

The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

(Continued from Page 3, this section).

Jlin' on the charge of having murdered Daisy Lutan and Rufus Gaston. I further urge the immediate release of my client, Mr. Spalding Nelson, in my custody. Testimony that we already have obtained will establish that he was an innocent victim of the dastardly plots of these two ex-convicts."

The reaction that came from this sudden clearing of my name left me in a puzzled daze from which I hardly recovered until late that evening, when, once more free, I found myself in the Gaston apartment. Granders, his tool, Wick, and practically every employe of the Granddeck were under arrest, and warrants were out for other members of the band whose identity had been revealed by the former telephone girl.

And there in the apartment with me were my mother, Gorman, McGregor—and to my surprise and delight, Barbara Bradford. After her sister's wedding, it appeared, Barbara's mother had gone away for a brief rest, leaving her alone in the apartment with the servants. She had welcomed the opportunity to work undisturbed on the mystery that had landed me behind the bars. Thinking that at Rufus Gaston's funeral she might pick up some clue that would be of service in unraveling the tangled skein that held her and me together, she had gone thither, and seeing my mother there, and suspecting at once who she might be, had introduced herself. Quickly they had become good friends and she it was who had informed my mother of my plight.

Present also with us, despite the lateness of the hour, was the district attorney and two of his aides, and Nellie Kelly, or as she much preferred to be called, Mrs. Moore. The girl was technically a prisoner, but her services in bringing the real criminals to book had been so exceptional that she had been released on her own recognizance. Hither she had been brought that the district attorney might check up with her the marvelous tale of criminal conspiracy that she had unfolded to my counsel in the brief recess of the court that day.

Orville Granders, it appeared, had been the master-mind that had directed all the plotting. A score of years before he had been president of one of the metropolis' biggest banks. He had been discovered to have embezzled nearly a million dollars. He had been tried and sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment, but no one ever had been able to find what he had done with the money, so safely had he hidden it away.

In his long years in prison, associating daily with criminals of the worst sort, and listening to their plans for further crime on their release, his own criminal instincts, already developed, had grown stronger, and he had spent his time planning a new system of crime of which he was to be the head, using as his confederates certain evildoers with whom he had become acquainted in prison. When he had been released he had slipped quietly away to the West and lived in close retirement until he had been forgotten. The white whiskers he had grown so changed his appearance, too, that he had little fear of being recognized. Recovering such part of the stolen money as was left to him, he had come to New York in the guise of a prosperous Western investor and, purchasing a plot of land, had erected the Granddeck apartments, designed for the occupancy of the wealthiest class of tenants.

In this building, sitting like a little white spider in his web, he planned to prey secretly on all who came to live there. Every attendant in the building was either a criminal or an associate of criminals, reporting to him daily all that went on, and obeying his orders implicitly. A special switchboard in his apartment enabled him to listen in at will on all telephone conversations that went on. Every letter delivered at the Granddeck went through his hands before reaching the tenants. For every wall safe in the building he held a master combination and his pass-key would unlock every door there was. And in addition to all this—

HE HAD BUILT A SECRET PASSAGEWAY.

We found it that night and explored it, familiarizing ourselves with all its exits, greatly to the amazement and confounding of Gorman. Connecting with the service elevator by a masked opening, it ran along the hall of each apartment, with entrances concealed in wall panels. It enabled Granders to wander at will through the apartments at night, leaving mysterious notes to terrify his tenants, prying into the secrets hidden in their wall safes, listening when he chose to

their most private conversations, examining the contents of their pockets. As he had planned from the beginning, he gained in this way much information that he was able to utilize to his financial profit without arousing suspicion. He had discovered, Mrs. Moore said, secret stock market movements one of his tenants was planning and had made a small fortune out of the advance information. Several indolent women he had successfully blackmailed, turning over to agents who never came near the Granddeck the secrets he learned from letters he opened and telephone conversations he had listened to.

In the case of Rufus Gaston, he had plotted to steal the Gaston pearls, Mrs. Moore explained, first terrifying the old couple into leaving the apartment, the whispers that had been heard coming of course from the secret passageway.

"But I can't understand," I said, "why, after he had once got hold of the pearls in Mr. Gaston's absence, he should have restored them to their hiding place."

"He had a duplicate made of phony pearls," explained Mrs. Moore. "It was part of his plan not to have any of the tenants discover the thefts for a long time after they occurred."

