

# Green Fancy

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Graustark," "The Hollow of Her Hand," "Beverly of Graustark," "The Prince of Graustark," Etc., Etc.

Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

## "I AM A PRISONER HERE."

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 bound for a house called Green Fancy. At Hart's tavern Barnes finds a stranded troupe of "barn-storming" actors, of which Lyndon Rushcroft is the star and "Miss Thackeray" the leading lady. He learns Green Fancy is a house of mystery. That night Andrew Roon and his servant, guests at the tavern, are shot near Green Fancy. Barnes comes under suspicion and stays to help clear up the double murder. He gets into the Green Fancy grounds; meets the mysterious girl, who gives him the cut direct, and is politely ejected by O'Dowd, an interesting adventurer. Enter at the tavern another man of mystery, Sprouse, "book agent." Barnes visits Green Fancy with the sheriff and stays to dinner. Enter still another mysterious personage, "Loeb," secretary to Curtis, owner of Green Fancy, who does not appear because of illness. Barnes again meets "Miss Cameron," the mysterious girl, who is a ravishing beauty in evening dress.

### CHAPTER X.

#### The Prisoner of Green Fancy, and the Lament of Peter the Chauffeur.

He envied Mr. Rushcroft. The barn-stormer would have risen to the occasion without so much as the blinking of an eye. He did his best, however, and, despite his eagerness, managed to come off fairly well. Anyone out of earshot would have thought that he was uttering some trifling inanity instead of these words:

"You may trust me. I have suspected that something was wrong here."

"It is impossible to explain now," she said. "These people are not my friends. I have no one to turn to in my predicament."

"Yes, you have," he broke in, and laughed rather boisterously for him. He felt that they were being watched in turn by every person in the room.

"Tonight—not an hour ago—I began to feel that I could call upon you for help. I began to relax. Something whispered to me that I was no longer utterly alone. Oh, you will never know what it is to have your heart lighten as mine—but I must control myself. We are not to waste words."

"You have only to command me, Miss Cameron. No more than a dozen words are necessary. Tell me how I can be of service to you."

"I shall try to communicate with you in some way—tomorrow. I beg of you, I implore you, do not desert me. If I can only be sure that you will—"

"You may depend on me, no matter what happens," said he, and, looking into her eyes, was bound forever.

"I have been thinking," she said. "Yesterday I made the discovery that I—that I am actually a prisoner here, Mr. Barnes, I—Smile! Say something silly!"

Together they laughed over the meaningless remark he made in response to her command.

"I am constantly watched. If I venture outside the house I am almost immediately joined by one of these men. You saw what happened yesterday. I am distracted."

"I will ask the authorities to step in and—"

"No! You are to do nothing of the kind. The authorities would never find me if they came here to search." (It was hard for him to smile at that!) "It must be some other way. If I could steal out of the house—but, that is impossible," she broke off with a catch in her voice.

"Suppose that I were to steal into the house," he said, a reckless light in his eyes.

"Oh, you could never succeed!"

"Well, I could try, couldn't I?" There was nothing funny in the remark, but they both leaned back and laughed heartily. "Leave it to me. Tell me where—"

"The place is guarded day and night. The stealthiest burglar in the world could not come within a stone's throw of the house."

"If it's as bad as all that, we cannot afford to make any slips. You think you are in no immediate peril?"

"I am in no peril at all unless I bring it upon myself," she said significantly.

"Then a delay of a day or so will not matter," he said, frowning. "Leave it to me. I will find a way."

"Be careful!" De Soto came lounging up behind them.

"Forgive me for interrupting, but I am under command from royal headquarters. Peter, the king of chauffeurs, sends in word that the car is in

an amiable mood and champing to be off. So seldom is it in good humor that he—

"I'll be off at once," exclaimed Barnes, arising. "By Jove, it is half-past ten. I had no idea—good night, Miss Cameron."

He pressed her hand reassuringly and left her.

She had arisen and was standing, straight and slim by the corner of the fireplace, a confident smile on her lips.

"If you are to be long in the neighborhood, Mr. Barnes," said his hostess, "you must let us have you again."

"My stay is short, I fear. You have only to reveal the faintest sign that I may come, however, and I'll hop into my seven-league boots before you can utter Jack Robinson's Christian name. Good night, Mrs. Van Dyke. I have you all to thank for a most delightful evening."

