



# The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

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"Stand exactly where you are." Peter's voice was very quiet, but there was a quality in it which added to the low chill of the night. "I know you're not alone, but if any of your pains shows himself, I'll shoot him dead. If you move or utter one word, or cry out, I'll kill you. Do you understand?"

Saw did understand. The look in his protruding eyes proved that. Those eyes shifted wildly, turning this way and that, as if in search of the help which lurked among those spectral shapes. He himself stood as motionless as one of them, and as he stood he moistened his thin lips with the tip of a trembling tongue.

"Now," said Laurie, "I'm going to have the truth. I'm going to have it



"Stand Exactly Where You Are!"

all and I'm going to have it quick. If you don't tell it, I'll kill you. Probably I shall kill you anyway. But first you will answer two questions. What power have you got over Miss Mayo? And what are you trying to do?"

Saw hesitated. Again his protruding eyes turned wildly to the right and left, as if in search of help. Still holding the revolver in his right hand, Laurie slowly reached out his left and seized the other's throat in the grip of his powerful young fingers.

"It's the lad's car!" he ejaculated slowly, and for a moment stood staring at it. Then, still slowly, he nodded.

It was the lad's car which, only a short time before, he himself had put in perfect order for a swift run to New York. Now this girl had it, but it was easy to see why. He had been wrong in his theory. Here was something more serious, much more interesting. Here was a love affair.

He tightened his grip on the thick, slippery throat. "I'm enjoying this," he rasped. "If you were anything but the snake you are, I'd give you a fighting chance. But a creature that uses chloroform and hires three thugs to help him in his dirty jobs—"

He increased the pressure on the thick neck. Shaw's face began to purple. His eyes bulged horribly. He choked, and with the act gave up.

"Hold on," he gurgled. "Listen." The pressure on his throat slightly relaxed. With eyes closed, he collapsed against the nearest tree trunk. Laurie followed him, expecting some treacherous move; but all the fight seemed out of the serpent. He was clutching at his coat and collar as if not yet able to breathe.

"I've had enough of this," he finally gasped out. "I'll tell you everything." Even as he spoke, Laurie observed that one of the clutching, clawing hands had apparently got hold of what it was seeking.

Doris, feeling her way through the blackness of the storm on the unfamiliar country road, heard above the wind the sound of a sharp explosion which she thought meant a blown-out tire. She did not stop. Before her, only a short distance away, was the garage to which she was hastening and where she was to wait for Laurie. To go on meant to take a chance, but she had been ordered not to stop. There was a certain exhilaration in obeying that order. Crouched over the wheel, with head bent, and guessing at the turns she could not see, she pressed on through the storm.

## CHAPTER XV

Burke Makes a Promise

Burke, dozing over the fire in his so-called office, was aroused from his dreams by the appearance of a vision. For a moment he blinked at it doubtfully. Then into his eyes came a dawning intelligence, slightly tinged with reproach.

Burke was an unimaginative man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife Alberta Lammert, after Monday, Aug. 30. Albert Lammert 205-37x

Get the Habit—Trade at Home, It Pays

## Bluffton's Population Is Estimated At 6,516

Bluffton, Aug. 31.—Bluffton's city population is now 6,516, a gain of 1,125 over the government census of 1920, which was 5,391.

This was the announcement made Saturday by Postmaster Ralph C. Thomas, following a careful postal census, which has been in progress all week.

"This estimate is a conservative one," Postmaster Thomas declared. "All pains were taken to obtain an exact count. Transients receiving mail at the general delivery were not counted. Every carrier both in Bluffton and on the rural route took unusual care in counting the number in every family."

The total number of people receiving their mail at residential places is 6,379, while a total of 137 get mail by general delivery, not including transients.

It is also shown by the report that there is a total population of 4,739 receiving mail on Bluffton's rural routes, making a grand total of both city and country of 11,255.

The population on each rural route is as follows: R. R. 1, 519; R. R. 2, 497; R. R. 3, 614; R. R. 4, 508; R. R. 5, 872; R. R. 6, 566; R. R. 7, 493; R. R. 8, 577.

## Reformatory Guard Is Killed In Auto Wreck

Anderson, Ind., Aug. 30.—(United Press)—Thomas Wheeler, 30, a guard at the Indiana reformatory was instantly killed and Frank Yeister, 52, another guard, was severely injured Saturday when the car in which they were riding plunged down a fifteen foot embankment.

Yeister was removed to the reformatory hospital while Wheeler's body was taken to his home in Noblesville.

## Faith In Human Honesty Restored

Carlinville, Ill., Aug. 31.—The faith in human honesty which Pearl Cobb, lineman lost at least temporarily was restored when a small boy stepped up to him on the street and thrust what proved to be a match and some money, into his pocket. The belongings had been stolen from Cobb's clothing while he was swimming. He asked no questions.

It was really fortunate that the blowout had occurred. Surely within the half hour Laurie would have rejoined her. If he did not, she frankly conceded to herself, she would go mad with suspense. There was a limit to what she could endure, and that limit had been reached. Thirty minutes more of patience and courage and seeming calm covered the last draft she could make on a nervous system already greatly overtaxed.

Burke drew his worn office chair close to the red-hot stove, and was mildly pained by the lady's failure to avail herself of the comfort thus offered.

This, it will be remembered, was January, 1917, three months before America's entry into the World War, and women able to drive motors were comparatively rare. Any girl who could drive a car in a storm like this, and through the drifts of country roads—Mr. Burke, having reluctantly removed himself from the lady's presence, was now beside her car, and at this point in his reflections he uttered an exclamation and his jaw dropped.

"It's the lad's car!" he ejaculated slowly, and for a moment stood staring at it. Then, still slowly, he nodded.

It was the lad's car which, only a short time before, he himself had put in perfect order for a swift run to New York. Now this girl had it, but it was easy to see why. He had been wrong in his theory. Here was something more serious, much more interesting. Here was a love affair.

As his meditations continued he was cursorily glancing at the tires, looking for the one that had sustained the blowout. He was not greatly surprised to find every tire perfect. There had been plenty of mysteries in the lad's conduct, and this was merely another trifle to add to the list. Undoubtedly the lady had her reasons for insisting on a blowout, and if she had, it was no affair of his. Also, the price for changing that tire would be a dollar, and Mr. Burke was always willing to pick up a dollar.

Whistling softly but sweetly, he removed a rear shoe, replaced it with one of the "spares" on the car's rack, and solemnly retested the others. The task, as Doris had expected, took him almost half an hour. When it was completed he lounged back to the lady and assured her that the car was again ready for service.

The lady hesitated. There was no sign of Laurie, and she dared not leave. Yet on what pretext could she linger? With the manner of one who has unlimited time at her disposal, she demanded her bill, a written one, and paid it. Then, checking herself on a casual journey toward the big coat, she showed a willingness to indulge in that exchange of friendly points of view for which Burke's heart had longed.

The exchange was not brilliant, but Burke made the most of it. No, he told her, they didn't often have storms as bad as this. One, several years ago, had blocked traffic for two days, but that was very unusual.

With a gallant effort at ease, the lady took up the theme of the storm and embroidered it in pretty colors and with much delicate fancy. When the pattern was getting somewhat confused, she suddenly asked a leading question.

"Which shoe blew out?"

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