

# The Mystery of MARY

## Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

AUTHOR OF "MARCIA SCHUYLER," "PHOEBE DEANE," "DAWN OF THE MORNING," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRAY WALTERS

### SYNOPSIS.

Tray Dunham, just alighted from a train, is approached by a beautiful girl who asks his protection. She is in fear of pursuit, but declines to give the cause of her distress. Dunham takes her to his home and in the absence of his mother and sister borrows a hat and a cloak for her. He takes her to a dinner party at the home of a friend and gives her the name of Mary Remington. Her actions arouse her as a girl of refinement and breeding. After the dinner she requests Dunham to assist her to leave the city. He puts her on a train for Chicago and supplies her with money. Dunham has become intensely interested in the girl and anxious to solve the mystery which surrounds her. Stories in the newspapers of missing girls only add to his bewilderment. Arrived in Chicago the girl buys some cheap clothing in an attempt at disguise and starts out to seek employment. She gets work as a waitress in the home of Mrs. Rhetelhart. Dunham receives a package containing a letter, a rowed hat and cloak, with a note of thanks signed "Mary." Dunham goes to Chicago on legal business and exerts every effort to find "Mary." He is invited to the home of a friend for dinner. As he approaches the house he hears a man giving directions to a shabbily dressed individual regarding some one who goes under the name of "Mary." He recognizes in the waitress at the dinner table the much sought "Mary," and arranges for an interview with her the following day at the Y. W. C. A. He proposes to her, but before she will give an answer she insists on telling him her story. Her uncle had died leaving her his fortune. A cousin who had been disinherited had plotted to place her in an insane asylum so that he might get control of her money. She had fled from the asylum and had escaped from this cousin when she first met Tray Dunham. She agrees to marry Dunham at once.

### CHAPTER XI—Continued.

She opened the large box and read the card lying on the top:

These are my wedding gifts to you, dear. Put them on and come as soon as possible to the one who loves you better than anything else in life.

TRAY.

Her eyes shone brightly and her cheeks grew rosy red as she lifted out from its tissue paper wrappings a long, rich coat of Alaska seal, with exquisite brocade lining. She put it on and stood a moment looking at herself in the glass. She felt like one who had for a time lost her identity, and has suddenly had it restored. Such garments had been ordinary comforts of her former life. She had not been warm enough in the coarse black coat.

The other box contained a beautiful hat of fur to match the coat. It was simply trimmed with one long, beautiful black plume, and in shape and general appearance was like the hat he had borrowed for her use in the fall. She smiled happily as she set it upon her head, and then laughed outright as she remembered her shabby silk gloves. Never mind. She could take them off when she reached the church.

She packed the little black dress into the suitcase, folded the felt hat on the top with a tender pat, and putting on her gloves, hurried down to the one who waited for her.

The matron had gone upstairs to the linen closet and left the girl with the disconcerted upper lip in charge in the office. The latter watched the elegant lady in the rich furs come down the hall from the elevator, and wondered who she was and why she had been upstairs. Probably to visit some poor protegee, she thought. The girl caught the levelling in the eyes of Tray Dunham as he rose to meet his bride, and she recognized him as the same man who had been in close converse with the shabbily dressed girl in the parlor an hour before, and sneered as she wondered what the fine lady in furs would think if she knew about the other girl. Then they went out to the carriage, past the baggy, rubbered man, who shrank back suddenly behind a stone column and watched them.

As Dunham shut the door, he looked back just in time to see a slight man, with dark eyes and hair, hurry up and touch the baggy man on the shoulder. The latter pointed toward their carriage.

"See!" said Dunham. "I believe those are the men who were hovering around the house last night."

The girl leaned forward to look, and then drew back with an exclamation of horror as the carriage started.

"Oh, that man is my cousin Richard!" she cried.

"Are you sure?" he asked, and a look of determination settled into his face.

"Perfectly," she answered, looking out again. "Do you suppose he has seen me?"

"I suppose he has, but we'll soon turn the tables." He leaned out and spoke a word to the driver, who drew up around the next corner in front of a telephone station.

"Come with me for just a minute, dear. I'll telephone to a detective bureau where they know me and I have



Two Breathless Individuals Hurried Up.

they said as they caught sight of the disappearing carriage and hurried after it. He had been standing in the entrance of the Y. W. C. A. building, an apparently careless observer, while the elevator boy gave his evidence. The motorcycle shot ahead a few rods, passed the carriage, and discovered by a keen glance who were the occupants. Then it rounded the block and came almost up to the two pursuers again.

When the carriage stopped at the side entrance of a hotel the man on the motorcycle was ahead of the pur-

suers and discovered it first, long enough to see the two get out and go up the marble steps.