The car was waiting at the back of the house. O'Dowd walked out with Barnes, their arms linked—as on a former occasion, Barnes recalled.

"I'll ride out to the gate with you," said the Irishman. "It's a winding, devious route the road takes through the trees."

They came in time, after many "hair pins" and right angles, to the gate opening upon the highway. Peter got down from the seat to release the padlocked chain and throw open the gate.

O'Dowd leaned closer to Barnes and lowered his voice.

"See here, Barnes, I'm no fool, and for that reason I've got sense enough to know that you're not either. I don't know what's in your mind, nor what you're trying to get into it if it isn't already there. But I'll say this to you, man to man: Don't let your imagination get the better of your common sense. That's all. Take the tip from me."

"I am not imagining anything, O'Dowd," said Barnes quietly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I'm giving you the tip for selfish reasons. If you make a bally fool of yourself, I'll have to see you through the worst of it—and it's a job I don't relish. Ponder that, will ye, on the way home?"

Barnes did ponder it on the way home. There was but one construction to put upon the remark: it was O'Dowd's way of letting him know that he could be depended upon for support if the worst came to pass.

O'Dowd evidently had not been deceived by the acting that masked the conversation on the couch. He knew that Miss Cameron had appealed to Barnes, and that the latter had promised to do everything in his power to help her.

Suspecting that this was the situation, and doubtless sacrificing his own private interests, he had uttered the vague but timely warning to Barnes. The significance of this warning grew under reflection. Barnes was not slow to appreciate the position in which O'Dowd voluntarily placed himself. A word or a sign from him would be sufficient to bring disaster upon the Irishman who had risked his own safety in a few irretrievable words. The more he thought of it, the more fully convinced was he that there was nothing to fear from O'Dowd.

Peter drove slowly, carefully over the road down the mountain. Responding to a sudden impulse, Barnes lowered one of the side seats in the tonneau and moved closer to the driver.

"How long have you been driving for Mr. Curtis?"

"Ever since he come up here, more'n two years ago. Guess I'm going to get the G. B. 'fore long, though. Seem' that he's gettin' a new car an' wants an expert machinist to take hold of it from the start. I was good enough to fiddle around with this second-hand pile o' junk an' the one he had last year, but I ain't qualified to handle this here machine he's expectin', so he says. I guess they's been some influence used against me, if the truth was known. This new secretary he's got can't stummick me."

"Why don't you see Mr. Curtis and demand—"

"See him?" snorted Peter. "Might as well try to see Napoleon Bonaparte. Didn't you know he was a sick man?"

"Certainly. But he isn't so ill that he can't attend to business, is he?"

"He sure is. Paralyzed, they say."

"What has Mr. Loeb against you, if I may ask?"

"Well, it's like this. I ain't in the habit o' bein' ordered aroun' as if I was jest nobody at all, so when he starts in to cuss me about somethin' a week or so ago, I ups and tells him I'll smash his head if he don't take it back. He takes it back all right, but the first thing I know I get a call-down from Mrs. Collier. Course I couldn't tell her what I told the sheeny, seein' as she's a female, so I took it like a lamb. Then they gets a feller up here to wash the car. My gosh, mister, the durned ole rattle-trap ain't wuth a bucket o' water all told. So I sends word in to Mr. Curtis that if she has to be washed, I'll wash her. Then's when I hears about the new car. Next day Mrs. Collier sends fer me an' I go in. She says she guesses she'll try the new washer on the new

machine when it comes, an' if I keer to stay on as washer in his place she'll be glad to have me. I says I'd like to have a word with Mr. Curtis, if she don't mind, an' she says Mr. Curtis ain't able to see no one. So I guess I'm goin' to be let out."

An idea was taking root in Barnes' brain, but it was too soon to consider it fixed.

"You say Mr. Loeb is new at his job?"

"Well, he's new up here. Mr. Curtis was down to New York all last winter bein' treated, you see. He didn't come up here till about five weeks ago. Loeb was workin' fer him most of the winter, gittin' up a book or somethin', I hear. Mr. Curtis' mind is all right, I guess, even if his body ain't."

"I see. Mr. Loeb came up with him from New York?"

"Kereet. Him and Mr. O'Dowd and Mr. De Soto brought him up 'bout the last o' March. They was up here visitin' last spring an' the fall before. Mr. Curtis is very fond of both of 'em."

"It seems to me that I have heard that his son married O'Dowd's sister."

