

# The Mystery in

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 AUTHOR OF "THE CIRCEL" AND "THE KEYSTONE"  
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. K. HART  
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"Attorney. A member of the firm of Blakeley & McKnight."  
 "Mr. Blakeley, you say you have occupied the room north and have been robbed. Do you know anything of the man who did it?"  
 "Only from what he left behind," I answered. "These clothes."  
 "They fit you," he said with quick suspicion. "Isn't that rather a coincidence? You are a large man."  
 "Good heavens!" I retorted, stung to fury. "I look like a man who would wear a suit of this kind? Do you suppose I carry purple and green barret silk handkerchiefs? Would any man in his senses wear a pair of shoes a full size too small?"  
 The conductor was inclined to hedge. "You will have to grant that I am in a peculiar position," he said. "I have only your word as to the identity of the man who was in the room."  
 "For the second time I emptied them of their contents, which he noted. 'Is that all?' he finished. 'There was nothing else.'"  
 "Nothing."  
 "That's not all, sir," broke in the porter, stepping forward. "There was a small black satchel."  
 "That's so!" exclaimed the attorney. "I forgot the bag. I don't even know where it is."  
 The easily swayed crowd looked suspicious again. Two grown men began to read the faces of a jury, seeing them swing from doubt to belief, and back again to doubt, that he instinctively watched expression. I saw that my forgetfulness had done me harm—that suspicion was roused again.

The bar was found a couple of seats away, under somebody's raincoat—another dubious circumstance. "Was it hidden in it?" he was asked. "It was placed behind the conductor, who opened it at once."  
 It contained the usual traveling impediments—change of linen, collars, handkerchiefs, a brown-green scarf, and a safety razor. "How did it get into that?" he asked. "I don't know," I said. "I don't even know where it is."  
 "No chain at all," I said quickly. "No jewelry of any kind, except plain gold buttons in the shirt I'm wearing."  
 "Where are your glasses?" he threw at me suddenly, instinctively my hand went to my eyes. My glasses had been gone all morning, and I had not even noticed their absence. The little man smiled cynically and held out the chain.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Second Section.  
 Have you ever been picked up out of your three-nights-a-day life, whirled around in a tornado of events, and landed in a situation so grotesque and yet so horrible that you laugh even while you are groaning, and straining to get away from it? McKnight says that is hysterical, and that a man worthy of the name never admits to it.

Also, as McKnight says, it sounds like a tank drama. Just as the revolving saw is about to cut the first of the stove lengths, the second villain blows up the sawmill. The hero goes up to the roof and alights on the bank of a stream at the feet of a lady lover, who is making daisy chains. Nevertheless, when I was safely landed on the roof and closing it, and then going back to bed and howling out the absurdity and the madness of the whole thing. And while I laughed my very soul was sick, for the girl was gone by that time, and I knew by all the loyalty that answers between men for honor that I would have to put her out of my mind for good.

And yet, all the night that followed, filled as it was with the shrieking notes of pain, I saw her as I had seen her last in the gutter, her hair and ribbons. I told the doctor this, guardedly, the next morning, and he said it was the morphia, and that I was lucky not to have seen a row of devils with green tails.

I don't know anything about the wreck of September 9 last. You who followed the details with your coffee and digested the horrors with your chop, probably know a great deal more than I do. I remember very distinctly that the jumping and crashing of my first brought me back to a world that at first was nothing but sky, a heap of clouds that I thought lazily were the smoke of a blue charcoal stove.

"I think I dropped back into unconsciousness again, for the next thing I remember was of my blue patch of sky clouded with smoke, of a strange roaring and crackling of a rain of fiery sparks in my face and of somebody besting at me with feeble hands. I opened my eyes and saw the sky again: The girl in blue was bending over me. With that imperviousness to big things and keenness to small things that is first effect of shock, I tried to be facetious, when a spark stung my cheek."

"You will have a nose yourself!" The girl was repeating desperately. "You've been in fire twice already." A piece of striped flannel floated slowly before my eyes, and I felt caught in its charring edges, leaped into it. "Looks like a kite, doesn't it?" I remarked cheerfully. And then, "You've prevented great things, how, how my arm hurts!"

The girl bent over and spoke slowly, distinctly, as one might speak to a deaf person or a child. "Keep her hat on!" I said. "You're a woman!" she said earnestly. "You must rouse yourself. There has been a terrible accident. You've prevented great things, how, how my arm hurts!"

"Listen, Mr. Blakeley," she said earnestly. "You must rouse yourself. There has been a terrible accident. You've prevented great things, how, how my arm hurts!"

After this remarkable exhibition of the theoretical as combined with the practical, he sank into a seat near by, and still holding the chain, sat with closed eyes and pursed lips. It was evident to all the car that the solution of the mystery was a question of minutes. Once he bent forward eagerly and putting the chain on the window-sill, proceeded to go over it with a pocket magnifying glass, only to shake his head in disappointment. All the people around shook their heads, too, although they had not the slightest idea what it was about.

The pounding in my ears began again. The group around me seemed to be suddenly motionless in the very center of a hundred eyes, expressing every shade of doubt and distrust, but I tried not to flinch. "Then some one created a diversion."

The amateur detective was busy again with the sealink bag, investigating the make of the safety razor and the manufacturer's name on the bronze-green tie. Now, however, he paused and frowned, as though some pet theory had been upset.

