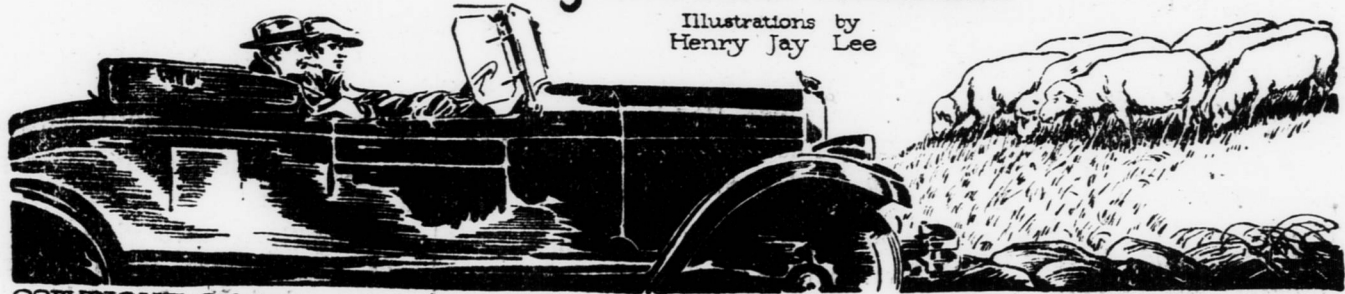


BLACKSHEEP!

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee



COPYRIGHT CHARLES SCRIBNERS SONS - RELEASED THRU PUBLISHERS AUTOCASTER SERVICE

CHAPTER VI.

Refreshed by a nap and a shower, Archie was dressed and waiting for the Governor at seven, who arrived a few minutes later.

"Here's an extra I picked up downtown. The scream of the evening is a kidnapping—most deplorable line of business."

While Archie waited for the Governor to dress, he carefully read the part. The police had not yet learned that the two most important witnesses had given fictitious names.

In spite of the Governor's frequently avowed assertion that he wished to know nothing about him, Archie felt strongly impelled to make a clean breast of the Bailey Harbor affair, the two encounters with Isabel and his meeting with Mrs. Congdon. His resolution strengthened when the Governor appeared, dressed with his usual care and exhilarated by his day's adventures. Baring retired after the dinner had been served, and the Governor, in cozy accord with his cigar, remarked suddenly:

"Odd, you might almost say singular! I've crossed old man Congdon's trail again! You recall him—the old boy we left to the tender mercies of Seebrook and Walters. Well, I met today one of the most remarkable of all the men I know who camp outside the pale. Perky is his name—a jeweler by trade, he fell from his high estate and went on the road as a yegg—then entered into the game of boring neat holes in the rim of twenty-dollar gold pieces, leaving only the outer shell and filling 'em up with a composition he invented that made the coin ring like a marriage bell. While he was still experimenting he ran into old Eliphalet sitting with his famous umbrella on a bench in Boston Common. Perky thought Eliphalet was a stool pigeon for a con outfit, but explanations followed and it was a case of infatuation on both sides. The old man was as tickled with the scheme as a boy with a new dog. He now assists Perky to circulate the spurious medium of exchange. Perky says he's a wonderful ally, endowed with all the qualities of a first class crook."

"You'll appreciate that better," said Archie, "when you hear what I know about the Congdon family. You've been mighty decent in not pressing me for any account of myself, but you've got to hear my story now. We'll probably both be more comfortable if I don't tell you my name, but you shall have that, too, if you care for it. So many things have happened since I left Bailey Harbor that you don't know about, things that I haven't dared tell you, that I'm going to spout it all now and here. If you want to chuck me when you've heard it, well enough; but I don't mind saying that to part with

you would hurt me terribly. I never felt so dependent on any man as I do on you; and I've grown mighty fond of you, old man."

"Thank you, lad," said the Governor.

He listened patiently, nodding occasionally or throwing in a question. When Archie finished he rose and clapped him on the shoulder.

"By Jove, you've tossed my stars around like so many dice! I've got to consult the oracles immediately."

He darted from the room, and when Archie reached his study the Governor was poring over a map of the heavens.