"That's right. She's a widder now. Her husband was killed in the war between Turkey an' them other countries four or five years ago."

"Really?"

"Yep. Him and Mr. O'Dowd—his own brother-in-law, y' know—was fightin' on the side of the Boogarians and young Ashley Curtis was killed."

"Was this son Mr. Curtis' only child?"

"So fer as I know. He left three little kids. They was all here with their mother jest after the house was finished."

"They will probably come into this property when Mr. Curtis dies," said Barnes, keeping the excitement out of his voice.

"More'n likely."

"Was he very feeble when you saw him last?"

"I ain't seen him in more'n six months. He was fallin' then. That's why he went to the city."

"Oh, I see. You did not see him when he arrived the last of March?"

"I was visitin' my sister up in Hornville when he come back unexpected-like. This ljiot Loeb says he wrote me to meet 'em at Spanish Falls but I never got the letter. Like as not the durn fool got the address wrong. I didn't know Mr. Curtis was home till I come back from my sister's three days later. I wouldn't 'a' had it happen fer fifty dollars." Peter's tone was convincingly doleful.

"And he has been confined to his room ever since? Poor old fellow! It's hard, isn't it?"

"I sure is. Seem' like he'll never be able to walk ag'in. I was talkin' to his nurse only the other day. He says it's a hopeless case."

"Fortunately his sister can be here with him."

"By gosh, she ain't nothin' like him," confided Peter. "She's all fuss an' feathers an' he is jest as simple as you er me. Nothin' fluff about him, I c'n tell ye. He sighed deeply, "I'm jest as well pleased to go as not," he went on. "Mrs. Collier's got a lot o' money on her own, an' she's got highfalutin' New York ideas that don't seem to jibe with mine."

Long before they came to the turnpike, Barnes had reduced his hundred and one suppositions to the following concrete conclusion: Green Fancy was no longer in the hands of its original owner for the good and sufficient reason that Mr. Curtis was dead. The real master of the house was the man known as Loeb. Through O'Dowd he had leased the property from the widowed daughter-in-law, and had established himself there, surrounded by trustworthy henchmen, for the purpose



"She's a Widder Now. Her Husband Was Killed in the War."

of carrying out some dark and sinister project.

"I suppose Mrs. Collier has spent a great deal of time up here with her brother."

"First time she was ever here, so far as I know," said Peter, and Barnes promptly took up his weaving once more.

With one exception, he decided, the entire company at Green Fancy was involved in the conspiracy. The exception was Miss Cameron. It was quite clear to him that she had been misled or betrayed into her present position; that a trap had been set for her and she had walked into it blindly, trustingly. This would seem to establish, beyond question, that her capture and detention was vital to the interests of the plotters; otherwise she would not have been lured to Green Fancy under the impression that she was to find herself among friends and supporters. Supporters! That word started a new train of thought. He could hardly wait for the story that was to fall from her lips.

"By the way, Peter, it has just occurred to me that I may be able to give you a job in case you are let out by Mr. Curtis. I can't say definitely until I have communicated with my sister, who has a summer home in the Berkshires."

"I'll be much obliged, sir. Course I won't say a word. Will I find you at the tavern if I get my walkin' papers soon?"

"Yes. Stop in to see me tomorrow if you happen to be passing."

Barnes said good night to the man and entered the tavern a few minutes later. Putnam Jones was behind the desk and facing him was the little book agent.

"Hello, stranger," greeted the landlord. "Been sashaying in society, hey? Meet my friend Mr. Sprouse, Mr. Barnes. Sic-em, Sprouse! Give him the Dickens!" Mr. Jones laughed loudly at his own jest.

Sprouse shook hands with his victim.

"I was just saying to our friend Jones here, Mr. Barnes, that you look like a more than ordinarily intelligent man and that if I had a chance to buzz with you for a quarter of an hour I could present a proposition—"

"Sorry, Mr. Sprouse, but it is half-past eleven o'clock, and I am dog-tired. You will have to excuse me."

"Tomorrow morning will suit me," said Sprouse cheerfully, "if it suits you."

### CHAPTER XI.

#### Mr. Sprouse Abandons Literature at an Early Hour in the Morning.

After thrashing about in his bed for seven sleepless hours, Barnes arose and gloomily breakfasted alone. He was not discouraged over his failure to arrive at anything tangible in the shape of a plan of action. It was inconceivable that he should not be able in very short order to bring about the release of the fair guest of Green Fancy. There was not the slightest doubt in his mind that international affairs of considerable importance were involved and that the agents operating at Green Fancy were under definite orders.