One glimpse the pursuers had of their prey as the elevator shot upward. They managed to evade the ried into the street, forgetful of the protection of her husband, Mary Dunham opened the door. She supposed, of course, it was the bellboy with a pitcher of ice water, for which she had just rung.

"Ah, here you are at last, my pretty cousin!" It was the voice of Richard that menaced her, with all the stored-up wrath of his long baffled search.

At that moment the man from the motorcycle stepped softly up the top stair and slid unseen into the shadows of the hall.

For an instant it seemed to Mary Dunham that she was going to faint, and in one swift flash of thought she saw herself overpowered and carried into hiding before her husband should return. But with a supreme effort she controlled herself, and faced her tormentor with unflinching gaze. Though her strength had deserted her at first, every faculty was now keen and collected. As if nothing unusual were happening, she put out her cold, trembling fingers, and laid them firmly upon the electric button on the wall. Then with new strength coming from the certainty that some one would soon come to her aid, she opened her lips to speak.

"What are you doing here, Richard?" "Come after your my lady. A nice chase you've led me, but you shall pay for it now."

The cruelty in his face eclipsed any lines of beauty which might have been there.

"I shall never go anywhere with you," she answered steadily.

He seized her delicate wrist roughly, twisting it with the old wrench with which he had tormented her in their childhood days. None of them saw the stranger who was quietly walking down the hall toward them.

"Will you go peacefully, or shall I have to gag and blind you?" said Richard. "Choose quickly, I'm in no mood to tangle with you any longer."

Although he hurt her wrist cruelly, she threw herself back from him and with her other hand pressed still harder against the electric button.

"Catch that other hand, Mike," commanded Richard, "and stuff this in her mouth, while I tie her hands behind her back."

It was then that Mary screamed. The man in the shadow stepped up behind and said in a low voice:

"What does all this mean?" The two men, startled, dropped the girl's hands for the instant. Then Richard, white with anger at this interference, answered insolently: "It means that this girl's an escaped lunatic, and we're sent to take her back. She's dangerous, so you'd better keep out of the way."

Then Mary Dunham's voice, clear and penetrating, rang through the hall:

"Tryon, Tryon! Come quick! Help! Help!"

As if in answer to her call, the elevator shot up to the second floor, and Tryon Dunham stepped out in time to see the two men snatch Mary's hands again and attempt to blind them behind her back.

In an instant he had seized Richard by the collar and landed him on the hall carpet, while a well directed blow sent the flabby Irishman sprawling at the feet of the detective, who promptly sat on him and pinioned his arms behind him.

How dare you lay a finger upon this lady?" said Tryon Dunham, as he stepped to the side of his wife and put a strong arm about her, where she stood white and frightened in the doorway.

No one had noticed the bell boy had come to the head of the stairs and received a quiet order from the detective.

In sudden fear, the discomfited Richard arose and attempted to bluff the stranger who had so unwarrantably interfered just as his fingers were about to close over the golden treasure of his cousin's fortune.

"Indeed, sir, you wholly misunderstand the situation," he said to Dunham, with an air of injured innocence, "though perhaps you can scarcely be blamed. This girl is an escaped lunatic. We have been searching for her for days, and have just traced her. It is our business to take her back at once. Her friends are in great distress about her. Moreover, she is dangerous and a menace to every guest in this house. She has several times attempted to murder—"

"Stop!" roared Dunham, in a thunderous voice of righteous anger. "She is my wife. And you are her cousin. I know all about your plot to shut her up in an insane asylum and steal her fortune. And I intend to see that the law takes its full course with you."

Two policemen now arrived on the scene, with a number of eager bell-hotel authorities and got up the wide staircase without observation. By keeping on the alert, they discovered that the elevator had stopped at the second floor, so the people they were tracking must have apartments there. Lurking in the shadowy parts of the

hall, they watched, and soon were rewarded by seeing Dunham come out of a room and hurry to the elevator. He had remembered his promise to his mother about the engravers. As soon as he was gone, they presented themselves boldly at the door.

Filled with the joy that had come to her and feeling entirely safe now in boys and porters in their wake, ready to take part in the excitement.

Richard had turned deadly white at the words, "She is my wife!" It was the death knell of his hopes of securing the fortune for which he had not hesitated to sacrifice every particle of moral principle. When he turned and saw impending retribution in the shape of the two stalwart representatives of the law, a look of cunning came into his face, and with one swift motion he turned to flee up the staircase close at hand.

"Not much you don't," said an enterprising bellboy, flinging himself in the way and tripping up the scoundrel in his flight.

