

with the girl's shrewd, witty, courageous, resourceful guardian, Daniel Voorhees Pike of Kokomo. Daniel loves the Indiana girl and is determined to save her from the sharpers even against her own will. Read and you will learn how Daniel, with but a single friend to aid him, faced a most difficult dilemma and why he figured so prominently in an international ro- he had gone off into a corner and mance in which heraldry was wrestled with the priof that had beset more important than hearts and cupidity far more conspicuous than Cupid.

CHAPTER L "IT'S A GIRL!"

time and of the manner in which she that." began to grow up. He recalled the day when she reached the mature age of seemed to shrink into his shoulders a twelve and of how he had presented trifle as he thrust his hands into his to her a Bible for a gift and of the pockets. manner in which he had blushed for

"I guess she's going to marry and all his twenty-five years. settle down, Tom, all right." he said And then he recalled the day when slowly. "From what I hear she's go-John Simpson had confided to him ing to marry one of those dukes or that the "kids" were to be given adearls I was mentioning." vantages and were to be sent abroad to school. There came a blank after that, but he recalled as if it had been she"but vesterday the feeling with which him. He could even see the fluttering

ing."

hand that waved to him from the car window as the train took her and her brother away. Suddenly the door behind him opened and shut quickly, and quick steps caused him to drop his feet to the foor. He turned and found a visitor

at his elbow "Dan," said the newcomer. "it's Il yours Jenkins just got a telegram that the K, and G, has decided to offer you the representation for this end of he state." "That so?" responded Pike aimlessly. "Of course it's so, man!" replied the other, shaking him vigorously by the shoulder. "Wake up, can't you? It's worth fifteen thousand a year to you!" Pike turned quizzical eyes upon his friend and folded the letter he held in h.s hand. "Much obliged to you, Tom," he said. 'I guess I'm kind of upset today. Got a letter here that-jolted me a little. door-a half glass door which was also I'm thinking of going away for a "Going away!" ejaculated his friend with wide eyes. "Going away! Where?" "I guess I'll take a trip across the water," replied Pike dreamily. "Always wanted to see those foreign parts, those Venices and Romes and Londons. Must be a queer tribe over there, Tom. Not much like us plain folks here, eh? Lots of high and mighty dukes and earls and things and As he gazed at it the letter seemed I coats of arms and crowns and coaches with white horses, eh?" Tom Perkins sat down in a chair with a gasp of astonishment. He stared at his friend with frank amazement written on his face and opened his mouth twice before his lips formed the words. "Europe!" he said at last. "Europe." he replied. "Say, Tom, you remember Jim Cooley? They sent within. To Pike the picture grew yet Jim over there, didn't they? Made him vice consul or something over in London? I'd maybe get a chance to heavy faced man in his shirt sleeves | see Jim and talk to him about-about old times." His voice died down, and he regarded the wall again. "Never happened to hear of folks over there of the name of-of Hawcastle, did you, Tom?" he went on. "I don't know what sort of business they remove the pipe from his mouth and are in, but I guess they're well to do. Never happened to hear of them, eh?"

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garden hat. There was a smile about the lips that scould very engaging. and the mustin dress she wore had been accontinued in its simplicity by the art of the Loudon photographer. Pike had preserved the picture, which had been given to him by old John Simpson the day before he died, and he sighed us he looked at it.

Then he laid it face down upon the desk and dropped his chin into his hand. It may have been an hour that he sat there, and in that time never a thought of his legal business crossed his mind. He was busy with a fanciful picture of an unknown city that in spite of his desire seemed to take on the aspects of a larger Kokomo, and in his fancy he could see a big, well knit young fellow bending eagerly over to look into the face of a girl, and he heard her call him Almeric.

"Must be a mighty fine man," he mused-"a fine big man-to capture her."

Then Perkins came in to ask if Pike wished to sail from New York for Havre in two days' time, stating that it would be necessary to leave that night if Pike wished to take passage on her.

"I'll go, Tom," he said. "Maybe you'll drop in here once in awhile and tell folks that ask for me that I'll be back in a month or so." Then he sat down and wrote to Jim

Cooley at London. At 8 that night he stepped aboard an eastbound train and the next afternoon was in New York. Sorrento

seemed a long way off, and it was with a heavy heart that he walked up the gangplank of La Provence.

> CHAPTER II. ' THE EXILES.

