

# Wine in

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. WATKINS  
COPYRIGHT BY DOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

## SYNOPSIS.

LAWRENCE HAVLYN, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forced papers in the possession of the chief witness for the prosecution, John Hinkley, who is attracted by the picture of the lawyer's wife, who is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says they will be married and he will be the lawyer's heir. He is a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and is in lower ten in lower ten and is found murdered.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Some one was on the floor at our feet, face down, head resting against the berth. Now he got up without apology, revealing the man who had summoned the conductor. He was dusty, alert, cheerful, and he dressed up with him the dead man's suitcase. The sight of it brought back to me at once my own predicament.

"I don't know whether there's any connection or not, conductor," I said, "but I am a victim, too. In less degree; I've been robbed of everything but my shoes, except a red and yellow bath robe. I happened to be wearing the bathrobe, which was probably the reason the thief overlooked it."

There was a fresh murmur in the crowd. Somebody laughed nervously. The conductor was irritated.

"I can't bother with that now," he snarled. "The railroad company is responsible for transportation, not for clothes, jewelry or morals. If people want to be robbed and robbed in the company's cars, it's their affair. Why didn't you sleep in your clothes? I do."

I took an angry step forward. Then somebody touched my arm, and I unclenched my fist. I could understand the conductor's position. In the law, I had been guilty myself of contributory negligence.

"I'm not trying to make you responsible," I protested. "I am only asking you to believe the clothes the thief left are as good as my own. They are certainly new. But my valise contained valuable papers, and it is your interest as well as mine to find the man who stole it."

"Why, of course," the doctor said shrewdly. "Find the man who stepped out with this gentleman's clothes, and you've probably got the murderer."

"I went to bed in lower nine," I said, my mind full again of the papers, and I wakened in number seven. I was up in the night, prowling around, as it was unable to sleep, and I must have gone to the wrong berth. Anyhow, until the porter wakened me this morning I knew nothing of my mistake. In the interval the thief—murderer—in my valise—must have come back, discovered my error, and taken advantage of it to further his escape."

The inquisitive man looked at me from narrowed eyelids, reticent-like.

"Did anyone on the train suspect you of having valuable papers?" he inquired. The doctor was listening intently.

"No one," I answered promptly and positively.

The doctor was investigating the murdered man's effects. The pockets of his trousers contained a miscellaneous of keys and small change, while in his hip pocket was found a small pen-knife, a revolver and a type woman usually keep around a gold watch with a Masonic chain had slid down between the mattress and the window, while a shoe and a stud was still fastened in the button of his shirt. Taken as a whole, the personal belongings were those of a man of some means, and of a particular degree of breeding. The doctor heaped them together.

"Either robbery was not the motive," he reflected, "or the thief overlooked these things in his hurry."

terrible. The thought of what the loss of the notes meant was fast upon me. The murder to the back of my mind. The forced inaction was intolerable. The porter had reported no bag answering the description of mine, and I was disposed to make my own investigation. I made a tour of the cars, scrutinizing every variety of hand luggage, ranging from raxations, English bags with gold mountings to the wicker nondescript of the day coach at the rear. I was not alone in my quest, for the girl in blue was just ahead of me. Far by car she preceded me through the train, unconscious that I was behind her, looking at each passenger as she passed. I fancied the proceeding was distasteful, but that she had determined on a course and was carrying it through. She reached the end of the train almost together—empty-handed, both of us.

The girl went out to the platform. When she saw me, she turned and I stepped out beside her. Behind us the track curved sharply, the early sunshine threw the train in long black shadow over the hot earth. Forward somewhere they were hammering. The girl said nothing, but her profile was strained and anxious.

"If you have not anything," I began, "I wish you would let me try to help. Not that my own success is anything to boast of."

"I have not been robbed, if that is what you mean," she replied quietly. "I am perplexed. That is all. There was nothing to say to that. I lifted my hat—the other fellow's hat—and turned to go back to my car. Two or three members of the train crew, including the conductor, were standing in the shadow talking. And at that moment, from a farmhouse near came a swift clang of the breakfast bell, calling in the hands from barn and pasture. I turned back to the girl.

