THE BEACON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1918

broken right to the edge of the thicken and the ground stamped down. One of both of 'em must have broken out inte The Secret the open, and I lost the trail. But this is what I found on a hazel bush. Lo I win the five on it?" The car came to a stop. Digging into

Samuel Hopkins Adams

"There, gentlemen and ladies." Si-

mon P. Groot was saying, "there in

that place of vast silences and infold-

must away upon my mission."

had thrilled to a death cry.'

tered Kent remarked:

quick."

"How so?"

as it was?"

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"You rather put our two official

"Just a mite maybe. But they've

crawled out. I guess I spoke too

"Well, if they'd gone ahead and

buried the body as it was we could

have had it exhumed. And then we'd

have seen what we'd bave seen."

our impulsive friend, the sheriff."

"See what? Did you?"

friends in a hole this morning."

his pocket, Kent produced a bill, which he handed over and took possession of Simon P. Groot's "relic." It was an Lonesome Gove embroidered silver star, with a few torn wisps of cloth clinging to it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill Chester Kent. Fumes of tobacco were ris-------

the porch of the Nook where Kent Sedgwick and Lawyer Bain were hold ing late council. A discouraged obsering shadows 1 met and addressed one Kent's epigram.

who was soon to be no more. 'Madam,' I said. 'you are worn. You are wan. You are weary. Trust the chivalry of tind facts enough to work on." one who might be your father. Rest and be comforted as with baim. Standing by the roadside, she drooped blackberries. The trouble is that we have no pail to put them in." "Maybe we could borrow Lep like a flower. There is no rest for

"She vanished, that fair creature, into

the forest., I looked at my watch-, the unerring, unwarranted, sixteen of anywhere," complained Sedgwick. weled chronometer which I shall presently have the honor of showing selves up in a day." remarked Kent. o you at the unexampled price of three seventy-and saw that the hour. "Schlager?" asked the lawyer. was exactly-for these timepieces vary

not one fraction of a second a day-"And Dr. Breed. Also, I think. 8:45. When next I looked at the face Gansett Jim. What do you think. Mr. of Father Time's trustiest accountant, Bain, is the mainspring of the sheriff's it was to mark the hour of the horrid action?"

shrick that shook my soul-precisely 9:31. And later, when I heard the dread news, I realized that my ears the colic."

Kent moved away. his chin pressed uence him?" down upon his chest. He went to the "As much as he could get. If the

office of Lawyer Adam Bain and spent case was in the line of blackmail, he'd hold out strong. He's shrewd." "Dr. Breed must be getting some an hour waiting, with his feet propped up on the desk. When the lawyer en-

> "Oh. Tim Breed is Len's little dog. money, too, if it comes his way. Like master, like man."

"know the identity of the body. For good and sufficient reasons, they are eeping that information to themselves. Those reasons we aren't likely to find out from them." "Murderer has bribed 'em," opined

"True enough. And you didn't see it Bain.

"Possibly. But that presupposes "Suppose," Kent said, "you give me that the sheriff found something on the fullest possible character sketch of the body which led him to the murderer, which isn't likely. How improb-Half an hour was consumed in this. able it is that a murderer-allowing for process. At the end of the time Kent argument, that there has been murder

ried a heavy bundle. The manacles) were, I infer, in that." "But what conceivable motive could

the dead woman have in dressing herself up like a party, going to meet man and chaining him to herself?" "When you have a bizarre crime you

"] will; and I will keep an eye on

Len Schlager and the doc. Anything

more now? If not I'll say good night."

After the lawyer had made his way

into the darkness Kent turned to his

host. "This affair is really becoming a

tell me of your meeting with Simon P.

"The patriarch in the circus wagon."

trying to trail the woman 1 chanced upon him and asked if he had seen her. He hadn't."

"He had. Also he heard a terrified

"Wait! She must have attacked

ome other man as she did me. She

was going to a rendezvous, wasn't

she? Then she and the man she went

"Oh. I'd forgotten. Why, when I was.

Groot?"