Mr. Sprouse came into the dining room as he was taking his last swallow of coffee.

"Ah, good morning," was the bland little man's greeting. "Up with the lark, I see. Mind if I sit down here and have my eggs?" He pulled out a chair opposite Barnes and coolly sat down at the table.

"You can't sell me a set of Dickens at this hour of the day," said Barnes sourly. "Besides, I've finished my breakfast. Keep your seat." He started to rise.

"Sit down," said Sprouse quietly. Something in the man's voice and manner struck Barnes as oddly compelling. He hesitated a second and then resumed his seat. "I've been investigating you, Mr. Barnes," said the little man, unsmilingly. "Don't get sore. There are a lot of things that you don't know, and one of them is that I don't sell books for a living. It's something of a side line with me." He leaned forward. "I shall be quite frank with you, sir. I am a secret service man. Yesterday I went through your effects upstairs, and last night I took the liberty of spying upon you, so to speak, while you were a guest at Green Fancy."

Sprouse plans things quite different from selling books, and takes Barnes into his confidence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Answer Letters Promptly.

Punctuality is as important in social and business correspondence as it is in personal conduct. Men and women in business learn the importance of replying to letters as soon as received. Formal social notes such as invitations, wedding announcements or death notices should be acknowledged as soon as received and even friendly letters demand a reply within a week after their receipt, if true courtesy is observed.—Biddy Bye.

Mexican Sacrificial Stone.

The sacrificial stone was the stone on which human victims were sacrificed before the war god Huizilopochtli, in the principal Aztec temple in Mexico. It was dug up near the site of the temple in 1791, and is now in the Mexican national museum. The stone is disk shaped, 8 3/5 feet in diameter and 2 1/2 feet thick. The sides are covered with elaborate sculptures.

# BOY SCOUTS

## BEARD TO BADEN-POWELL

In welcoming Maj. Gen. Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, founder of the boy scouts in England, to this country, National Scout Commissioner Daniel Carter Beard said:

"It is my great privilege and pleasant duty to extend to our guests of honor—Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Lady Baden-Powell—a rousing welcome from the Boy Scouts of America, and to say to them that we, the boys of America, have a warm place in our hearts for our cousins across the pond and that we appreciate to the fullest extent the great work they have done for the cause of boyhood in the old world."

"The League of Nations, the kingdoms and empires, the democracies, revolutions and tumult of the old world are the problems for the grave statesmen to solve; problems which will be simplified in the next generation when the boy scout idea is a world power. Therefore, men like our distinguished guest, who are working with the boys and for the boys, are doing more for lasting peace and history than all the crowned heads and bomb-throwing radicals the old world can produce."

## SEA SCOUTS GROWING FAST.

The sea scout branch of the Boy Scouts of America are following a modified plan for scouting along seaman-ship lines. This program has been approved by eminent captains, admirals and chiefs of our merchant, naval and nautical fleets.

In the larger scout centers sea scouts are already numbered by hundreds. There is need of at least 100,000 sea scouts.

The sea scout branch provides work of a harder but quite as interesting character as main scouting.

Boats are built, drill masts rigged, laws of the sea studied and practiced by means of home-made models, until, when ready, the troop, or ship's company, takes to the actual water, in pond, river, lake or sea, and so progresses from one stage of study to the next, ending up, after a year or so, as able sea scouts.

## SCOUTING IN SCHOOL FAVOR.

The superintendent of the public schools at Athens O., Geoffrey F. Morgan, states that he considers it wise to release scouts from school in order that they may assist in important forms of civil service, such as the taking of a food census, a clean-up campaign and similar public welfare events.

Both high school and grade school teachers in Athens are represented on the court of honor of the local council of the Boy Scouts of America. Specific subjects in the merit badge work of scouts who aspire to become Eagle scouts are assigned to different teachers who, for the most part, conduct the merit badge tests. The principal of the high school is chairman of the Court of Honor.

"The scout movement here," Mr. Morgan says, "has the hearty support and approval of the school people."

## BE A LEADER OF SCOUTS.

A weekly meeting of young business men in Chicago was greatly impressed by an address on the proper training and guidance of the boy, by Chief Scout Executive James E. West of the Boy Scouts of America.

