

# The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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## CHAPTER III. A Strange Meeting.

"A ND NOW, Sedgwick," said Kent decisively, "if I'm to help you suppose you tell me all that you know about the woman who called on you last evening?"

"Last evening? Ah, that wasn't the girl of the picture! It's an interminable six days since I've seen her."

"No; I know it wasn't she, having seen your picture, and since then your visitor of last night. The question is, who was it?"

"Wait! How did you know that a woman came here last night?"

"From common gossip."

"And where have you seen her since?"

"On the beach at Lonesome Cove," repeated Sedgwick mechanically, then with a startled glance. "Not the dead woman?"

Kent nodded, watching him closely. For a space of four heartbeats—only very slow and three very quick—there was silence between them. Kent broke it.

"Do you see now the wisdom of frankness?"

"You mean that I shall be accused of having a hand in her death?"

"Strongly suspected, at least."

"On what basis?"

"You are the last person known to have seen her alive."

"Surely that isn't enough?"

"Not of itself. There's a bruise back of your right ear."

"Involuntarily Sedgwick's hand went to the spot."

"Who gave it to you?" pursued Kent.

"You know it all without my telling you," cried Sedgwick; "but I never saw the woman before in my life. Kent—I give you my word of honor! She came and went, but who she is or why she came or where she went I have no more idea than you have—perhaps not nearly so much."

"There you are wrong. I'm depending on you to tell me about her."

"Not if my life hung on it. And how could her being found drowned on the beach be connected with me?"

"I didn't say that she was found drowned on the beach."

"You did—no; pardon me; it was the messenger boy. But you said that her body was found in Lonesome Cove."

"That is quite a different matter."

"She wasn't drowned?"

"I should be very much surprised if the autopsy showed any water in the lungs."

"But the boy said that the body was lashed to a grating, and there were chains on it—is that true?"

"It was lashed to a grating and manacled."

"Manacled? What a ghastly mystery!" Sedgwick dropped his chin in meditation. "If she wasn't drowned then she was murdered, and thrown overboard from a boat—is that it?"

Chester Kent smiled inscrutably.

"Suppose you let me do the questioning a while. You can give no clew whatsoever to the identity of your yesterday's visitor?"

"There was the slightest possible hesitation before the artist replied, "None at all."

"If I find it difficult to believe that what will the villagers think of it when Elder Dennett returns from Cadzstown and tells his story, as he is sure to do?"

"Does Dennett know the woman?"

"No; but it isn't his fault that he

doesn't. He did his best in the interviewing line when he met her on her way to your place."

"She wasn't on her way to my place," objected Sedgwick.

"Dennett got the notion that she was. He hid behind a bush and watched."

"Did he overhear our conversation?"

"He was too far away. He saw the attack on you. Now, just fit together these significant bits of fact. The body of a woman, dead by violence, is found on the beach not far from here. The last person, as far as is known, to have seen her alive is yourself. She called on you, and there was a colloquy, apparently vehement, between you, culminating in the assault upon you. She hurried away. One might well guess that later you followed her to her death."

"I did follow her," said Sedgwick in a low tone.

"For what purpose?"

"To find out who she was."

"Which you didn't succeed in doing?"

"She was too quick for me. The blow of the rock had made me giddy, and she got away among the thickets."

"That's a pity. One more point of suspicion. Dennett, you say, saw your picture, 'The Rough Rider.' He will tell every one about it, you may be sure."

"What of it?"

"The strange coincidence of the subject and the apparent manner of the unknown's death."

"People will hardly suspect that I killed her and set her adrift for a model, I suppose," said the artist bitterly, "particularly as Dennett can tell them that the picture was finished before her death. I was sitting on my wall when the woman came down the road. I noticed her first when she stopped to look back, and her absurd elegance of dress, expensive and ill fitting, attractive my closer attention. She was carrying a bundle wrapped in strong paper. It seemed to be heavy, for she shifted it from hand to hand. When she came near I spoke to her—"

"You spoke to her first?"

"Well, we spoke simultaneously. She asked me the time. She seemed anxious to know. In fact, I think she used the word 'exact'; 'the exact time,' she said."

"Presumably she was on her way to an appointment, then?"

"Very likely. When I told her she seemed relieved, might even say relaxed. As if from the strain of nervous haste, you know."