"If he was so cautious," said the district attorney, "I am puzzled as to why he killed Miss Lutan and Mr. Gaston. He must have realized that both murders would be thoroughly investigated."

"Both were accidents, so to speak," the girl explained. "Each of them surprised him in their apartment, and he had to kill them to make his getaway. I suppose he had been roaming around so much he had got careless." "How about the revolver?" asked Gorman. "How did he come to plant it in Nelson's room?"

"He was puzzled by Mr. Nelson butting in on the Bradford case, and it made him sore. I heard him and Wick talking about it one day, and he said that he'd teach Mr. Nelson not to interfere. How?" asked Wick. "I'll frame him for the goat if anything happens."

"And was it he who had me discharged from my office?" I asked, eagerly.

"Sure it was. He wrote a note on Mr. Gaston's stationery saying that you had forged a check after he had befriended you. He wrote in the letter that he was not going to prosecute you because of your mother, but that he felt that you were unworthy of employment anywhere."

"I believe," said the district attorney, "that that clears everything up, except for one thing—why, Mrs. Moore, did you aid him and Wick in all these crimes?" "He promised that if I would help him he would get Eddie out," she cried. "I was desperate. I'd do anything to get my husband back."

Gorman and the district attorney exchanged meaning glances. While nothing more was said, I felt sure as they departed that both were thinking that this brave young woman who had solved the mystery for them certainly deserved some reward, and I think we all realized that the only reward life ever could hold for her was the freedom of her husband.

Presently they went and left us alone. Gorman, my mother, Barbara, and I.

"There are still two things I cannot understand," I said, as we sat talking it over. "The first is—and I turned to Barbara—"what was your sister doing in this apartment on the night of the first murder? When I came up from the Lutan apartment I caught her just coming out of my door. I could not help wondering if they had made her plant the revolver."

Barbara started up, blushing.

"Oh, no," she cried, "it was nothing like that. You remember a few moments before you and I had been in your room, looking at the secret passageway. Claire just then had come into my room looking for me. She was puzzled by my absence, and the only solution that came to her was that I must be in your rooms. Alarmed at what she considered my imprudence, she had slipped out into the hall, and seeing your door open, had investigated. Of course she did not find me, for I had returned by way of the window ledge. She told me about it the night before she was married. I don't wonder, though, that you suspected her."

"I didn't suspect her," I cried. "I just wondered what she had been doing there."

"That's right," said Gorman. "He wouldn't believe for a minute that she had had anything to do with it."

"But what puzzles me most," I went on, "is how you ever persuaded the telephone girl to give Granders away. It must have been done after she had given her first testimony. How did it happen that she changed so suddenly over to our side?"

As I looked from one to the other for an explanation, Gorman burst out laughing.

"You'll have to ask Miss Bradford about that," he said. "She did it all." I turned again to look at Barbara, expecting her to speak, but she merely blushed and was silent.

"Go on, tell me," I urged her.

"Well," she said hesitatingly, "as I heard her testifying, I had an inspiration. I heard her say that she loved her husband, and that she did not care who knew it—and—and—all at once I realized that love was the strongest influence in the world, so I had Mr. McGregor ask for an adjournment, and then—"

She stopped in confusion, the rosy blushes once more mantling her cheeks.

"Go on," I insisted.

"I can't tell it," she cried.

"You must tell," I urged. "I have a right to know it. What did you do?"

"I managed to see her alone."

Again she hesitated.

"What did you say to her?" I demanded.

"I just told her," she faltered, lowering her eyes as she spoke, "that—that I loved you just as much as she loved her husband, and I begged her for love's sake not to help send you to the chair, and she broke down and told everything."

"Oh, Barbara, my Barbara!" I cried, springing up and clasping her



"If Only I Had Something to Offer You Besides My Love!"

in my arms. "If only I had something to offer you besides my love—"

"I wouldn't worry about that just now, Spalding," interrupted my mother's voice. "They found your great-uncle's will today. He made you his heir."

But Barbara and I hardly heeded her good news. We were too busy telling each other the world-old story.

[THE END.]

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with worms have an un-healthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Sirengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

LANFORD NEWS.

Lanford, July 12.—Rev. Sexton and Rev. Miller, pastors of both churches here, met with their people Sunday night and organized a community prayer meeting. The large crowd present testified as to the interest in this good work, which we trust will result in much and lasting good.