TX years of life abroad, and these during the most impressionable period of their young lives, had left an indelible imprint upon "Marry a foreigner!" cried Perkins, the two young people.

jumping to his feet. "Why, I thought Horace Simpson had taken to himself the manners of the Harrow and Oxford youth. He had eschewed the "Never mind what you thought, Tom," returned Pike. "I'm telling you society of what he had learned, with she's going to be married That's why parrot-like aptaess, to call those "vul-I guess she won't be likely to come gar Americans" and had confined his back to Kokomo. I guess Kokomo's social intercourse solely to such of the a pretty poor looking place after some European "haut ton" as he could manof those other places she's been seeage to scrape acquaintance with.

And this last was a somewhat uphill "How do you know?" asked Perkins, task, for, whatever else one may say drawing his chair forward. about the English, they are inclined to Pike lifted the letter he had folded up | view with very little favor the pos-

Pike smiled queerly, and his head

## patrons in return for modest and well put advertisement. Strangely enough, the Hawcastle-

Creech combination did not drag the willing Simpsons into the glittering presence of the real set. On the contrary, with a somewhat dog in the manger policy, they awakened both the earl and his sister-in-

law to the fact that they wished no sharers in those American dollars that John Simpson had sweated his brow for, and as a consequence they proposed a little trip-a quiet, ante-season trip-to Sorrento, where not a guest would disturb them and where matters might be given a chance to right themselves.

And there, strangely enough, the Simpsons met the Comtesse de Champigny and were quite delighted to find the gifted and brilliant Frenchwoman an intimate of the earl's. The second morning of their arrival the gay comtesse put in an appearance and with a promptitude that was astonishing took young Horace under the widowly wing and marked him for her own. And that same morning the noble earl took

his equally noble son into the shrubbery and spoke to him. "You've got to do it. St. Aubyn." he said. "The family bonor is at stake. For heaven's sake, marry the littly fool! What if her scurrilous name is hagen!" Simpson? You can make her forget it.

We are stony broke, my good boy, and she has a hundred and fifty thou. That will keep us going for another year or two, and if Helene can capture the young ass, Horace, I'll force her to divide with me." "But it's such a beastly bore, gov-

ernor." drawled Almeric St. Aubyn, and he flicked idly at the rhododendron bushes with his stick. He was a pale, washed out youth, with an inimitable drawl and a shimmering of intellect that might, if it had been given an opportunity, have

resolved itself into a good working imitation of a brain. To his friends he byn."

> "You see, governor," the honorable Almeric went on, "it isn't as if I cared for the little gal. I'm a queer beggar. you know, and it's fearfully rough on a chap to pretend interest in such a little vulgarian. Of course I know we're awfully hard up and all that sort of thing, but"-His noble father seized him roughly

The maitre d'hotel threw up his hands in despair, and his round eyes rolled heavenward. certain self possession gained by years "Again incognito! Every year he of standing on the brink of events.

come to thees hotel for two, three or four day, but always incognito!" Ribiere paid little attention to him. but opened a notebook and removed a fountain pen from his pocket. Mariano shrugged his shoulders and went on setting the table, then stopped and looked up.

"Each time we lose the honor to have it known." he went on. "In Nalineaments He carried himself with ples, everywhere, are reech Amerian erectness that bespoke pride in can peoples that would give large race, if not in deeds of his own. He pourboire to mingle with his highness"-

The secretary lifted a warning fin-

"Have I not said it is to be incognito, and yet you prate of highness in the first breath. Would you wish he shall withdraw his patronage?" He looked staringly at the man opposite "See that you do not offend him. again." He consulted his watch. "He comes in his machine from Naples. As on former visits, all is to be as before. No one must guess. To all he must be Herr Grollerhagen"-"Herr Grollerhagen!" ejaculated Mariano quickly and with astonishment in his round features. "Herr Groller-

fact that the well groomed English-"He wishes to be known as a German knows no peer on earth, while the man," went on M. Ribiere. "It pleases jaunty exactness of his snowy panhim to be so thought." ama hat was a revelation in proper

Mariano stood lost in contemplative headgear. astonishment. "What a man," he sighed-"of ca-

price, eccentrique, so wonderful! Ha!" The secretary smiled in a superior manner.