"I may be here for an hour," I said, "and there is no buffet car. If I remember my youth, that bell means ham and eggs and country butter and coffee. If you care to run the risk—"

"I am not hungry," she said, but perhaps a cup of coffee—dear me, I believe I am hungry, she finished. "Only—She glanced back at her. "I can bring your companion," I suggested, without enthusiasm. But the young woman shook her head.

"She is not hungry," she objected, "and she is very well. I know she wouldn't come. Do you suppose we could make it if we run?"

"I haven't any idea," I said cheerfully. "Any old train would be better than this one, if it does leave us better."

"Yes, any train would be better than this one," she repeated gravely. I found myself watching her changing expression. I had spoken two dozen words to her and already I felt that I knew the lights and shades in her voice—I, who had always known how the under world and deep me avoid, and who never could have told the color of her hair.

I stepped down on the ties and turned to assist her, and together we walked back to where the conductor and the porter from our car were in close conversation. Instinctively my hand went to my cigarette pocket, and came out empty.

"If you want to smoke, you may," she said. "I have a big cousin who smokes all the time. He says I am 'kippered.'"

"I drew out the egg-metal cigarette case and opened it. But this most immediately before the knee betted beautiful management. The bottle has a collar of valence-rose face. Sections of which appear in dainty design upon the bodice and upon the long sleeves and waist belt. The center of the bodice being embroidered to match the skirt. This is an exceedingly pretty and useful model, and is especially suitable for garden parties and river wear. This model is the one illustrated above.

FOUNDATION FOR FINE FLOCK Be Careful in Selecting Hatching Eggs and Use Every Precaution From Then On. The time to lay the foundation for a fine flock of birds is when you place the hatching eggs into an incubator under a mother hen. For remember that though management and care will do much to bring out a fine flock, it can be no process of reason or application make a standard bird out of a seral. Hence be careful to have eggs from a strain of your breed that answer to your requirements.

Having secured your eggs, use every precaution to "pull off" a successful hatch; spare no effort to keep the youngsters growing vigorously without check or impediment of any kind whatsoever. This is the secret of breeding that breeds vigorous breeding stock; good laying hens, and exhibition specimens. As a noted and successful breeder and exhibitor at Boston truly said: "The very best condition a bird can possibly reach is secured by supplying moisture, surround-

# For Hot Weather



When the sun strengthens and glazes in the sky and heat becomes a factor to reckon with in dress, and everything else, millinery must be cool, looking or it will fail to be attractive. Black, give up the crisp and white, look for the dog days. But white set off with a bit of scarlet, effective also, and may be chosen instead of leaf with black. Black for day time wear is not cool looking except when made of the thin, black fabrics, like lace and net. The big black hats of hair braid or pyrolylon are in vogue, and the admiration of the fashioning of the hat. This season they bring to the "mystery" class; those hats that come down over the head, veiling the eyes and showing the profile from one side only. The corday hats of net and lace, or those made of the "helmet" shapes have captivated as many as the big floppy-cylinder hats. A lovely hat for the hot weather is shown here made of dead white chip, overlaid with black chenille lace. A grouping of your immensities, these hats and silks is mounted across the front, they are almost colorless with a blush of pale pink at the edges of some of the petals. The effect is of millinery as light as air. A prettier collar for practical wear is a trimmings with white fluffs and a variety of plaited ribbon across the throat. The shape is a Milan in the natural pale yellow of the fluffed hat. All the trimmings is pure white and a crisp satin faced ribbon is chosen for making the plaiting. A floating washable lace veil is the thing generally worn with these sailors.

CHARMING LINGERIE GOWN Exceedingly Pretty Dress Eminently Suitable for Garden Party or River Wear. A very charming lingerie gown with a smartly cut skirt tucked loose, upon which appears a row of vanquished insertion, the insertion being continued at the top of the founce in the same form, and appearing at intervals upon the skirt, the center im-

ART IN WEARING OF SASH Height and Breadth Can Be Increased or Toned Down by Draping of Sash. There is a great deal of art in the wearing of a sash. One can increase one's height or one's breadth, adorn a plain gown, tone down an elaborate one, give a touch of distinction to one's whole appearance, simply by the art with which the sash is draped and adjusted.

