

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

A GIRL AND A MAN

A New and Vital Romance of City Life
by Virginia Terhune Van der Water

CHAPTER LIV
(Copyright, 1916, Star Company.)
"Miss Morley!"
Agnes stifled a scream of fear as a man stepped in front of her and spoke her name, thus checking her in her flight.

She was so exhausted that she could scarcely run, yet she had not dared to slow her pace to a walk until she was almost a block away from the apartment house in which Bainbridge lived.

In her rage, her horror of all that had happened, she fancied that the man who had insulted her was following her. She gave a gasp of relief as she looked up into the kindly face of Randolph Pickens.

"Suppose we stroll over in the park," he suggested, "where you can sit down and regain your composure." For she was still trembling, and her voice shook when she tried to speak.

"Thank you!" she whispered.

It was not until they were seated on one of the benches in Central Park that he addressed her once more.

"I stopped in to see you this evening," he explained, "and when I learned from your maid of your relative's serious illness, I longed to express to you in person my sincere sympathy and to offer my services if there is anything I can do."

"The young person in your employ told me that you had left word for her to inform any caller of your whereabouts."

"When I had waited for a long time I became more solicitous, and obeyed, the instinct which suggested that I linger until you appear. I therefore walked up and down the square for a number of times. I am glad now that I did—for it is evident that you are in some trouble. I am sorry."

Agnes tried to speak. "I—I was only frightened—and angry—Oh—when I saw you—"

"I don't know what to do! I am so ashamed—so disgraced!"

Agnes forgot her companion's pompous manner, his stilted speech, as slowly, tactfully he drew the story from her. She would have said that

she could never tell any man what Hasbrook Bainbridge had said to her to-night, but now all sense of proportion, all thought of discretion was swept aside by her overwrought nervous condition and her physical exhaustion.

Intuitively she knew that the man in whom she was confiding was a gentleman at heart. This knowledge and the memory that he, too, had suffered deeply made her trust him.

"I know that people would believe the worst of a girl who would do what I have done," she quavered, when she had finished her story. "But I disregarded conventions, caution and everything except the determination to earn money for Auntie—to save her life if possible."

"And now I have ruined my reputation, have made it impossible for me to keep my position, have spoiled my life! And all because of that one man and my own folly."

"Oh!" Agnes gasped, looking at the thin face transfigured in the pale moonlight.

"I must be going home," she said, touching his arm timidly. She felt awed by this gentle, sad man.

"You have honored me," he said gravely. "No man can be more honored by being trusted by a good woman and by having the opportunity to avenge her wrongs."

"Avenge her wrongs!" Agnes echoed, startled. "What do you mean?"

"We are at your home now," he remarked, ignoring her question. "Good night, and thank you!" She said, gratefully.

To her astonishment, Randolph Pickens raised her hand to his lips.

"Good night—and God bless you always!" he murmured.

(To Be Continued.)

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Sorority Will Hold Party on Each Member's Birthday

Williamstown, Pa., Nov. 28.—The first birthday party of one of the members of the Gamma Delta Sorority was held at their room in A. L. Pritchard's building. Each member's birthday will be celebrated. This party was held in honor of Miss Alice Moffett's birthday. The evening was pleasantly spent in dancing, card playing, solos and recitations. At 11 luncheon was served to Misses Mary Budd, Jane Moffett, Trude Swalm, Marg Watkeys, Annie Hines, Henrietta Haerter, Amy Moyer, Alice Moffett, Bert Kinsey, Bessie Moffett, Annie Miller, Estella Moffett, Helen Moyer, Elizabeth Moss, Emily Reisle, Alma Thompson, Hazel Walk-inshaw and Esther Warlow.

PREACHER AT SANATORIUM

Williamstown, Pa., Nov. 28.—The Rev. B. A. Barnes went to Wernersville yesterday, where he will take treatment at the sanatorium.



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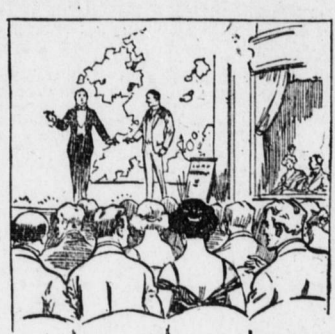
Love Insurance



By Earl Derr Biggers

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(Continued From Yesterday.)
When the young man had wrung the last encore from a kindly audience the drop curtain was raised and revealed on the stage in gleaming splendor Captain Ponsoby's troupe of trained seals. An intelligent ag-



"I have the honor to introduce the real Lord Harrowby."

gregation they proved, balancing balls on their small heads, juggling flaming torches and taking as their just due lumps of sugar from the captain's hand as they finished each feat.

"Clever beasts, aren't they?" Lord Harrowby remarked. And as Captain Ponsoby took his final curtain his lordship added:

"Er—what follows the trained seals?"

The answer to Harrowby's query came almost immediately, and a startling answer it proved to be.

