The Mysterious Monogram An Absorbing New Novel By Howard P. Rockey Copyrighted by the Author

SYNOTISE
CHAPTER 1—100-the day after a disease at the Grill Club at which was announced his enganement to times distance, Lord Harcourt is informed of the market of one of his peaks. Contain Ten with frome and all his voket fluids a strangely monogramed and his voket fluids a strangely monogramed descripe in his pocket and blood stains on his clother. Harcourt's minut is blank in the rabbett.

CHAPTER ——Harcourt (setermines to leave no atoms our untired to had the matter of the strangely monogram and by refusing to annogram and by refusing to any strangely contained the monogram and by refusing to annogram of the Marston knows the strangely monogram and by refusing to annogram of the Marston knows to strangely monogram and by refusing to annogram of the Marston knows to strangely monogram and by refusing to annogram of the Marston knows to stander own and the interest of the strangely of the strangely monogram and the interest of the strangely of the strangely

him. Harcourt's arrest. Cornish forcibly annuess him. CHAPTER 11—Cornish outwits Scotlard Yard, had puts Harcourt on board his yacht, which immediately goes to Sea.

Yard, but you, which immediately goes to so...

OBAPTER 12—Parmole and Carripatan by to throw detectives off the scota, but are not sure of their success.

CHAPTER 13—The cruise of the yacks.

Warith. Harcourt bribes crew to but thm. Chara- Marcourt brick-sahors , CHAPTER 14-Harcourt's plot is d ared by Cornish's daughter, and falls

(Now go on with the story.)

(Now go on with the story.)

At last Adele bade them good-night, and Cornish, with a yawn, assounced his institute of the good of the state of the s

It licked regularly and he smiled at his immatience.
Finally he tiptoed across the cabin and went out into the passageray. All was still and he made his way quietly along to Cornish's door and waited there. The remembrance that he was unarmed came to him arriptly, and he realized his utter help-lessness against this man of gigantic strength, yet he knew, too, that he cohid not have used the revolver if he had it, and his mere possession of it: would never have intimated a mad like Cornfeb.

of it would never have intimated a man like Cognish.
Surely it must be 11 now, yet he had not heard the clang of the ship's beil he was momentarily expecting. He strained his ears to catch the alightest sound and pressed his body close to the door of Cofnish's state, room, but it was quite within and he could not ever hear the American's

breathing.

He could see nothing in the darkness tunow, somehow, he seemed to
less the presence of someone near
man to know who was there, but he
thought better of it and remained still,
scarcely daring to breathe least he
should be discovered there. Perhaps
it was Benson, he thought, but if so
why did he not speak?

Suddeny the passagoway was flooded with light, and he found himself
looking into the mischievous eyes of
Adele. Who stood not three feet away.

Adele, who stood not three feet away,



ADELE, WHO STOOD NOT THREE FEET AWAY COVERING HIM WITH A BIG BLUE STEEL REVOLVER.

REVOLVER.

covering him with a big blue steel revolver that he recognized at a glance as the one Benson had given him.

He returned her gaze sheepichly.

Harcourt had a keenly developed sense of humor, and it was only this which saved him from unter despair at that moment.

Ratising her finger to her lips, Adele canutoned him to be silent, and in a whisper told him to followed her mekly as she led the way down the masures and baued before his

the passage and paused before his

the passage and paused before his own cabin.

"Please go in," she said. "I am coming too. Is it terriby improper?"

He crossed the threshold and paused as she closed the door behind her. Questionisty he looked at her, and saw that she was laughing silently at him. For a moment she stood with her-back against the door, her body shaking with mirth. Then she put down the revolver and sank down upon the bed, while he, awkward and embarassed stood waiting for her to speak.

speak.
"I say," he began stupidly at last,
"what's the joke?"
"It's on you, I'm afraid," she said,
looking up at him. "I've spoiled your
little muituy."
"You?" he asked in astonishment.
Her eyes twinkled merrily.
"Lovers make poor plotters, Lord
Maccust!"

ner eyes winned merity "Lovers make poor plotters, Lord Harcourt."

"Lovers' Make poor plotters, Lord Harcourt."

"She nodded. "Benson has fallen in love with me," she announced.

"In love with you?"

"Is that so very wonderful?"

"No, but—"

"You see, Benson is quite young and romanit." she explained. "He has long been my most ardent admirer. Tonight be comed this plan to take me with the launch of the launch, but the launch has been been been by most ardent admirer. Tonight be comed this plan to take me with the launch plan to the world to the launch, but the launch plan to the launch launch plan to the launch plan to the world launch ever be Mrs. Benson."