The policemen were upon him and had him handcuffed in an instant. The Irishman now began to protest that he was but an innocent tool, hired to help discover the whereabouts of an escaped lunatic, as he supposed. He was walked off to the patrol wagon without further ceremony.

It was all over in a few minutes. The elevator carried off the detective, the policemen and their prisoners, the door closed behind Dunham and his bride, and the curious guests who had peered out, alarmed by the uproar, saw nothing but a few bellboys

standing in the hall, describing to one another the scene as they had witnessed it.

Dunham drew the trembling girl into his arms and tried to soothe her. The tears rained down the white cheeks as her head lay upon his breast, and he kissed them away.

"Oh!" she sobbed, shuddering. "If you had not come! It was terrible, terrible! I believe he would have killed me rather than have let me go again."

Gradually his tender ministrations calmed her, but she turned troubled eyes to his face.

"You do not know yet that I am all I say. You have nothing to prove it. Of course, by and by, when I can get to my guardians, and with your help perhaps make them understand, you will know, but I don't see how you can trust me till then."

For answer he brought his hand up in front of her face and turned the flashing diamond—her diamond—so that its glory caught the single ray of setting sun that filtered into the hotel window.

"See, darling," he said. "It is your ring. I have worn it ever since as an outward sign that I trusted you."

"You are taking me on trust, though, in spite of all you say, and it is beautiful."

He laid his lips against hers. "Yes," he said; "it is beautiful, and it is best."

It was very still in the room for a moment while she nestled close to him and his eyes drank in the sweetness of her face.

"See," said he, taking a tiny velvet case from his pocket and touching the spring that opened it. "I have amused myself finding a mate to your stone. I thought perhaps you would let me wear your ring always, while you wear mine."

He lifted the jewel from his white velvet bed and showed her the inscription inside: "Mary, from Tryon."

Then he slipped it on her finger to guard the wedding ring he had given her at the church. His arm that encircled her clasped her left wrist, and the two diamonds flashed side by side. The last gleam of his setting sun, ere it vanished behind the tall buildings on the west, glanced in and blazed the gems into tangled beams of glory, darting on in many colored prisms to light the vision of the future of the man and the woman. He bent and kissed her again, and their eyes met like other jewels, in which gleamed the glory of their love and trust.

### THE END.

## THE AMERICAN HOME

WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 115 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A great many seven and eight room houses are now being built on this plan with a wide gable and roof having a wide projection at the gables and at the eaves.

To be in keeping the loggia or living porch roof is built on the same plan, with the ends of the rafters exposed and a pitch and projection in conformity with the main roof.

A loggia built in this manner makes a very pleasant summer parlor, a splendid addition to the big living room in fine weather. It should be furnished with comfortable rockers and other easy chairs. It should have a good, heavy two story table to hold books and magazines and a hanging swinging seat in the corner farthest from the door.

These hanging seats are all right or all wrong, according to the way they are made, upholstered and hung. In the first place they must be solid, but they may be either cheap or expensive and still look well and comfortable. But the proportions must be right, and there must be cushions and pillows and a lean-back to make them comfortable.

The very best kind of a hanging seat may be made from a suspension woven spring wire mattress such as all furniture dealers sell for single beds. The wire spring is suspended from the ends of a solid hard wood frame. In making the seat the frame is neatly boxed around and on the



Second Floor Plan.

or side porch, a size sufficient to make a roomy house and still keep it within the limits of a small family.

I find that more houses are needed for families of from three to five persons than any other size. Large families are the exception and families of three or four, or five at most seem to be the rule in this country. But I notice, too, that even small families want a good, large, attractive living



spring is placed a thin mattress or cushion which is covered with good wearing material, dyed a good color to match the other furniture. Six feet long and three feet wide is a good, sensible size, big enough for comfort and big enough to look well. Make strong ends about a foot high, connect them with a back piece and hang with four chains from the four corners. Usually furniture fringe of a color to match the cushion is tacked around the box, but this is not absolutely necessary.

Red is perhaps the most substantial and lasting color for outside upholstery and cushions, but this of course must be governed by the individual tastes of the housekeeper. I might say, however, that a loggia like this with a bright red rug on the floor and a dash of red somewhere connected with the different articles of furniture seems to

room. It seems to be the one feature of modern houses that pleases everybody. I have known a living room like this to sell a house when it was deficient in many other ways, which goes to show that the idea is extremely popular.

You can put as much expense on the building as you want to, or you can build it almost as cheap as any other house of the same size by using cheaper materials. Sometimes a house cheaply built and well painted looks better than a more expensive house that has been neglected in the final finish. There are many such things to consider when building.

