

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

love with Mrs. Blair." "Impossible! Marjorie is not the woman to permit such a thing." "Without blame to her or, indeed, to either of them. She also believes now that Sedgwick killed her husband." "And—and she was interested in your friend?" asked the old scholar slowly. "I fear—that is I trust so. Circumstantial evidence is against Sedgwick, but I give you my word, sir, it is wholly impossible that he should have killed your niece's husband." "To doubt your certainty would be crassly stupid. And are you hopeful of clearing up the circumstances?" "There I want you aid. The night of the tragedy a person wearing a dark garment embroidered with silver stars was on Hawkhill heights. I have reason to believe that this person came there to meet some one from the Blair place. It is to run him down that I have come to Boston." "A man wearing a dark garment embroidered with silver stars," said the philosopher, "surely a strange garb in this age of sartorial orthodoxy." "Not for an astrologer."

"Ah, an astrologer? And you think he came from Boston?" "I think," said Chester Kent, drawing some newspaper clippings from his pocket, "that somewhere among these advertisements taken from the newspapers which are subscribed for at Hedgerow house he is to be found."

"There I ought to be able to help. Through my association with the occult society I have investigated many of these gentry. Great rascals most of them."

"Whom would you consider the most able of the lot?"

The old man set a finger on one of the clippings. "Preston Jax," said he, "is the shrewdest of them all. Sometimes I have thought that he had dim glimmers of real clairvoyance."

"Probably he is my man. Anyway, I shall visit him first, and if I find that his office was closed on July 5—"

"It was and for a day or two thereafter as I chance to know, because one of the occult society's secret agents was to have visited him and could not get an appointment."

"Good! I shall see you, then, tomorrow, sir."

Ten o'clock of the following morning found the Harvard professor formally presenting his friend, Chester Kent, to Mrs. Wilfrid Blair at the house of the cousin with whom she was staying.

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "I have thought that your judgment and insight as implicitly as his honor, I can give no stronger recommendation and will now take my leave."

Kent resisted successfully a wild and fearful desire to set a restraining hold upon the disappearing contrails, for embarrassment had again assailed the scientist's soul.

"I don't know exactly how to begin," he said.

"Then I will help you," said she, becoming suddenly grave. "You are here to speak to me of some topic wholly distinct from one forbidden phase."

"Have you lost any jewels lately, Mrs. Blair?"

"The girl-widow started. "Yes. How do you know?"

"You have made no complaint or published no advertisements for them?"

"I have kept it absolutely secret. Father Blair insisted that I should do so."

"They were valuable, these jewels?"

"The rings were, intrinsically, but what I most valued was the necklace of rose topazes. They were the Grosvenor topazes."

"A family relic?"

"Not my own family. My husband's mother left them to me. They came down to her from her grandmother, Camilla Grosvenor. She was rather a famous person in her time. C. L. Elliott painted her—one of his finest portraits, I believe. And—and she was remarkable in other respects. She was a woman of great force of character and great personal attraction. I believe, though she was not exactly beautiful. When she was still under thirty she became the leader of a band of mystics and star worshippers. I believe that she became infatuated with one of them, a young German, and that there was an elopement by water. This I remember, at least—her body washed ashore on the coast not very far from Hedgerow house."

"At Lonesome Cove?"

"Yes. The very name of it chills me. For my husband it had an uncanny fascination. He used to talk to me about the place."

"Would you know the face of Camilla Grosvenor?"

"Of course. The Elliott portrait hangs in the library at Hedgerow house."

Kent took from under his coat the drawing purchased from Elder Dennett. "That is the same," said Mrs. Blair unhesitatingly. "It isn't quite the same pose as the finished portrait, and it lacks the earring which is in the portrait. But I should say it is surely Elliott's work. Couldn't it be a preliminary sketch for the portrait?"

"Probably that is what it is."

"Can you tell me where it came from?"

"From between the pages of an old book. Tell me how your necklace was lost, please."

