

THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

THE TRIPLE TIE

BY A. H. C. MITCHELL

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER VII.

Forrest Cain, having nothing in particular to do except amuse himself, and having plenty of money to do with, spent considerable time every year in New York. He usually took three yearly trips and sometimes four to the metropolis, besides spending several weeks there in the hot season. In New York he always lived at the Niagara Club, so called because it flowed on a raft from day to day, and from month to month, and from year to year. It never closed its doors. One could get a drink or a meal there at any hour of the day or night. Its membership consisted largely of wealthy young men, and among the same kind of New Yorkers in New York that Cain was in Atlanta. It was the sort of a club to appeal to a man of Cain's habits and inclinations.

The lure of Broadway and the call of the Niagara Club sounded from afar in the ears of Forrest Cain early in March, and he promptly made preparations for a trip to New York, completely forgetting the promise he had made to Helen Deery to take the young man from the mountains in tow. Transportation was secured for the following Thursday night. Cain engaged a stateroom on a Pullman car. Twice on Tuesday and twice on Wednesday he called up the Deery residence on the telephone, but the maid who answered the ring, after ascertaining who it was that was calling, told him Miss Deery was not at home. Early Thursday night he called up again, with the same result. Thereupon he decided to leave his club and spent the few hours before train time with convivial companions. Knowing the habitual inclinations of the southern train to be late, he took the precaution, about the time he should have left the depot, of leaping up and finding out about this particular train, and learned that it was nearly two hours behind schedule. He then took another chance at finding Mildred Deery, but the same maid assured him that she was not at home. He was leaving that night for New York, he hung up the receiver.

He then remembered that he had some orders to give regarding the running of his automobile, and walked around to the garage, which was only a short distance from his club. He arrived just in time to dodge a smart shower of rain. As he was giving his instructions, the telephone in the office of the garage rang, and the proprietor answered the call. Cain heard half the conversation.

"Yes, this is the garage—Yes, Miss Deery—Yes, I understand—I'll have her around in five minutes—All right, Good-bye."

"Where is she telephoning from?" asked Cain.

"From her home. She has a guest there who evidently doesn't care to walk home in the rain. So much the better."

for the automobile business. Every little helps."

"And they told me she wasn't at home," said Cain to himself, gritting his teeth. "What do you know about that?" Who was this favored guest, he wondered, and why was he, Forrest Cain, told repeatedly that Miss Deery was "not at home?"

An idea seized him. He would find out for himself. He had more than an hour to spare. His baggage was taken care of and his man, George, was waiting for him at the depot with his grip-sack. He would play the role of chauffeur and drive the car to the Deery residence and take the favored guest to his home, after which he would return to the garage and have himself driven to the depot.

"Lend me a coat and cap, Davis," said Cain to the owner of the garage. "I need some air before I get into that stuffy train. I'll drive the car and collect the fare and bring back every penny of it."

Cain was one of the best customers of the garage and he was an expert driver, so the proprietor readily gave his consent. Slipping on a long coat and pulling a cap well down over his eyes, Cain climbed into a touring car. The top was up and the curtains were in place to keep out the rain. An employee cranked the car and with Cain at the wheel it moved slowly out of the garage.

Arriving at the Deery residence, Cain sounded the horn to indicate that the car was there. A moment later the front door opened and the figure of a man holding an umbrella to be protected from the smart rain ran down the path to the sidewalk. Cain pulled his cap further down over his eyes and waited for the umbrella to be lowered. An electric light blazed only a few feet away. As he reached the side of the car, the man threw open the door, closed the umbrella with a snap and entered the vehicle. Quick as were his movements in order to avoid the rain, Cain was able to recognize his passenger the same young man he had so nearly run over in front of Ponce de Leon Park in the furious rainstorm of Saturday morning; in short it was, as the reader knows, Gordon Kelly.

Cain stifled his rage and demanded in a gruff voice, "Where to?"

"Imperial Hotel," replied Kelly.

As he put the car in motion, wild thoughts filled the mind of Forrest Cain. For the first time in his life he was evidently not having his own way in a matter he had undertaken. Ever since he was old enough to walk he had ruled the Cain household. As a boy he was arrogant and self-willed. Since his father died, nine years before, he had shared with his sister the income from a large fortune. His money had enabled him to have everything he wanted. Weeks ago he had made up his mind to marry Mildred Deery. It is true that she was not aware of this decision, and what her true feelings in regard to him were he did not know, nor did this matter trouble him much. Was he not one of the richest, if not the richest, bachelors in Atlanta? Was he not considered the great "catch"? Why, then, should he not marry the girl that suited his fancy?

(To Be Continued.)