"Good! And then?"

"She thanked me and asked if I were Mr. Sedgwick. I answered that I was and suggested that she make good by completing the introduction."

"She wasn't a woman of your own class, then?"

Sedgwick looked puzzled. "Well, no. I thought not then or I shouldn't have been so free and easy with her. For one thing, she was painted badly, and the perspiration, running down her forehead, had made her a sight. Yet I don't know. Her voice was that of a cultivated person. Her manner was awkward and her dress weird for that time of day, and for all that she carried herself like a person accustomed to some degree of consideration. That I felt quite plainly. I felt, too, some uncertainty about her. Her eyes alone would have produced that impression. They were peculiarly restless and brilliant."

"Insane?" questioned Kent. "Not wholly sane, certainly. But it might have been drugs. That suggested itself to me."

"A possibility. Proceed."

"She asked what point of the headland gave the best view. 'Anywhere from the first rise on is good,' I said. 'It depends on what you wish to see.' 'My ship coming in,' she said. 'It will be a fair view, then,' I told her. 'This is a coast of guardian reefs.' 'What difference?' she said, and then gave me another surprise, for she quoted: 'And, though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond those leagues there is still more sea.'"

"That's interesting," remarked Kent. "Casual female wayfarers aren't given to quoting 'The House of Life.'"

"Nor casual ships to visiting this part of the coast. However, there was no



The Artist Placed Kent and Moved Off Five Paces.

"I looked for myself when I was trying to find the woman later. What are you smiling at?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry I interrupted."

"She walked away from me a few paces, but turned and came back at once."

"I follow my star," she said, pointing to a planet that shone low over the sea. "Therein lies the only true happiness—to dare and to follow. Remember this meeting," she said in a tone of solemn command, "for it may mark an epoch in your life. Some day in the future I may send for you and recall today to your mind by what I have just said. In that day you will know the hidden things that are clear only to the chosen minds. Perhaps you will be the last person but one to see me as I now am."

Kent pulled nervously at the lobe of his ear. "Is it possible that she foresaw her death?" he murmured.

"It would look so, in the light of what has happened, wouldn't it? Yet there was an uncanny air of joyousness about her too."

"I don't like it," announced Kent. "I do not like it."

By which he meant that he did not understand it. What Chester Kent does not understand, Chester Kent resents.

"Love affair, perhaps," suggested the artist. "A woman in love will take any risk of death. However," he added, rubbing his bruised head reminiscently, "she had a very practical bent for a romantic person. After her mysterious prophecy she started on. I called to her to come back or I would follow and make her explain herself."

"As to what?"

"Everything—her being there, her actions, her—her apparel, the jewelry, you know, and all that."

"You've said nothing about jewelry."

"Haven't I? Well, when she turned—"

"Just a moment. Was it the jewelry that you were going to speak of when you first accosted her?"

"Yes, it was. Some of it was very valuable, I judge. Wasn't it found on the body?"

"No."

"Not? Robbery, then, probably. Well, she came back at a stride. Her eyes were alive with anger. There came a torrent of words from her—strong words, too. Nothing of the well bred woman left there. I insisted on knowing who she was. Before I could guard myself she had caught up a rock from the road and let me have it. I went over like a tepee. When I got up she was well along toward the cliffs, and I never did find her trail in that maze of copses and thickets."

"Show me your relative positions when she attacked you."

The artist placed Kent and moved off five paces. "About like that," he said.

"Did she throw overhand or underhand?"

"It was so quick I hardly know. But I should say a short overhand snap. It came hard enough."

"I do not like it at all," said Kent again.

"You say that no jewels were found on the body. Was there any other mark of identification?"

"If there was the sheriff got away with it before I saw it."

"How can you be sure, then, that the dead woman was my visitor?"

"Dennett mentioned a necklace. On the crushed flesh of the dead woman's neck there is the plain impression of a jewel setting. Now, come, Sedgwick, if I'm to help you in this you must help me. Had you ever seen that necklace before?"

"Yes," was the reply, given with obvious reluctance. "Where?"

"On the neck of the girl of my picture."

Kent's fingers went to his ear, pulling at the lobe until that unoffending pendant stroked like rubber. "You're sure?" he asked.