"I don't know. On the afternoon of July 5 I left Hedgerow house rather hurriedly. My maid, whom I trust implicitly, was left to look after my trunk,

including my jewel case. She arrived a day later, with part of the jewels missing, and a note from Father Blair saying that there had been a robbery, but that I was to say nothing of it."

CHAPTER XVII.
The Master of Stars.

"JULY 5," remarked Kent, with his eyes dropped over the keen gaze of his eyes. "It was the following morning that the unknown body was found on the beach near Mr.—near the Nook."

Marjorie Blair's face showed no comprehension. "I have heard nothing of any body," she replied.

"Did none of the talk come to your ears of a strange woman found at Lonesome Cove?"

"No. Wait, though. After the funeral one of the cousins began to speak of a mystery, and Mr. Blair shut him off."

"Your necklace was taken from that body."

Her eyes grew wide. "Was she the thief?" she asked eagerly.

"The person who took the necklace from the body is the one for whom I am searching. Now, Mrs. Blair, will you tell me in a word how your husband met his death? Your father-in-law gave you to understand, did he not, that Wilfrid Blair met and quarreled with—a certain person and was killed in the encounter which followed?"

"How shall I ever free myself from the consciousness of my own part in it?" she shuddered. "Don't—don't speak of it again. I can't bear it."

"You won't have to very long," Kent assured her. "Let us get back to the jewels. You would be willing to make a considerable sacrifice to recover them?"

"Anything?"

"Perhaps you've heard something of this man?"

Drawing a newspaper page from his pocket, Kent indicated an advertisement outlined in blue pencil. It was elaborately displayed as follows:

Your Fate Is Written in the Heavens
CONSULT THIS
Star Master
Past, Present and Future Are Open
Books to His Mystic Gaze—Be
Guided Aright in
Business, Love and Health
Thousands to Whom he has pointed
Out the Way of the Stars Bless
Him for His Aid.
CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT
Preston Jax
Suite 77 Myrtle Block, 10 Royal Street

Mrs. Blair glanced at the announcement.

"I want you to go there with me today," said Kent.

"To that charlatan? Why, Professor Kent, I thought you were a scientific man. I can't understand your motives, but I know that I can trust you. When do you wish me to go?"

"I have an appointment for us at high noon."

As the clock struck 12 Kent and Mrs. Blair passed from the broad noonday glare of the street and were ushered into the tempered darkness of a strange apartment. It was hung about with black cloths and lighted by the softness of an artificial half moon and several planets contrived, Kent conjectured, of lensglass set into the fabric with arealights behind them. A faint, heavy but not unpleasant odor as of incense hovered in the air. The moon waxed slowly in brightness, illumining the two figures.

"Very well fixed up," whispered Kent to his companion. "The astrologer is now looking us over."

In fact, at that moment a contemplating and estimating eye was fixed upon them from a "dead" star in the further wall. Preston Jax did not, as a rule, receive more than one client at a time. Police witnesses travel in pairs, and the starmaster was of a suspicious nature. Now, however, he beheld a gentleman clad in such apparel as never police spy nor investigating agent wore, a rather puzzling "wellness" (the term is culled from Mr. Jax's evasive thoughts), since it appeared to be individual without being in any particular complexion. The visitor was obviously "light."

Quitting his peep hole, the starmaster pressed a button. Strains of music, soft and soulless, filled the air (from

ed a spreading bow of welcome and drew back, putting his hand to his brow as if in concentration of thought. Marjorie Blair felt an unholy desire to laugh. She glanced at Professor Kent and to her surprise found him exhibiting every evidence of discomposure.

"Stupid of me," he muttered in apology. "Gets on one's nerves, you know. Awesome and all that sort of thing fusing with the stars."

"Fear nothing," said Jax. "The star forces respond to the master will of him who comprehends them. Madam, the date, year, month and day of your birth. If you please?"

"March 15, 1889," replied Mrs. Blair.

Propelled by an unseen force, a celestial globe mounted on a nicked standard, rolled forth. The starmaster spun it with a practised hand. Slowly and more slowly it turned until, as it came to a stop, a ray of light, mysteriously appearing, focused on a constellation.