"You have said it. Last night he talked by chance to a strange North American in the hotel at Napoli. Apparently he is much interested. Today he has that stranger for companion in his automobile. I remonstrate. What use? He laugh for one-half the hour." Again the maitre d'hotel remained lost in astonishment. For some moments he stood with the napkin in his hands gazing out over the wonderful bay that lay before the hotel.

"He is not like those cousin of his in Petersburg and Moscowa," he said at last, with a touch of awe in his tones. "And yet, though monseigneur is so good and generoso, will not the anarchist strike against the name of even royalty himself? You have not that fear?"

The secretary shivered in the soft

the coast are having a scare over an Added to the natural calm demeanor escaped convict, a Russian." of the Englishman of station was a

The hovering Mariano, who was ditting about the table like a wounded and, while this brilliant morning his sparrow, started slightly and hesia ted with a silver cover in his hand, then stepped forward.

"If milor' will pardon me"- The countess also started and put down He was a well preserved man of fif- her fork with a slight rattle.

ty-six, with close cropped iron gray "A Russian?" she ejaculated.

cares had hung even a little more

heavily upon him than was his desire.

yet he gave no outward hint of any

hair and a straight cut military mus-

he was unmistakably high bred.

This morning he was clad in an im-

maculate suit of lightly striped white

knowledged as one would a favor from

reverential care upon a side table. As

"Milor', the mail is late," answered

Michele and bowed himself up the

"No English papers?" he said.

a king.

up.

stairs.

her as the consequence.

troubles that beset him.

"Yes," grumbled the earl, "An es tache that hid certain cruel lines in caped Russian bandit has been traced his mouth and softened the severe to Castellamare"- He paused to in sert the choicest bit of melon in his mouth, and Mariano's jaw dropped with the excitement.

"Castellamare-not twelve kilometers was distinguished with that curious individuality that causes those in the, from here!" he whispered in awestruck street to nudge one another and ask tones, and the earl continued when in in whispers who another may be, and had masticated the fruit:

"And a confidential agent-sected True, his sense of honor that would service man, I dare say-has requeste ! balk at cheating in a card game or his arrest from the Italian authorities. the larceny of a traveling bag was But, to quote from our grandiose il not sufficient to debar him from con- Mattino, 'the brigand tore himself from niving at the attachment of a young the hands of the carabinieri,' or someand helpless girl's money with the thing like that. I can't be sure, but it foreknowledge of a lifelong misery for | read to me"-

Mariano broke in excitedly. He had picked up the paper and was devouring it with avidity.

"If milor' permit, and madame"fannel, with carefully pipeclayed shoes, and the pale rose necktie that he he bowed like an automaton-"I shall wore was a living monument to the translate."

"Quite right, Mariano," said the earl, and the maitre d'hotel went on avidly "The brigan' tore himself," he read excitedly, "from the hand of the carabinieri, and without the doubts he con-As he entered the terrace his alert ceal himself in some of these grotto glance swept it from end to end, and near Sorrento, and searchment is being he noted that there was no one about. execute'. "The agent of the Russian He moved at once to the table that | embassy have inform' the bureau that this escape one is a mos' in-fray-mose Mariano had set for him, and at the instant he sat down Michele ran down | robber and danger brigan'."

the steps of the hotel with a folded "What name does the paper say he newspaper in his hand which he pre- | has?" interrupted Mme. de Champigny, sented to milord with a low bow.

Mariano entered bearing a coffee tray, with a catch of her breath, and Mariand the earl greeted him with a cheer- ano bowed again jerkily in her direcful good morning which Mariano ac- tion

"It has not to say, madame," he replied. "That is all. And will milor' "Milor' is serve," he announced with and Mme. la Comtesse excuse me? soft accents and took the hat and light And may I take the journal? There is walking stick, bestowing them with one who should see it."

Hawcastle smiled slightly at his ex the earl unfolded Il Mattino he glanced citement and nodded.

