

GREEN FANCY

BY GEORGE BARR MC CUTCHEON

Author of "GRAUSTARK," "THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND," "THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK," ETC.

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The Girl of Green Fancy.

Synopsis.—Thomas K. Barnes, a wealthy young New Yorker, on a walking trip in New England near the Canadian border, is given a lift in an automobile by a mysterious and attractive girl, who says she is bound for a house called Green Fancy. At Hart's tavern Barnes finds a stranded troupe of "barn-storming" actors, of which Lyndon Ruschcroft is the star and "Miss Thackeray" the leading lady. They are doing hotel work for their board. Barnes finds them entertaining, but as the storm rages he worries over the mysterious and attractive girl of the automobile and wonders if she got safely to Green Fancy.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

He had been standing there not more than half a minute peering in the direction from whence came the rhythmic bang of the anvil—at no great distance, he was convinced—when some one spoke suddenly at his elbow. He whirled and found himself facing the gaunt landlord.

"Good Lord! You startled me," he exclaimed. His gaze traveled past the tall figure of Putnam Jones and rested on that of a second man, who leaned, with legs crossed and arms folded, against the porch post directly in front of the entrance to the house, his features almost wholly concealed by the broad-brimmed slouch hat that came far down over his eyes. He, too, it seemed to Barnes, had sprung from nowhere.

"Fierce night," said Putnam Jones, removing the corncob pipe from his



Some One Spoke Suddenly at His Elbow.

lips. Then, as an afterthought, "Where'd you walk from today?" "I slept in a farmhouse last night, about fifteen miles south of this place, I should say." "That'd be a little ways out of East Cobb," speculated Mr. Jones. "Five or six miles." "Goin' over into Canada?" "No. I shall turn west, I think, and strike for the Lake Champlain country." "I suppose you've traveled right smart in Europe?" "Quite a bit, Mr. Jones." "Any particular part?" "No," said Barnes, suddenly divining that he was being "pumped." "One end to the other, you might say."

"What about them countries down around Bulgaria and Roumania? I've been considerable interested in what's going to become of them if Germany gets licked. What do they get out of it, either way?"

Barnes spent the next ten minutes expatiating upon the future of the Balkan states. Jones had little to say. He was interested, and drank in all the information that Barnes had to impart. He puffed at his pipe, nodded his head from time to time, and occasionally put a leading question. And quite as abruptly as he introduced the topic he changed it.

"Not many automobiles up here this time o' the year," he said. "I was a little surprised when you said a fellow had given you a lift. Where from?" "The crossroads a mile down. He came from the direction of Frogg's

Corner and was on his way to meet someone at Spanish Falls. It appears that there was a misunderstanding. The driver didn't meet the train, so the person he was going after walked all the way to the forks. We happened upon each other there, Mr. Jones, and we studied the signpost together. She was bound for a place called Green Fancy."

"Did you say she?"

"Yes. I was proposing to help her out of her predicament when the belated motor came racing down the slope."

"What for sort of looking lady was she?"

"She wore a veil," said Barnes succinctly.

"Young?"

"I had that impression. By the way, Mr. Jones, what and where is Green Fancy?"

"Well," began the landlord, lowering his voice, "it's about two mile and a half from here, up the mountain. It's a house and people live in it, same as any other house. That's about all there is to say about it."

"Why is it called Green Fancy?"

"Because it's a green house," replied Jones succinctly. "Green as a gourd. A man named Curtis built it a couple o' years ago and he had a fool idea about paintin' it green. Might ha' been a little crazy, for all I know. Anyhow, after he got it finished he settled down to live in it, and from that day to this he's never been off'n the place."

"Isn't it possible that he isn't there at all?"

"He's there, all right. Every now and then he has visitors—just like this woman today—and sometimes they come down here for supper. They don't hesitate to speak of him, so he must be there. Miss Tilly has got the idea that he is a recluse, if you know what that is."

Further conversation was interrupted by the irregular clatter of horses' hoofs on the macadam. Off to the left a dull red glow of light spread across the roadway and a man's voice called out, "Whoa, dang ye!"

The door of the smithy had been thrown open and someone was leading forth freshly shod horses.

A moment later the horses—prancing, high-spirited animals—their bridle bits held by a strapping blacksmith, came into view. Barnes looked in the direction of the steps. The two men had disappeared. Instead of stopping directly in front of the steps the smith led his charges quite a distance beyond and into the darkness.

Putnam Jones abruptly changed his position. He instigated his long body between Barnes and the doorway, at the same time rather loudly proclaiming that the rain appeared to be over.