"Who?"

the one who clamped the cuffs." "And the man broke off his?" ACTS that contradict each othe are not facts." pronounced doubtedly. If I could find a man with

ing from three pipes hovered about vation from the artist had elicited

Not all of them, anyhow," said Bain. "The chore in this case is to "On the contrary," declared Kent, "facts in this case are as plentiful as

Schlager's," suggested the lawyer

We don't seem to be getting much 'Complicated cases don't clear them 'In this case we've got opponents who

"Money," said the lawyer with conviction. "He's as crooked as a snake

"Would it require much money to in-

He takes orders. Of course he'll take

"Those two," said Kent slowly,

d, the other studied him, his quiet but forceful voice, his severely handsome face, with its high brows. harsh nose, and chiseled outlines, from which the eyes looked forth, thoughtful, alert, yet with the gaze of a man in

the step of his car, from which he had

must look for bizarre motives. Just at pain. Presently he remarked very present I'm dealing with facts. The courteously. iron was on the left wrist of the body: "If you are going back to the hotel. therefore it was on the right wrist of may I take you along : I am Alexan the unknown companion. It is natural neder Blair."

to perform a quick, deft act like snap-"Thank you. I'll be glad of a lift. My name is Chester Kent." "Not the Professor Kent of the Ramping on a handcuff with the right hand.

Hence, presumably, your visitor was sav case?" "The same. You know, Mr. Blair

Yes But only after a struggle, un I I've always believed that you had more of a hand in Ramsay's death a badly bruised right wrist I should than I. Now, if you wish to withdraw your offer of a lift"consider the trail's end in sight. You'll make inquiries, will you, Mr. Bain?"

"Not at all. A man who has been so abused by the newspapers as I can stand a little plain speaking. For all that, on my word, Professor Kent, I had no hand in sending Ramsay on that dirty business of his. The scientist considered him thoughtfully. "Well, I believe you," said he

very pretty problem. Why didn't you shortly, and got into the machine.

CHAPTER IX. Chester Kent Declines a Job.

HIS meeting is a fortunate chance for me," said Blair presently. "Chance?" murmured Kent

interrogatively. The car swerved sharply, but immediately resumed the middle of the road.

"Certainly, chance," said the motorist. "What else should it be?" "Of course," agreed Kent. "As you "I said fortunate," continued the oth-

er, "because you are. I believe, the very man I want. There is an affair which has been troubling me a good deal. I haven't been able to look into it personally because of the serious filness of my son, who is at my place on Sundayman's creek. But it is in your line, being entomological and perhaps crim-

What is it?" asked Kent.

"An inexplicable destruction of our stored woolens by the clothes moth. You may perhaps know that I am president of the Kinsella mills. We've been having a great deal of trouble this spring, and our superintendent believes that some enemy is introducing the pest into our warehouses. Will you take the case?" When?"

"Start tonight for Connecticut." Chester Kent's long fingers went to the lobe on his ear. "Give me until 3 o'clock this afternoon to consider. Can I reach you by telephone?"

"Yes, at Hedgerow house, my place." "That is how far from here?" Fourteen miles. But you need not

"A fairly good mixture. from the very elementary chemical test 1 made. "Thank you, Mr. Blair. You've elim-inated one troublesome hypothesis for me. I'll telephone you before 3 o'clock. Good day." From the woolen manufactures Chester Kent went direct to the Mar tindale Center library, where he inter viewed the librarian. "Do you get the agriculture depart ment publications?" "Yes

"Have you a pamphlet issued by the bureau of entomology, Helmund on The Swarm Phenomenon In Lepidop tera?"

"Yes, sir. It was inquired for only esterday by Mr. Blair." "Ah, yes! He's quite interested in

the subject, 1 believe." "It must be quite recent, then," said the librarian. "We haven't seen him. here for a long time until two days ago, when he came and put in a morning reading on insects."

"So, Mr. Alexander Blair," said Kent, addressing the last fence post on the outskirts of the town, after a thought-ful walk, "that was a fatal break on your part, that mention of Helmund. Amateurs who have wholly dropped a subject since years back don't usually know publications issued only within three months. That casual meeting with me was well carried out, and you called it chance. A very palpably manufactured chance! But why am 1 worth so much trouble to know? And why does Alexander Blair leave a desperately til son to arrange an er-rand for me at this particular time? And is Hedgerow house, fourteen infles distant and possessing just such an electric car as a woman would use in driving round the country, perhaps the place whence came Sedgwick's sweet lady of mystery? Finally what connection has all this with the body lying in Annalaka burying ground?"

Eliciting no reply from the fence post. Kent returned to the Eyrie, called up Hedgerow house and declined Blair's proposition. Early that evening Francis Sedgwick came to the hotel, "Mr. Kent? I'm afraid you can't see him, sir. He isn't in his room,' said the clerk.

"Isn't he about the hotel?" The clerk hesitated. "I ought not to tell you, sir, for it's Mr. Kent's strict orders not to be disturbed, but he's in his special room. Is it anything very important? Any new evidence or something of that sort?" "That is what I want Mr. Kent to decide."

"In that case 1 might take the responsibility. But I think I had better take you to him myself."

to the top of its run, they mounted a letter to Assistant Paymaster J. D. Doyle, flight of stairs and walked to a far of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station

"She didn't mention Jupiter."

