

## INITIALS ONLY

By Anna Katherine Green

Copyright 1911 by Street & Smith.  
Copyright 1911 by Dodd, Mead & Co.Author of "The Leavenworth Case,"  
"The Filigree Ball," "The House of  
the Whispering Pines."

Illustrations by C. W. Rosser

## CHAPTER XL

## Desolate.

The struggle was fierce but momentary. Oswald with his weakened powers could not long withstand the steady exertion of Orlando's giant strength, and ere long sank away from the contest into Mr. Challoner's arms.

"You should not have summoned the shade of our mother to your aid," observed the other with a smile, in which the irony was lost in terrible sympathy. "I was always her favorite."

Oswald shuddered. Orlando had spoken truly; she had always been blindly, arrogantly trustful of her eldest son. No fault could she see in him; and now—

Impetuously Oswald struggled with his weakness, raised himself in Mr. Challoner's arms and cried in loud revolt:

"But God is just. He will not let you escape. If he does, I will not. I will bound you to the ends of this earth and, if necessary, into the eternities. Not with the threat of my arm—you are my master there, but with the curse of a brother who believed you innocent of his darling's blood and would have believed you so in face of everything but your own word."

"Peace!" adjured Orlando. "There is no account I am not ready to settle. I have robbed you of the woman you love, but I have despoiled myself. I stand desolate in the world, who but an hour ago could have chosen my seat among the best and greatest. What can your curses do after that?"

"Nothing," The word came slowly like a drop wrung from a nearly spent heart. "Nothing; nothing. Oh, Orlando, I wish we were both dead and buried and that there were no further life for either of us."

The softened tone, the wistful prayer which would blot out an immortality of joy for the one, that it might save the other from an immortality of retribution, touched some long unspoken chord in Orlando's extraordinary nature.

Advancing a step, he held out his hand—the left one. "We'll leave the future to itself, Oswald, and do what we can with the present," said he. "I've made a mess of my life and spoiled a career which might have made us both kings. Forgive me, Oswald. I ask for nothing else from God or man. I should like that. It would strengthen me for tomorrow."

But Oswald, ever kindly, generous and more ready to think of others than of himself, had yet some of Orlando's tenacity. He gazed at that hand and a flash swept over his cheek which instantly became ghastly again.

"I cannot," said he—"not even the left one. May God forgive me!"

Orlando struck silent for a moment, dropped his hand and slowly turned away. Mr. Challoner felt Oswald stiffen in his arms, and break suddenly away, only to stop short before he had taken one of the half dozen steps between himself and his departing brother.

"Where are you going?" he demanded in tones which made Orlando turn

"I might say, to the devil," was the sarcastic reply. "But I doubt if he would receive me. No," he added, in more ordinary tones as the other shivered and again started forward, "you will have no trouble in finding me in my own room tonight. I have letters to write and—other things. A man like me cannot drop out without a ripple. You may go to bed and sleep. I will keep awake for two."

"Orlando!" Visions were passing before Oswald's eyes, soul-crushing visions such as in his blameless life he never thought could enter into his consciousness or blast his tranquil outlook upon life. "Orlando!" he again appealed, covering his eyes in a frenzied attempt to shut out these horrors, "I cannot let you go like this. Tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow, in every niche and corner of this world, wherever Edith Challoner's name has gone, wherever my name has gone, it will be known that the discoverer of a practical airship, is a man whom they can no longer honor. Do you think that is not hell enough for me; or that I do not realize the hell it will be for you? I've never wearied you or any man with my affection; but I'm not all demon. I would gladly have spared you this additional anguish; but that was impossible. You are my brother and must suffer from the connection whether we would have it so or not. If it promises too much misery—and I know no misery like that of shame—come with me where I go tomorrow. There will be room for two."

Oswald, away with weakness, but maddened by the sight of an overthrown which carried with it the stifled affections and the admiration of his whole life, gave a bound forward, opened his arms and—fell.

Orlando stopped short. Gazing down on his prostrate brother, he stood for a moment with a gleam of something like human tenderness showing through the flare of dying passions and perishing hopes; then he swung open the door and passed quietly out, and Mr. Challoner could hear the laughing remark with which he met and dismissed the half-dozen men and women who had been drawn to this end of the hall by what had sounded to them like a fracas between angry men.

## CHAPTER XL

Five O'clock in the Morning.  
The clock in the hotel office struck three. Orlando Brotherson counted the strokes; then went on writing. His transom was partly open and he had just heard a step go by his door. This was nothing new. He had already heard it several times before that night. It was Mr. Challoner's step, and every time it passed, he had rustled his paper or scratched vigorously with his pen. "He is keeping watch for Oswald," was his thought. "They fear a sudden end to this. No, not the son of my mother knows me. Do I know myself?"