"Your Isabel's all tangled up in our affairs!" declared the Governor with mock resentment. She will dawn upon your gaze again very soon—I feel it coming. Our next move is outlined—we must go to Rochester."

"Would you mind telling me just what Rochester has to do with all this?" demanded Archie testily.

"My dear boy, Rochester is one of the suburbs of Paradise. You may recall that I told you of a certain tile in a summer house where my adored promised to leave a message for me if her heart softened or she needed me. Well, the secret post-office is at Rochester; there the incomparable visits her aunt and about this time of year she's likely to be there. And if you know the way of the stars and could understand my calculations you'd see that your Isabel is likely to have some business in that neighborhood just now."

"Rubbish! I happen to know that her business was all to be in northern Michigan this summer. Your stars have certainly made a monkey of you this time! You talk like a nonsense book! How much luggage are we taking?"

The Governor rang for Timmons to do their packing and fell upon a time table.

They wrote themselves down on the hotel register at Rochester as Saulsbury and Comly and were quickly in the rooms the Governor had engaged by wire. A short time later Archie found himself whisked away to a handsome residential area where the Governor dismissed the driver at a corner and continued afoot for several blocks.

The Governor ran his stick along the top of a wall that grimly guarded the rear of the premises. He caught the edge and was quickly on top. When Archie hung back the Governor grasped him by the arms and swung him up and dropped him into a dark corner of the garden. Then he left him with the injunction to remain where he was.

"Archie! Oh, Archie!" the Governor whispered excitedly, brushing an envelope across the bewildered Archie's face. "Strike a match before I perish."

He tore open the envelope and his fingers trembled as he held the note to the light. He read the two sheets to himself eagerly; then demanded a second match and read aloud:

"If this reaches you, remain near at hand until I can see you. Please understand that I promise nothing, but it is very possible that you may be able to serve me. My aunt is nigh. I must leave it to you as to giving a party for me Thursday how best to arrange for a short interview the day following. A very dear friend needs help. The matter is urgent."

The match curled and fell upon Archie's fingers. A tense silence lay upon the garden. The Governor clasped Archie's hand tightly.

"It has come as I always knew it would come! And something tells me I am near the end. Even with all my faith, boy, it's staggering. And this is the very night of the dance."

"It's about time for us to clear out," Archie remarked. "What! Leave this sacred soil when she's here? Not on your life, Archie! I shall not leave till I've had speech with her. The festive occasion offers an ideal opportunity for the meeting! It's going to be a big affair, and we can merge with the happy throng and trust to our wits to get out alive."

He urged Archie, still resisting, through the grounds to the front

entrance, where they were admitted with several other guests who arrived at the moment. The stately old lady in the drawing room lifted a lorgnette as they approached, smiled affably and gave the Governor her hand.

"Mrs. Lindsay, my friend, Mr. Comly. He arrived unexpectedly an hour ago and I thought you wouldn't mind my bringing him along."

"I should have been displeased if you had hesitated a moment—any friend of yours, you know!"

Other arrivals facilitated their escape, and as they stepped into the conservatory the music ceased and there was a flutter as the dancers sought seats, or stepped out upon the lawn. Archie, acutely uncomfortable, heard the Governor stifle an exclamation.

"That is she! Stand by me now! That chap's just left her. This is our chance!"

A young woman was just seating herself in a chair at the farther end of the conservatory. The Governor moved toward her quickly. Archie saw her lift her head suddenly and her lips parted as though she was about to make an outcry. Then the Governor bowed low over her hand, uttering explanations in a low tone. Her surprise had yielded to what Archie, loitering behind, thought an expression of relief and satisfaction. He moved forward as the Governor turned toward him.

"Miss Hastings, Mr. Comly."

"My name here," the Governor was saying, "is Saulsbury."

"I think," said Archie, "that the moment has come for me to retire."

"We shall not turn you adrift!" cried Ruth. "I have a very dear friend I must introduce you to."

"Oh, Isabel!"