WOMEN'S SECTION

Daily Fashion Talks

BY MAY MANTON

A FASHIONABLE GOWN OF CHECKED SILK



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7813 Blouse with Robespierre Collar, 34 to 44 bust.
7798 Five Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

THIS is a sea son of silk and checks are exceedingly smart. This illustration shows a checked silk made after a very attractive manner. The model is quite simple but it is extremely fashionable. It combines a blouse that shows the front closing, the open neck and rolling collar and the long sleeves, that are among the smartest features of the season, and a skirt that is cut in five gores with an underlay of a contrasting color or with one of the new fancy silks would be attractive. Plain and embroidered voile or striped and plain voile would be charming, too, for the warm weather. Cotton crepe is being extensively worn, too, and that material in two colors in the plain and broadened weaves would make a most attractive gown.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3 3/4 yards of material 27, 2 3/4 yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1/2 yard 27 inches wide for the collar; the skirt will require 4 3/4 yards 27, 4 1/2 yards 36 or 3 1/2 yards 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7813 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7798 from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of 15 cents for each.

No. Size.
Name
Address



ALPINES (Rock Plants)

Continuing the subject of yesterday, rock plants, or alpines, we might mention a small list of suitables, besides these given yesterday, golden tuft and portulaca. Arabis, both the double forms and the single, are becoming quite well-known of late. These are often called rock cress; very cheap, easily grown, early flowering plants, blooming off and on in mild spells of the winter, where soil and situation is suitable, but at their brightest in April during which month the plants not only bloom luxuriantly but the plants themselves spread with great rapidity. Arabis alpina, and Arabis alba, both white-flowered, and much alike, but the former a little dwarfier in habit, and more compact, are the two chief species of this variety. But there is a newer double variety, Arabis Flore pleno, that is coming rapidly to the front, and bids fair to outdo the former in favor.

It sends out long graceful spikes of snow-white double flowers, slightly scented with a peculiar wild perfume that makes one think of the wild woods and forest of all these pretty sprays last a long while.

Another splendid rockery plant is the Anemone, a low compact spreading covered with delicate purple flowers, some varieties having white edged and others variegated leaves. Some are double, and some single flowered, but all are valuable.

Choose for your rockery Aubretia

Alba, white; Aubretia lucida, a yellow flowered one; and do not forget that the sooner you sow your seeds the sooner your young plants will be ready for transplanting, to their permanent place.

The two varieties of flowering Myrtle are excellent rock covers. Called old periwinkle, they are useful evergreen spreading vines, the variegated variety having pale green leaves edged with a snow-white border, and sending out a dainty pale blue petalled flower. The second variety has dark bottle green waxy leaves, edged with a snow-white border, and sending out a dainty pale blue petalled flower. Both are splendid rock plants and should be on every rockery.

FRIDAY'S MUSICAL HOUR

Free Victrola and Player-Piano Concert in Heintzman & Co. Recital Hall.

It is a good program that is being put forward for Friday's free concert in Heintzman & Co. Recital Hall, 193-195-197 Yonge street, from 2.15 to 3.30 p.m. Here it is—tomorrow (Friday)—and everyone is welcome:

1. 35029—Selections from Huguonots, Victor Grand Concert Band.
2. 74061—Souvenir de Moscow, Mischa Elman.
3. 35094—La Source Ballet, Victor Orchestra.
4. 64101—Lina, Emilio de Gogorza.
5. 64302—At Dawning, John McCormack.
6. 16368—Irish Dance, Pryor's Band.
7. 88060—Andrea Chenier, Un di all'azzurro spazio, Caruso, Nipper, etc.
8. 88078—Regolito, Caro Nome, Melba.
9. 17321—(a) I Hear You Calling Me; (b) A Dream, Charles W. Harrison.
10. 17322—I'm Going Back to Carolina, Collins and Harlan.
11. 88192—Tosca, Vissi d'arte e d'amor, Farrar.
12. 74176—Caprice Basque, Mischa Elman.

At close of concert, visit the Victrola Parlors, next to Recital Hall.

PEARSON—ROBINSON.

LONDON, June 18.—(Can. Press.)—At St. Paul's Cathedral this afternoon, Miss Alice Robinson, daughter of Dr. William Robinson of the London Dispensary, was married to Mr. Henry Howitt of Toronto and Mr. Wilfrid Carlisle of Calgary were ushers. Miss Kathleen Clark of Hamilton and Miss Wilhelmina Baldwin of Toronto were bridesmaids. Mr. Hugh Pearson of Edmonton was groomsmen.

PATTERN SERVICE NEWS FOR WOMEN

NO OTHER WAY

25 25 By GORDON HOLMES 25 25

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Oh, if you don't like my muse I'll talk witness box English. You want to know why I advertised you and myself to Mrs. Delamar? I'll tell you. She and this black stockbroker person must be goaded into doing something. They're behaving too well. They need spurting, whipping, scaring, anything you like, so long as they get busy and act. And when all is said and done what does it matter if Mrs. Delamar learns now that she is attracting the attention of the bureau? She will know it tomorrow, in any event, and now she will be forewarned. That is what I want. If she got up to give evidence unsuspiciously, she would be glibly, and the district attorney would tear her to pieces in five minutes. With what result? The coroner, the jury, the local police, not to mention the dear, addle-headed American public, would regard her as a murderess and clamor for her arrest. Now, tell me honestly, are you interested in the Kyrie of the Waverton side of this inquiry? Read I ask? We'll soon clear up the why and the wherefore of the crystals of nicotine; but can you conceive a more insupportable barrier to any real progress in the Waverton issue than Mrs. Delamar being committed to the sessions on a non-bailable charge?"