"Yonder is your star," declared the astrologist. "See how the aural light seeks it."

"Oh, I say," murmured he of the monocle. "Weird, you know! Quite gets on one's nerves. Quite."

"Silence," he repeated. Preston Jax. "Silence is the fitting medium of the higher stellar mysteries. Madam, your life is a pathway between happiness and grief. Loss, like a speeding comet, has crossed it here. Happiness, like the first moon glow, has beamed upon it, and will again beam, in fuller effulgence."

With beautifully modulated intonations he proceeded, while one of his visitors regarded him with awe struck reverence, and the other waited with patience—but unimpressed, as the orator felt by his gifts. His voice sank by deep toned gradations into stentorian. The ray winked out. Then the woman spoke.

"Is it possible for your stars to guide me to an object which I have lost?"

"Nothing is hidden from the stars," declared the starmaster. "You seek jewels, madam" (Kent had let this much out, as if by accident, in the morning's conversation.)

"Yes."

"Your birth stone is the bloodstone. Unhappy, indeed, would be the owner if you lost one of these beams," upon he was fishing and came forward toward her almost brushing Kent.

"But I say," cried Kent in apparently uncontrollable agitation; "did your stars tell you that she had lost some jewelry? Tell me, is that how you know?"

In his eagerness he caught at the astrologer's arm, the right one, and his long fingers, gathering in the ample folds of the gown, pressed nervously upon the wrist. Preston Jax winced away. All the excited rapidity passed from Kent's speech at once.

"The jewels which this lady has lost," he said very quietly, "are a set of unique rose topazes. I thought—in fact, I felt that you could, with or without the aid of your stars, help her to recover them."

Blackness, instant and impenetrable, was the answer to this. Kent raised his voice the merest trifle.

"Unless you wish to be arrested I advise you not to leave this place. Not by either exit."

"Arrested on what charge?" came half chokingly out of the darkness.

"Theft."

"I didn't take them."

"Murder, then."

"My God! So subject was the terror and misery in the cry that Kent felt sorry for the wretch. Then, with a certain dogged bitterness, "I don't care what you know; I didn't kill her."

"This likely tale," replied Kent soothingly. "But it is what I must know in detail. Find your foot lever and turn on the light."

The two visitors could hear the astrologer grope heavily. As the light flashed on they saw, within shock, that he was on all fours. It was as if Kent's word had felled him. Instantly he was up, however, and said, "What am I up against? How did you find me?"

Thrusting his hand in his pocket, the scientist brought out a little patch of black cloth, with a single star skillfully embroidered on it.

"Wild blackberry has long thorns and sharp," he said. "You left this tatter on Hawhill's cliffs."

At the name the man's chin muscle throbbed with his effort to hold his teeth steady against chattering.

"What do you want?"

"A fair exchange. My name is Chester Kent."

The starmaster's chin worked convulsively. "The Kent that broke up the Co-ordinated Spiritism Circle?"

"Yes."

"It's all bargaining with the devil," observed Preston Jax grimly. "What's the exchange?"

"I do not believe that you are guilty of murder. Tell me the whole story plainly and straight, and I'll clear you in so far as I can believe you innocent."

For the first time the seer's chin was at peace.

"The topazes are cached under a rock near the cliff. I couldn't direct you, but I could show you."

"In time you shall. One moment. As you realize, you are under presumption of murder. Do you know the identity of the victim?"

"Of Astraea? That's all I know about her. I don't even know her last name."

"Why Astraea?"

(To be Continued.)

CITROLAX!
CITROLAX!
CITROLAX!

First—get the name down pat—their buy it in your drugstore. It is the very best thing for constipation, sick headache, sour stomach, lazy liver, sluggish constipated bowels. The pleasantest, purest, nicest laxative you ever used. Tastes good—like lemonade. Acts promptly, without pain or nausea. Gives you the most satisfactory flushing you have ever had. Hindle's Drug Store.—Adv.