Try wearing the sash in shawl style over the shoulders, caught by a girdle, to fall in diagonal folds to just above the ankles. Or wind it twice around the waist, fasten with a knot at the front, and fasten with a knot at the side of the skirt below the knees.

Then there is the Scotch tartan or the ribbon, where there is a broad band over the left shoulder, a narrow draped one over the back and the right and waist belt. The waist on the left side, so that the sash falls in a broad swath almost to the bottom of the skirt.

An adjustment of the sash may well have reference to the completeness of one's defect in the garment it covers—a tiny tear, perhaps, or a crease, or a stain. It should emphasize the good points of the figure and hide the bad. That is why the old fashion of the stiff bow at the back was so bad; it made every woman look stout.

Give a little thought to the draping of your sash, and half your battle for the beauty of appearance is won. An effective and easily made sofa pillow for a summer home is made in the shape of a 14 by 20 inches. The pillow is covered with plain heavy weave crash in extra gray. Two inches from each end are bands of floral cretonne, three inches wide crossing the pillow. These bands are edged on both sides with narrow extra lace applied flat.

ings and correct care from the day the chick is hatched. A chick kept growing in its condition, with its existence until it is very beginning of its life, it is in the best condition when it is fit for the show room, will ask no odds on condition from any of its rivals. A bird which has laid the proper care and range may be picked from the fields in which it has reared at will, and placed in the show room with perfect ease in its condition. How often have we heard the remark that some exhibitor was complimented upon the appearance of his birds. "I've done nothing to them," they are heard to say as they run out of doors. "I've close examination in such cases, and you will find the opinion they expressed. There is no way to improve upon the condition of such a bird when picked at the right degree of maturity and in perfect health, but it is the natural process, and the best one."

Just remember this when you are feeding and scrutinizing your flock or broods: The newest sows are apt to be the shortest effect and have a maximum ramp.

Convenient For Any Meal Post Toasties Arc always ready to serve right from the box with the addition of cream or milk. Especially pleasing with berries or fresh fruit. "Delicious" wholesome, economical food which saves a lot of cooking in hot weather. "The Memory Linger"

THE BUNICK COMPANY, CO. LA. BUNICK CREAK, CO. LA.

### "Did Anyone Suspect You of Having Valuable Papers?"

taken notes of the dead man's belongings, name, address, clothing, and the general circumstances of the crime. Now with his little notebook open before him, he prepared to enter the minor sensation of the robbery.

"And now for the second victim," he began cheerfully. "What is your name and address, please?"

"I have lost everything but my name and address," I parried. "What do you want them for?"

"Oh, no, dear, no," he said, shocked at my misapprehension. "Merely for my own enlightenment. I like to gather data of this kind and draw my own conclusions. Most interesting and engrossing. Once or twice I have investigated the results of police investigation—but entirely for my own amusement."

"I nodded tolerantly. Most of us have hobbies. I knew a man once who carried his handkerchief up his sleeve and had a man of old colored prints cut out of Godey's Lady Book.

"I no that inductive method originated by Poe and followed since with such success by Conan Doyle. Have you ever read Gaboriau? Ah, you have missed a treat, indeed, and you get down to business, what is the name of our escaped thief and probable murderer?"

"How on earth do I know?" I demanded impatiently. "He didn't write it in blood anywhere, did he?"

"The man looked hurt and disconcerted.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that the pockets of those clothes are empty?"

"The pockets! In the excitement I had forgotten entirely the seeking grip which the porter now sat at my feet. The man looked back and closed his eyes. She checked, coughed and rallied somewhat.

### "I'm sorry," I said idiotically.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not. I have learned since that she has bright brown hair, like a housewife, she finished. "Only—She glanced back at her. "I can bring your companion," I suggested, without enthusiasm. But the young woman shook her head.

"She is not hungry," she objected, "and she is very well. I know she wouldn't come. Do you suppose we could make it if we run?"

"I haven't any idea," I said cheerfully. "Any old train would be better than this one, if it does leave us better."

"Yes, any train would be better than this one," she repeated gravely. I found myself watching her changing expression. I had spoken two dozen words to her and already I felt that I knew the lights and shades in her voice—I, who had always known how the under world and deep me avoid, and who never could have told the color of her hair.