"Very well, Mariano," he said, and Mariano, with another jerk that was supposed to include both of the illustrious ones, disappeared with a speediness that was alarming. For an instant there was silence, and then the countess, with a quick upward glance

was "that hopeless ass" and to his enemies and debtors-of the latter not a few-"that beastly bounder, St. Au-

warm air and seized his companion by by the arm. You don't have to live with her, you ne wrist. know," he said savagely. "It will be easy enough to make it so unpleasant for the minx that she'll be glad to go You have few patrons?" back to the States, and she can't get A smile crossed Mariano's face, and back a penny. We'll have that tight he shrugged his shoulders expressiveenough." The Hon. Almeric laughed. "It is yet so early in the season. "Oh, all right, old chap!" he drawled. "Those poor musician"-he pointed off 'I'll lift her to the infernal seventh beyond the gates-"they wait always heaven, or whatever you call it. Don't at every gate to play when they shall expect me to moon over her, though." And that compact being settled, the see any one coming, but of late they are disappoint. Within, with us in the earl went off for his morning walk hotel, are but seex people, all of one along the cliff and Almeric to keep party!" his engagement for a morning ride An expression of relief crossed the with Ethel Granger-Simpson. Frenchman's face, and he opened his notebook quickly.



the desk of the office in the Central

Bank building, the gaunt young man with the stern features and the kindly gray eyes that always seemed a perpetual rebuke to the face in which they were set ruminated over the letter he held in his hand. His lack was to the the main and only en rance to the spell." room and which bore upon its translucent surface in ragged letters, worn by the polishing the glass had undergone, the words, "Daniel Voorhees

Pike, Attorney at Law." Pike himself had a queer twist of feature, a sort of whimsicality that pervaded the very atmosphere about him, and the smile with which he regarded the letter he held had a world of reminiscence and sadness in it.

to fade into nothingness, and in its place there rose the picture of a day years before, a day that caused the dingy walls of the office to become tenuous and gauzy, and through the gauze he seemed to see another officea ramshackle sort of place, with a tin sign showing through the window which informed the passerby that real estate was the commodity dispensed more distinct, and in the broken bottom cane chair he saw the figure of a engaged in smoking a corncob pipe. In another corner of the room he could see a red headed boy poring over a pine table, laboriously copying in a round hand some title deeds. Then, through the reaches of the past, he seemed to hear the heavy faced man

heard him speak. "Dan," he said, "it's a girl!" And he heard the gasp the boy gave

forth as he turned about on his stool



"Show her to Dan."

and looked with startled eyes into the kindly blue ones that glimmered into Hawcastle Hall." his own.

"A-girl!" he seemed to hear the boy say. "A little girl, Mr. Simpson?" In his fancy he saw the big man nod, saw him place the pipe back in his teeth and extend his two palms until they were a foot or so apart.

"A girl, Dan," he heard, "'bout so sponsibility, my boy. We'll have to

Perkins shook his head, and Pike went on: "Maybe I'll write to Jim Cooley and

ask him about these people. Jim 'd be likely to know 'em, I guess. Vice consul must be a pretty big bug over there."

"Law case?" asked Perkins suddenly. "Sort of," answered Pike quietly. "I Hawcastle."

"Where does this Hawcastle live?" asked Perkins. "England. Got a house he calls

quired Perkins. "What about the K. and G.?" asked Perkins suddenly. "I guess the K. and G. will have to wait awhile."

Perkins stood up resolutely and faced his friend "There's something wrong with you,

Dan," he said emphatically. "There's



"SHE'S GOING TO MARRY THE HON. ALMERIC ST. AUBYN."

"I got this from her." he said sim- sessor of no other attribute than money. True, there are exceptions, ply. "Want to know what's in it?"

"Yes," answered Perkins. and these but prove the rule. "I can't let you read it, but it's from Ethel, who had grown into a really a place in Italy-Sorrento," he went beautiful young woman, had followed on slowly, mouthing the unfamiliar suit, so far as in her modest powers word. "She says she's going to marry lay. Such of her school friends as the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, heir to would permit the half formed acdon't know that I'd call it just that. | the ancient house of Hawcastle. And quaintance to ripen she had retained. Perhaps the trip would be a change she wants to make a settlement on Such others of her own modest beginanyway. And I'd like to see this man him. She can't marry without my con- nings she had quietly but emphatically sent, you know, Tom. If she does the dropped. From plain democracy she money goes to the Kokomo Orphan | had sought the antithesis, and the leap was all the more an earnest one be-

"Going to give your consent?" in- | cause of its breadth, The Simpsons-and they had added

"Don't know," answered Pike. "I've their mother's maiden name and linked got to look the young man over first. It to the paternal nomenclature with I promised John Simpson I'd always a hyphen-had been deeply bitten with look after her. That was when she the aristocratic virus and after a long was born. He said girls sometimes and arduous struggle had managed to got into a tight place and they'd need meet Lady Creech. some one to pull them out. Sounds This titled mondaine had the misfor-

good, doesn't it, Tom? Hon. Almeric tune to be viciously short of patrimony long, Dan, and purtier than all get something mighty wrong. It ain't St. Aubyn. Must be a member of con- and inordinately long of lineage, and, out. An' she's goin' to be a hig re- like you to go running off this way un. gress or something over there. Maybe while her life of self denial had doubtCHAPTER III. IN DISGUISE.

