

The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

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...so he could hardly take it. I saw he was struggling desperately to control himself.

"Do you know her?" Godfrey asked. "Never saw her before," Rogers muttered. "When I first looked at her I thought I knew her, but it ain't the same woman."

"Do you mean to say," Godfrey demanded sternly, "that that is not the man who called on Mr. Vantine tonight?"

Again Rogers shook his head. "Oh, no," he protested; "it's not the same woman at all. This one is a singer."

Godfrey made no reply, but he sat up and looked at Rogers, and Rogers lay and gazed at the picture, and finally his face softened as though some tender memory.

"Come, Rogers," I urged at last; "you'd better tell us all you know. If it is the woman don't hesitate to say so."

"I've told you all I know, Mr. Lester," said Rogers, but he did not meet my eyes. "And I'm feeling pretty good. I think I'd better be getting to bed."

"Yes, that's best," agreed Godfrey promptly. "Parks will help you," and he held out his hand for the photograph.

Rogers relinquished it with evident reluctance. "Good night, gentlemen," he said weakly and shuffled away, leaving heavily on Parks' shoulder.

"Well!" said I, looking at Godfrey. "He's lying, of course. We've got to find out why he's lying and bring it me to him. But it's getting late. I just get down to the office. One word, Lester—be sure Rogers doesn't see you the slip."

Mr. Godfrey were in the music room. "Where shall we put the body, sir?" asked the man.

"Why not leave it where it is?" I asked impatiently. "Very good, sir," said he, and presently the undertaker and his assistant took themselves off, to my intense relief.

"And now, Parks," I began, "there is something I want to say to you. Let go somewhere and sit down."

"Suppose we go up to the study, sir. You're looking regularly done up, if you'll permit me to say so, sir."

A few minutes later we were sitting opposite each other in the room where Vantine and I had sat not many hours before. I liked Parks, and I felt he could be trusted. At any rate, I had to take the risk.

"Now, Parks," I began again, "what I have to say to you is very serious and I want you to keep it to yourself. I know that you were devoted to Mr. Vantine. I may as well tell you that he has remembered you in his will. I am sure you are willing to do anything in your power to help solve the mystery of his death. I have a sort of idea how his death came about. The mystery, whatever it is, is in the anteroom where the bodies were found or in the room next to it where the furniture is. Now, I am going to lock up those rooms, and I want you to see that nobody enters them without your knowledge."

"Not very likely that anybody will want to enter them, sir," and Parks laughed a grim little laugh.

"I am not so sure of that," I dissented, speaking very seriously. "In fact, I am of the opinion that there is somebody who wants to enter those rooms very badly. I am going to make it your business to keep him out and to capture him if you catch him trying to get in."

"Trust me for that, sir," said Parks promptly. "What is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to put a cot in the hallway outside the door of the anteroom and sleep there tonight. Tomorrow I will decide what further precautions are necessary."

"Very good, sir," said Parks. "I'll get the cot up at once."

"There is one thing more," I went on. "I have given the coroner my personal assurance that none of the servants will leave the house until after the inquest. I suppose I can rely on them?"

It, as it stood there in that blaze of light; something threatening, too, something sinister and deadly—

There was a rattle at the window, and I saw Parks lifting one of the shutters into place. I threw up the sash, and passed the heavy bolts carefully into their sockets, then closed the sash and locked it. The two other windows were secured in their turn, and with a last look about the room, I turned out the lights. The anteroom windows were soon shuttered in the same way. Then, before extinguishing the lights I approached that silent figure on the stretcher, lifted the sheet and looked for the last time upon the face of my dead friend. It was no longer staring and terrible, but calm

and peaceful as in sleep—almost smiling. With wet eyes and contracted throat, I covered the face again, turned out the lights and left the room.

A sudden thought occurred to me. "Parks," I said, "is it true that there is a burglar alarm on all the windows?"

"Yes, sir. It rings a bell in Mr. Vantine's bedroom and another in mine and sends in a call to the police."

"Why didn't it work when I opened those windows just now?" I demanded.

"Because I threw off the switch, sir," he explained, "when I came out to get the shutters. The switch is in a little iron box on the wall just back of the stairs, sir. It's one of my duties to turn it on every night before I go to bed."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Is it on again now?"

"It certainly is, sir. After what you told me I'd not be likely to forget it."

"You'd better have a weapon handy, too," I suggested.

"I have a revolver, sir."

"That's good. And don't hesitate to use it. I'm going home. I'm dead tired."

Methodist church, over thirty children being present and some new members taken in. Cards were given to those who were absent on Valentine day. Several songs were practiced for future use and a drill for new members. Mrs. Morgan gave them a lesson on the mind and brain work. Badges were received from the state department and those entitled provided for. All the children were delighted to meet in Mrs. Ingram's room and wished the president to secure it for all their meetings. Other matters were postponed for the next meeting.