"Yes, sir," he repeated, "she seems to have let up altogether. Ought to have a nice day tomorrow, Mr. Barnes—nice, cool day for walkin'."

Voices came up from the darkness. Jones had not been able to cover them with his own. Barnes caught two or three sharp commands, rising above the pawing of horses' hoofs, and then a great clatter as the mounted horsemen rode off in the direction of the crossroads.

Barnes waited until they were muffled by distance and then turned to Jones with the laconic remark:

"They seem to be foreigners, Mr. Jones."

Jones' manner became natural once more. He leaned against one of the posts and, striking a match on his leg, relighted his pipe.

"Kind o' curious about 'em?" he drawled.

"It never entered my mind until this instant to be curious," said Barnes.

"Well, it entered their minds about an hour ago to be curious about you," said the other.

CHAPTER IV.

An Extraordinary Chambermaid, a Midnight Tragedy, and a Man Who Said "Thank You."

Miss Thackeray was "turning down" his bed when he entered his room after bidding his new actor friends good night. He was staggered and somewhat abashed by the appearance of Miss Thackeray. She was by no means dressed as a chambermaid should be, nor was she as dumb. On the contrary, she confronted him in the choicest raiment that her wardrobe contained, and she was bright and cheery and exceedingly incompetent. It was her costume that shocked him. Not only was she attired in a low-necked, rose-colored evening gown, liberally bespangled with tinsel, but she wore a vast, top-heavy picture hat whose crown of black was almost wholly obscured by a gorgeous white feather that once must have adorned the king of all ostriches. She was not at all his idea of a chambermaid. He

started to back out of the door with an apology for having blundered into the wrong room by mistake.

"Come right in," she said cheerily. "I'll soon be through. I suppose I should have done all this an hour ago, but I just had to write a few letters. I am Miss Thackeray. This is Mr. Barnes, I believe."

He bowed, still quite overcome.

"You needn't be scared," she cried, observing his confusion. "This is my regular uniform. I'm starting a new style for chambermaids. Did it paralyze you to find me here?"

"I couldn't believe my eyes."

She abandoned her easy, careless manner. A look of mortification came into her eyes as she straightened up and faced him. Her voice was a trifle husky when she spoke again, after a moment's pause.

"You see, Mr. Barnes, these are the only duds I have with me. It wasn't

the table, in which was stretched the figure of the wounded man, were undoubtedly natives: Farmers, woodsmen or employees of the tavern. At a word from Putnam Jones they opened up and allowed Barnes to advance to the side of the man.

"See if you can understand him, Mr. Barnes," said the landlord. Perspiration was dripping from his long, raw-boned face. "And you, Bacon—you and Dillingford hustle upstairs and get a mattress off'n one of the beds. Stand at the door there, Pike, and don't let any woman in here. Go away, Miss Thackeray! This is no place for you."

Miss Thackeray pushed her way past the man who tried to stop her and joined Barnes.

"It is the place for me," she said sharply. "Haven't you men got sense enough to put something under his head? Where is he hurt? Get that cushion, you. Stick it under here when I lift his head. Oh, you poor thing! We'll be as quick as possible. There!"

The man's eyes were closed, but at the sound of a woman's voice he opened them. The hand with which he clutched at his breast slid off and seemed to be groping for hers. His breathing was terrible. There was blood at the corners of his mouth, and more oozed forth when his lips parted in an effort to speak.

With a courage that surprised even herself, the girl took his hand in hers. It was wet and warm. She did not dare look at it.

"Merci, madame," struggled from the man's lips, and he smiled.

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The bloody lips parted, however, and the eyes opened with a piteous, appealing expression in their depths. It was apparent that there was something he wanted to say, something he had to say before he died. He gasped a dozen words or more in a tongue utterly unknown to Barnes, who bent closer to catch the feeble effort. It was he who now shook his head; with a groan the sufferer closed his eyes in despair. He choked and coughed violently an instant later.

"Get some water and a towel," cried Miss Thackeray, tremulously. She was very white, but still clung to the man's hand. "Be quick! Behind the bar."

Barnes unbuttoned the coat and revealed the blood-soaked white shirt.

"Better leave this to me," he said in her ear. "There's nothing you can do. He's done for. Please go away."

"Oh, I shan't faint—at least, not yet. Poor fellow! I've seen him upstairs and wondered who he was. Is he really going to die?"

"Looks bad," said Barnes, gently opening the shirt front. Several of the craning men turned away suddenly.

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"There is nothing we can do," said Barnes, "except try to stanch the flow of blood. He is bleeding inwardly, I'm afraid. It's a clean wound, Mr. Jones. Like a rifle shot, I should say."

