



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Barbara Devon's wedding and departure on her honeymoon left her brother "Laurie," successful in his career but somewhat inordinately wild, without her restraining influence. His theatrical associates, Rodney Bangs and Jacob Epstein, promise to "keep an eye on him."

CHAPTER II.—Laurie, who is wealthy, refuses to settle down to work and seeking "adventure." From his window in New York he sees the reflection of a beautiful girl in a mirror in the house opposite.

CHAPTER III.—Devon learns from the elevator boy in the girl's house that her name is Mayo. Again in the mirror's reflection he sees her with a revolver and fears she means to commit suicide. He breaks into her apartment and, winning her confidence, induces her to lunch with him, though she warns him of "danger."

CHAPTER IV.—Perceptibly agitated by the arrival of a man in the restaurant, she mutters that he has "found her." Learning that she is unmarried and the man has no claim on her, Laurie, incensed, accuses the stranger.

CHAPTER V.—Accusing the man of snatching Miss Mayo, Devon warns him to end his espionage. The stranger is politely sarcastic, but from him Laurie learns the girl's first name is Doris. She tells him her persecutor is Herbert Ransome Shaw.

CHAPTER VI.—To Louise Ordway, his invalid sister-in-law, and firm friend Laurie admits he is "interested" in Doris, not revealing her identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Doris resolutely declines to meet Mrs. Ordway, and finally vetoes Laurie's suggestion of applying to the police to protect her from Shaw.

Little pistol he had taken away from Doris in the tragic moment of their first meeting.

Holding it in his hand, he hesitated. Heretofore, throughout his short but varied life, young Devon had depended upon his well-trained fists to protect him from the violence of others. But when those others were the kind who went in for chloroform—and this time there was Doris to think of. He dropped the revolver into his pocket, and shot into the elevator and out on the ground floor with the expedition to which the operator was now becoming accustomed.

His car was a two-seated "racer," of slender and beautiful lines. As he took his place at the wheel, the machine pulsed like a living thing, panting with a passionate desire to be off. Laurie's wild young heart felt New York had taught him respect for its traffic laws and this was no time to take chances. Carefully, almost sedately, he made his way to Third avenue, then up to the Queensboro bridge, and across that mighty runway to Long Island. Here his stock of patience, slender at the best, was exhausted. With a deep breath he "let her out" to a singing speed of sixty miles an hour.

A cloud had obscured the sun, quite appropriately, he subconsciously felt,



He made the Run of Twenty-Two Miles in Something Under Thirty Minutes.

and there were flakes of snow in the air. As he sped through the gray atmosphere, the familiar little towns he knew seemed to come forward to meet him, like rapidly projected pictures on a screen. Flushing, Bayside, Little Neck, Manhasset, Roslyn, Glenhead, one by one they floated past. He made the run of twenty-two miles in something under thirty minutes, to the severe disapproval of several policemen, who shouted urgent invitations to him to slow down. One of these was so persistent that Laurie prepared to obey; but just as the heavy hand of the law was about to fall, the

temporary possession of its grounds. Laurie inspected other houses, dozens of them. He made his way into strange, new roads. Nowhere was there the slightest clue leading to the house he sought.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when, with an exclamation of actual anguish, he swung his car around for the return journey to the station. For the first time the hopelessness of his mission came home to him. There must be a few hundred houses on the Sound near Sea Cliff. How was he to find the right one?

Perhaps that girl had thought of some other places, or could direct him to the best local real estate agents. Perhaps he should have gone to them in the first place. He felt dazed, incapable of clear thought.

As the car swerved his eye was caught by something bright lying farther up the road, in the direction from which he had just turned. For an instant he disregarded it. Then, on second thought, he stopped the machine, jumped out, and ran back. There, at the right, by the wayside, lay a tiny jagged strip of silk that seemed to blush as he stared down at it.

Slowly he bent, picked it up, and, spreading it across his palm, regarded it with eyes that unexpectedly were wet. It was a two-inch bit of the Roman scarf, hacked off, evidently, by the same hurried scissors that had severed the end in his pocket. He realized now what that cutting had meant. With her hare-and-hounds' experience in mind, Doris had cut off other strips, perhaps half a dozen or more, and had undoubtedly dropped them as a trail for him to pick up. Possibly he had already unseeingly passed several. But that did not matter. He was on the right track now. The house was on this road, but farther up.

He leaped into the car again and started back. He drove ever slowly, forcing the reluctant racer to crawl along, and sweeping every inch of the roadside with a careful scrutiny, but he had gone more than a mile before he found the second scent. This was another bit of the vivid silk, dropped on a country road that turned off the main road at a sharp angle. With a heartfelt exclamation of thanksgiving, he turned into this bypath.

It was narrow, shallow-rutted, and apparently little used. It might stop anywhere, it might lead nowhere. It wound through a field, a meadow, a bit of deep wood, through which he saw the gleam of water. Then, quite suddenly, it again widened into a real road, merging into an avenue of trees that led in turn to the entrance of a big dark-gray house, in a somber setting of cedars.