Seth Jefferson, a negro, was put on trial at Winnfield, La., for murder, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged in 90 minutes.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works obtained a judgment to recover taxes amounting to \$2,325, illegally paid to the revenue department.

Cases and Window Boxes Filled
JOHN RECK & SON.

Talks ON Teeth

By Dr. Arthur George Jones
WHY SUFFER?
Toothache Cured in One Minute
Teeth Positively Extracted Without Pain if You Take the
NAP-A-MINUTE
No Pain—No High Prices
OUR PATENT SUCTION TETHER FITS TIGHT AND LOOKS PERFECT
\$5 A SET AND UP

Dr. Jones Painless Dentists
Corner Main and Fairhead Avenue
Over D. M. Reed's
Open Evenings and Sundays

NOTICE
BRIDGEPORT HYDRAULIC COMPANY
NO. 820 MAIN STREET
Water rates for the quarter ending July 1st, 1914, are NOW DUE and payable at the office of the Company, No. 820 Main Street. All bills must be paid on or before
JULY 15TH, 1914
Business hours Saturdays from 8 A. M. to 12 M.
For the accommodation of the public the office will be kept open from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M.
Mondays, July 6th and 13th, 1914
ALBERT E. LAVERY, Secretary.

MURRAY HILL HOTEL

40th to 41st Street on Park Avenue
New York

On the Grand Central Station—Subway. Express and Local—Elevated and Surface Car Lines. This widely and favorably known Hotel—owns Murray Hill—the most desirable of Central location, with its fashionable shopping and theatre districts directly at hand. Popular prices—European plan.

We request your patronage.
L. L. M. BATES, President
LOUIS P. ROBERTS, Treasurer
Geo. T. Savatelli, Manager.

NEW HOTEL MENDIG

THE LAST WORD IN HOTEL CONSTRUCTION

PHILADELPHIA, 13 AND 15 BERT STREETS, 2 1/2 BLOCKS FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND PHILADELPHIA AND READING TERMINALS
NEAR TO EVERYWHERE

250 Beautiful Outside Rooms with Bath and Flowing Ice Water.
\$2.20 and up.

Popular Cafe, Grill and Restaurant.
JAMES C. WALSH, Manager.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, DISTRICT OF BRIDGEPORT, CO. PROBATE COURT.

May 4, 1914.

Estate of Patrick Burns, late of the town of Bridgeport, in said District deceased.

The Court of Probate for the District of Bridgeport, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for creditors of said Estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be deemed a recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JOHN H. BURNS, Administrator.
84 Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.

REMINGTON TALKS NO. 14

GIVE THE DECEASED A PROPER FUNERAL

By that I mean let the dead be taken care of by an undertaker who has the facilities to give the deceased a funeral that is first class in every respect. Whether the funeral be a medium priced one or a more expensive one, it will be a recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Funerals \$60 Upwards

A high standard of efficiency is constantly maintained by this establishment. The outside world will never know what price funeral was given.

Established over 14 years.

None too small—none too large. Funerals can be held at our chapel which is equipped for all denominations. Night and day calls properly attended to.

H. A. REMINGTON
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Tel. 1357-3.
Office and Chapel:
459 EAST MAIN ST.
Tel. 1357-2.
Residence 822 Noble Ave.

Farmer Want Ads. One Cent a Word.

Financial THE First-Bridgeport National Bank

CORNER MAIN AND BANK STREETS

HOT WEATHER FOOTWEAR
— For —
WOMEN, MISSES, BOYS AND SMALL CHILDREN.

Flexible low shoes in new styles.

Light turned sole colonials.

White buckskin and canvas, rubber sole outing shoes.

Anatomik Shoes.

W. K. Mollan
1026 MAIN ST.

RHEUMATISM MEDICINE FREE

We want the same of every person everywhere who is suffering with rheumatism, so we can send him a free sample bottle of Hill's Rheumatic Remedy. We don't care how long, or how severe he has had it, as there are very few cases that have not yielded and been thoroughly cured with this medicine. It stops the pain. Don't take our word for it—test it at our expense. This is not a new article. It has been used for many years and has been regarded by physicians as practically the only certain treatment for this terrible disease.