"That's just what it is," said one of the men, a tall woodsman. "The fellow who did it was a dead shot, you can bet on that. He got t' other man square through the heart."

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She was a tall, pleasant-faced girl of twenty-three or four, not unlike her father in many respects.

"I am very sorry," he said lamely. "I have heard something of your misfortunes from your father and—the others. It's—it's really hard luck."

"I call it rather good luck to have got away with the only dress in the lot that cost more than tuppence," she said, smiling again. "Lord knows what would have happened to me if they had dropped down on us at the end of the first act. I was the beggar's daughter, you see—absolutely in rags. Glad to have met you. I think you'll find everything nearly all right. Good night, sir."

She closed the door behind her, leaving him standing in the middle of the room, perplexed but amused.

"By George," he said to himself, still staring at the closed door, "they're wonders, all of them. I wish I could do something to help them out of—"

He sat down abruptly on the edge of the bed and pulled his wallet from his pocket. He set about counting the bills, a calculating frown in his eyes. Then he stared at the ceiling, summing up. "I'll do it," he said, after a moment of mental figuring. He told off a half dozen bills and slipped them into his pocket. The wallet sought its usual resting place for the night: Under a pillow.

He was healthy and he was tired. Two minutes after his head touched the pillow he was sound asleep.

He was aroused shortly after midnight by shouts, apparently just outside his window. A man was calling in a loud voice from the road below; an instant later he heard a tremendous pounding on the tavern door.

Springing out of bed, he rushed to the window. There were horses front of the house—several of them—and men on foot moving like shadows among them.

Turning from the window, he unlocked and opened the door into the hall. Some one was clattering down the narrow staircase. The bolts on the front door shot back with resounding force, and there came the hoarse jumble of excited voices as men crowded through the entrance. Putnam Jones' voice rose above the clamour.

"Keep quiet! Do you want to wake everybody on the place?" he was saying angrily. "What's up? This is a fine time o' night to be— Good Lord! What's the matter with him?"

"Telephone for a doctor, Put—damn' quick! This one's still alive. The other one is dead as a door nail up at Jim Conley's house. Git ole Doc James down from Saint Liz. Bring him in here, boys. Where's your light? Easy now! Eas-ee!"

Barnes waited to hear no more. His blood seemed to be running ice cold as he retreated into the room and began scrambling for his clothes. The thing he feared had come to pass. Disaster had overtaken her in that wild, senseless dash up the mountain road. He was cursing half aloud as he dressed, cursing the fool who drove that machine and who now was perhaps dying down there in the taproom. "The other one is dead as a door nail," kept running through his head—"the other one."

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Mystery follows upon tragedy. Who are the men and why were they shot? Barnes finds himself forced into the complication.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOY SCOUTS



WILL GERMANY HAVE SCOUTS?

The Danish, Norwegian and Swedish boy scout organizations, in conference in Christiania, elected Chief Scout Executive James E. West as follows:

"Danish, Norwegian, Swedish boy scout conference, Christiania, has urged peace conference not interpose obstacles scout movement. Germany, Austria invite scouts of America most urgently support appeal."

"LEMBECKE DONS LIEBRATH, Chief Scout."

The chief scout executive placed the matter before members of the executive board in the following letter:

"The difficulty about the scout movement in Germany is that there were four separate movements and only one of the four, as I understand, from Sir Robert Baden-Powell, has any of the heart and soul such as the English scout movement or the Boy Scouts of America. They made the scout movement there essentially an ally to their militaristic policy.

"If there was some way by which we could, as a practical proposition, give leadership to having the treaty provisions specify that there should be no boy scout movement except such as followed the program of the English Boy Scouts or the Boy Scouts of America, it would be a splendid thing for the boys of Germany and the movement as a whole."

The matter was laid before Hon. W. G. McAdoe, and the combined judgment of the members of the board, Mr. McAdoe and the chief scout executive resulted in the following reply:

"Recommend that League of Nations be requested to make adjustments about German and Austrian boy scouts instead of appealing to peace conference."

TWO GOOD SCOUTS.



The Open Air, With Plenty to Do, Makes a Scout Paradise.

SCOUT TROOP OWNS BALLOON.

Parker B. Francis, a scoutmaster of Kansas City, Mo., has what is believed to be the only balloon troop in the country.

Mr. Francis has been engaged in the manufacture of hydrogen gas for use in aeronautics and has instructed his troop in many of the peace and wartime uses of this gas. He has given them the balloon. Recently the troop took it through Kansas City streets to advertise an army event. This balloon had been used during the war as a part of the anti-aircraft defenses of the city of Paris, and had actually entangled several German planes in its steel network.

SCOUTS HONORED BY FIREMEN.