"You mean the scounderle meant to force you to go with him!" Harcourt cried angrily.

"Oh, no indeed. Benson is much too mid a willain for that. He told me be knew Dad would never consent to my marrying him, and that before he had always been too poor to sak me, but he explained, that on the money he would receive from you, we could live quits. comfortably. Delightful little plan, wasnt it?

"The idito!" Harcourt erclaimed, "Why did he—"

"Surely you did not hope to suc-

plan, wasnt it?
"The idolt." Harcourt exclaimed,
"Why did he—"
"Surely you did not hope to succeed." Adele said. "Capt. Whitford
has observed your 'qitmacy with Benson and he has been watched carefully. Fortunately for him, however,
no intimation of your plans reached
Whitford or Pad, or I am afraid it
would have gone hard with the poor
fellow."
"But why on earth didn't he tell
me—"
"Because I forbade his communicating yith you. I wished to catch you
myself and to obtain your promise not
setting the proper supplied of the sort
again make no such promise."
"Mod reyn for Graces asker" Adele

"I make no such promise."
"Not even for Grace's sake?" Adele

asked.
"No," said Harcourt. "If I can escape and return to London I shall do

then the driver yelled and fell against me so heavily that I altipped off the solid to the state of the solid property in the last altered the corner can be come of the solid property in the state of the solid property in the solid property in

mapponument, for at none of them had the Murita been sighted.

MacDee amiled. "Just as I thought," he murmured to himself. "He's keeping at sea. Harcourt is quite as safe there as he would be here under my thumb. It now remains only to find the others."

Then he turned bis attention to another telegram, and was just answering it when Carrington was announced. "You are wearing yourself out, working like this." Carrington said as he shoot MacDee's hand. "If you're now had been to be shoot MacDee's hand. "If you're now had be the shoot MacDee's hand. "If you're now had be the shoot MacDee's hand. "If you're now had he was he shoot MacDee's hand. "If you're now had he was he had now had he shoot had been he shoot had been he had now had he had h

be different—that is all."

A clerk entered and handed the inspector a long pink envelope.

"If you will pardon me, I will read
this," MacBee said, and slit open the
message.

KANDWAHR ESCAPES.

Harcourt's disappearance had stirred the whole of England. Cables flashed the news of his kidnapping across the world, while the murder was eagerly being discussed in every civilized country. Thousands of men and women were eagerly awaiting further statements from MacBee, who had promised definite information speedily, but after two weeks none of the cutters on the coast had caught so much as a glimpse of Cornish's yacht, and the inspector seemed no nearer to a solution of the great mystery.

A score of men secured no nearer to a solution of the great mystery.

A score of nen secured no nearer to a solution of the great mystery.

A score of his captors, fof Machiestill held firmly to the belief that Harcourt had not willingly run away. The newspapers speculated upon the finding of the suitcase with the supposed clothing of the missing man, forming various conclusions, all of which caused MacBee quiet a mussement. And through it all the laspector smoked incessandy and thought a great deal; occasionally he talked when it suited his purpose, and again he would reduse to comment upon the case at all.

Ten days after Marcourt's dis-

a great deal.] Occasionally he talked when it suited his purpose, and again he would refuse to comment upon the case at all.

Ten days after Harcourt's disappearance the examination of Kandwahr was ordered. MacDee knew that he could not hold the man longer without further evidence, yet he knew that, with Kandwahr and Harcourt both gone, he might never get to the hostom of the matter. Owing to the widespread interest in the case, and the fear of a disorderly crush of never the fear of a disorderly crush of the vering. It was not never the fear of a disorderly crush of the vering. It was not never the fear of a disorderly crush of the vering it was made of the case, and the fear of a disorderly crush of the vering. It was not never the fear of a disorderly crush of the vering. It was not never the fear of the company of the last moment had the newspapers been advised that the hearing was to take place. In the corridor adjoining the court room MacDee paced nervously up and down, smoking his pipe and waiting for the arrival of the prisoner. He was struggling to arrive at some conclusion—whether to demand the remanding of Kandwahr or, to permit his release, because of lack of evidence against him. There was only one time spector the hold he required that the hold he required that the hold he required that the hold her very thing at Scotland Nard, NacHe, had no reason to give that the state of the last of the last of the property of the had not center that one of the last of the last of the property of the had not center that one of the last of the last of the property of the had not center that the consideration of the had not center than part in gensideration of the last total contents.

on the dagger of which Kandwahr admitted ownership.

As he walked slowly to and fro, pondering over the problem, a man hat less and excited, rushed in from the street

arret exceed, rushed in from the street ""We've been attacked!" he shouted, "Kandwakh has eccaped."

