

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

SOME ONE SOME DAY

By A. W. Peach

IRMA raced from the gate to the vine-clad porch where her invalid mother was busy with her knitting.

"Mother, what do you think? Uncle Ben did remember us. Here's a letter from his lawyers, saying that he left us \$50,000 in cash, that the money had been forwarded to our local bank, and—well—now—"

Her mother laughed at the long sigh that followed the "now." "Now, Dark Eyes, I suppose you will want to be doing missionary work with it. Ben never liked us, but I guess he thought better of his family as he grew older. What are you going to do with it?"

Irma looked into her mother's twinkling eyes. "Well, with this and what father left us, I guess we won't worry any more; and then—and then—mother dear, I'm going to give Mrs. Jameson enough to have Robby operated on, and I'm going to buy that home for old Mr. and Mrs. Peebles, and—"

"Gracious, child, get your breath! I hope you will do happy things with what we don't need, and our needs are not luxurious. We—here comes Del Stewart!" Her mother added, looking up the walk.

Irma went to meet him, a little of the happiness of her plans going from her face. Stewart was a persistent lover almost to the point of being annoying; but he was regarded in the village as a good catch for any girl, and the village had been unable to understand why Irma had not accepted him. As a matter of fact, she had been on the verge of doing so, but always the realization that she did not

love him as she wanted to love some one else was on her back.

She told him the good news, but he did not seem in any sense overjoyed by the information. She guessed the reason. The son of the richest family in the village, he had made her realize what he could do for her and her mother. In dark moments that thought had tempted her—but only for moments.

"I suppose that means you will stay an old maid all your life," he said bluntly.

"There are worse things," she said quietly.

"Are you implying that being my wife might be worse?" he demanded.

"Oh, Del, why be so suspicious and quick-tempered? No, I did not mean that. As I have told you so many times, I like you, but I don't love you, and there is a whole world of difference between the two."

He left her in a huff shortly after, but her discomfort at his attitude was relieved by the thought of the good she could do with the money she and her mother did not actually need. She would make a few dreams come true.

The next week she proceeded to do so. Mr. Peebles, limping home from work, found the deed of his home waiting for him in his wife's trembling hands. The old people wept softly in each other's arms, and then went slowly down the street together to the Raines cottage. The little Jameson boy, his pale face alight with hope that he was going to be made like other boys, went with his mother to the great city. Quietly, here and there, Irma made dreams come true; happy-hearted, she planned for others and carried the plans through.

Then out of the clear sky came the word that left her almost fainting—a letter from the western firm of lawyers, telling her to cease drawing on

the \$50,000, that a later will had been discovered in which the money had been left to Mr. Starr Kingston, a friend of her uncle; that a representative would see her about the matter.

She was at her wits' end. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" was the bitter question she faced. She had spent the money for things that could not be returned. She might take the little money in her mother's name—and that would mean poverty for them. In desperation she told Stewart. He smiled. "Marry me, Irma, and I'll take care of the whole thing," was his solution.

She looked at him with frightened eyes, and started to offer herself, for the gateway he mentioned seemed the only one. Just as his greedy eyes were growing triumphant the door bell rang and Irma had to go.

At the door she found a tall, clean-cut figure, and looked up into gray, pleasant eyes. She surmised who he was. "You are from Stetson & Stetson?" she asked fearfully.

He nodded. "Yes, I am here to ex-

plain the situation and arrange for the return of the money. It is very unfortunate."

Stewart was forgotten as, her mind in a whirl, Irma led the tall lawyer into the cottage living room and began the terrible explanation.

He listened quietly, then said, "I would like to see Mr. Peebles' home and the Jameson lad—in fact, just what you have done."

He came the next day and she did as he requested. The day drew into a week. Evenings found him at the little cottage, a part of the little circle of home life. Under the quiet friendliness of his ways Irma almost forgot the tragic import of his errand. Then came the evening he announced his departure. That night in the quiet of her room Irma saw with a soul's clear vision that in him she had found the one one she could love some day.

But tomorrow he would come, tomorrow he would suggest some arrangement for the return of the money she had used. Very quietly she came to her decision to marry Del Stewart.

The next afternoon the attorney

came. He asked her to walk with him in the old-fashioned garden her mother loved. In the summer house he paused and took her hands. She looked up into his fine gray eyes—to start and tremble at what she saw there—something that sent a wild cry through her heart—"He loves me!"

"Irma, confession and apology shall come. First, however, let me say not a penny need be returned. You have used the money too beautifully. Second, I am a lawyer, but not a member of the Stetson firm. I am Starr Kingston. Last of all, I love you."

The next thing she knew she had evidence that it was no longer a matter of some one nor some day.

"BANDIT" VICTIM ARRESTED

Manager of Chain of Stores Said He Was Robbed of \$5000; Driver Freed

Theodore Prebold, manager of a chain of fruit and produce stores in Philadelphia, Wilmington, Chester and Trenton, who last Sunday reported that he had been held up in Glendora and robbed of \$5186, was arrested in Chester last night by State Trooper Fox, of the Sharon Hill force, and lodged in the Chester Jail. The charge was not made public.

Shortly before the arrest of Prebold, W. Benson, of Wilmington, driver of the cab at the time of the alleged robbery, was freed. He had been held since the alleged robbery. Samuel Shore, manager of the Chester store, was with Prebold at the time of the robbery.

Swedish King Has "Flu"

Stockholm, Jan. 20.—King Gustave yesterday was reported to be suffering a slight attack of influenza. He is confined to his bed and has some fever.

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