Following her gaze he was glad of the slight pressure of her hand on his arm. Here at least was something tangible in a world that tottered toward chaos. For it was Isabel Perry who turned at the sound of Ruth's voice.

"Miss Perry, Mr. Comly!"

"Oh, Mr. Comly!" There was the slightest stress on the assumed name. "After this dance—"

She slipped away, leaving him staring, and Archie, in a daze, led Ruth back to the Governor.

At the conclusion of the number, Isabel remained, to Archie's discomfort, at the farther end of the platform, and when he hurried forward in the hope of detaching her from the group that surrounded her she did not see him at all, which was wholly discouraging. A partner sought her for the next dance and as the music struck up he made bold to accost her.

"I am not to be eluded!" he said. "I must have at least one dance!"

"My card is filled—but I am reserving a boon for you! You shall have the intermission."

He passed Ruth, returning to put herself in the path of her next partner.

"This is your punishment for coming late!" laughed the girl. There was happiness in her eyes. "How perfectly ridiculous you two men are!"

"Suppose we talk a bit," said the Governor when they had found a bench on the lawn.

"It's nearing the end!" he said solemnly. "There are other changes and chances, perhaps, but the end is in sight. The whole thing was unalterable from the beginning; it makes little difference what we do now. And it's you—it's you that have brought it all about. We are bound together by ties not of earthly making."

"You are beginning to believe at last?"

"I don't know what to believe," Archie answered slowly. "Just how much do you understand of it?"

"Precious little! Your Isabel and my Ruth are friends, quite intimate friends indeed. That's news to you, isn't it?"

"Most astonishing news!"

"And now I'll prepare you a little for what I prefer you should hear from Isabel—I got it from Ruth—you're not quite finished yet with that pistol shot in the Congdon house. It seems to be echoing round the world!"

(To be continued)

PRESS DAY IN A COUNTRY SHOP

The following bit of verse has been going the rounds. Some of the things mentioned have been experienced by all of us. The author, whoever he may be, has certainly been there.

There is trouble in the print shop
No language can express,
For Wednesday has come 'round again,
The day we go to press.

Compositors are hustling fast,
Each has a dirty proof,
The make-up man is cussin'
In a way to raise the roof.

The devil's pied the galley
Of solid nonperil,
The foreman's sayin' things to him
That makes the brimstone smell.

The stenographer's jawing about
The ink spot on her dress;
Any gol-darned fool can tell
We're trying to go to press.

Everything is all "balled up,"
The forms are in a mess,
And now the old man's asking
When are we going to press.

Through the room there rings
A piercing hell-born wail—
The office dog is yelping, cause
They've stepped upon his tail.

The pressman now is ready—but
The d—d old form won't "lift,"
So he whittles out a "dutchman"
And gives his quid a shift.

The forms are on the press at last,
The press is running great—
But we've got to take them off—
Forgot to change the date!

They're on again, motor's down;
We're running swift and slick,
But a paper's on the roller now,
And you bet it's there to stick.

The whole d—n bunch is mad as sin,
And cussin' more or less,
For hell breaks loose on Wednesday,
When the paper goes to press.

THE WISE FRIEND

Once upon a time—and not very long ago—there was a brother and sister who had a friend. A very special friend he was, who told them stories about men who flew through the skies over far-flung spaces of the earth; of boys and girls who had thrilling and mysterious adventures; of others who had most unusual situations confront them, yet managed to come through their tests with steadfast and courageous hearts; of wild animals in deep jungles—how they lived, hunted, and died. Such a host of things did their good friend tell them of, and how interestingly he told them!

Came the time when their friend moved away to another town. Brother and sister were saddened by his going, for they knew they would miss his merry smile and the wonderful stories and amusing anecdotes he was so fond of telling them. Then one day the postman brought them a letter from their friend, in which he told them he was sending them *The Youth's Companion* so that they would not forget him, and that in it they would find just the sort of stories they had so much enjoyed hearing him tell.

And sure enough, a day or two later the magazine arrived, and brother and sister found that it truly did have just such wonderful stories of adventure and sport and mystery, and just such jokes as they loved so well. And every time that a new number of *The Youth's Companion* arrived, they wrote a note to their friend and told him how much pleasure the magazine gave them.