"No, of course not. Not by name. But what was it she said about the planet that she pointed out over the

"Oh, was that Jupiter? How did you know?"

"Looked last night, of course," said Kent impatiently. "There's no other planet conspicuous over the sea at that hour from where you stood. That's not important, at least not now. What did she say?".

"Oh, some rot about daring to follow her star and find happiness and that perhaps it might lead me to glory or something."

A kind of snort came from Kent. "Where have my brains been?" he cried. He thrust the bit of embroidery back into his pocket. Then with an abrupt change of tone:

"Well, is your temper in hand?"

"For the present." "Tell me about it, then."

"You remember the-the picture of the face?" said Sedgwick, with an effort

"Nobody would easily forget it."

"I've been doing another portrait from the sketches. It was on opaque glass, an experimental medium that T've worked on some. Late this afternoon I went out, leaving the glass sheet, backed against a light board, on my easel. The door was jocked with a heavy spring. There's no possible access by the window. Yet somebody came in and smashed picture to fragments. If I can find that man, Kent, I'll kill him!" "I' Kent glanced at the artist's long, strong hands. They were clinched in

his knees. The fingers were bloodless. "I believe you would." said the scientist, with conviction. "You mustn't, you know. No luxuries at present. Anything else in your place damaged?" "Not that I noticed. But I didn't pay much attention to anything else.

came here direct to find you." "That's right. Well, I'm with you for the Nook."

Locking his curious room after him, Kent led the way to the hotel lobby, where he stopped only long enough to send some telegrams. The sun was still a few minutes short of its setting when he and his companion emerged from the hotel. Kent at once broke into a trot.

(To be Continued) FIGURES THAT AGREE AS TO WAR'S END

The great question as to when the war will end has at last been solved, this time After the elevator had carried them by an unknown "seer" who has sent a

Sedgwick's hands went to his head inal.' That, of course, is the inexplicable thing. But don't you think that was

"Never mind that at present. The point is that Simon P. Groot naturally supposed you to have been mixed up in whatever tragedy there was going.

"I don't see why."

Kent chuckled. "Don't you see that the last thing the sheriff wants to do le errest anyhody?" "No, I don't."

a great hurry to get it buried. Identi- think," he added significantly, "that

to meet quarreled, and he killed her by throwing her over the cliff." "And the handcuffs?"

the way she met her death?" "No.

"Then what do you think?"

You've an unfortunate knack of manufacturing evidence against yourself, Sedgwick. The redeeming feature is that the sheriff can't very well use it to arrest you."

"Why, he has the body safely buried come there. I could return to the honow. You'll remember that he was in tel to conclude arrangements. And l

cry shortly after. The cry, he thought, was in a man's voice. Simon P. Groot isn't wholly lacking in sense of observation." "A man's voice in a cry? What could that mean?" "Oh, any one of several hundred unthinkable things," said Kent patiently.

closed and its ornate proprietor whistling over some minor repairs that he had been making. An invitation to take a ride in Kent's car was promptly the dead woman's pocket?" accepted.

"Business first," said Kent. "You're tinctive mark." a seller. I'm a buyer. You've got some information that I may want. If identity of the body?" so I'm ready to pay. Was any of your talk true?" "Yep," replied Simon P. Groot aus-

terely. "It was all true but the frills." "Will you trim off the frills for \$10?"

"Fair dealing for a fair price is my motto. You'll find it in gilt lettering on the back of the wagon. I will." "What were you doing on Hawkhill cliffs?"

"Sleeping in the wagon." "And you really met this mysterious wanderer?"

"Sure as you're standing there." "What passed between you?"

"I gave her good evening, and she spoke to me fair enough, but queer, and said that my children's children might remember the day. Now, I ain't got any children to have children, so I wouldn't have thought of it again but

"When was that?"

"Not fifteen minutes after." "Did you tell the crowd here that?"

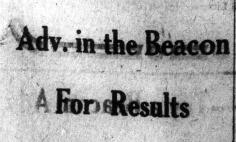
rings on the strength and romance of that point. From my description they the right ear, is crushed in. If you allowed it was a painter man named can imagine a man swinging a base-Sedgwick. I thought maybe I'd call in ball bat at the height of his shoulder and have him touch up the wagon a

bit where she's rusty." "And you heard the woman cry out less than an hour later?"

"That's a curious thing. I'd have alnost sworn it was a man's voice that elled. It went through me like a harpened icicle."

"All this was night before last. What have you been doing meantime?" "Drove over to Marcus Corners to trade yesterday. There I heard about the marder and came back here to make a Mtle business out of it. Would it be worth \$5 to you. likely, a relic of the murderer?" suggested the old man. "Quite likely."

