

Love Insurance



By **Earl Derr Biggers**

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"We've had a bit of excitement—what?" said Allan. "If you're ever in London you're to be my guest. Old George has some sort of berth for me over there."

"Not a berth, Allan," objected George, pressing the button for the elevator. "You're not going to sleep a job. Might as well begin to talk the Chicago language now. Mr. Minot, I, too, want to thank you."

They stepped into the elevator. The door slammed; the car began to descend. Minot stood gazing through the iron scroll work until the blond head of the helpless Lord Harrowby moved finally out of sight. Then he returned to his room and the time tables, which seemed such dull, unhappy reading.

Jack Paddock appeared to invite Minot to take dinner with him. His bags, he remarked, were all packed, and he was booked for the 7 o'clock train.

"Did I say her father was in the plumbing business?" he inquired. "My error, Dick. He owns a newspaper out in Grand Rapids. Offered me a job any time I wanted it. Great joke then; pretty serious now, for I'm going out to apply. The other day I had a chill. It occurred to me maybe she'd gone and married the young man with the pale purple necktie who passes the plate in the Methodist church. So I beat it to the telegraph counter, and—"

"She's heart whole and fancy free?" "Oh, K. in both respects. So it's me for Grand Rapids."

"Good boy," said Minot. "I knew this game down here didn't satisfy you. May I be the first to wish you joy?"

"You? With a face like a defeated candidate? I say, cheer up! She'll stretch out eager arms in your direction yet."

"I don't believe it, Jack." "Well, while there's life there's still considerable hope lying loose about the landscape. But why I don't urge you to take the train with me."

An hour later Mr. Paddock spoke further cheering words in his friend's ear and departed for the north. And in that city of moonlight and romance Minot was left practically alone.

He took a little farewell walk through that quaint old town, then retired to his room to read another chapter in the time table. At 4:20 in the morning, he noted, a small local train would leave for Jacksonville. He decided he would take it. With no parlor cars, no sleepers, he would not be likely to encounter upon it any of the startled wedding party bound north.

He rushed through the gate just as it was being closed and caught a dreary little train in the very act of pulling out. Gloomy oil lamps sought vainly to lessen the dark aspect of its two coaches. Panting, he entered the rear coach and threw himself and his bag into a seat.

Five seconds later he glanced across the aisle and discovered in the opposite seat Miss Cynthia Merriek, accompanied by a very sleepy-eyed family.

"The devil!" said Minot to himself. He knew that she would see in this utter accident nothing save a deliberate act of following. What use to protest his innocence?

He considered moving to another seat. But such a theatrical act could only increase the embarrassment. Already his presence had been noted—Aunt Mary had given him a glare. Spencer Merriek a scowl, the girl a cloudy vague. "Where have I seen this person before?" glance in passing.

Spencer Merriek went forward to the smoker. Aunt Mary, weary of life, slid gently down to slumber. Her unlovely snore filled the dim car.

How different this from the first ride together! The faint pink of the sky grew brighter.

Some sense in looking out now. Minot saw a shack that seemed familiar, then another. Next a station, bearing on its sad shingle the cheery name of Sunbeam. And close to the station, gloomy in the dawn, a desiccated chauffeur beside an aged automobile.

Minot turned quickly and caught Cynthia Merriek in the act of peering over his shoulder. She had seen the chauffeur too.

"One last ride together."

THE train had stopped a moment, but was under way again. In those brown eyes Minot saw something wistful, something hurt, saw things that moved him to put everything to a sudden test. He leaped to his feet and pulled madly at the bell cord.

"What—what have you done?" Stunned, she stared at him.

"I've stopped the train. I'm going to ride to Jacksonville as I rode to San Marco ages ago. I'm not going alone."

"Indeed!" "Quick. The conductor will be here in a minute. Here's a card and pencil. Write a note for Aunt Mary. Say you'll meet them in Jacksonville. Hurry, please!"

"Mr. Minot!" with great dignity. "One last ride together. One last chance for me to set things right if I can."

"If you can."

"If—I admit it. Won't you give me the chance? I thought you would be game. I dare you!"

For a second they gazed into each other's eyes. The train had come to a stop, and Aunt Mary stirred fretfully in her sleep. With sudden decision Cynthia Merriek wrote on the card and dropped it on her slumbering relative.

"I know I'll be sorry—but—" she gasped. "Hurry! This way! The conductor's coming there!"

A moment later they stood together on the platform of the Sunbeam station, while the brief little train disappeared indignantly in the distance.

"You shouldn't have made me do that!" cried the girl in dismay. "I'm always doing things on the spur of the moment—things I regret afterward."