"There couldn't be any mistake. The stones were matched rose topazes.

You mightn't find another like it in the whole country."

Kent whistled, soft and long. "I'm afraid, my boy," he said at length, "I'm very much afraid that you'll have to tell me the whole story of the romance of the pictured face, and this time without reservation."

"That's what I've been guarding against," retorted the other. "It isn't a thing that I can tell, man to man. Don't you understand? Or," he added savagely, "do you misunderstand?"

"No, I don't misunderstand," answered Kent very gently. "I know there are things that can't be spoken not because they are shameful, but because they are sacred. Yet I've got to know about her. Here; I have it. When I'm gone sit down and write it out for me, simply and fully, and send it to my hotel as soon as it is done. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yes, I can do that," decided Sedgwick after some consideration.

(To be Continued Next Saturday.)

## Theater

Oct. 25—"Don't Lie to Your Wife."  
Nov. 1—Cohan & Harris' original production of "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

EMPIRE.  
Vaudeville—Daily at 2:30 and 7:45, with two performances Saturday and Sunday evenings.

COLONIAL.  
Oct. 22 and 23—"The Gentleman from Missouri."  
Oct. 24 and 25—"The Christian."  
Oct. 30 and 31—"Neptune's Daughter."

MAJESTIC.  
Oct. 21—"Castaway."  
Oct. 22—Clara Kimball Young and Earle Williams in "My Official Wife" (Vitagraph).  
Oct. 23—"Envoy Extraordinary."  
Oct. 24—"Hearts of Oak."

AT THE ILLINOIS.  
Manrico ..... Joseph F. Sheehan  
Leonora ..... Mirth Carmen  
Azucena ..... Elaine De Sellem  
Count di Luna ..... Arthur Deane  
Ferrando ..... Harold J. Gels  
Inez ..... Grace Dossie  
Ruilz ..... William Young  
An Old Gypsy ..... Joseph O'Sullivan

Lovers of music and the opera enjoyed three hours of entertainment at the Illinois theatre last night when the Boston English Opera company presented Verdi's beautiful production, "Il Trovatore," or the wandering minstrel, Joseph F. Sheehan, who has a voice and who is well known among local playgoers, had the title role, the troubadour.

The story of Verdi's opera is too well known to talk of this phase. Mr. Sheehan as Manrico was pleasing. Possessed of a rich tenor voice, with volume and expression, he rose to the climax in each act with a fine flourish. Mr. Sheehan has no the advantage of stage presence although of fine manner in repose, but he more than makes up for his apparent lack of gesture by the richness and quality of his voice.

Leonora, the part of the noble lady of the court of Aragon, is sung by Mirth Carmen with fine effect. Miss Carmen's voice is powerful and sweet, and even in the higher notes and those parts in pianissimo which require great skill she has apparently little difficulty in bringing out. She is also gifted with rare histrionic tal-

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and is graceful and at ease on the stage.

Elaine De Sellem is introduced during the second act as the old witch or gypsy, whose life seems to be filled with tragedy. At the conclusion of the justly celebrated "anvil chorus" she unfolds the plot to Manrico and there seems to be a set purpose in the theme from that time on.

Miss De Sellem in her role has occasion to sing at least three of the most beautiful parts in the entire opera. The first of these is during the second act when she unfolds the story of the troubadour. The voice, at first full and rich, with little of the animate, soon rises to emphatic appeal and the climax is remarkable. In the next act she is seen in captivity and pleads with the count. In the final act she is seen in the tower. In all places she handles the theme understandingly and portrays the part to the apparent keen delight of her hearers.

While there seems to be more melody in this opera than in most like productions, the most effective part in it all comes in the last act, for the prison scene. The quartet is heard in the tower singing the miserere with the heroine outside denoting her despair. Her first chanting, now pleading with the adamant, conniving and villainous count, then as if sending her cry to the gods. This scene furnishes the greatest climax of the production, and after it there comes a period of relaxation which even the dungeon scene of the tower does not dispel until it has been forgotten. If any part of an opera can grip the untutored human soul, it is certainly this. "Il Trovatore" drew a well filled house here.