The W. C. T. U. report one of their best meetings with Mrs. Fitzgerald on Monday afternoon, nine being present at roll call who responded with scripture text. The scripture lesson and prayers were all inspiring and a revival spirit prevailed. A few visitors were present and names read for membership showing the ladies were working on the contest. Several letters and communications were read from state and county workers and local numbers urged to do all they could to follow out state and national plans. Mrs. James read report of local work, clippings from state papers were read by several ladies and discussions followed which took up an extra half hour. The usual delicious lunch was served by Mrs. Fitzgerald which all seemed to enjoy very much. The next meeting was invited to be with Mrs. Morgan, desiring a full attendance of members and visitors invited, this being a special meeting for all who are interested in Christian Temperance work.

A HISTORY SKETCH

Number of members in the state reported at state convention 2,650

Honorary members 315

Unions reported 175

Oregon Union State Convention first held thirty years ago in Albany with Mrs. H. K. Himes state president, and wife of the noted presiding elder of the M. E. Church residing in Portland. She was loved by all the white ribbon hosts and it was with much sorrow we permitted her to resign the work at next year's gathering in East Portland; failing health requiring a new leader. Mrs. Anna R. Riggs was chosen to take the work in 1885 and presided over the convention held that year at Corvallis and all hearts were won by her sweet christian spirit and earnest work in the Temperance movement. She was kept in the leadership for eight years constantly at work in the state, lecturing and organizing unions all over the state in all kinds of conveyances to reach her appointments, often very tired, hungry and sick from long journeys, winning her way into the hearts of her audiences and all of those who worked with her through those trying years of hardships remember her with love and gratitude for her self-denying life. For many years she had charge of the Refuge Home and was instrumental in saving many a friendless girl from the destroyers influence. It would take a large book to enumerate all this dear leader has done for the white ribbon cause in her eight years of faithful work. In 1894 Mrs. Narcissa White Kinney of Astoria was called to the office of president and lead the convention at Salem that year. She composed some of the campaign songs sung by Oregon women at public meetings and she was loved by all. She was called her reward as was Mrs. Riggs and Mrs. Hines who served us six years faithfully. Mrs. Helen Hartford was called to be her successor in 1900 and was president over the work for four years Mrs. E. Aditon taking her place in 1904, holding it three years. Mrs. Henrietta Brown leading the work two years and because of sickness and failing health in her family the work was given to Mrs. Ada Wallace Unruh.

Continued Next Issue

Officers of W. C. T. U.
President, Mrs. Esther Morgan.
Editor, Mrs. Lucy L. Whiteaker.

The L. T. L. children met at the usual hour in the basement room of the

a noted state worker and lecturer who kept her leadership for five years, requesting at the State Convention not to be selected for the coming year so a new woman was chosen for the year 1913, Rev. Edith Hill Booker as leader of the Oregon Women's Christian Temperance Union to help win all hearts to our great victory. Oregon dry in 1914.

HOLD THE FORT

All good people, hear the rumble
As the days go by;
Hear the old rum bulwarks tumble
As we vote them dry.

CHORUS
Help us vote to rid fair Oregon
Of Saloon and still;
Comes the word from town and country,
Yes, we surely will.
Fierce and long has been the battle,
Clean the battle cry;
God and home our weapons rattle,
Oregon's going dry.
Prohibition will prohibit
When we really try;
Every county soon will know it,
For they're going dry.

CONTRIBUTED

Rarely has a man come to this city that has stirred it up so completely as Dr. J. S. Adams of Fort Worth Texas who spoke on the street corner several afternoons last week and at the M. E. church at night.

His address Sunday P. M. at the M. E. Church to men only was delivered to the largest gathering of men in this city in a long time. Almost every available seat in the large Auditorium and annex was occupied, and the lecture was declared the best ever heard in this city.

The following resolutions were adopted by standing vote at the Sunday night service when the audience again filled the house.

"In view of the invaluable service rendered this people by Dr. Adams were looking toward a dry city and creating a higher moral sentiment be it resolved: First that we, the citizens of Independence who comprise Dr. Adams' audience, do hereby express our most heartfelt gratitude for and profound appreciation of what he has done for us during his short stay.

Secondly, that we feel certain that the Anti Saloon League of our State is doing a very wise thing in sending out Dr. Adams to any part of the field at this time, but particularly to the most difficult places for if he cannot overwhelm the saloon power in any place no man can.

Thirdly, that at any time it may be possible for Mr. Adams to return to our city, and we hope he will at least later in the campaign, we assure him of a most royal welcome.

Signed by F. N. Sandifer, for the Congregation.



I Pressed the Heavy Bolts Carefully Into Their Sockets.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN

The Monitor Assumes no responsibility for the matter in this column. The Editor.

Officers of W. C. T. U.
President, Mrs. Esther Morgan.
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