"I know. You explained that to me once. But you can also do things on the spur of the moment that you're glad about all your life. Oh—good morning, Barney Oldfield!"

"Good morning," replied the rustic chauffeur with grateful recognition. "Where's it to this time, mister?"

"Jacksonville. And no hurry at all." Minot held open the door, and the girl stepped into the car.

"The gentleman is quite mistaken," she said to the chauffeur. "There is a very great hurry."

"Ages of time until luncheon," replied Minot blithely, also getting in. "If you were thinking of announcing something—then?"

"I shall have nothing to announce, I'm sure. But I must be in Jacksonville before that train. Father will be furious."

"Trust me, lady," said the chauffeur, grinding again at his hooded music box. "I've been doing stunts with this car since I saw you last. Been over a hundred miles from Sunbeam. Begins to look as though Florida wasn't going to be big enough, after all."

He leaped to the wheel, and again that ancient automobile carried Cynthia Merriek and the representative of Boyd's out of the town of Sunbeam. But the exit was not a laughing one. The girl's eyes were serious, cold, and with real concern in his voice Minot spoke:

"Won't you forgive me—can't you? I was only trying to be faithful to the man who sent me down here—faithful through everything, as I should be faithful to you if you gave me the chance. Is it too late, Cynthia?"

"There was a time," said the girl, her eyes wide, "when it was not too late. Have you forgotten? That night on the balcony when I threw myself at your feet and you turned away—do you think that was a happy moment for me?"

"Was it happy for me, for that matter?" "Oh, I was humiliated, ashamed. Then your silly rescue of my gown, your advice to me to marry Harrowby—"

"Would you have had me throw over the men who trusted me?" "I—I don't know. I only know that I can't forgive what has happened in a minute."

"What was that last?" "Nothing." "You said in a minute." "Your ears are deceiving you."

"Cynthia, you're not going to punish me because I was faithful? Don't you suppose I tried to get some one in my place?" "Did you?"

"The day I first rode on this car with you. And then I stopped trying."

"Why?" "Because I realized that if some one came in my place I'd have to go away and never see you again, and I couldn't do that. I had to be near you, dear girl—don't worry, he can't hear, the motor's too noisy—I had to be where I could see that little curl making a question mark around your car, where I could hear your voice. I had to be near you even if to do it I must break my heart by marrying you to another man. I loved you. I love you now."

A terrific crash interrupted. Doefully the chauffeur descended from the car to make an examination. Doefully he announced the result.

"Busted right off," he remarked. "Say, I'm sorry. I'll have to walk back to the garage at Sunbeam, and—and I'm afraid you'll have to jest sit here until I come back."

"Cynthia," Minot cried, "I worship you! Won't you?" "The girl gave a strange little cry. "I wanted to be cross with you a little longer," she said almost tearfully. "But I can't. I wonder why I can't? I cried all night at the thought of never seeing you again. I wonder why I cried? I guess it's because for the first time I'm really in love!"

"Cynthia!" "Oh, Dick, don't let me change my mind again—ever—ever!" "Only over my dead body!"

With one accord they turned and looked at that quaint southern chauffeur plodding along through the dust and the sunshine. It did not seem to either of them that there was any danger of his looking back. And happily he didn't.

THE END

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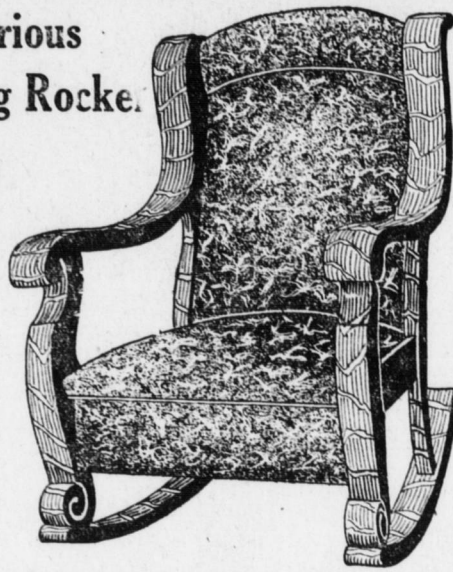
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A bigger, better rocker value than this was never offered. Comes in mahogany or beautiful quartered oak finish; covered in brown or black, VERY HEAVY imitation leather; exactly as pictured. Order NOW. Your rocker will be delivered before Christmas.



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Get your parents to bring you to our big toy department— will be given you as a Christmas present if you do.