"Mum's the word, then, for my part h it. The next morning I followed her trail a ways. You see, the yell in the night had got me interested. She'd met somebody is a thicket. I found the string and the paper of the bundle she was carrying there. Then there was a light of some sort, for the twigs were



back to the square, where the would go as far as to cover al Simon P. Groot had been discoursing. trail and the nature of the crime by There he found the ornate wagon binding the body on a grating, would overlook anything like a letter incriminsting himself!" "What did the sheriff find, then, in

"Perhaps a handkerchief with a dis-

"And that would lead him to the

"Presumably. Also to some one, we may assume, who was willing to pay roundly to have that identity con-

cealed." "That would naturally be the murerer, wouldn't it?" asked Sedgwick.

"No. 'I don't think so." "It looks to me so." said the lawyer "He's the one naturally interested in oncealment."

"I'm almost ready to dismiss the no tion of a/murderer at all." "Why so?" demanded both the oth

"Because there was no murder prob-

ably." "How do you make that out?" que

ried Bain "From the nature of the wounds that

caused death."

"They look to me to be just such for the man that came inquiring after wounds as would be made by a blow with a heavy club."

"Several blows with a heavy club might have caused such wounds. But the blows would have had to be deliv-"Yep. I sold two dozen wedding ered peculiarly. A circle on the skull six inches in diameter, impinging on repeatedly and with great force at the victim's head you can infer such a crushing in of the bone. My imagination hardly carries me so far."

"Beating down from above would be the natural way," said Bain. "Certainly. No such blow ever made

that wound." "Then how was it made?" asked

Sedgwick. "Probably by a fall from the cliff to the rocks below."

"And the fall broke the from the right wrist?" "The broken manacle was never on

the right wrist." "That's merely conjecture." said the

la wyer. "No: it's certainty. A blow heavy enough to break that iron, old as it is. just have left a mark on the flesh. There was no mark."

"Why should any one put one hand-cuff on a woman and leave the other daugling?"

"Suppose the other was not left dan-

"Where was it, then?" "On the wrist of some other pe

man had chained the woman to self?" said Sedgwick inoredulously "More probably the other way

"That's even more unbelievable." Not if you consider the evidence You will remember that your mysterivisitor, while talking with yos, car the subject. As he talked, sitting on

fication is what he dreaded. Dan would find the project a proj of identification is now over. If any one should be arrested the body would be exhumed and the danger would return in aggravated form. No; he Blair?" wants you suspected, not arrested."

"He is certainly getting his wish." vears." "For the present. Well, I'm off."

"Why don't you move your things from the hotel and stay here with me?" suggested Sedgwick.

"Getting nervous?" inquired Kent. "It isn't that, but I think I could make you more comfortable."

Kent shook his head. "Thank you, but I don't believe I'd better. When I'm at work on a case I need privacy. No house, not even a man's own can possibly be so private as a strange

hotel.' "Perhaps you're right," admitted the other with a laugh, then lapsing into pronounced gloom for the first time he said, "It seems pretty tough that" should be in all this coil and tangle !! because a crazy woman happened by merest chance to make a call on me." Kent's pipe glowed in the darkness and silence before he replied. Then he delivered himself as follows: "Sedgwick"-puff-"try"-puff-"to forget if you 'can"-puff-puff-"that stuff about

the crazy woman"-puff-puff-puff. "Forget it? How should I? Why should I?"

"Because"-puff-"you're absolutely on the" - puff - puff - "wrong track. Good night."

Sundayman's Creek road, turning aside just before it gains the turnpike to the Eyrie hotel to evade a stretch of marsh, travels on wooden stilts across a deep clear pool fed by a spring. The most rigorous constable could have found no basis for protest in the pace maintained across the bridge by a light electric car, carrying a short, slender. elderly man, who peered out with weary eyes into the glory of the July sunshine. At the end of the bridge the car stopped to allow its occupant a better view of a figure

prostrate on the brink of the pool resently the figure came to the pos ture of all fours. _The face turned upward, and the motorist caught the glint of a monocle. Then the face

turned again to its quest "Are you looking for something lost?" asked the man in the car.

"I'm hoping to discover the eggs of certain neuropterous insects." "Ah! You are an entomologist.

then." "To some extent."

"So was I, once-when I had more time. Business has drawn my atten tion, though never my interest, away from it. I've entirely dropped my reading in the last year. By the way, were you here in time to witness the swarm of antiopas last month?

Rather upusual, I think." "No. I missed that. What was the feature, specially?"