Four o'clock! The light was still burning, the pile of letters he was writing increasing.

"Five o'clock! A rattling shade be-

trays an open window. No other sound disturbs the quiet of the room. It is empty now; but Mr. Challoner, long since satisfied that all was well, goes by no more. Silence has settled upon the hotel;—that heavy silence which precedes the dawn.

There was silence in the streets also. The few who were abroad, crept quietly along. An electric storm was in the air and the surcharged clouds hung heavy and low, biding the moment of outbreak. A man who had left a place of many shadows for the more open road, paused and looked up at these clouds; then went calmly on.

Suddenly the shriek of an approaching train tears through the valley. Has it a call for this man? No. Yet he pauses in the midst of the street he is crossing and watches, as a child might watch, for the flash of its lights at the end of the darkened vista. It comes—filling the empty space at which he stares with moving life—engine, baggage car and a long string of Pullmans. Then all is dark again and only the noise of its slackening wheels comes to him through the night. It has stopped at the station. A minute longer and it has started again, and the quickly lessening rumble of its departure is all that remains of this vision of man's activity and ceaseless expectancy. When it is quite gone and all is quiet, a slight fall from the man's lips and he moves on, but this time, for some unexplainable reason, in the direction of the station. With lowered head he passes along, noting little till he arrives within sight of the depot where some freight is being handled, and a trunk or two wheeled down the platform. No sight could be more ordinary or unobtrusive, but it has its attraction for him, for he looks up as he goes by and follows the passage of that truck down the platform till it has reached the corner and disappeared. Then he sighs again and again and moves on.

A cluster of houses, one of them open and lighted, was all which lay between him now and the country road. He was hurrying past, for his step had unconsciously quickened as he turned his back upon the station, when he was seized again by that mood of curiosity and stepped up to the door from which a light issued and looked in. A common eating-room lay before him, with rudely spread tables and one very sleepy waiter taking orders from a new arrival who sat with his back to the door. Why did the lonely man on the sidewalk start as his eye fell on the latter's commonplace figure, a hungry man demanding breakfast in a cheap, country restaurant? His own physique was powerful while that of the other looked slim and frail. But fear was in the air, and the brooding of a tempest affects some temperaments in a totally unexpected manner. As the man inside turns slightly and looks up, the master figure on the sidewalk vanishes, and his step, if any one had been interested enough to listen, rings with a new note as it turns into the country road it has almost reached.

Mr. Challoner stared at him amazed, then slowly nodded his head. "How came you to think—" he began; but Sweetwater in his great anxiety interrupted him with a quick: "Explanations will keep, Mr. Challoner. What of the man himself? Where is he? That's the important thing now."

"He was in his room till early this morning writing letters, but he is not there now. The door is unlocked and I went in. From appearances I fear the worst. That is why your presence relieves me so. Where do you think he is?"

"In his hangar in the woods. Where else would he go to?"

"I have thought of that. Shall we start out alone or take witnesses with us?"

"We will go alone. Does Oswald anticipate?"

"He is sure. But he lacks strength to move. He lies on my bed in there. Doris and her father are with him."

"We will not wait a minute. How the storm holds off. I hope it will hold off for another hour."

Mr. Challoner made no reply. He had spoken because he felt compelled to speak, but it had not been easy for him, nor could any trifles move him now.

The town was up by this time and though they chose the least frequented streets, they had to suffer from some encounters. It was a good half hour before they found themselves in the forest and in sight of the hangar. One look that way, and Sweetwater turned to see what the effect was upon Mr. Challoner.

Murmur of dismay greeted him. The oval of the great lid stood up against the forest background.

"He has escaped," cried Mr. Challoner.

But Sweetwater, laying a finger on his lip, advanced and laid his ear against the door. Then he cast a quick look aloft. Nothing was to be seen there. The darkness of storm in the heavens but nothing more.—Yes! now, a flash of vivid and destructive lightning!

The two men drew back and their glances crossed.

"Let us return to the highroad," whispered Sweetwater; "we can see nothing here."

Mr. Challoner, trembling very much, wheeled slowly about.

"Wait," enjoined Sweetwater. "First

but no one heeded. The new arrival munches his roll and waits impatiently for his coffee, while without, the clouds pile soundlessly in the sky, one of them taking the form of a huge hand with clutching fingers reaching down into the hollow void beneath.