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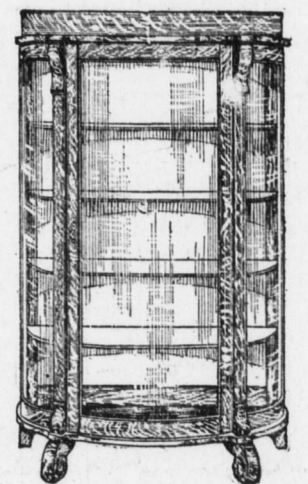
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The Largest Assortment of Toys in Harrisburg

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The Kiddies go "wild" when they see these pretty, furry coated, music-giving play fellows. They are big values, and the child won't break them. HURRY, for

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VON BISSING MAKES REPLY

Defends Deportations of Belgians; They Deny Idleness

Havre, Dec. 21. — The reply of General Von Bissing, German governor general in the occupied portion of Belgium, to the protests of Belgian senators and deputies now living in Brussels against the deportation of Belgians, has been received by the Belgian government, and says, in part:

"In reply to your letter of November 9 asking me to renounce the sending of workers to Germany, I would explain to you why I am not able to yield to your request. Since the beginning of the war a large part of the Belgian laborers have abandoned work. One reason was the stoppage of numerous industrial undertakings for lack of material caused by the isolation created by the enemy. Another is the refusal to work. The long continuance of this situation began to be felt by the occupied, and as administrator of the occupied territory I had a duty, conformable to international law, to take adequate measures."

Idle Workmen Taken by Force
"Idle workmen who would not accept the work offered them were taken by force to Germany. They also received wages, but less than was given those who enrolled themselves as free laborers. I hope that it will not be necessary to apply these measures except in exceptional cases. A large part of the simple people have in them some business, and it is by tens of thousands that Belgian workers have gone already into Germany, where they were placed upon the same footing as German workers. They have earned wages higher than those which they have ever received in Belgium, supporting themselves and their families, while their companions live in misery in Belgium."

Claim British Food Control Measure Absolutely Futile

London, Dec. 21. — According to some of the newspapers, three days' experience of the first food control measure, which regulates the number and nature of courses served in hotels and restaurants, has been sufficient to prove it futile. They say that not only has it failed to check consumption, but that in many instances it has increased it.

It is claimed that there is no supervision and that many customers, finding that they can indulge in several servings of the same dish without having more than one course counted against them, have availed themselves freely of this loophole. Moreover, there is nothing to prevent any one from taking a succession of meals in different places. The papers urge food tickets or a tax on hotels and restaurant bills as in Paris.

CHURCH OFFICERS CHOSEN

Lykens, Pa., Dec. 21. — At a business meeting of the Transfiguration Baptist church the following officers were elected: Church clerk, W. H. Daniels; financial secretary, H. R. Bitterman; treasurer, Mrs. A. H. Soullard; trustees, David Romberger, Norman Daniels, Cyrus Parfet and H. R. Bitterman; organist, Vergie Enders.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; since cases of deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give one Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Liall's Catarrh Cure. Sent for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

MODERN SCIENCE FINDS A NEW METHOD

How Nerve Insulation Stops Inflammation and Tonsillitis, Colds, Croup, Eczema, Piles and Skin Diseases Yield to Remarkable New Discovery.

The nerves of your body are like electric wires. They carry the nerve energy (neuro-electricity) which is generated in the brain, to all the cells and tissues. The nerve sheaths are insulated to resist a current of about 4-1000 of a volt as has been proven with the aid of Lord Kelvin's galvanometer, an instrument so sensitive and accurate that for the first time it is now possible to measure the strength of nerve currents.

It has been found that wherever acute inflammation occurs the insulation of the nerves is broken down, making it difficult, and often impossible, for nature to heal the surrounding cells. Germs cannot live in healthy tissue; it is only through damaged cells that they

thrive and spread. Obviously therefore, the right way to successfully treat inflammatory disease is to quickly repair the damaged insulation and enable nature to restore the diseased tissue to a healthy condition. Ion-o-lex Unguent does this.

Ion-o-lex Unguent is not a drug. It does not contain opiates or narcotics. Its action is entirely mechanical. Applied externally, it penetrates the tissue and surrounding the injured nerve sheaths with an insulating bath. Then the inflammation subsides and nature quickly repairs the nerve lesion—you are well. Don't suffer another minute just go to Kennedy's Medicine Store and get a large jar of Ion-o-lex Unguent, it costs little, use as directed and if you cannot say that it is the greatest means ever devised for conquering inflammation wherever it exists, your money will be cheerfully returned without a question.

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| W. Phila. | 3:30 p.m. | " | |
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| Washington | 7:00 p.m. | So. Ry. | |
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| Augusta, Ga. | 1:15 p.m. | " | |

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