Into the glare of the footlights stepped Mr. Henry Trimmer. His manner was that of the conquering hero.

"My dear friends," he said, "I appreciate this reception. As I said in my handbill of this afternoon, I am working in the interests of justice. The gentleman who accompanies me to your delightful little city is beyond any question whatsoever George Harrowby, the eldest son of the Earl of Raybrook, and as such he is entitled to call himself Lord Harrowby. I know the American people well enough to feel sure that when they realize the facts they will demand that justice be done. That is why I have prevailed upon Lord Harrowby to meet you here in this, your temple of amusement, and put his case before you. His lordship will talk to you for a time with a view to getting acquainted. He has chosen for the subject of his discourse 'The Old Days at Rakedale Hall.' Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce the real Lord Harrowby."

Out of the wings shuffled the lean and gloomy Englishman whom Mr. Trimmer had snatched from the unknown to cloud a certain wedding day. The applause burst forth. It shook the building. From the gallery descended a shrill penetrating whine of acclaim.

Mr. Minot glanced at the face of the girl beside him. She was looking straight ahead, her cheeks bright red, her eyes flashing with anger. Beyond the face of Harrowby loomed, frozen, terrible.

"Shall we go?" Minot whispered.

"By no means," the girl answered. "We should only call attention to our presence here. I know at least fifty people in this audience. We must see it through."

And there in that crowded little southern opera house on that hot February night the actor who followed the trained seals proceeded to go back. With unflinching truth he sketched for his audience the great stone country seat called Rakedale Hall, where for centuries the Harrowbys had dwelt. It was as though he took his audience there to visit—through the massive iron gates up the broad avenue bordered with limes until the high chimneys, the pointed gables, the mullioned windows and the walls half hidden by ivy, creeping roses and honeysuckles were revealed to them. He took them through the house to the servants' quarters—which he called "the offices"—out into the kitchen gardens, thence to the paved quadrangle of the stables with its arched gateway and the chiming clock above. Tennis courts, grape houses, conservatories, they visited breathlessly. They saw over the brow of the hill the low square tower of the old church and the chimneys of the vicar's modest house, and far away they beheld the trees that furnished cover to the little beasts it was the Earl of Raybrook's pleasure to hunt in the season.

Becoming more specific, he spoke of the neighbors, and a bit of romance crept in in the person of the fair-haired Hon. Edith Townshend, who lived to the west of Rakedale Hall. He described at length the picturesque personality of the "racing parson," neighbor on the south and in full accord with the ideas of the sporting Earl of Raybrook.

Next the speaker shifted his scene to Eton, thrilled his hearers with the story of his revolt against Oxford, of his flight to the States, his wild days in Arizona. And he pulled out of his pocket a letter written by the old Earl of Raybrook himself profanely expostulating with him for his madness and begging that he return to ascend to the earldom when the old man was no more.

The "real Lord Harrowby" finished

regarding this somewhat pathetic appeal with a little break in his voice and stood looking out at the audience.

"If my brother Allan himself were in the house," he said, "he would have to admit that it is our father speaking in that letter."

A rustle of interest ran through the auditorium. The few who had recognized Harrowby turned to stare at him now. For a moment he sat silent, his face a variety of colors in the dim light. Then with a cry of rage he leaped to his feet.

"You stole that letter, you cur," he cried. "You are a liar, a fraud, an impostor!"

The man on the stage shading his eyes with his hand.

"Ah, Allan," he answered, "so you are here, after all? Is that quite the proper greeting after all these years?"

A roar of sympathetic applause greeted this sally. There was no doubt as to whose side Mr. Trimmer's friend, the public, was on. Harrowby stood in his place, his lips twitching, his eyes for once blazing and angry.

Dick Minot was by this time escorting Miss Merrick up the aisle, and they came quickly to the cool street. Harrowby, Paddock and Spencer Merrick followed immediately. His lordship was most contrite.

At the hotel Minot ascended to the third floor. As he wandered through the dark passageways in search of his room he bumped suddenly into a heavy man walking softly. Something about the contour of the man in the dark gave him a suggestion.

"Good evening, Mr. Wall," he said.

The scurry of hurrying footsteps, but no answer. Minot went on to 389 and placed his key in the lock. It would not turn. He twisted the knob of the door. It was unlocked. He stepped inside and flashed on the light.

His small abode was in a mad disorder. The chiffonier drawers had been emptied on the floor, the bed was torn to pieces, the rug thrown in a corner. Minot smiled to himself.

Some one had been searching—searching for Chain Lightning's collar. Who? Who but the man he had bumped against in that dark passageway?

As Dick Minot bent over to pick up his scattered property a knock sounded on the half open door, and Lord Harrowby dopped in. The nobleman was gloom personified. He threw himself despondently down on the bed.

"Minot, old chap," he drawled, "it's all over." His eyes took in the wreckage. "Eh? What the deuce have you been doing, old boy?"

(To Be Continued.)

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(To Be Continued.)

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