You too, may have just that same pleasure, or give that pleasure, by means of a subscription to *The Youth's Companion*. Subscribers will receive:

1. The Youth's Companion—12 big monthly issues in 1928, and
2. Two extra numbers to new subscribers ordering within 30 days. All for only \$2.

3. The Companion's new book of humor "1001 One Minute Stories" also included FREE (send 10 cents to cover postage and handling.)
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
S N Dept., Boston, Mass.
Subscriptions Received at this Office

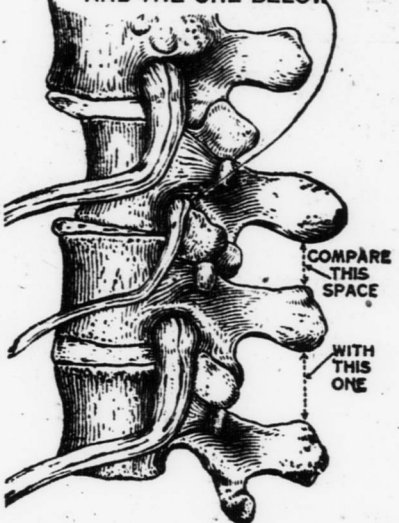
A new camera of Swedish invention is said to be an aid to the early diagnosis of certain disease through the detection of symptoms disclosed by photographs of the eye.

A folding airplane designated as "fool-proof" is to be manufactured at Peterboro, Ont., at a cost of about \$3,000.

CHIROPRACTIC For Kidney Trouble

Pressure on the Renal nerve in your spine (see second nerve in above cut) is causing trouble, not in your spine, but in the kidneys inside, where the Renal nerve supplies, or ends. This causes a decreased output of urea, uric acid, and hip-uric acid, calcium oxalate, tripple phosphate or some of the total solids that make up the normal analysis of urine. If the above chemical substances are not eliminated 100 percent they cause a congestion of excessive uric acid poisoning through the body, resulting in kidney trouble and numerous kinds of rheumatism.

COMPARE THIS NERVE WITH THE ONE ABOVE AND THE ONE BELOW



Chiropractic spinal adjustment is the only thing that will replace the spinal bones, releasing the pressure on the spinal nerve allowing normal elimination of poison through the kidneys, relieving kidney trouble.

DR. B. M. JARRETT Chiropractor
PALMER GRADUATE

Woolworth Bldg., Shelby, N. C.

New Farmers Bank Bldg., Forest City, N. C., Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 2 to 7 p. m.

Mister Average Man

We Want You to Catch Hold of This Idea and Apply It to Yourself

THE BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION WAS ESTABLISHED FOR YOU

The "main idea" back of the institution is to help you and your friends to save a part of your earnings, and to earn for you a good rate of interest on your savings. You will agree that every man and woman who is earning should save part of their earnings. That's good doctrine, but it includes YOU.

We shall help you save 50 cents a week just as cheerfully as though it were \$50.00 a week, and you will receive the same rate of profits as the man who carries several hundred shares.

BEGIN NOW TO THINK OF YOUR SAVINGS FOR 1928

New Series, January 7, 1928

Forest City Building & Loan Ass'n

W. L. Brown, Sec'y.-Treas. R. L. Reinhardt, Pres.

FARM LOANS

We are in position to make an unlimited number of acceptable loans to farmers.

Repayment under the Government amortization plan over a period of 33 years.

Prompt and Fair Appraisals

Write us for further information

Atlantic Joint Stock Land Bank of Raleigh

Raleigh, N. C.

TRY OUR CLASSIFIED COLUMN FOR RESULTS

Dr. RALPH R. HOWES
Dentist
Telephone 156
New Poole Building



In Trim This Winter?

Watch The Kidneys After Winter's Colds.

COLDS and grip are hard on the kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, impurities remain in the blood and are apt to make one tired and achy with headaches, dizziness and often nagging backache. A common warning is scanty or burning secretions. Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
A STIMULANT DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS
Foster-Milburn Co. Mfg. Chem. Buffalo, N.Y.