissary, a friend in need, to Clarence and the commodore, who certainly needed one at this moment. It seemed that Mrs. Clarence and Mrs. Dan had set detectives searching for Gee-gee and Gid-up and they had succeeded in locating one of the pair, partly by a freckle and a turned-up nose. The detectives must have worked fast. They were assisted by the fact that foolish Clarence had kept up an innocent and Platonic friendship with "Gee-gee's" chum, about whom Bob had been along. Now when a young man begins to hang around the vicinity of a stage door in a big car, he is apt to make himself a subject for remark and to become known, especially to the doorkeeper who takes a fatherly interest in his Shetland herd. As Gid-up and Gee-gee were inseparable, it was but a step to place one by the other.

Detectives, Dickie informed Bob, had already interviewed the ladies. They may have offered them money, in exchange for information. Mrs. Dan was very rich in her own name. She could outbid the commodore. Gid-up might hesitate or refuse to supply or manufacture information for filthy lucre, but Gee-gee was known to be ambitious. She longed to soar. And here was a means to that end. Quite a legitimate and customary one!

"Why, that girl would do anything to get herself talked about," said Dickie sadly, thinking of Dan, and he-identically, too, of Clarence. "She'd manufacture information by the carload. Out of a little teeny-weeny remnant of a divorce case. Think of the glorious publicity! Why, Gee-gee and one of the manager-chaps would sit up nights to see how many columns they could fill each day in the press. They'd make poor Dan out worse than Nero. They'd picture him as a monster. They'd give him claws. And Clarence would come crawling after him like a silly snake. Incidentally, they'd throw in a few weeds for Gid-up! Why, then, some more for Gid-up! Why, man, when I think of the mischief you've done—"

"Me?" said Bob miserably, almost overwhelmed by this pathetic picture Dickie had drawn. "But it wasn't I. It was 'Truth,' Dickie snorted. "What do you want me to do? Commit suicide? Annihilate truth? That would be one way of doing it. I'm sure I shouldn't much mind. Shall I poison Truth or blow its brains out? Or shall I take it down to the valley and jump in with it? Do you think it has made me very happy? What am I? What have I become? Where is my good name?" He was thinking of what the temperamental little thing considered him. "Say, do I look like a criminal?" he demanded, confronting Dickie. The latter stared, then shrugged. Of course, if Bob wanted to rave—"Or a crazy man? Do I look crazy?" he continued almost fiercely.

"Well, there are people in there, indicating the house, who think I am," Dickie started, slightly, and he looked thoughtful. "You ask the judge, or the doctor, or— a lot of others. Ask Miss Gwendoline Gerald!" he concluded bitterly.

Dickie shifted a leg. "It might not be a bad idea," he said in a peculiar tone, whose accent Bob didn't notice, however. For some moments the two young men sat moodily and silently side by side.

"Where are Dan and Clarence now?" asked Bob in a dull tone, after a while.

(To be continued.)

Children's Evening Story

"Uncle Wiggly, come here—quick!" called Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, to Mr. Longears, the rabbit gentleman, one morning, when she was out in the kitchen putting bows of ribbon on the carrot pancakes as they would look pretty when they came to the table. "Hurry, Uncle Wiggly!"

"Why, whatever is the matter?" asked the rabbit gentleman, who had just come down the stairs of his hollow stump bungalow. "Did the tea kettle have to the coffee pot or have you burned yourself?"

"Neither one, I'm glad to say," answered Nurse Jane, laughing. "But I think something must be the matter over at Sammie Littletail's house," and she pointed across the snowy fields to the burrow where lived another rabbit family.

Uncle Wiggly looked and through the window he could see Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl, running about, Mrs. Littletail, the mamma rabbit, was hopping here and there, and Mr. Littletail, the papa rabbit, with a spoon, was pounding on the bottom of the tin washpan, as though it were a drum.

"The house must be on fire!" cried Nurse Jane.

"Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, and he ran across the snowy fields without stopping to put on his fur overcoat. "What is the matter, Susie?" he cried to the rabbit girl.

"Oh, it's just my brother Sammie," Susie said. "We want him to wake up and come down to breakfast, so he won't be late for school."

"What! All that fuss just to awaken Sammie?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Littletail. "I am sorry to say that, of late, Sammie does not get up as quickly. He should, he wakes up and seems to go to sleep again. His father and I have a terrible time getting him off to school."

"That is too bad," said Uncle Wiggly. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No, he's up now," said Susie, and Sammie came down stairs rubbing his pink eyes with his paw.

"Oh, but I didn't want to get up," he yawned, sort of lazy like.

"Hum," said Uncle Wiggly to himself as he hopped back across the fields to his bungalow, while Sammie sat at his breakfast. "I do hope that rabbit boy is not going to grow up slow and careless. And Mr. Longears brushed a snowflake off his whiskers.

"Was the house on fire," asked Nurse Jane, when the rabbit returned.

"No, they were just getting Sammie up," Uncle Wiggly said.

"Well, eat your breakfast," the muskrat lady went on. "It's a queer thing—so much excitement over a rabbit boy."