I stepped down on the ties and turned to assist her, and together we walked back to where the conductor and the porter from our car were in close conversation. Instinctively my hand went to my cigarette pocket, and came out empty.

"If you want to smoke, you may," she said. "I have a big cousin who smokes all the time. He says I am 'kippered.'"

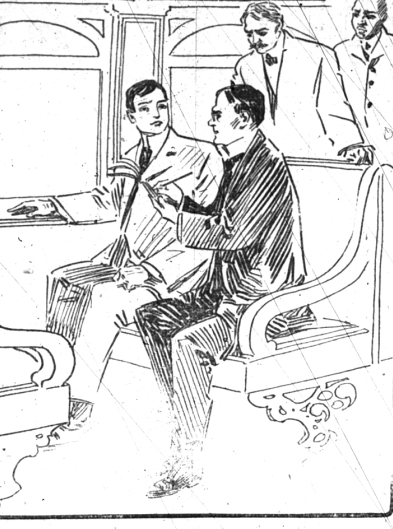
"I drew out the egg-metal cigarette case and opened it. But this most immediately before the knee betted beautiful management. The bottle has a collar of valence-rose face. Sections of which appear in dainty design upon the bodice and upon the long sleeves and waist belt. The center of the bodice being embroidered to match the skirt. This is an exceedingly pretty and useful model, and is especially suitable for garden parties and river wear. This model is the one illustrated above.

FOUNDATION FOR FINE FLOCK Be Careful in Selecting Hatching Eggs and Use Every Precaution From Then On. The time to lay the foundation for a fine flock of birds is when you place the hatching eggs into an incubator under a mother hen. For remember that though management and care will do much to bring out a fine flock, it can be no process of reason or application make a standard bird out of a seral. Hence be careful to have eggs from a strain of your breed that answer to your requirements.

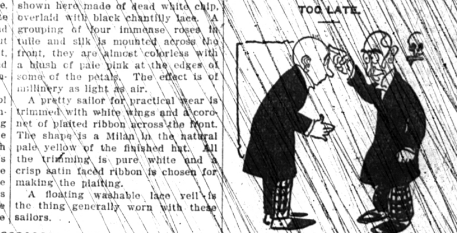
Having secured your eggs, use every precaution to "pull off" a successful hatch; spare no effort to keep the youngsters growing vigorously without check or impediment of any kind whatsoever. This is the secret of breeding that breeds vigorous breeding stock; good laying hens, and exhibition specimens. As a noted and successful breeder and exhibitor at Boston truly said: "The very best condition a bird can possibly reach is secured by supplying moisture, surround-

"Where Did You Get That?" commonplace action had an extraordinary result: The girl beside me stopped dead still and stood staring at me. "Is—where did you get that?" she demanded, with a catch in her voice; her gaze still fixed on the cigarette case. (TO BE CONTINUED)

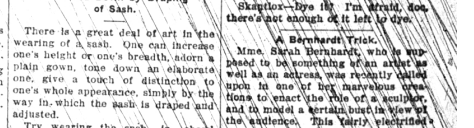
CHAPTER VI. The Girl in Blue. I was growing more and more



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Chicago Ill.—"I was troubled with bilious complaints, constipation, headache, and I could not get my bowels regular. I knew I could not get the relief I wanted until I had tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a new woman."



Dr. Pillsbury—There must be some thing radically wrong with you, you seem to have your hair fall out as you have Type-B. In my dress, do there's not enough of it left to do



"I saw 'Lusk Lavinia' played reality."

"Doctor," called little Ringie, over the telephone. "My wife has a terrible voice. What the dickens shall I do?"

"Why," said the doctor, gravely. "I were you'd remember the fact was that the voice is a broad, flat, and act accordingly."

"When upon the doctor, exactly as he changed this Bessie's voice to a professional services. Harry's Weekly."

"I saw 'Lusk Lavinia' played reality."

"Doctor," called little Ringie, over the telephone. "My wife has a terrible voice. What the dickens shall I do?"

"Why," said the doctor, gravely. "I were you'd remember the fact was that the voice is a broad, flat, and act accordingly."