N hour later Mariano, the maitre d'hotel of the Regina Margherita, stepped out upon the ter-race and began to lay a cloth upon one of the small round tables that stood close to the white marble balustrade. On the other side of the wall could be heard the mandolins and guitars of the fishermen, and Mariano glanced up crossly as the song arose upon the morning air. "Silenzio!" he cried, and for a mo

ment the music died down. Mariano went at once to the table upon which he had spread the cloth and placed silverware and delicate china upon it, and he was thus engaged when Michele, the commissionnaire, appeared at the top of a flight of marble steps that led into the eastern wing of the hotel, fronting on the terrace.

"Here is M. Ribiere to see you, sir," he said softly, with a backward glance over his shoulder, and Mariano straightened up instantly, with a smile of welcome, for Ribiere was an old and valued accomplice in the gentle art of soft Italian legal stealing. A tall, alert young Frenchman, clad in an English walking suit of gray and carrying a portfolio beneath his

arm, ran lightly down the steps and approached the maitre d'hotel. "Ah, Mariano!" he cried as he approached.

The genial Mariano bowed gracefully and rubbed his flexible hands together.

"M. Ribiere!" he chattered gayly. "This is one of the days of days"-The music burst forth again, and he

whirled about angrily in the direction of the lemon grove. "Silenzio!" he cried, with waving

hands. "Silenzio!" and turned again to Ribiere. Michele, with a glance at them, went back within the hotel. Ribiere turned a warning glance to-

ward the hotel and whispered in Italian:

"Let us speak Engleesh. Fewer un derstand."

Mariano again bowed and spread out his hands in assent. "I hope m'sieu still occupy the ex alt' position of secretar' to monseigneur

the gran' duke."

"I have!" he said quickly. "He has not. I take what precautions I can secretly from him. But of what use?

"Good!" he murmured. "Who are they?"

Mariano scratched his head with one ruminative finger and bent his brows upon the table in thought.

"There is milor', an English excellency-the Earl of Hawcastle; there is also his son, the excellency honorabile Almeric St. Aubyn; there is Miladi Creeshe, an English miladi, who is sister-in-law to Milor' Hawcastle." Quickly Ribiere jotted down the names in his book and then looked up. "Three English," he said. "Good so far. Those English are safe."

Mariano went on: "There is an American signorina, Mees Granger-Seempsone. Miladi Creeshe travel with her to be chaperon." Here he became enthusiastic as the memory of sundry pieces of gold and silver wakened his keen thoughts. "She is young, generoso; she give money to every one; she is multa bella, so pretty, weeth charm"-

"You mean this Lady Creeshe?" interrupted the Frenchman, with a puzzled frown.

"No, no, no!" cried Mariano in horrified amazement. "Miladi Creeshe is ole lady and does not hear so well; quite deaf; no pourboires; nothing. I speak of the young American lady, Meer Granger-Seempsone, who the English honorabile son of Milor' Hawcastle wishes to espouse, I think." Ribiere wrote rapidly in his note-

book and without looking up said: "Who else is there?"

"There is the brother of Mees Granger-Seempsone, a young gentleman from also North America. He make



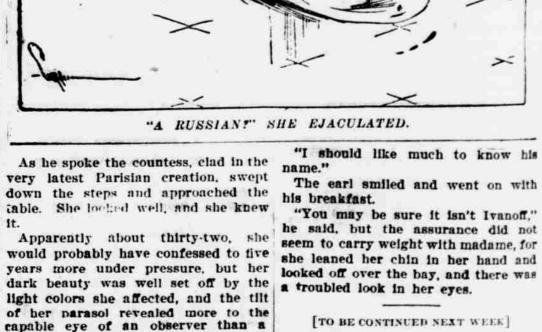
"Always incognito !"

CHAPTER IV.