Among the most impressive statements the chief scout executive presented were the facts that the future of the nation lies in the boy, that the scouting program develops responsibility, and that it is the boy's leisure time that must be utilized in the proper way. Therefore the man's duty to his country and to civilization is to become a leader of boys.

Mr. West discussed at length the accomplishments of the scouts both individually and as an organized unit.

## GEN. HAIG PRAISES SCOUTS.

Sir Douglas Haig, commander of the British armies in France, said in a letter to Dr. Charles D. Hart, chairman of the Philadelphia Boy Scout council:

"I have heard with great interest and appreciation of the splendid work performed by the Philadelphia boy scouts all through the war."

"In assisting to raise the Liberty loan bonds, in governmental and civic war work they have toiled with enthusiasm."

"I feel certain they will set an example of patriotism and devotion to duty to future generations of American boys, and that the principles for which we have been victoriously fighting will be safe in their hands."

## BOY SCOUT DOINGS.

A force of Reading (Pa.) scouts took in hand a fire that broke out on Mount Penn and saved trees they had been the custodians of for several years.

An aged lady, ill and alone, was cared for by boy scouts of Troop No. 41 in Memphis, Tenn., who also prepared her meals, cleaned house, etc.

In the relief of the near East drive in Waterbury, Conn., two teams are of boy scouts. Team B set the high mark, having secured 1003 pledges in one day.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR AUGUST

SELF CONTROL (Continued)

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 1:8-16

GOLDEN TEXT—Every man should control the secret of his success.

1. Daniel Tested (vs. 8-16)

Daniel, while a tender captive in a foreign land to be of service at the royal court, was necessary that he be brought from his own people and accomplish this duty—

1. Appointed him a deputy to the king's meat and wine. This was for a twofold purpose: To gain the good will of his friends. Such recognition encourage them to give thanks to the king's service. (2) To tempt them with food deemed superior to their physical and mental development. To partake of the forbidden was against Daniel's conscience. His conscience would not allow him to partake thereof. Doubtless, and wine had connection with feasts.

2. Changed name (v. 7)

The object of this was to national and religious concepts to identify them with the people. Daniel, which means "God is my Judge," was changed to shazzar, meaning "The prince anah, which means "The high hovah," to Shadrach, meaning "Who is like Meshach, meaning who is like Meshach Sheshach; Azariah, which means "Jehovah is our help," to mean the servant of Nehemiah, this change of names was that of Satan to wipe from the memory of these young men the name of God and to cause them to be placed of separation.

11. Daniel Standing the Test (vs. 17-18)

Though a captive in a foreign land, Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's meat and wine. His being such that in this regard he had the decision of conscience stand firm for his conviction. He obeyed the dictates of his conscience. While unflinchingly loyal to the king, he did not lose his gentleness. He requested to be tested in the food which the law of God allowed, agreeing to abide by the suits. Loyalty to God and conscience need not interfere with gentleness behavior.

111. Daniel's Reward (vs. 19-20)

1. Physical health (v. 19). Daniel and temperate living ways. The meat and wine would have been palatable, but to have partaken of them would have been a compromise with science. The exercise of self-control in this matter kept his conscience pure, and also improved his health.

2. Mental growth (v. 20). Daniel was ten times the superior of his associates.

3. Socially (v. 19). He stood before the king. He not only was near the king, but became president of the college of wise men, and prime minister of the empire, continuing through several dynasties (v. 21).

4. Spiritually (v. 17). God revealed to him Nebuchadnezzar's dream and gave him visions strengthening the history of the world.

The secret of Daniel's success: (1) conscientiousness; (2) loyalty; (3) decision of character; (4) prayerfulness; (5) diligence.

Our Heavenly Father.

All of heaven and all of earth do not contain God. There is something of himself left for the hearts of men. Just as the water which spills out of the full bucket is as good as lost, so the water in the bucket, so that the water of God which dwells in the heart of man is just as much of God as the himself which dwells in heaven.

Living Influence.

Whatever definitions men have of religion, I find none so accurately descriptive of it as this: that such a belief of the Bible as shall have a living influence on the heart of man.

Result of Christian Temper.

Peace is the proper result of a Christian temper. It is the assurance which our religion doth give us that it brings us to a settledness of mind and a consistency within ourselves.

Bishop Patrick.