The debate Wednesday night at the school house by the young people's club, was a success. The young debaters deserve much praise for the way in which they handled their subject. "Resolved, the Women of the United States should have a right to vote." Mr. Louie Lanford and Miss Mary Higgins represented the affirmative and Mr. Yates Waldrep and Miss Ruth Cooper the negative. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Afterward the ladies sold ice cream and realized a neat little sum for school improvements.

Mr. Green and family, from Georgia, and Mr. Geo. Cunningham and family, from Langston, visited Mr. W. D. Patterson and family last week.

Mrs. Talmage Patterson spent last Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Langston, at Enoree.

Mrs. M. W. Fowler and Miss Carry C. Fowler are in Troy spending some time with relatives. A recent letter from them stated that Miss Mabel Burnside, a young lady who visited here a few weeks ago, was very low with a case of pneumonia. The many friends she met while here will be sorry to hear this.

Miss Margaret Waldrep has returned home after a very pleasant visit to her cousin, Miss Julia Alice Johnson at Arcadia.

Mrs. J. T. Bobo and children, of Clinton, spent several days last week with friends and relatives here.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Harman were glad to welcome them in our Sunday School Sunday morning.

Mr. Harper Higgins came over Sunday morning from Buffalo on a brief visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Higgins.

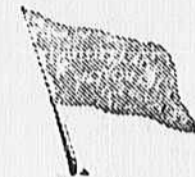


So It Vaporized and Went "Bloocy!"

Here is this unfortunate motorist, right out in the "sticks," forty miles from nowhere, with his engine hot as blazes, the oil vaporized, and him facing the cold fact that he can't budge another foot until he can get a fresh supply of oil—

If he had had his crank case filled with "GREEN FLAG" he would not now be gazing into his engine in blank helplessness—

Motor Oils of inefficient quality, or insufficient viscosity (body) quickly break down under the terrific temperature generated by the rapidly operating motor—



You'll always "play safe" against these troubles and expenses by using "Green Flag" Motor Oil of the correct grade for YOUR car—

Costs no more to begin with
Costs less in the end

Supplied by the following well-known dealers

Ask for Green Flag
Gear Compound and
Auto Grease

W. P. HUDGENS, Laurens, S. C.; W. M. ABERCROMBIE, Laurens, S. C.; R. F. D.; PARSON'S GARAGE, Lanford Station, S. C.; MEADOR'S AUTO CO., Fountain Inn, S. C.; CLAUDE PATTON, Enoree, S. C.

LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS

...For Sale By...

ADVERTISER PRINTING CO.

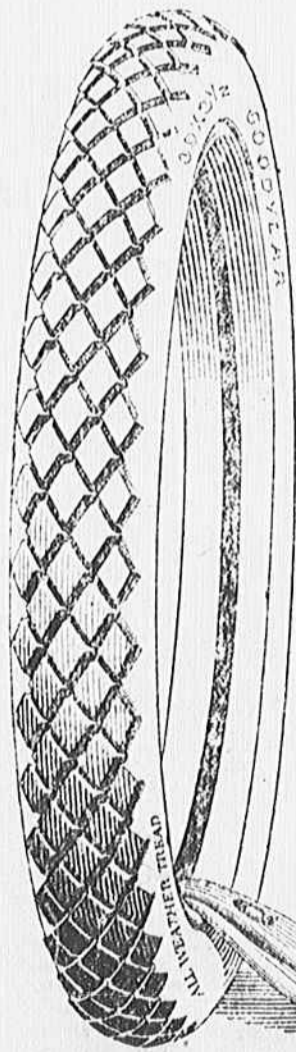
True Goodyear Economy in Tires for Small Cars

Built into Goodyear Tires for small cars is a high relative value not exceeded even in the famous Goodyear Cords on the world's highest priced automobiles.

Manufactured in 30x3-, 30x3½- and 31x4-inch sizes by the world's largest tire factory devoted to these sizes, every detail of the work done on them is marked by extraordinary skill and care.

If you own a Ford, Chevrolet, Dort, Maxwell or other car taking these sizes, assure yourself true Goodyear mileage and economy on your car by visiting the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

Go to him for Goodyear Tires and for Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes; there is no surer means to genuine tire satisfaction.



30x3½ Goodyear Double-Cure Fabric, All-Weather Tread..... \$23.50

30x3½ Goodyear Single-Cure Fabric, Anti-Skid Tread..... \$21.50

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes cost no more than the price you are asked to pay for tubes of less merit—why risk costly casings when such sure protection is available? \$4.50
30x3½ size in waterproof bag.....

GOODYEAR