Thirteen boy scouts of the Aspinwall (Pa.) troop have been placed on the roll of honor of the Aspinwall fire department.

They prepared and served hot coffee and sandwiches to the men fighting fire, and the scouts stayed till the last fireman was done.

Besides this, Chief Conner said, "they made themselves useful and carried themselves in a quiet and gentlemanly manner. Ice was on our equipment, and the clothing of most of us was thoroughly wet. The men were in danger of being chilled were it not for the very human services rendered by the scouts."

WILSON LAYS SCOUT WREATHS.

Boy scout memorial wreaths were laid upon the graves of American dead in France by President Wilson. The idea originated with Colin H. Livingstone, president of the Boy Scouts of America.

On Memorial day President Wilson found the wreaths ready, and he took them to the cemeteries where American soldiers were buried.

The wreaths were paid for by small contributions from individual scouts and from troops.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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LESSON FOR JULY 27

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

GOLDEN TEXT—Phil. 4:10-20. "I rejoice in the Lord, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the love of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness." (John 1:7.)

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Psalm 137:1-3; Mal. 3:16; John 1:29, 31; I Cor. 13:1-3; Romans 12:15, 16; I John 4:7-10.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Love. Jesus and his people (Acts 13:17; John 13:34). God's people (Acts 2:37-47).

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—Our Christian friendships (John 13:25-35).

SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—The benefits of Christian fellowship.

The Epistle to the Philippians finishes us with a beautiful example of fellowship between Paul and the church at Philippi. This church on several occasions sent Paul money for his support. The particular instance of this sort at the hands of Epaphroditus while Paul was a prisoner at Rome was the occasion for this epistle. His words of thanksgiving for this gift is the text of our lesson.

I. Paul's Expression of Appreciation (4:10).

The Philippians had on several occasions expressed their sympathy and love for Paul by their gifts, but one considerable time had elapsed since any gifts had reached him. When their care for him again flourished he was made to greatly rejoice. He recognized that the Lord was ministering to him through these people, therefore he rejoiced in the Lord. This was a very tactful way of saying "I thank you." This gift was gladly received because he was in need and also because he assured him that his old friends still loved him.

II. Paul's Manly Independence (v. 11-13).

Though sincerely appreciating the gift, he would have them know:

1. He was independent of circumstances (v. 11). Through discipline of the Lord he had learned to be content with his lot. He knew that all things work together for good (Rom. 8:28) so whatever he was experiencing at the moment was from the hand of the loving Father. Happy, indeed, is the man who has learned this secret. Paul was willing to take poverty or prosperity, whatever came.

2. Willing to take what God sent (v. 12). If it be prosperity, he would rejoice and praise God; if it be adversity, he would patiently suffer it, knowing that it was permitted by the Heavenly Father because it was useful for his best interests. This is a fine example of self-mastery. If a thing desired was not forthcoming he would not allow his heart to desire it.

3. His faith was in Christ (v. 13). The soul-poise which Paul possessed was not of himself, but because Christ indwelt him. Such composure is only possible as Christ lives in and becomes the dynamic of one's life. When the life is thus surcharged with the energy of Christ, he is absolutely independent of circumstances. Such poise is possible to all who will unreservedly yield themselves to God.

III. The Fellowship of Paul and the Philippians (vv. 14-19).

1. The gift of this church to Paul is an outstanding example of Christian sympathy (v. 14-16). No other church had remembered Paul at all in his great need, but this one rendered pecuniary aid again and again, affording a fine example of mutual love between a minister and the people supporting him.

2. The gift a spiritual blessing to the church (v. 17). Paul was pleased with their gift not primarily for its value to him, but because of the blessing which the people derived from giving it. It was fruit which abounded to their account. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35).

3. Their gift was an acceptable act of worship—"an odor of a sweet smell, well-pleasing to God" (v. 18). True Christian giving is an act of worship to God.

4. Their gift would be rewarded by the Heavenly Father (v. 19). True Christian giving is not on the basis of prudence, but by faith in the living God who will make recompense according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Within God's Keeping.

He that takes himself out of God's hands into his own by and by will not know what to do with himself.—Benjamin Whichcote.

Face of the Master.

"Be sure that whenever you make an unselfish effort to comfort another, you will get a glimpse of the face of the Master."

Around the Throne.

Precious to themselves, O Lord, is the death of thy saints, which takes off the dusty cover that hides their brightness; which shapes and polishes them to a beautiful luster, and sets them as stars round about thy throne.—John Austin.

Fills Us With Wonder.

God lives above us, through the stars and the heavens—the above and the beyond, which we cannot penetrate nor fully understand. The mysteriousness of him fills us with wonder.