The next morning, as Uncle Wiggly was wondering whether he should go over and play a game of French fried carrots with Grandfather Goosey Gander, or take a walk in the woods, he heard quite a noise over at the Littletail rabbit house. This time Susie was ringing a bell and Mr. Littletail was drumming on the dishpan again, using an egg-beater.

"Oh, I'm sure it's a fire this time," said Nurse Jane.

"No, they're only getting Sammie up to go to school," spoke Uncle Wiggly, and so it was.

ment and took the package. And as he did so he was conscious of the faintest suggestion of sweet English violets. Perhaps she had worn a cluster of them; perhaps it was perfume. In any case the perfume and the memory of her remained in his senses, and he wondered how he could find out who she was. He even remembered her smile as she had listened to something her father had said over the telephone and the girl's eyes had caught his own for one brief instant as they stood so close together, with only the glass partition and conventionally separating them.

Being thoroughly a practical man, Jack Borden set out at once to find out who the girl's father was, since he had known the telephone number she had called. He realized that it was well worth a chance in a hundred that he could find out the man's name in this way, but if he were a man who had a phone in his own name, a lawyer, doctor, merchant, broker, then it might be possible. If he were only one of a firm; if he merely worked for a corporation—then it would be like looking for the proverbial needle that was lost in the haystack.

He had not opened the package, for it was daintily tied with violet ribbon and wrapped in tissue paper. It looked like a gift to some one, and he felt that he was not right to open it. He would do so only if he could find out who she was in no other way than by advertising his find.

After some difficulty he learned that the telephone number the girl had called was the number of the firm of Dorn & Doolittle, with offices in Exchange place, in the lower end of the city. Dorn & Doolittle were commission brokers, and Borden wondered how he was going to find out which partner had a beautiful daughter who had called him on the telephone on Wednesday afternoon, and who wore pastel shades of violet to match her eyes. His was not a very tangible piece of business, and yet he knew he must seek out the partners and find out which was the one he wanted to know.

He reached the office and was confronted by the usual type of New York office boy. Borden had rather hoped to find a human being instead of one of those boys.

"Dorn & Doolittle, I believe?" Borden said, as he entered the small but well appointed office.

"That's what it says on the door. Who do you want?" asked the office boy, continuing the mechanical process of stamping letters and chewing gum.

"Give my card to Mr. Dorn," said Borden suddenly, taking a card from his case.

The boy disappeared. "All right. Step in," he said on returning a moment later.

Jack Borden felt very conscious of his sentimental mission as he stepped into the office of Mr. Dorn and stood the momentary scrutiny of that gen-

FT. MADISON SHOE FACTORY BURNS

Fort Madison, April 27.—The Fort Madison shoe factory was totally destroyed by fire, believed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion. The loss was estimated at between \$15,000 and \$20,000 and was covered by insurance.

This factory was the first of five new industries secured by the Fort Madison First club during the past year. A great deal of labor and money had been spent in locating this factory here and the destruction of the plant by fire last night was greatly regretted.

The factory has been in operation for three or four months and was doing a very nice business. The building was a two story brick structure 150 by 200 feet was new and was equipped with practically all new machinery. Some of the machinery had been purchased and installed in the building very recently.

Directors of the company and of the Fort Madison First club held a meeting Monday to determine upon plans for rebuilding the factory. It is believed the plans will materialize and that the plant will be rebuilt at once.

WEST POINT MAN SERIOUSLY INJURED

Fort Madison, April 27.—Chris Pomberg, who resides two miles east of West Point on the West Point-Denmark road, was seriously injured in an accident which occurred one-half mile from the Pitman bridge, when the car he was driving went over the bank and turned partly over, pinning Mr. Pomberg between the steering wheel and a tree.

The machine was a large car and the force of the impact crushed Mr. Pomberg's chest; the left lung filled with blood and the heart was pressed to one side. The car would have turned clear over had it not struck a tree as it did and the man's body received the entire force of the blow.

Mr. Pomberg had been in Fort Madison to have some defect in the machine repaired and the car was still not working right. At the time of the accident he was trying the car on the road near his home and was watching the car more than the road. He dropped several feet before striking the tree in the descent. Medical attention was obtained at once and a Fort Madison surgeon called in consultation. The physician stated that the injured man had an even chance of recovering. He was removed to his home nearby. He is a young man, about 25 years of age, and single.

CONTINUE TILLOTSON UNTIL SEPTEMBER

Fairfield, April 27.—The last week of the April term of the district court of Jefferson county will bring to trial no jury cases, as the members of the jury were dismissed for the remainder of the term Monday afternoon by Judge C. W. Vermillion shortly after the opening of court.

The criminal cases against H. R. Tillotson, of Stockport, which were set for trial Monday afternoon were continued until the September term, owing to the fact that attorneys for Tillotson were ill.

Court adjourned until Thursday morning when the cases of Shirk v. Downey; Pence vs. Brindall will be heard. The cases of Miller vs. Miller, and Hornell vs. Pumphrey were set for trial Friday morning and after the hearing of these cases it is likely that this term of court will be ended.