STRANGE NEWS.

possessed him.

the top of the steps and cried softly: the eyes all the day at another lady, "Me voici!" who is of the party, a French lady, The earl jumped to his feet and Comtesse de Champigny. Ha, eet amuse me!" And he burst into a re- bowed, inquiring at the same time: "My esteemed relative is still pectful titter asleep?" Ribiere looked at him with grave The countess swept forward to her astonishment and bent once more to chair, which Hawcastle pulled out for the trade qualifies us to know how to do his notebook, over which the pen flew her, and murmured: with a practiced hand. "I trust your beautiful son has found "Why?" he said shortly. much better employment - as our gloves, etc. Send everything to us or phone Mariano smothered his mirth with hearts would wish him, eh?" the napkin he carried and with an ef-Hawcastle laughed shortly and mirthfort controlled himself. lessly. "Becoss," he answered-"becoss I have thought that madame the com-"He has. He's off on a canter with the little American." tesse is so good a friend of the ol' Eng-Whereat the demure countess clapped lish Milor' Hawcastle. A maitre d'hoher daintily gloved hands together and tel see many things, eh, and I think Milor' Hawcastle and madame have cried softly: known each other from long perhaps. "Brava!" This deleuner is for them: also I think from what I hear that both have That they were old friends, these two, was to be seen at a glance. There been in Russia one time. They spik was no inquiring as to each other's nexed of the estate of the late Bettle tegezzer in Russ." tastes and dislikes. It was evident "Pouf! They will not recognize my that long association had ingrained an employer," said Ribiere, "no more intimate knowledge of the other into than this North American who travels the mind of each, and they met as



ream of self description or admission. She was of that type that causes the her with suspicion and to gather her male entourage beneath the protecting wings. Mme. de Champigny, raising her hand with a little gesture of greeting, paused an instant as she stood at

your work done perfectly send to us, but if you don't care how they are done send some

weere else. We do everything in the cleaning and pressing line. We don't have to experiment on your clothes to learn how todothem. ervice of four years apprenership to learn how and fourteen years practical working at everything in this line in strictly up-to-date fashion. We also make a specialty of work for ladies, such as skirts, shirt waists, kid and we will call for same in any part of town. J. R. PRATT.



"I should like much to know his

The earl smiled and went on with

"You may be sure it isn't Ivanoff," he said, but the assurance did not seem to carry weight with madame, for

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

she was of that type that causes the elderly dowager of any race to regard Old Clothes Made New By the Henderson Pressing Club,

We guarantee to take your old clothes and make them new so far as removing oil and dirt is concerned, and if we fail your money is cheerfully refunded. If you want

sell a heap of lots to pay what she's goin' to cost, Dau-a whole heap of lots."

And gradually the picture seemed to fade away, and, like a dissolving view. he turned to Perkins. its place was taken by another-the picture of a half timbered house that stood back among some trees at the corner of Main and Center streets. He could see the worn steps leading up to the veranda and himself approaching half fearfully along the gravel walk that led in from the rusty gate.

On the veranda sat the big man with the heavy features and the corncob pipe, and he heard the voice again bidding him come up. And then there was a call to some one within, and a woman emerged with a white bundle in her arms.

"Show her to Dan," he heard the man's voice say, and then, when the woman had removed a bit of the flannel covering from the little face and he had looked upon it, startled, abashed and marvelously choking as to the throat, the big voice went on again:

"She's going to be Ethel, Dan, that bundle of infancy. And maybe some of these days she'll be getting herself in a tight place, and it's going to be up to you, Dan, to help her out, and you're going to promise me that you'll do it, boy. Horace, the other kid, he'll grow up maybe to have sense, and he'll look out for himself, but it's a tough place for girls, Dan-a mighty tough place."

He could almost hear the hushed voice in which the boy had given the

less there's something behind it He stopped, for Pike was whistling softly to himself, whistling like the man who is striving to recall some

tune that is only half forgotten. Then "Remember that old tune, Tom." asked-" 'Sweet Genevieve?' "Get out." snapped Perkins "That's a million years old. Why don't you keep up to date if you're going in for

music? What do you care about 'Sweet to marry"-Genevieve, anyway?"

castle."

asvlum.'

"I used to know somebody that sang tt-once-long ago," said Plke quietly "I used to hear John Simpson whistle " years before he died and left all that money to me for those two kids. Tom"-he turned suddenly and transfixed his friend with an accusatory finger-"what would you think of a

guardian that doesn't guard?" Perkins regarded him rebelliously "Depends on whose guardian he is

and whether the guardees want him to attend to business or not. If you're notice of the writer's intentions, or. talking about those kids of John Simp- rather, intentions in the event of a son's, I'd say you've done about all you could be expected to. You've kept the money together, haven't you?

