

THE CHIEF LEGATEE

A STORY OF LOVE & MYSTERY INVOLVING STARTLING INCIDENTS, COMPLICATIONS & ADVENTURES.

By ANNA KATHERINE GREEN.



FOREWORD.

Shifting from New York City to the little Connecticut town of Sitford, the main thread of THE CHIEF LEGATEE is there unwound through a multitude of perplexing personalities and amazing phases. You come to believe and then disbelieve in Mrs. Ransom's suicidal plunge into the Devil's Cauldron; you believe and then disbelieve that Mrs. Ransom's deaf twin sister, Anitra Hazen, is really Mrs. Ransom herself; you are disgusted by the apparent utter selfishness and brutality of Alfred Hazen, and then astounded by evidences of his bravery and complete unselfishness; you admire the affection of Roger Ransom for his wife, and his loyal determination not to believe her lost to him so long as there is the slightest sign of hope; you are enmeshed in doubt by signs which on one day clearly point to certain conclusions, and then on the next day puzzled more than ever by other equally reliable signs which point the reverse way. The ending of the story is satisfactory enough, but the writer of this foreword is free to say that, if he had prepared the last chapter, he would have made a still more satisfactory conclusion, in his judgment, by simply destroying the will made in favor of the unknown Auchincloas, thus depriving the Cause of chance either to do harm to anyone or to acquire an unmerited fortune.

CHAPTER I.

A Bride of Five Hours.

WHAT'S UP?" This from the manager of the Hotel — to his chief clerk. "Something wrong in Room 81?" "Yes, sir. I've just sent for a detective. You were not to be found and the gentleman is desperate. But very anxious to have it all kept quiet; very anxious. I think we can oblige him there, or, at least, we'll try. Am I right, sir?" "Of course, if—" "Oh! It's nothing criminal. The lady's missing, that's all; the lady whose name you see here." The register lay open between them; the clerk's finger, running along the column, rested about half-way down. The manager bent over the page. "Roger J. Ransom and wife," he read out in decided astonishment. "Why, they are—" "You're right. Married to-day in Grace Church. A great wedding; the papers are full of it. Well, she's the lady. They registered here a few minutes before five o'clock and in ten minutes the bride was missing. It's a queer story Mr. Ransom tells. You'd better hear it. Ah, there's our man! Perhaps you'll go up with him." "You may bet your last dollar on that," muttered the manager. And joining the newcomer, he made a significant gesture which was all that passed between them till they stepped out on the second floor. "Wanted in Room 81?" the manager now asked. "Yes, by a man named Ransom." "Just so. That's the door. Knock—or, rather, I'll knock, for I must hear his story as soon as you do. The reputation of the hotel!" "Yes, yes, but the gentleman's waiting. Ah! that's better." The manager had just knocked. An exclamation from within, a hurried step, and the door fell open. The figure which met their eyes was startling. Distress, anxiety, and an impatience almost verging on frenzy, distorted features naturally amiable if not handsome. "My wife," fell in a gasp from his writhing lips. "We have come to help you find her," Mr. Gerridge calmly assured him. Mr. Gerridge was the detective. "Relate the circumstances, sir. Tell us where you were when you first missed her." Mr. Ransom's glance wandered past him to the door. It was partly open. The manager, whose name was Loomis, hastily closed it. Mr. Ransom showed relief and hurried into his story. It was to this effect: "I was married to-day in Grace Church. At the altar my bride—you probably know her name, Miss Georgian Hazen—wore a natural look, and was in all respects, so far as any one could see, a happy woman, satisfied with her choice and pleased with the oodles and elegancies of the occasion. Half-way down the aisle this all changed. I remember the instant perfectly. Her hand was on my arm and I felt it suddenly stiffen. I was not alarmed, but I gave her a quick look and saw that something had happened. What, I could not at the moment determine. He didn't answer

made him conspicuous and when I saw him again I knew him." "Describe the man." Mr. Ransom's face lightened up with an expression of strong satisfaction. "I am going to astonish you," said he. "The fellow is so plain that children must cry at him. He has suffered some injury and his mouth and jaw have such a twist in them that the whole face is thrown out of shape. So you see," continued the unhappy bridegroom, as his eyes flashed from the detective's face to that of the manager's, "that the influence he exerts over my wife is not that of love. No one could love him. The secret's of another kind. What kind, what, what, what? Find out and I'll pay you any amount you ask. She is too dear and of too sensitive a temperament to be subject to a wretch of his appearance. I cannot bear the thought. It stifles, it chokes me; and yet for three hours I've had to endure it. Three hours! and with no prospect of release unless you—" "Oh, I'll do something," was Gerridge's bland reply. "But first I must have a few more facts. A man such as you describe should be easy to find; easier than the lady. Is he a tall man?" "Unusually so." "Dark or light?" "Dark." "Any beard?" "None. That's why the injury to his jaw shows so plainly." "I see. Is he what you would call a gentleman?" "Yes, I must acknowledge that. He shows the manners of good society, if he did whisper words into my wife's ear which were not meant for mine." "And Mr. Fulton knows nothing of him?" "Nothing." "Well, we'll drop him for the present. You have a photograph of your wife?" "Her picture was in all the papers to-night." "I noticed. But can we go by it? Does it resemble her?" "Only fairly. She is far prettier. My wife is something uncommon. No picture ever does her justice." "She looks like a dark beauty. Is her hair black or brown?" "Black. So black it has purple streaks in it." "And her eyes? Black too?" "No, gray. A deep gray, which look black owing to her long lashes." "Very good. Now about her dress. Describe it as minutely as you can. It was a bride's traveling costume, I suppose." "Yes. That is, I presume so. I know that it was all right and suitable to the occasion, but I don't remember much about it. I was thinking too much of the woman in the gown to notice the gown itself." "Cannot you tell the color?" "It was a dark one. I'm sure it was a dark one, but colors are not much in my line. I know she looked well—they can tell you about it at the house. All that I distinctly remember is the veil she had wound so tightly around her face and had to keep the rice out of her hair that I could not get one glimpse of her features. All nonsense that veil, especially when I had promised not to address her or even to touch her in the cab. And she wore it into the office. If it had not been for that I might have foreseen her intention in time to prevent it." "Perhaps she knew that." "It looks as if she did." "Which means that she was meditating flight from the first." "From the time she saw that man," Mr. Ransom corrected. "Just so; from the time she left her uncle's house. Your wife is a woman of means, I believe." "Yes, unfortunately." "Why unfortunately?" "It makes her independent and offers a lure to irresponsible wretches like him." "Her fortune is large, then?" "Very large; larger than my own." "Every one knew Mr. Ransom to be a millionaire." "Left her by her father?" "No, by some great-uncle, I believe, who made his fortune in the Klondike." "And entirely under her own control?" "Entirely so." (To Be Continued.)