"The suddenness of the appearance. You know, Helmund says that"-

The stranger went on at some length. He appeared to be an interested rather than a learned student of

"Doubtless. Are you wed acquainted with this part of the country, Mr. "Yes; I've been coming here for

"Is there an army post near by?"

"Not within a hundred miles." "Nor any officers on special detail about?"

"None so far as I know." Kent produced from his pocket the silver star with the shred of cloth



"Yes, sir, It was inquired for only vesterday by Mr. Blair."

hanging to it. "This may or may not be an important clew to the curious death that occurred here three days ago."

"It looks like the star from the collar of an officer. I should say positiveig that it was from an army or navy uniform."

"Are you yourself an expert in woolan fabrics. Mr. Blair?" "I have been."

"Could you tell from that tiny fragment whether or not the whole-cloth is all woot?" Without replying Blair, gave the

steering handle a quick sweep, and the car drew up before a drug store. He took the star and was gone a few

minutes. "Not all wool." he announced on

marked Kent Why so?"

is the fabric?"

corner of the building. "Nobody's been in here since he date of birth, first year of leadership, took it." explained the clerk as they present age and length of office of eight walked. "Turned all the furniture out. Special lock on the door. Some kind of scientific experiments, 'I suppose. He's very quiet about it." Having reached the door, he discreetly tapped. No answer came. omewhat less timidity characterized his next effort. A growl of surpassing savagery from within was his

reward. "You see, Mr. Sedgwick," said the clerk. Raising his voice he called. "Mr. Kent, I've brought"-"Get away and go to the devil?" cried a voice from inside in fury. What do you mean by"-"It's 1, Kent, Sedgwick. I've got to see you." There was a silence of some seconds. "What do you want?" asked Kent at length

"Yon told me to come at once if anything turned up." "So I did," sighed Kent. "Well chase that infernal bellooy to the stairs, and I'll let you in." With a wry face the clerk retired.

Kent opened the door and his friend squeezed through into a bare room. The walls were hung and the floor was carpeted with white sheets. There was no furniture of any kind unless a narrow mattress in one corner could be so reckoned. "It's happened!" announced Sedg-

wick. "Has it?" said Kent. "Lean up against the wall and make yourself at home. Man, you're shaking!" "You'd shake, too," retorted the artist, his voice trembling. "No; anger doesn't affect me that way. Wait! Now, don't tell me yet. If I'm to have a report it must be from a sane man, not from one in a blind fury. Take time and cool down. What do you think of my room?" "What's the game?" asked Sedgwick, interested in spite of himself. "It dates back to our college days Do you remember that queer fresh

man, Berwind?" "The mind reader? Yes. The poor chap went, insane afterward." "Yes. It was a weak mind, but a singularly receptive one. You know we used to force numbers or playing cards upon his consciousness by merely thinking of them." "I recollect. His method was

stand gazing at a blank wall. He said the object we were thinking of would rise before him visually against the blankness. Did_you ever figure out how he managed to do it?"

"Not exactly." "For years I've kept a bare white room in my Washington house to do my hard thinking in. When your atfair promised to become difficult for me i rigged up this spot. And I'm "Exit the army or navy officer," re trying to see things against the walls." "Any particular kind of things?" Kent produced the silver star from

"Because regulations require all his pocket and told of its discovery wool garments-and get them. What "Sedgwick, what was it your visitor Sedgwick, what was it your visitor said to you about Jupiter?"

leaders of the principal allies.

The informant is positive the war will end this year. 'He points out that the total for each leader is 3836, which, divided by 2, gives 1918. Here are the uncanny figures, as published by the Great Lakes Bulletin:

1856

1912

6

62

3836

1860

1913

5

3836

1867

1900

18

51

3836

1844

1903

15

74

3836

1865

1910

8

53

3836

1875

1900

18

43

3836

1868

1894

24

50

3836

39

58

President Wilson born

Was elected Years ruling Years old Total President of France born Was elected Years ruling' Years old Total King of Italy born Started to rule Years ruling Years old Total King Serbia born Started to rule Years of ruling Years old

Total King of England born Started to rule Years ruling Years old Total King of Belgium born

Started to rule Years ruling Years old Total Tsar of Russia born Started to rule Years ruling Years old Total Emperor of Japan born

1879 Started to rule 1912 Years ruling 0 6 Years old 3836 Total

Divide 3836 by 2 and the result is 1918, hen the war will end .- From Baltimore

NORWEGIANS VESSEL LOST

London, Sept. f .- Norway lost 13 vessels, aggregating 22,976 tons, through war causes in the month of August, according to an announcement made to-day at; the Norwegian legation here. Two Norwe-

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neurale

