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Love Insurance



By **Earl Derr Biggers**

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Continued.

"If we were back on the train," she said, "and all that followed could be different—and Harrowby had never been—I might!"

"You might—yes?"

"I might not say what I'm going to say now, which is—hadn't we better return to the hotel?"

"I'm sorry," remarked Minot. "Sorry I had the bad taste to say what I have at this time—but if you knew and could understand—which you can't of course— Yes, let's go back to the hotel—the shortest way."

"Considering what you have told me of—Harrowby," she said, "I shall be leaving for the north soon. Will you look me up in New York?"

"Thank you," Minot said. "It will be a very great privilege."

Cynthia Meyrick entered the elevator, and out of sight in that gilded cage she smiled a twisted little smile.

Mr. Minot beheld Mr. Trimmer and his "proposition" basking in the limelight of the De la Pax, and, feeling in no mood to listen to the publicity man's triumphant cackle, he hurried to the veranda. There he found a bellboy calling his name.

"Gen'lman to see you," the boy explained. He led the way back into the lobby and up to a tall athletic looking man with a ruddy, frank, attractive face.

The stranger held out his hand. "Mr. Minot?" he asked. "How do you do, sir? I'm very glad to know you. Promised Thacker I'd look you up at once. Let's adjourn to the grill room. I'm the owner of the yacht in the harbor, which somebody has rechristened the Lilith."

"Yes—I thought so," Minot replied. "I'm mighty glad you've come. A Mr. Martin Wall is posing as the owner just at present."

"So I learned from Thacker. Nervy lad, this Wall. I live in Chicago myself—left my boat—Lady Evelyn. I called her—in the North river for the winter in charge of a caretaker. This Wall, it seems, needed a boat for a month and took a fancy to mine."

The stranger leaned across the table. "In the meantime," he said, "I happen to be interested in another matter.

What's all this talk about George Harrowby coming back to life?"

"Well, there's a chap here," Minot explained, "who claims to be the elder brother of Allan Harrowby. His cause is in the hands of an advertising expert named Trimmer."

"Yes. I saw a story in a Washington paper."

"This morning George Harrowby, so called, confronted Allan Harrowby and denounced Allan himself as a fraud."

The man from Chicago threw back his head, and a roar of unexpected laughter smote on Minot's hearing.

"Good joke," said the stranger. "No joke at all. George was right—at least, so it seems. Allan Harrowby cleared out this evening."

"Yes. So I was told by the clerk in there. Do you happen to know—Allan?"

"Yes. Very well indeed."

"But you don't know the reason he left?"

"Why," answered Minot, "I suppose because George Harrowby gave him twenty-four hours to get out of town." Again the Chicago man laughed.

"That can't have been the reason," he said. "I happen to know."

"Just how," inquired Minot, "do you happen to know?"

"I fancy I neglected to introduce myself," he said. "I make automobiles in Chicago, and my name's George Harrowby."

"You—you—Minot's head went round dizzily. "Oh, no," he said firmly. "I don't believe it."

The other's smile grew even broader. "Don't blame you a bit, my boy," he said. "Must have been a bit of a mix-up down here. Then, too, I don't look like an Englishman. Don't want to, I'm an American now, and I like it."

"You mean you're the real Lord Harrowby?"

"That's what I mean—take it slowly. Mr. Minot. I'm George, and if Allan ever gets his eyes on me I won't have to prove who I am. He'll know, the kid will. But, by the way, what I want now is to meet this chap who claims to be me—also his friend, Mr. Trimmer."

"Of course you do. I saw them out in the lobby a minute ago." Minot rose. "I'll bring them in. But—but—"

"What is it?"

"Oh, never mind. I believe you." Trimmer and his proposition still adorned the lobby, puffed with pride and pomposity. Briefly Minot explained that a gentleman in the grill

room desired to be introduced, and graciously the two followed after. The Chicago George Harrowby rose as he saw the group approach his table. Suddenly behind him Minot heard a voice:

"My God!" And the limp Englishman of the sandwich boards made a long, lean streak toward the door. Minot leaped after him and dragged him back.

"Here, Trimmer," he said, "your proposition has chillsblains."

"What's the trouble?" Mr. Trimmer glared about him.