Steingall struck a match. "From that point of view," he muttered, "there's something to be said in favor of putting the lady on her guard."

"Bet you a dime she didn't think I was an ass. You see, she's a clever woman."

Steingall endured the stab stoically. "I shouldn't be surprised now if she sent for us tonight and told us things before the opening of the inquest tomorrow," he said.

"Good! Half an inch of Havana works marvels in you. It's a poison, but a tonic. You remind me of those beautiful Circassians who eat arsenic to make themselves more beautiful."

She'll want to explain why she returned to 'The Rosery' on that Tuesday evening."

"We don't know that she did return; but don't you be expanding so libelously. 'We ought to be sympathetic, and get the district attorney to follow suit.' Clancy raised himself on tiptoe, and pretended to scan Steingall's forehead anxiously. Such was the way of these two. They would quarrel ferociously, and chaff each other without mercy, when a case they were investigating together promised to expand into its final stage. And woe betide the malefactor on whose heels they were treading when they fought and bickered; for Clancy was then asked a passing official how long the train waited there. Three minutes, he was told, whereupon he consulted his watch, Mrs. Delamar covertly summing him up the while.

He seemed to abandon some project he was entertaining, and asked the women, with a smile, whether they preferred the car to be open or shut. All this, of course, was excellent fooling. Clancy meanwhile was pelting after the porter, en route to the telegraph office.

"The lady who gave you the telegram," he gasped, "wishes to know if she signed it. She is not sure. See if it has written 'Feena.'"

The man obeyed instantly, and Clancy owned the quicker pair of eyes. "Yes, it's all right, thank you," he said, and made for the train again. He had also seen the imperative command to John Stratton Teasle: "Follow me to Atlantic City by next

train without fail. Most important wire."

Now, neither he nor Steingall had agreed on a course of action. They had seen Mrs. Delamar prepare to send off a message, and Clancy had skipped to the end of the corridor without a word. The remainder of the comedy was merely the working of two trained artists. Each could trust the other to do exactly the right thing. When Clancy gave Steingall the text of the telegram, his chief did not even trouble to tell him how he had brought Mrs. Delamar from the window at the psychological moment.

Nor did Clancy return to the car until five minutes after the train had started. Then he reappeared with news.

"Forbes, the district attorney's deputy," he said, "has a section all to his own. Two coaches ahead. Shall we join him?"

"Capital!" said Steingall, and they gathered up their baggage, including the square case.

The golfing woman caught Mrs. Delamar's eye again. "Those men must be detectives," she said. "I recollect the name of Forbes as appearing for the district attorney. Don't you wish they had brought him here?"

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Delamar, forcing a smile.

"Because they are extraordinarily outspoken, and it is so interesting to listen to the conversation of such people! I suppose this Abscon murder will be all in the papers tomorrow or Thursday."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Delamar's voice sounded somewhat shocked. "Why do you call it murder?"

"Oh, the district attorney would not speak of it otherwise. I know a little about these matters. My husband used to be connected with the department."

"But if I recall the incident correctly—there was an inquest, I think—the poor man was supposed to have died from heart disease when sailing his yacht."

"You mark my words, there is more in it than can be seen; tho, for the life of me, I cannot imagine why that queer little man gave his friend such a lecture before it, and before us, too."

"I am going to Atlantic City—they mentioned that place, didn't they?"

"Abscon, wasn't it?"

"Yes, perhaps it was. But the inquest was held at Atlantic City, I fancy."

"So it was."

"Well, and Mrs. Delamar languidly re-opened her writing case, "as I shall have plenty of time to read the papers while in a chair on the Board Walk, I may hear more of it."

The other woman was well acquainted with Atlantic City, and was half inclined to put leading questions; but, being a well-bred person, refrained, and the opportunity passed.

While the detectives were making for Forbes' locality, Steingall saw Waverton sitting dejectedly in an intervening car. With him was a respectable looking person with an inch of dark whisker beneath each ear.

Clancy grinned. He, of course, had discovered Waverton's presence during his earlier transit.

"A nice bunch of sleuths we are!" growled Steingall when they were out of earshot. "He is our man in this train, and we never flushed him."

"Name of a good little gray man!" smirked Clancy, "what a lark if he had come into our car, and Mrs. Delamar's! But I'm mighty glad he didn't."

"I should like to know just why you say that," muttered Steingall.

"Because he is under suspicion, and he is such a good fellow. Makes you feel sort of ashamed of yourself for regarding him as a villain. Is that how it strikes you, Steingall?"

(To Be Continued.)

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