With an oath, MacBee, started from his reverted "Attached! Escaped." he exclaimed, "in the streets of London as S o'clock in the evening! Impossible!"

it's true," the man insisted, panting for breath. "Not three minutes ago and within a block of here!"

In an instant all was confusion. An excited throng of court attendants and newspaper men surrounded the bearer of the seemingly impossible news, but he was too confused to give them much satisfaction. Without waiting to hear more, however, MacBee dashield from the building and rar rapidly down the street. A crowd was already gathering, about a carriage that stood close to the sidewalk, its forse lying it was too the street. A crowd was already gathering about a carriage that stood close to the stewalk, its forse lying it was too to the stewalk, its forse lying it was too to the stewalk, its forse lying it was been almost wrisched from its hinges, and within, upon the cushions, lay the detective to yoo Kandwahr had been manacled. His clothing was soaked with blood and from his wrist dangled the steel chain of the bracelet that remained fastened Ughtly about his wrist. MacBee examined it and found that the chain had not been broken, but the olien had not been broken. But the word and announced that he was a physician. In a moment they lifted out the detective tried to speak; but the effort was too much for him. A man forced his way through the crowd and announced that he was a physician. In a moment they lifted out the detective and stretched him upon the sidewalk, cutling away his clothing to reveal a narrow slit in his ...ft sidewalk." "Stilletto wound," the doctor said promptly, and began to staunch the "What has happened, man, tell me!" MacBee utrued, bedding over the prostrate form.

"He cant," the doctor said after a minute, "He is dead."

A murmer of horror ran through the crowd, and MacBee turned quickly to the detective who summoned him.
"It all happened so quick

say any more than that my susplicions have been correct from the first. The disappearance of both my prigoners secund to prove the fact but this is conclusive."

"You think they were both carried

"You think they were both carried off by—"
"Mr. Cornish? Hardly," said MacDee, "Mr. Carriston, I earn-estly recommend that you do not attempt to mix up further in this. It will dangerous work if you do, and by communicating with Lord Harcourt in any way; or even triping to sofve the mystery of Kandwahir's escape, you make it impossible for me to accomplish my purpose."

CHAPTER XVI.

ASHORE ON THE SCOTCH COAST. ASIORE ON THE SCOTCH COAST.
When Adde Cornish had delored the
door of Harcourt's rebin, he sat down
mondily on the edge of his bed to
monder over the situation. He had
failed completely, and now his chance
of escaping was elighter than ever.
O plead further with Cornish would
be useless, and he knew he could
count on no further aid from Benson,
or from the crow. By himself there
was hardly any possibility of success,
for the surveillance over him seemed
complete.

was bardly any possibility of success, for the surveillance over him seemed complete. He considered trying to bribe He wireless operator to flash a message ashore, but that course was certain of discovery, and would probably only result in his being watched with increased vigilance. To leap overboard would be sheer madness, and there seemed to be no other course than to wait with what patience he could summon, until Cornish ishould be ready to set him ashore again. The weather had suddenly changed, and now he could hear the rain beating sgainst the glass of the portholes. The yacht was pitching and plunging wildly, and once outside there was a courrying of footsteps, and excited various called to each other through the storm. Through the port he could make out nothing in the darkness, and as he stood there pereing out, the cabin door opened suddenly to admit Cornish and two sailors.

"Oet into your greators, and put on a cap," Cornish ordered abrustly "What for?" Harcourt denanded, resenting the man's manner.

on a cap." Cornish ordered abruptly
"What for?" Harsourt demanded,
resenting the man's manner.
"Don't ask questlons:" Cornish
anapped. "Do as I tell you!"
As he spoke a sailor entered and saluted. "They are gaining on us, sir,
Capt. Whitford says the boat is ready
and you'd best hurry, sir."
Cornish glared at the man. "Shut
up, you iddot!" he cried angrily. Then
turning to Harcourt, he said. "I suppose ! may as well tell you that we
are in danger of capture by a cutter.
We've barely time to get you away in
the launch before she overly e. Its
diarness and in swith a single shot."
We're belpieze. She crept up for
If the court amiled. "In that event I'll
stay here." he said.
"You'll do nothing of the sort!"
Cornish thundered, "Oet into that
coat!"
Harcourt amiled. "In that event I'll
stay here." he said.
"You'll do nothing of the sort!"
Cornish thundered, "Oet into that
coat!"
Harcourt made a move to take the
heavy garment. Then, as the attention of the three was taken from him
for a moment, he made a dash for the
doorway and ran quickly along the
passageway. In an instant they were
at his heels, and just as he gained the
deck a rough hand caught him.
E-cring all his strength, Harcourt
wrenched himself free and rain to the
yach's rail. "The bright, blinding rays
of a searchlight swing, the
doct and the strength of the settle
back, outtlining him sharply against
the blackness. Frantically he waved
his arms in signal to the pursuing cutter, but even if the glasses of it's of
feers were upon him, he had little
hope of being recognited or making
his actions understood.
Only a moment remained before
Cornish and his men would be upon
him, and he hurriedly made a trumpet
of his hands, calling as loud as be
could: "It is —Lord Harcourt! They
are taking me off in the launch!"
But his voice was local in the fury
of the storm and in Another second
his arms were pluchoud to his sides
in a viceller the booth me
day and the strength of the storm and
lett to the storm and is another second
his arms were pluchoud to his sid