"Don't Lie to Your Wife," by Campbell & Casad, comes to the Illinois next Sunday. This comedy is a bright exploitation of the difficulties of a trio of happy individuals who slip from the "straight and narrow" and the frightful consequences of that one little slip. The play is full of laughable situations, for they beat upon real human nature offerings that have a place in our every day life. There is a moral sticking out all over it—"Don't Lie to Your Wife." You bet the husband never will again after seeing this performance. Now and then a delicious blending into the comedy. The governing is exquisite and the girls classy.

### OFFICER CAREY NABS A COUPLE OF REPEATERS

Yesterday was a day of repeaters for Special Traffic Officer P. J. Carey. He arrested two young men whom he had previously apprehended for exceeding the speed limit.

The officer stationed himself at the corner of Ninth avenue and Ninth street and waited for cars going to and from the races at Exposition park. He first arrested Keith Dooley, who was en route to the races. Dooley promised to appear in police court this morning, but the case was not taken up today.

Ross Jones of the Bell Jones company was taken while he was driving a car returning from the races. He was arraigned before Justice of the Peace Clarence Schroeder this morning in police court and was fined \$10 and costs.

### CASEY TO COVER STATE EXAMINING THE BARBERS

Thomas Casey, secretary of the Illinois barbers' examining board, has arranged an itinerary covering the principal cities of the state for the purpose of holding examinations. He will open at Kankakee Nov. 5 and 6 and will continue on the following schedule: Streator Nov. 9, Galesburg Nov. 11-12, Peoria Nov. 17-18, Bloomington Nov. 19, Decatur Nov. 20, Springfield Nov. 23, Quincy Nov. 25-26, East St. Louis Nov. 27, 30 and Dec. 1, Mt. Vernon Dec. 3, Lawrenceville Dec. 4, Cairo Dec. 7-8. Afterward Mr. Casey will hold examinations in Rock Island.

All barbers holding permits in these cities will be notified to attend the sessions of the board to be examined and if they do not respond their permits will be void.

While out of the city this week the

East Moline police arrested Nic Alexis in that city for conducting a shop without a license and he was fined \$18.50. Mr. Casey will be in Galesburg tomorrow.

## AMERICAN THEATRE

EXTRA TONIGHT

### WAR WAR WAR

THE KAISER'S CHALLENGE, in two parts. The first actual scenes of the warfare—Emperor William shown directing his troops—the German army in action—Kaiser system fighting machine. Don't miss this great war picture and other pictures. Tonight only.

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Mr. John B. Blackwood, Lockhart, S. C., writes: "My wife and I take Peruna occasionally, and we think it is the best medicine in the world. We keep it in the house. I also have a bottle of it in my tool chest, when I am away from home. I am a stone mason, and travel extensively over the country. I have caused the sale of many bottles of Peruna to my fellow workmen, the sale of many bottles of Peruna from nervous indigestion, caused Years ago I was a great sufferer from nervous indigestion, caused by catarrh. Tried everything in the way of medicine. No relief. I grew despondent. A friend told me to try Peruna. I began. It helped me at once, and finally cured me. I am a well man today."

### Cured My Wife.

In a later letter Mr. Blackwood writes: "Over a year ago my wife had a spell of sickness. The doctor said it was kidney trouble and a bad stomach disease. I had two doctors. One of them visited her every day for several weeks. They finally decided that she could not live. In despair, I began to give her Peruna, in small doses. In three days I could see she was getting a little stronger. In three weeks she was walking around the house. In two months she was strong and well. In all, she took five bottles of Peruna. It cured her sound. After quitting the doctor she never took a thing but Peruna. It certainly saved her life."

### A Prize Baby.

In other letters from Mr. Blackwood we glean the following: "I am going to send you a picture of my baby that took the prize at the baby show. I told the judges her name was Ruth Manlin Blackwood. She has taken several bottles of your remedy, Manlin, and is the finest baby in this country. I believe your medicine saved the life of my little two-year-old boy. The doctors said he had a bad stomach, but did not help him. We gave him Manlin help him. We gave him Manlin and it cured him. He also took Peruna at the same time. Is now sound and well. He is the picture of health and as fine a looking boy as there is in this country."

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## Majestic Theatre

TOMORROW--THURSDAY, OCT. 22

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5 ACTS—334 SCENES

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Notice to Contractors.  
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(Adv.) H. M. SCHRIVER, Mayor.

All the news all the time—The Argus.