You've made it grow. You've sent it along regular-over there. What more turned it to its envelope. could any one want?"

"Maybe that isn't enough." "When are those two coming home?" went on Perkins. "Why don't they come back and spend John's money where it was made-at home?"

right soon," replied Pike. "Things hair that was half hidden by a big gladly extend unlimited credit to their state. You understand?"

he'll be a senator some day. I can't less imbittered her, she had a most object. Tom. if he's got a show to inordinate value of birth and a distinct make a good living for her, can 1? appreciation of cash; hence when it Say, what is a settlement, anyway? came her way to pick the Granger-You don't suppose I've been keeping Simpsons out of the slough of comher short of money, do you, and she's | monplace acquaintance she did it with had to borrow?" a royal favor and for a stipulated con-Perkins shook his head gloomily. sideration

"Don't ask me," he said. "I don't "Really, my dear Hawcastle"-she know anything about women. Why, pronounced it as old sailors pronounce "fo'c's'tle"-she was wont to say, Dan, I thought you'd mapped it out "really, of course, they are quite im-

"That'll do for that," said Pike possible, but the girl is an adaptable quickly. "We'll not talk about that little thing, and I may be able to make now, Tom. Suppose you go down to something of her in time, while the Archie Toombs and ask him about Sor- boy-ah, I fear I shall have to leave rento and how to get there and when him to you and St. Aubyn."

a fellow gets there after he starts. I'm "Do as you like," replied the Earl of going to write a letter to Jim Cooley Hawcastle, with some choler. "but and get him to bunt up this Haw- keep them out of my way as much as possible. I positively will not be badg-

ered by these unbaked colonists." When Perkins had gone Pike pulled open the letter and read it once again. "One might stand a quantity of It was the most formal of notes, be- badgering, Hawcastle, for £300,000." ginning "Dear Mr. Pike" and ending at which the genial earl would squirm "Yours sincerely." It contained a brief nervously.

At any rate, the Simpson children began to be seen in the second stratum certain contretemps that to her seemed of London society and met endless inevitable, and trusted that the end numbers of the shopworn nobility, but, would meet with his approval. sad to relate, never one of the truly

He sighed as he folded it and re- respectable. To those who know their London there are several layers of no-"And that ends the guardianship." bility, and the layer the ordinary inhe muttered. "Wonder what I'm go- dividual meets, who has no social presing to do with the old house now?" tige to begin with, is composed of that From a drawer in his desk he pulled peculiar class that lends its name to a framed picture that showed a deli- doubtful directorates, to queer proscately featured girl, with big, frank pectuses, to struggling milliners with

"I don't believe they're coming back | eyes and a wealth of light, curling | an eye on the main chance and who | said gravely. "There are reasons of



one of the little wicker tea tables that were scattered about, sat down and opened his portfolio.

"We will not mention either the name or the rank of my employer," he good comrades without more than perfunctory courtesy. The earl went on as he reseated himself. "I didn't mean Almeric, however,

Helene, but my august sister-in-law." Without further comment he turned to the paper again and read. The amiable countess smiled at him enigmatic-

ally and broke a roll with the gesture of an empress "The amiable Lady Hermione Tre-HE Earl of Hawcastle was nearvelyan Creech has dejeuner in her apartments. What do you find to read,

ly at the end of his financial rope. And yet to look at him mon cher?" as he entered upon the terrace Hawcastle threw the paper down upon the cloth with an exclamation.

from the lemon grove no one would have thought that a care in the we "I'm such a duffer at Italian," he said, "but apparently the people along

Next door to Dorsey's Drug Store. PHONE 380-B.

Notice of Administration.

AVING QUALIFIED BEFORE THE Clerk of the Superior Court of Vance County as administratrix with the will Blacknall, deceased, notice is hereby go to all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to me on or before the 1st day of May, 1910, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This the 27th day of April, 1909

GUSSIE C. BLACKNALL Administratrix with will annexed

WELDON, N. C. Manufacturers of BRICK OF ALL KIN FIRE RRICK A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given o J. J. BETSCH

Local Ag Henderson, N. C.