## CHAPTER XLII

## At Six.

Mr. Challoner had been honest in his statement regarding the departure of Sweetwater. He had not only paid and dismissed our young detective, but he had seen him take the train for New York. And Sweetwater had gone away in good faith, too, possibly with his convictions undisturbed, but acknowledging at last that he had reached the end of his resources. But the brain does not loose its hold upon its work as readily as the hand does. He was halfway to New York and had consciously bidden farewell to the whole subject, when he suddenly started those about him by rising impetuously to his feet. He sat again



The Airship Was Not There.

Immediately, but with a light in his small grey eye which Mr. Gryce would have understood and revelled in. The idea for which he had searched industriously for months had come at last, unbidden; thrown up from some remote recess of the mind which had seemingly closed upon the subject forever.

"I have it. I have it," he murmured in ceaseless reiteration to himself. "I will go back to Mr. Challoner and let him decide if the idea is worth pursuing. Perhaps an experiment may be necessary. It was bitter cold that night; I wish it were icy weather now. But a chemist can help us out. Good God! if this should be the explanation of the mystery, alas for Orlando and aids for Oswald!"

But his sympathies did not deter him. He returned to Derby at once, and as soon as he dared, presented himself at the hotel and asked for Mr. Challoner.

He was amazed to find that gentleman already up and in a state of agitation that was very disquieting. But he brightened wonderfully at sight of his visitor, and drawing him inside the room, observed with trembling eagerness:

"I do not know why you have come back, but never was man more welcome than you. Mr. Brotherson has confessed—"

"Confessed?"

"Yes, he killed both women; my daughter and his neighbor, the washerwoman, with a—"

"Wait," broke in Sweetwater, eagerly. "Let me tell you." And stooping, he whispered something in the other's ear.

Mr. Challoner stared at him amazed, then slowly nodded his head.

"How came you to think—" he began; but Sweetwater in his great anxiety interrupted him with a quick: "Explanations will keep, Mr. Challoner. What of the man himself? Where is he? That's the important thing now."

"He was in his room till early this morning writing letters, but he is not there now. The door is unlocked and I went in. From appearances I fear the worst. That is why your presence relieves me so. Where do you think he is?"

"In his hangar in the woods. Where else would he go to?"

"I have thought of that. Shall we start out alone or take witnesses with us?"

"We will go alone. Does Oswald anticipate?"

"He is sure. But he lacks strength to move. He lies on my bed in there. Doris and her father are with him."

"We will not wait a minute. How the storm holds off. I hope it will hold off for another hour."

Mr. Challoner made no reply. He had spoken because he felt compelled to speak, but it had not been easy for him, nor could any trifles move him now.

The town was up by this time and though they chose the least frequented streets, they had to suffer from some encounters. It was a good half hour before they found themselves in the forest and in sight of the hangar. One look that way, and Sweetwater turned to see what the effect was upon Mr. Challoner.

Murmur of dismay greeted him. The oval of the great lid stood up against the forest background.

"He has escaped," cried Mr. Challoner.

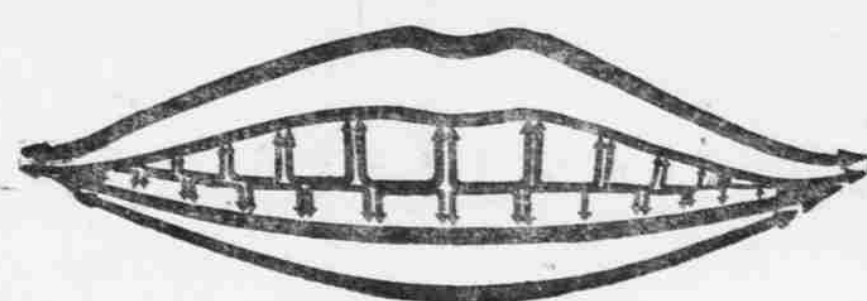
But Sweetwater, laying a finger on his lip, advanced and laid his ear against the door. Then he cast a quick look aloft. Nothing was to be seen there. The darkness of storm in the heavens but nothing more.—Yes! now, a flash of vivid and destructive lightning!

The two men drew back and their glances crossed.

"Let us return to the highroad," whispered Sweetwater; "we can see nothing here."

Mr. Challoner, trembling very much, wheeled slowly about.

"Wait," enjoined Sweetwater. "First



If you **under-work** your jaws—  
You **over-work** your stomach.

If you don't chew your food enough you don't make saliva enough. Digestion needs it. This chewing dainty supplies it.