American cautioned sharply. "Some-times I wonder if I'm crazy trying to take care of you like this—and this is one of the times. But it's too late to think of that now. If that cutter over-

think of that now. If that cutter over-takes us with you on board we'll both be in a pretty meas!"
He signaled to the men who held Harcourt to stand saide, and the Earl breathed freely once more. "Mr. Cor-nish," he said, "Please don't think I

Carington noted that it was a callegram, and he watched the detective closely as he read the leighty message, referring to a code book once or twice when his memory failed him. At heat Marche dished and tucked the cable carefully into his procket.

"Mr. Carrington," he said locking the state of thought you only cared to z pipe?" he said.

"But this is a sort of celebration—because of the callegram," Maelleo told him.

"You have something definite."

"I have established the notice of the murder—of which i have hereicfore been entirely innorant. I cannot the word than that me the content of the callegram, and a second the callegram of the callegr so quickly without any more non-sense?"
"I cannot," Harcourt said firmly.
"You mean you will not!" Cornish retorted. "I don't want to use force unless you compel me to do it, but i most certainly will if it is necessary. As soon as the captain tells me we are near enough to the shore to make a dash for it, we are going to lower the launch. They may catch us with their searchlight, but if doubt it, and Whit-ford will been them busy until we are safely away.

As he spoke there was a flash from the darkness astern, and a dull re-

safely away."

As he spoke there was a flash from the darkness astern, and a dull report echoed across the sea between the ships. The outlines of the purasing craft were barely distinguish able, but Cornish and the same state of the same state of

(To be Continued.)

THE AGE OF OPTIMISM.

To be cynical nowadays is to show one's self unacquainted with the renaissance of laughter that has swept away the fatigued worldliness beneath which we labored for long, it even argues a certain kind of implous stupidity. There has never been a greater variety of religious belief and disbellef than at the present moment, but it is at least fashionable to or action to a tentative opinion that poor or act is being looked after—whether by awett little thermb who stip aloft or by the awful God of the Decaloque we prefer not to specify. Atheism has been discredited by our imability to understand wireless telegraphy.—London Truth.

to understand wireless telegraphy.—
London Truth.

Tobacco, which used to be the medium of exchange in the early colonial days in Virginia, is to-day the currency of British NewGolinea. The British administration is the property of the pr

with the natives."

A woman waited and waited for a car in a Boston suburb and in car came. Finally she lost all patience. "Will you please tell me," she demanded of the starter, an old man seated on a keg chewing tobacco, "If there are any cars left on this line, and if so, when they will pass here." Without moving hif eyes from the distant borton and without stopping chewing, the old man answered: A quarter after, a half arer, a quartor to and at."—Success Magazine.

DRESSING UP TO THE NEWS.

Costume in London Represented a Servant Whose Tax Had Benn Paid, Thank You.

Some of the people in London society who wish to wear at fancy dress parties costumes that are bound to attract attention go in for

dress parties costumes that are bound to attract attention go in for dresses representing the news of the day. According to the "Daily Mirror" many women are disguising themselves to represent their idea of a servant tax.

A dress that recently attracted considerable attention at a gathering in London was of pink, short and with a bordering of tax stamps at the hem of the skirt, the right side being or namented with a panel representing the card upon which the stamps have to be affixed. An embroidered collar, fastened by a black bow, a white cambric apron arranged en follower the corsage and flounced a the hem, and a mob cap, with frille each over the corsage and flounced as the forehead, completed the counse, except that the sieces were rolled up at the elbows and a large stamp was worn on the left arm. The wearer carried a feather duster over her fabouder.

shoulder.

Beetles That Grow Mushrooms.
Scientiss have known of mushroom growing ants for a long time and it was generally believed that the ant was the only insect possessing sumicient intelligence to make a succ..; and in the summary of the sum