"Then from a corner of the bag he drew out and held up for our inspection some three inches of fine gold chain, one end of which was blackened and stained with blood."

The conductor held out his hand for it, but the little man was not ready to give it up. He turned to me. "You say no watch was left you?" "Was there a piece of chain like that?" "No chain at all," I said quickly. "No jewelry of any kind, except plain gold buttons in the shirt I'm wearing."

"Where are your glasses?" he threw at me suddenly, instinctively my hand went to my eyes. My glasses had been gone all morning, and I had not even noticed their absence. The little man smiled cynically and held out the chain.

"I must ask you to examine this," he insisted. "Isn't it a part of the fine gold chain you wear over your ear?" "I didn't want to touch the thing," I said. "The stain at the end made me suspicious. But with a baker's dozen of suspicious eyes—well, they say 14—there were no one-eyed men—I took the

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# Ostrich Feathers



There seems to be something irresistibly attractive to women in the fluffy, nodding plumes of the ostrich, and if this ostrich bird could talk, he would brood on ostrich farms his race would become extinct. Like many another wearer of dress plumage, the goddess of fashion would pursue him to the death.

Although good ostrich plumes are as costly as ever, they are in wider demand than in all the history of millinery. Everyone wants plumes, and other ostrich feathers, in all the varied beautiful mountings which the artists make them up.

There is a wonderful variety to choose from. The introduction of "willow" plumes, that is those having the fluff lengthened by lying on extra pieces, has brought out all sorts of color combinations and plumes of new sizes. Now far-reaching manufacturers in all branches of ornaments in all manner of sorts and shapes—collar pins, hat pins, belt buckles, cuff links, slipper buckles—all to be covered with this crocheted lace. One may have a whole set of them for an afternoon's work, and they make the daintiest of gifts for brides and "next Christmases."

If crocheting is not in your line, fine lace can be darned around these wood-crested foundations of dainties or figured net may be used instead. Whatever material is used, they are as quaint and pretty as the lace-covered gold pins, which is saying a great deal.

## NEW TOUCH IN JEWELRY

Quaint Idea That Has Only Recently Made Its Appearance, and Is Well Welcomed.

Jewelry, at any rate, in our loose acceptance of the term, for stones are visible in this pretty fancy. I have spoken of the gold lace pins crocheted with lace. Now far-reaching manufacturers in all branches of ornaments in all manner of sorts and shapes—collar pins, hat pins, belt buckles, cuff links, slipper buckles—all to be covered with this crocheted lace. One may have a whole set of them for an afternoon's work, and they make the daintiest of gifts for brides and "next Christmases."

## CHIC TUSSOR FROCK

The Tidy Girl.  
 Never puts her clothes away unbrushed.  
 Never neglects to put trees into her boots if the oven heat is not, she uses tissue paper, stuffed into the toes, as a substitute.

## PRETTY FANCY OF FASHION

Jeweled Laces Are Marvelously Beautiful, Though Only For Those With Long Fingers.

The very newest thing in jewelry is the reproduction of old and priceless laces in tiny pearls and diamonds mounted upon gemmetal, platinum or diamond set. The exact pattern of the lace is copied, and the whole is formed into a jabot or a lace fall for the collar. Sometimes there is a row below, composed of some colorless stones—emeralds or amethysts or rubies—set in solid.

## Red Haired Folk

It is all very well to talk about auburn and tawny, but some of us do have carry red hair, and know it in that case, we should avoid yellows and light blues usually recommended for red hair. Know it in that case, we should avoid yellows and light blues usually recommended for red hair. Know it in that case, we should avoid yellows and light blues usually recommended for red hair.

## Right food is a basis for right living.

"There's only one disease," says an eminent writer—"Wrong living."  
 "And but one cure," says another—"Right living."  
 Right food is supplied by Grape-Nuts.

## Grape-Nuts

It contains the vital Body and brain-building Elements of wheat and barley. Most important of which is the Potassium Phosphate. Grown in the grain For rebuilding tissues Broken down by daily use. Folks who use Grape-Nuts Know this—they feel it. There's a Reason Read "The Road to Wellville" Found in packages.



"Don't Want It," I said.

CHAPTER VII.  
 A Fine Gold Chain.

The conductor held it out to me, his face sternly accusing. "How did it get into that?" he asked. "I don't know," I said. "I don't even know where it is."

"I don't want it," I said. "Look in here," she said. "I don't want it," I said. "Look in here," she said. "I don't want it," I said. "Look in here," she said.

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## Would Not Live as Slaves

Incident of Sublime Heroism of Which the World Has Had Little Knowledge.

D. W. and A. S. Siddings, who have recently returned from a trip in the interest of Recreation through parts of Mexico little known to the outside world, obtained an interesting and novel story of the rebellion in the writing of this interview. In Recreation, they say:

It was from the governor's lips that we heard the story of the rebellion that followed the rebellion of the Chinampas after the first three years of Spanish rule, almost unmentioned by the world's history, and yet little known.

Goats to Save Fire Breaks.  
 The forest service has turned 200 Angora goats loose on mountain slopes in western Nevada as a permanent to keep the weeds from the fire breaks.

## Low-Cut Neck Edging.

A ready-made dress of dark blue

## The Swan-Lake Throat.

This is to be a great season for oyster frocks.

## Plenty of Sleep and an abundance of milk.

With raw eggs beaten up in it, should help considerably.