Over 10,000 Testimonials Like These:

Mr. E. M. Ehlers, Secty. Grand Lodge of Mason of New York City writes that, "Although a sufferer from rheumatism for many years, two doses stopped all pain and one bottle cured me."

Mr. A. Goldman, Victoria, Texas, says: "I am very well pleased with your medicine; am recommending it very highly. It has done more for me than anything I have ever tried."

Marshall W. Gentry, of 10 Manhattan St., New York, says: "I have suffered with rheumatism for many years, have tried almost every known remedy but got no relief or cure until I took yours. In forty-eight hours, it was entirely cured and free from all pain. I send this unolicited."

Hill's Rheumatic Remedy is on sale at most drug stores at \$1.00 per bottle. It is sold generally at 50c per bottle. Call or send for free sample bottle and booklet. Once there is no tricker service you can depend on for genuineness than to tell any rheumatic sufferer about this wonderful preparation. Address: Hill Medicine Co., 37 East 24th St., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
Good Men Make \$10 a Day on Our Preparations.—WRITE NOW.—Adv.

Mullins' Typewriter Exchange
Cor. Main and State Sts. Tel.

JAMES STAPLES & CO. BANKERS

189 STATE ST., Bridgeport, Conn.

In Black Rock
To Rent—For the season, a room house, fully furnished, large grounds.

ANDERSON & CO.
53 JOHN STREET

FIVE WEEKS DURATION CAN BE TAKEN FOR \$200.00
THIS PRICE INCLUDES Steamship Fare Railroad Fare and Hotel Expenses. FULL PARTICULARS AT

S. Loewith & Co.
116 BANK STREET

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT INCOME PAYING REAL ESTATE

We offer for sale the following Cottages:

SHERWOOD AVENUE
CLEVELAND AVENUE
FRANISLAN AVENUE
NORMAN STREET
LEWIS STREET
COTTAGE STREET
PARK AVENUE
ADAMS STREET
BEATH STREET
BOND STREET
CENTRAL AVENUE
MAPLE STREET

Also have desirable two-family houses for sale, best sections of city. List furnished on application

BURR & KNAPP
923 MAIN STREET
Bridgeport, Conn.

The City National Bank
United States Depository
Capital \$250,000.
Surplus \$550,000.
CHARLES E. HOUGH, Cashier

THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL BANK
OF BRIDGEPORT
Cor. Main and Wall Streets
Girl Wanted? Read The Farmer Want Ads.

NOTICE

For forty-seven years we have been conducting business at the same old location, corner of Main and John Streets, Bridgeport, Conn., and our Private Bank has been established there continuously. We have received and paid out on demand without notice millions of dollars of money deposited with us and are confident to receive money subject to depositor's check at sight, on which we allow three per cent. per annum, credited to each account monthly. We solicit the accounts of individuals, business men, firms and corporations, and who want a bank account where they can deposit money, checks or drafts, and leave it for one day, one week, one month or one year, and draw interest on it for any time it is left with us. We give in the business our constant personal attention as the oldest bank of private bankers in this state.

T. L. WATSON & CO.
Members New York Stock Exchange

Taylor, Livingston & Co.
Solely in
Fractional Lots on Part Paid Plan
1 WALL STREET, NEW YORK
OR
20 P.O. ARCADE, BRIDGEPORT, CT.
E. L. CHAPMAN, Manager
Telephone 4221, 4223

Send for Circular Describing Method

WITH A CONSTANT AIM
To give our patrons the best possible service, we believe we hit the mark of successful endeavor, as attested by increasing business.
Checking Accounts, large or small, are cordially invited.

JAMES STAPLES & CO. BANKERS
189 STATE ST., Bridgeport, Conn.

Wants, To Rent, For Sale, &c., 1 cent a word in Farmer Want Column.

REMINGTON TALKS NO. 14