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BUYING SUPPLIES.

IMPORTANT DECISION BY GOV. ANSEL ON PURCHASES.

Affects Coming Election—Counties Voting Out Dispensaries Must Dispose of Their Stock Before November 15.

Columbia, July 2.—Gov. Ansel has given an important opinion in the matter of purchasing goods for the county dispensaries in connection with the August election on dispensaries in 21 counties. This opinion was given at the request of Dispensary Auditor West and states that under the act no goods may be purchased or any order filled after the August election in those counties that vote out the dispensaries.

Mr. West wrote Gov. Ansel as follows:

"In the event of the disestablishment of any of the county dispensaries as a result of the coming election, it is quite probable that there will be a considerable portion of the awards made at the last purchase of the boards unfilled on August 17, and I am asked to get an opinion as to whether or not the county dispensary boards will be obligated to receive the unfilled portions of the awards, or whether or not it is legal for them to receive any goods whatsoever after the election, if the result of the election is against the dispensary. I most respectfully submit this matter to your excellency that I may be able to properly advise county dispensary boards as to what action they will take in the matter.

The Governor's Ruling.

Gov. Ansel, after consulting the law, made the following ruling:

"Your letter of the 30th ultimo, asking as to where awards have been made at the last purchase of the county dispensary boards, which are unfilled on August 17, the date the election is to be held, the county boards would be allowed to receive the unfilled portions after that time is at hand and in reply will say that I do not think they will.

"The act prescribes in the first section that the election shall be held on the third Tuesday in August, and in those counties voting against reopening their dispensaries, the stock shall be taken, and the act also says they shall continue to sell the stock on hand at retail or wholesale until November 15, and further provides that no purchase of liquor shall be made after the third Tuesday in August.

"So my opinion is that in all those counties refusing to vote in the dispensaries, no liquor can be purchased or received after the third Tuesday in August, even though the awards for the same had been made at the previous time of purchase.

"The act to which I refer is on page 423, act of the general assembly of 1909, being an act to provide for the closing of the several dispensaries in this State and for the sale of all stocks of liquors, beverages, fixtures and other property belonging to the several dispensaries.

The Act.

The act referred to by Gov. Ansel is, in part, as follows:

"Be it enacted by the general assembly of the State of South Carolina. That immediately after the election to be held on the third Tuesday in August the county dispensary board in each county which may vote against reopening the dispensary or dispensaries, shall reopen said dispensary or dispensaries and continue to sell the stock on hand at retail or wholesale until November 15, 1909, immediately after which day said county dispensary board shall dispose of all remaining goods and property belonging to the said dispensary then on hand, in the manner herein-after provided: Provided, That no purchase of liquors shall be made after the third Tuesday in August, 1909."

The act goes on to provide for the taking of inventories and the disposition in other respects of the stock on hand. The whole matter hinged, it appears, upon the word "purchase" which is now construed to mean delivery of the goods.

Set your sail according to your wind.—Italian.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. 7-4-1m.

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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Peach Seed -
Aloes -
Rhubarb Slices -
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Peppermint -
Oil of Sweet Almonds -
Verm. Seed -
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Watergreen Flavor.

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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X-Ray Traps a Liar.

"Doctor, do you ever do anything for charity? I am an awfully poor woman and have heart trouble. Won't you please examine my heart with the X-Ray free of cost?"

This plea was made today by a poorly-dressed woman of about 65 to Dr. George Hermann, of Coryville. Happening to look a little lower than the heart, he discovered two \$20 gold pieces in a chamois bag under the woman's garment.

"How is my heart, doctor?"

"Your heart is pretty bad," he ejaculated with a tinge of sarcasm.

"Is there any hope for it?"

"Not if you keep on this way" he declared as the third \$20 gold piece came into view. "I really mean that you had a bad heart. You lied when you said you were poor. Take that money out of your waist and pay me \$5."

The woman nearly collapsed, but she took out the \$60 in gold and from another part of her raiment drew out a purse containing bills.—Cincinnati Letter.

To Investigate McLendon Case.

Atlanta, Ga., July 1.—Investigation of the suspension of Chairman McLendon of the State railroad commission by Gov. Smith was assured today by the action of the house in authorizing the appointment of a joint committee for the purpose. The senate already has taken similar action. The house resolution provided also for investigation of charges that Mr. McLendon had dealt in railroad securities.

Syria and Palestine have an inordinate appetite for imported drugs. In Beirut, a city where soft drinks are in great demand, there is not a single soda fountain.

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by stimulating these organs and restoring their natural action. Is best for women and children as ORINO does not gripe or nauseate.

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