Laurie stopped his car and thoughtfully nodded to himself. This was the place. He felt that he would have recognized it even without that guiding flame of ribbon. It was so absolutely the kind of place Shaw's melodramatic instincts would lead him to choose.

There was the look about it that clings to houses long untenanted, a look not wholly due to its unkempt grounds and the heavy boards over its windows. It had been without life for a long, long time, but somewhere in it, he knew, life was stirring now. From a side chimney a thin line of smoke curled upward. On the second floor, shutters, newly unbolted,

And, yes, there it was; outside of one of the unshuttered windows, as if dropped there by a bird, hung a vivid bit of ribbon.

Rather precipitately Laurie backed his car to a point where he could turn it, and then raced back to the main road. His primitive impulse had been to drive up to the entrance, pound the door until some one responded, and then fiercely demand the privilege of seeing Miss Mayo. But that, he knew, would never do. He must get rid of the car, come back on foot, get into the house in some manner, and from that point meet events as they occurred.

Facing this prospect, he experienced an incredible combination of emotions—relief and panic, recklessness and caution, fear and elation. He had found her. For the time being, he frantically assured his trembling inner self, she was safe. The rest was up to him, and he felt equal to it. He was intensely stimulated; for now, at last, in his ears roared the rushing tides of life.

CHAPTER XII

The House in the Cedars

Less than half a mile back, along the main road, Laurie found a country garage, in which he left his car. It was in charge of a silent but intelligent person, a somewhat unkempt and haggard middle-aged man, who agreed to keep the machine out of sight, to have it ready at any moment of the day or night, and to accept a handsome addition to his regular charge in return for his discretion. He was only mildly interested in his new patron, for he had classified him without effort. One of them college boys, this young fellow was, and up to some lark.

Just what form that lark might take was not a problem which stirred Henry Burke's sluggish imagination. Less than twenty hours before his seventh had been born; and his wife was delicate and milk was seventeen cents a quart, and the garage business was not what it had been. To the victim of these obsessing reflections the appearance of a handsome youth who dropped five-dollar bills around as if they were seed potatoes was in the

nature of a miracle and an overwhelming relief. His mind centered on the five-dollar bills, and his lively interest in them assured Laurie of Burke's presence in the garage at any hour when more bills might possibly be dropped.

While he was lingeringly lighting a cigarette, Laurie asked a few questions. Who owned the big house back there in the cedar grove, on the bluff overlooking the sound? Burke didn't know. All he knew, and freely told, was that it had been empty ever since he himself had come to the neighborhood, most two years ago.

Laurie strolled out of the garage with a well-assumed air of indifference to the perplexities of life, but his heart was racked by them. As he hesitated near the entrance, uncertain which way to turn, he saw that behind the garage there was a tool shed, and following the side path which led to this, he found in the rear of the shed a workman's bench, evidently little used in these cold January days. Tactfully, it invited the discoverer to solitude and meditation, and Laurie gratefully dropped upon it, glad of the opportunity to escape Burke's eye and uninterrupted thought things out. But the daisied path of calm reflection was not for him then.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Huntington To Have City Swimming Pool

Huntington, Aug. 18.—Plans are being formulated for the construction of a municipal swimming pool, a juvenile wading pool and a rose garden, as features of additional improvements in Memorial park, near the city. It is planned to utilize a rock basin in the upper section of the creek through the park reservation for a swimming pool, while a shallower basin in the lower reaches of the park slopes will be constructed into a wading pool for the children. A rock shelf on the east side of the sunken garden is to be covered with dirt and a large bed of roses planted.

Sunday Dance Results In Fine for One Man

Hartford City, Aug. 18.—The leader of the orchestra at the Adelphi Gardens dance hall, seven miles north of here, was fined \$1 and costs, under the name of Richard Roe, for desecration of the Sabbath in the court of Justice Elisha Pierce Monday morning. The charge was filed against the

orchestra leader by Prosecutor Hugh Maddox. Five other cases of a similar nature filed against the members of the orchestra were dismissed by Prosecutor Maddox.

Action of the prosecutor has displeased the farmers of Washington township, who see in the cases filed by the prosecutor an effort to thwart their avowed purpose of closing the hall.

Ensigns Killed In Crash

Waukegan, Ill., Aug. 18.—(United Press)—Ensigns George Hammer and Edward Stone of the Great Lakes naval training school, received fatal injuries today when the seaplane in which they were riding crashed into Lake Michigan. Both died within an hour after the accident.

Realty Company Cleared

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 18.(U.P.)—Exonerating the Adair Realty and Trust company of Atlanta, Ga., of any fraud in connection with the firm's activity in Indiana, Secretary of State, Frederick E. Schortemeier today lifted the suspension imposed on the firm on June 15, when the state chamber of commerce brought charges of "misrepresentation."

Connersville.—A seventeen acre tract of ground on the farm of William Brown, near Connersville produced a yield of 46½ bushels an acre, believed a record for Fayette county.

Marion.—Several landmarks of Marion will be removed through the order of the state fire marshal's office for the raising of fire hazards.

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