**Posy Rings.** Somewhere back in the sixteenth century the posy and motto rings came into vogue. It is said that the famous ring which Essex sent to Good Queen Bess by the countess of Nottingham, and which the woman did not deliver, was a posy ring.

Lovers as well as friends all over Europe exchanged these rings. Some of the mottoes on the old rings are very quaint indeed. Here are a few:

"In thee, my choice, I do rejoice."  
 "May God above increase our love."  
 "Not two, but one 'til life is done."  
 "My heart and I until I die."  
 "As long as pure, so love is sure."  
 "As long as life your loving wife."  
 "Love is sure where faith is pure."  
 "Love is heaven, and heaven is love."

"Not for a day, but love, for aye."  
 "When this you see, then think of me."  
 "In gold I'm cast to bind two fast."  
 "My heart is thine, true love of mine."

**Point of View.** Judge Curtis Dunham, Milwaukee's prohibition leader, said of Tammany Hall the other day:

"Your typical Tammany politician looks at every political movement from the single viewpoint of extortion and graft. Direct primaries, police reform, the social evil—these things mean graft and graft only, to him."

"He's like a tramp to whom a farmer said:

"Looking for work, my man?"  
 "Not kind of work, boss?" the tramp asked cautiously.

"Well, my man," said the farmer, who was very short-minded, "what can you do with a pick?"

"I could bridge a pullet on it," said the tramp, his dull eyes brightening a little.

**Penalties of Excessive Snuggles.** "These tight styles they're getting out do eternally beat all," grumbled the Old Coder. "Here my nephew has become popeyed from wearing them tight collars, and my niece has St. Vitus' dance from tripping along in those tight dresses, and their father's so tight he saves burnt matches for kindling!"

**Always Obliging.** "Don't you use a great many canned vegetables?" asked the new guest, distinctly.

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossed, "just as a matter of accommodation. The summer boarders here don't care to carry fish' worms in."

**The Likeness.** "That grocerly man reminds me of my dog."  
 "In what way?"  
 "He growls at everybody as soon as he finds he has a bone to pick."

## AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

### GRIM SIGHT AT JONESBORO

Dead Soldier Grasps Gun in Right Hand and Sapling in Other—Killed as He Made Spring.

I was a member of Company I, Fifty-first Ohio, and will mention an incident of the Eighteenth United States that came to my personal knowledge. It was in the flanking movement General Sherman made when before Atlanta in the closing days of August, 1864, writes L. E. Kinsey of Dana, Iowa, in the National Tribune. When sending the Twentieth corps back to the bridge across the Chattahoochee he swung loose with the rest of his army, and, passing to the west of Atlanta, first struck and tore up the railroad leading from East Point to West Point. Then with a left wheel he reached for the Macon railroad, with the Army of the Tennessee on the extreme right. The Fourth corps, to which my regiment belonged, struck the Macon railroad at Rough and Ready Station about the same time the Army of the Tennessee butted up against Jonesboro.

We remained all night at Rough and Ready, passing the night in erecting small works across the railroad to firmly hold it. The next morning we marched down the track towards Jonesboro, tearing up the railroad, burning the ties and twisting the red hot rails as Sherman's army well knew how to do. We had left the small earthworks we had built during the night fully manned, and we stepped out lively for Jonesboro with a "Hurry—hurry!" from our officers, or we would be too late to help gobble Hardee, who, we were told, occupied that place.

It was near sundown ere we got into position to make the charge upon the right flank of Hardee, and so late before those on our left were into position that the charge was made without them. The next morning, in going over the ground charged over by the troops farther to our right, and which, by the way, was the ground over which the Eighteenth United States charged, I saw a member of that regiment standing with his gun carried at a trail arms in his right hand and with his left hand grasping a small sapling, which he had evidently grasped to help him spring over the rebel works directly in his front. He had been killed instantly just as he stooped to make the spring, and remained in that position, the butt of his musket on the ground held in his right hand and his left grasping the sapling.

**Fell in Action.** They were talking of war, and the young man mentioned that one of his ancestors was killed during the Revolution. "He was a brave man," he said.

The young lady looked pensive. "I had an uncle who was killed in the Civil war, the very first battle he ever went to," she said. "He was only a private, so he hadn't made a record."

"That was hard," said the young man, "to be shot down in his first engagement."

"He wasn't shot down," said the young woman. "He fell and broke his neck when he was running down hill. I think war is awful cruel, don't you?"

**Could Look Up to Him.** Judge Kelly of Pennsylvania, who was one of the committee to advise Lincoln of his nomination, and who was himself a great many feet high, had been eyeing Lincoln's lofty form with a mixture of admiration and possibly jealousy.