"Allow me," said Minot. "Sir—our leading vaudeville actor and his manager, Gentlemen—Mr. George Harrowby of Chicago!"

"Sit down, boys," said Mr. Harrowby genially. He indicated a chair to Mr. Trimmer, but that gentleman stood, his eyes frozen to the face of his proposition. The Chicago man turned to that same proposition. "Brace up, Jenkins," he said. "Nobody will hurt you."

But Jenkins could not brace. He allowed Minot to deposit his limp body in a chair.

"I thought you was dead, sir," he mumbled.

"A common mistake," smiled George Harrowby. "My family has thought the same, and I've been too busy making automobiles to tell them differently. Mr. Trimmer, will you have a—what's the matter, man?"

For Mr. Trimmer was standing, purple, over his proposition.

"I want to get this straight," he said with assumed calm. "See here, you rringing cur—what does this mean?"

"I thought he was dead," murmured poor Jenkins in terror.

"You'll think the same about yourself in a minute—and you'll be right," Trimmer predicted.

"Come, come," said George Harrowby pacifically. "Sit down, Mr. Trimmer. Sit down and have a drink. Do you mean to say you didn't know Jenkins here was faking?"

"Of course I didn't," said Trimmer. He sat down on the extreme edge of a chair, as one who proposed to rise soon. "All this has got me going. I never went round in royal circles before, and I'm dizzy. I suppose you're the real Lord Harrowby?"

"To be quite correct, I am. Don't you believe it?"

"I can believe anything—when I look at him," said Trimmer, indicating the pitiable ex-claimant to the title. "Say, who is this Jenkins we hear so much about?"

"Jenkins was the son of my father's valet," George Harrowby explained. "He came to America with me. We parted suddenly on a ranch in southern Arizona."

"Everybody said you was dead," persisted Jenkins, as one who could not lose sight of that fact.

"Yes? And they gave you my letters and belongings, eh? So you thought you'd pose as me?"

"Yes, sir," confessed Jenkins humbly.

CHAPTER XV.

"A Rotten Bad Fit."

MINOT rose early on Monday morning and went for a walk along the beach. He had awakened to black despair, but the sun and the mutual breeze elevated his spirits considerably. Where was Allan Harrowby? Gone, with his wedding little more than twenty-four hours away. If he should not return—golden thought. By his own act he would forfeit his claim on Jephson, and Minot would be free to—

To what? Before him in the morning glow the great gray fort rose to crush his hopes. There on those slanting ramparts he had smiled at his declaration—smiled and labeled him foolish. Well, foolish he must have seemed. But there was still hope. If only Allan Harrowby did not return.

The first man Minot saw when he returned to the lobby of the De la Pax was Allan Harrowby, his eyes tired with travel, handing over a suit case to an eager black boy.

What was the use? Listlessly Minot relinquished his last hope. He followed Harrowby and touched his arm.

"Good morning," he said drearily. "You gave me all quite a turn last night. We thought you'd taken the advice you got in the morning and cleared out for good."

"Well, hardly," Harrowby replied. "Come up to the room, old man. I'll explain there."

"Before we go up," replied Minot, "I want you to get Miss Meyrick on the phone and tell her you've returned. Yes—right away. You see—last night I rather misunderstood—I thought you weren't Allan Harrowby after all—and I'm afraid I gave Miss Meyrick a wrong impression."

"By gad—I should have told her I was going," Harrowby replied. "But I was so rattled, you know."

He went into a booth. His brief talk ended, he and Minot entered the elevator. Once in his suit, Harrowby dropped wearily into a chair.

"Confound your stupid trains. I've been traveling for ages. Now, Minot, I'll tell you what carried me off. Yesterday afternoon I got a message from my brother George saying he was on his way here."

"Yes?"

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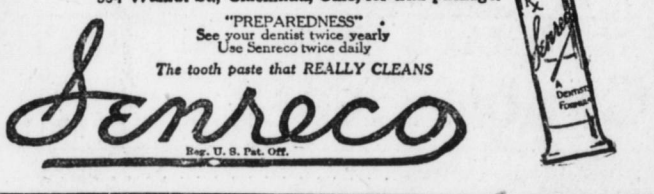
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