BLOOMFIELD WOMAN DIES AT RYAN HOME

Bloomfield, April 27.—May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stokes, passed away at the home of her aunt, Mrs. L. H. Ryan, west of Bloomfield, Saturday afternoon of Bright's disease. The deceased, who was in her 24th year, was born in Davis county and moved with her parents to Colorado about thirteen years ago, where they lived for several years. When her father preceded her in death and since that time she and her mother have made their home there until last November when they came to Iowa.

The funeral was held at the Ryan home Monday, conducted by Rev. H. B. Scoles of Bloomfield, the remains were taken to Trop for burial.

TOOK FATAL POTION

Trær, April 27.—Miss Veronica McKenna 17 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McKenna living east of Blessing church, is dead from the effects of carbolic acid poisoning. The motive is a complete mystery. Whether the poison was taken through mistake or with suicidal intent does not seem to be known.

FIRE DESTROYS HOME.

Hillsboro, April 27.—The residence of S. C. Doolittle, northwest of town, caught fire Sunday about noon and was completely destroyed. The fire was first noticed by Mr. Mathing, a neighbor. Most of the household goods on the first floor was saved, but nearly everything upstairs, including all beds and bedding, was destroyed. The fire started in the flue.

WANT WOMAN POLICE.

Mason City, April 27.—A petition is being circulated at Charles City asking the city council to appoint a woman on the police force. The argument is that a good many women need attention as much as men and a woman is best fitted to do this part of the work. There are several women in Charles City eminently fitted for the position. The overseer of the poor of Mason City is a woman and she has police power given her.

daughter."

After lunch Borden was permitted to travel home with Miss Doolittle and during that time the two made plan to meet again.

And it did not take many meetings to show the family of the girl that the wedding veil which had played so important a part in the meeting of two young people might have a chance to play a still more important role in their lives.

When In Ottumwa Eat at The Iowa Cafe

Five doors west of the Courier.

Equipment and Experienced Men

enable us to do your upholstering and repairing of furniture, as it should be done. Don't trust your work to inexperienced men.

H.W. Suechting Co

128 W. Second. New Phone 667-Y

DR. HANSELL

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST
Glasses Fitted and Furnished.
Office over Woolworth 5c and 10c Store.

Dr. D.E. Graham

Hours—9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 6 p. m.
Ennis Office Bldg., Ottumwa, Iowa.

The Best Way

is to have your clothes made to order.

The Best Place

to have them made is

The Glasgow

No More \$15.00 Less
Glasgow Woolen Mills Co
224 East Main St.

SCHOOL TROUBLE SETTLED FOR GOOD

Iowa Falls, April 27.—The school question which agitated a considerable portion of the population of the city early in the spring, has been dropped and oil poured on the troubled waters. An appeal was taken to the county superintendent seeking to over rule an action of the local school board in closing two grades in the north ward. The county superintendent sustained the local board in its action and an appeal was taken from her decision to the state superintendent but the matter seems to have been dismissed by the parties making the appeal and seems to have passed into history for the present at least.

LAWMAKER IS NOW VERY SERIOUSLY ILL

Mason City, April 27.—Representative George H. Purdy of Rockford is at a local hospital, with very little hope of recovery. He is conscious only at times. Two weeks ago he went to Rochester to be examined by the Mayos. Pressing duty at Des Moines called him there before they fully determined as to the trouble. Last Friday he came from Des Moines and has been getting worse ever since. A Chicago specialist is here for consultation with local physicians. His condition is now so critical that it is not thought an operation can be performed. If he rallies it may be undertaken.

KEOKUK WOMAN IS STRUCK BY AUTO

Keokuk, April 27.—Miss Cecelia Griffin of this city was fatally injured Saturday afternoon when struck by an automobile at Fifth and Main streets. The car was driven by Perry Anderson, aged 15 years, of Croton. Eye witnesses state that he was moving at a very slow rate of speed when the accident occurred. Miss Griffin, who was about 50 years of age, stepped in front of the approaching car and was knocked down and dragged for a distance of twenty-five feet. Her skull is supposed to have been fractured, a deep wound being inflicted on the back of the head. Miss Griffin was conveyed to the Graham hospital where she died later.

WILL OIL STREETS.

Nichols, April 27.—That the streets of Nichols will be oiled this summer is assured. The complete amount needed for this improvement has been subscribed and the Kelley Oil Co. of Burlington have been let the contract for the furnishing of 8,000 gallons of oil. The streets were oiled last summer and the results were so pleasing that little difficulty was experienced in securing the amount necessary this spring.

GETS LIFE SENTENCE.

Des Moines, April 27.—Joseph Heathcote, a coal miner, who killed his wife during a drunken frenzy at their home near Orabator, a mining town near here, ten days ago, and then pleaded guilty to second degree murder, was sentenced to life imprisonment at Fort Madison by District Judge Dudley. He was taken to Fort Madison Monday.