This had not escaped Lincoln, and as he shook hands with the judge he inquired: "What is your height?"

"Six feet three. What is yours, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Six feet four."

"Then," said the judge, "Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear man, for years my heart has been aching for a president that I could look up to, and I've at last found him."

**A Talking Person.** "Yes, I was at the battle," said the talkative stranger.

"Tell us something about it."  
 "Well, the first day I took two prisoners—rebel officers."

"Gee!"

"Yes; and the next day I took eight men."

"Well, well! Anything else?"

"Sure. The day before we quit I took a lot of transport wagons and followed that up by taking a big gun, unaltered."

"Say, my friend," said one of his auditors, "what are you, anyhow?"

"Oh, I am one of Brady's photographers."

**Taste for Books.** If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail to make a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books.—John F. W. Herschel.

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### HATS OF FRUIT AND POSIES

Colors of the Rainbow, it is Said, Are to Appear on the Future Millinery.

Every man has heard his wife or sister, or maybe his aunt, remark, as she glanced out of the window: "Will you just look at the hat on that woman? Suppose I wore such a riot of colors on top of my head. I wouldn't mind if you refused to recognize me on the street if I was diked out that way."

Well, the woman of your household will change her mind pretty soon and wear the colors of the rainbow on her hair. The Futurist painters of Paris have inspired the new fashion. These painters are weird in their ideas of form and simply mad as to color.

Therefore, Mme. New Yorker will wear hats of no particular shape or form and in color combination as to be too daring to believe. For instance, with a hat of picot straw, leghorn or horsehair will be seen bright blue, cerise, indigo, and emerald combined with Spanish yellow.

### AS DONE WITH THE X-RAY

Shadow Photographs Produced With Fidelity by the Use of an Electromagnet.

It is possible to produce, with the aid of a magnet, shadow photographs resembling those made by action of the X-ray. Either an electromagnet or a permanent magnet will answer the purpose.

Place a key or other iron or steel object on the sensitive film of an ordinary photographic plate, then bring the poles of the magnet near the other side of the plate and keep them there for five minutes or more. Upon developing the plate a shadow picture of the key or other object, as sharp and well defined as any of the X-ray pictures will be found.

By this method only iron or steel or other paramagnetic substances may be photographed, but if the sensitive side of the plate is turned toward the magnetic poles and a disk of iron nearly as large as the plate is placed on the other side then shadow pictures of any nonmagnetic objects, placed on the

### SENSITIVE FILM FACING THE MAGNET

may be obtained. The operations are, of course, conducted in a dark room.

With an electromagnet capable of lifting a weight of 100 pounds one scientist has made such pictures with a compound steel magnet weighing little more than a pound.

**Have Men Improved.** I know a "nut" who I see him, and can appreciate him, too. He is a far pleasanter person to meet than the "Champagne Charlie" of the sixties. And, by reason of my years, I can take a good look at the men, young and middle-aged, of today, and comparing them with the bewhiskered or bearded darlings of my young days, who were often quite handsome, I find the balance of my opinion in favor of the young man of today. He is very serious, very sensible; he does not "drink"; he seldom ogles; he is never handsome, and he will smoke cigarettes; but I think he is juster to women, and I know he is a better life partner and pal to them than was the Dundrearyish young man of my youth.

—Letter in London Telegraph.

### SHADOW PHOTOGRAPHS PRODUCED WITH FIDELITY BY THE USE OF AN ELECTROMAGNET.

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### BRIGHTEN UP A SUN PARLOR IN A VERY PLEASANT WAY.

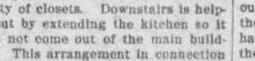
Sometimes you want to screen a room of this kind, either with glass or with netting, or both, a loggia is much better than a porch or veranda for this purpose, because it is not necessary to pass through it, in fact you can't pass through it because the only entrance is from the living room.

In this house plan you enter at the side, an arrangement that solves the big living room and stairway problem. Where you have both a large living room and a stairway in the front of a medium sized house they interfere with each other, but this plan leaves the living room free to occupy the whole width and you have the loggia besides. Upstairs the floor area is smaller than downstairs; still you get three good bedrooms, a bath room and plenty of closets. Downstairs is helped out by extending the kitchen so it does not come out of the main building. This arrangement in connection with the large pantry makes a house that is easy on the housekeeper. She has store room at hand for the boards of necessary little things without run-

ning down cellar 40 times while getting dinner.

Generally speaking, this is an old style house, when viewed from the outside, but there are a number of modern innovations that add very much to the comfort of the house without costing a great deal of extra money.

The house is 23 feet wide by 35 feet long without measuring the loggia



First Floor Plan.