So if you **must** swallow food hastily, let this mint flavored morsel give refreshing, improving **relief** to your poor, tired digestion. Let it steadily improve your teeth and appetite.

**BUY IT BY THE BOX**

It costs less—of any dealer—and stays fresh until used.

Look for the spear  
Avoid imitations

B. D'Emo, Adv., Chicago

17

The best kind of a  
**Good Morning**

starts at the breakfast table.

**Good Humor Follows**

(if the meal is right)

There's a new Hot Porridge which is making new friends now-a-days because it combines the things desirable in a good breakfast dish: Warmth, delicious flavor, substantial nourishment and easy preparation.

**Post Tavern  
Special**

is a skillful blend of wheat, corn and rice—to be cooked and served hot with cream and sugar like old-fashioned porridge.

A try tells why you'll like it for

**Tomorrow's Breakfast**

At grocers everywhere—Packages 10c and 15c, except in extreme West.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Pure Food Factories, Battle Creek, Mich.

## Realty Changes

Owen J. Birch to Hilda A. Nelson, lots 5 and 6, block 1, Archer & Birn's addition, Rock Island, \$1,375.  
Rosine Zwicker to Otto E. Zwicker, north one-half, northwest one-quarter, section 5-15-1 west, also southwest one-quarter, southwest one-quarter, section 32-16-1 west, \$1.  
Gussie B. Hicks et al to Edward E. Meyer, part lot 3, block 1, Stewart's

Second addition, South Moline, \$2,100.  
Ole J. Bull to Cale W. McClean, southeast quarter, southeast quarter section 23, also north one-half, north-west quarter, northeast quarter section 26-16-4W, \$8,000.  
Otto E. Seidel et al to Mary Seidel, part lots 3 and 4, block 7, lower addition, Rock Island, \$1.  
Frederick A. Wendell to Albert A. Oltman, block 15, Hampton, Ill., \$1,400.  
All the news all the time—The Argus.

## SPECIALISTS FOR MEN

DISEASED MEN WHO ARE WORKING EVERY DAY, WHO ARE NOT SICK ENOUGH TO BE IN BED, SHOULD NOT WAIT UNTIL SICKNESS LAYS THEM UP. THEY SHOULD CONSULT AT ONCE

## AN HONEST DOCTOR

Who Will Render Them High-Class Service.

Thousands of young and old men can look back at their boyhood days or early manhood with a sigh of remorse. BLOOD and CHRONIC DISEASES sap the very life and vitality of the victim. If you are a victim of any chronic disease, consult us first. Don't waste time or money experimenting with patent medicines or common treatments. Our large offices are equipped with all the latest appliances, including the X-ray. When you treat with us you are not expert-EXAMINATION FREE. We successfully treat Nervous Debility, Various Venereal Diseases, Prostate, Uterus, Sores, Blood Poison, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Piles and Rectal Diseases, Heart, Lungs, Catarrh, Stomach and Chronic Diseases, NERVOUS and despondent, weak or debilitated, tired, nervous, no ambition, lifeless, memory poor, sad, blue, fatigued, excitable and irritable, eyes sunken, red and blurred, pimples on face, restless, haggard-looking, weak, back, bone pains, hair loss, ulcers, sore throat, varicose veins, lack of energy and confidence. Seek the counsel and aid of an honest doctor, of this kind, who offers you a helping hand. We will aid you to rise above your wrongdoing, and make a man of you. We offer you honest, faithful service, now, advanced treatment, expert skill and reasonable charges. Patients from out of town need not remain here, but can return home same day.

**GUARANTEED CURES** Many patients have told us, after we cured them, that they hesitated at first to come to us on account of never having received relief elsewhere and they had almost become so skeptical as to think there was no cure for them. We want an opportunity to treat just such men, and it makes no difference how many have failed to cure you. Come to us for an examination, anyway, and it will not cost you a dollar. We will not accept pay for any services unless we believe your case curable, so don't hesitate, if you have any disease or weakness peculiar to men, but come at once. Everything strictly confidential.

## COPENHAGEN MEN SPECIALISTS

511 Fifth St., (Second Floor),  
MOLINE, ILL.

Hours—Open only on Wednes-

days from 2 in the afternoon un-

til 2 in the evening and Friday

evening 7 to 9, and Sunday

mornings 9 to 12. During other

days call at Davenport office.

N. W. Cor. Fourth and Brady Streets,  
Davenport, Iowa.

Hours—Every day, 9 a. m. to 5 p.

m. except Wednesday, Wednesday

hours 9 to 12 only. Tuesday and Sat-

urday evenings, 7 to 9. Closed on

Sundays.