

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

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CONTINUED

It was nearly 5 o'clock when the boat slipped into view around the tree covered point of land and headed straight for our hiding place on the bank.

I shall not stop here to describe the first stage of our journey through the narrow, rocky byroads, that ended eventually in the broad alpine highway south and west of Vienna. Let it be sufficient to say that we jostled along for twelve or fifteen miles without special incident, although we were nervously anxious and apprehensive. Our guidebook pointed, or rather twiddled, a route from the river flats into the hills, where we came up with the main road about 8 o'clock.

We were wrapped and goggled to the verge of ludicrousness. It would have been quite impossible to penetrate our motor masks and armor even for one possessed of a keen and practiced eye. The countess was heavily veiled. Great goggles bulged beneath the green, gauzy thing that protected her lovely face from sun, wind and man. A motor coat two or three sizes too large enveloped her slender, graceful figure, and gauntlets covered her hands. Even Rosemary's tiny face was wrapped in a silken veil of white. As for the rest of us, we could not have been mistaken for anything on earth but American automobilists ruthlessly inspired to see Europe with the sole view to comparing her roads with our own at home. You would have said on seeing us that we knew a great deal about roads and very little about home.

Coltsgruft and Britton, the latter at the wheel, sat in the front seat, while I shared the broad cushions of the tonneau with the countess, part of the time holding Rosemary, who was clamoring for food, and the rest of the time holding my breath in the fear that we might slip over a precipice. I am always nervous when not driving the car myself.

We stopped for breakfast at a small mountain inn fifteen miles from our starting place. The countess, a faint red spot in each cheek and a curiously bright, feverish glow in her dark eyes, revealed a tendency to monopolize the conversation, a condition properly attributed to nervous excitement. I could see that she was vastly thrilled by the experiences of the hour. Her quick, alert brain was keeping pace with the rush of blood that stimulated every fiber in her body to new activities. She talked almost incessantly and chiefly about matters entirely foreign to the enterprise in hand. The more I see of women the less I know about them. Why she should have spent the whole half hour devoted to breakfast to a surprisingly innocuous dissertation on Schopenhauer and Nietzsche is, or was, beyond me.

How was I to know that tears lay close to the surface of those shimmering, vivacious eyes? How was I to know that sobb took refuge behind a simulated interest in philosophy?

We had luncheon picnic fashion half-way to our journey's end, diverging from the main road to find a secluded spot where we could spread our cloth and open our hampers without fear of interruption or, to use a more sinister word, detection. It was rather a jolly affair, that first and last al fresco banquet of ours under the spreading branches of mighty trees and beside the trickling waters of a gay little mountain brook that hurried like mad down to the broad channel of the Danube, now many miles away. The strain of the first few hours had slackened. Success seemed assured. We had encountered no difficulties, no dangers in town or country. No one appeared to be interested in us except through idle curiosity; villagers and peasants stared at us and grinned; policemen and soldiers stood aside to let us pass or gave directions politely when requested to do so. There were no signs of pursuit, no indications of trouble ahead. And so we could afford to be gay and confident at our midday meal in the hills bordering the broad highway.

We even went so far as to arrange for a jolly reunion in New York city at no distant day! I remember distinctly that we were to dine at Sherry's. To me the day seemed a long way off.

I suppose, being a writer of fiction, I should be able to supply at this point in the narrative a series of thrilling, perhaps hair raising, encounters with the enemy in the form of spies, cut-throats, imperial mercenaries or whatever came handiest to the imagination. It would be a very simple matter to transform this veracious history into the most lurid of melodramas by the introduction of the false and bizarre, but it is not my purpose to do so. I mean to adhere strictly to the truth and stand by the consequences. Were I inclined to sensationalism it would be no trouble at all for me to have Tarnowsky's agents shooting at our tires or gasoline tank from every crag and cranny or to have Rosemary kidnaped by aeroplanists supplied with drag hooks or to have the countess lodged in a village prison, from which I should be obliged to liberate her with battleax and six shooter, my compensation being a joyous rest in a hospital with the fair Alina nursing me back to health and strength and cooling fond

words in my rapacious ear the while I reflected on the noble endowments of a nature that heretofore had been commonplace and meek. But not None of these things happened, and I decline to perjure myself for the privilege of getting into the list of "six best sellers."

So far as I am able to judge there was absolutely no heroism displayed during our flight through the hills and valleys unless you are willing to accept as such a single dash of sixty miles an hour which Britton made in order to avoid a rain shower that threatened to flank us if we observed the speed laws.

But wait! There was an example of bravado on my part that shall not go unrecorded. I hesitated at first to put it down in writing, but my sense of honor urges me to confess everything. It happened just after that memorable picnic luncheon in the shady dell. The countess, I maintain, was somewhat to blame for the incident. She suggested that we—that is to say, the two of us—explore the upper recesses of this picturesque spot, while the others were making ready for the resumption of our journey.

Shame, indignation, humiliation or whatever you may elect to call it, forbids a lengthy or even apologetic explanation of what followed her unfortunate suggestion. I shall get over with it in as few words as possible.

In the most obscure spot in all those ancient hills I succumbed to an excruciating impulse to take her forcibly in my arms and kiss her! I don't know why I did it or how, but that is just what happened. My shame, my horror over the transcendental folly was made almost unbearable by the way in which she took it. At first I thought she had swooned, she lay so limp and unresisting in my arms. My only excuse, whispered penitently in her ear, was that I couldn't help doing what I had done and that I deserved to be drawn and quartered for taking advantage of my superior strength and her gentle forbearance. Strange to say, she merely looked at me in a sort of dumb wonder and quietly released herself, still staring at me as if I were the most inexplicable puzzle in the world. Her cheeks, her throat, her brow grew warm and pink with a just indignation. Her lips parted, but she uttered no word. Then I followed her dejectedly, cravenly back to the roadside and executed an inward curse that would hang over my miserable head so long as it was on my shoulders.

Her vivacity was gone. She shrank down into the corner of the seat, and with her back half turned toward me, gazed steadfastly at the panoramic valley which we were skirting. From time to time I glanced at her out of the corners of my eyes, and eventually was somewhat relieved to see that she had closed her own and was dozing. My soul was in despair. She leathed, despised me. I could not blame her. I despised myself.

And yet my heart quickened every time I allowed myself to think of the act I had committed. The day was a glorious one and the road more than passably good. We bowled along at a steady rate of speed and sundown found us about twenty-five miles from our destination. Not caring to run the risk of a prolonged stay in the town, we drew up at a roadside inn and had our dinner in the quaint little garden, afterward proceeding leisurely by moonlight down the sloping highway.

Whether Craft Lost at Honolulu Can Be Recovered Is Questioned
Washington, May 22.—The submarine F-4 lost in Honolulu harbor with 19 lives nearly two months ago has at last been lifted clear of the ocean's bottom, but naval officers have no assurances that the first gale will not part the cables again.

Whether the cause of her loss can be determined after such a long period of submersion is doubtful.

Farmer Killed in Runaway
Allentown, Pa., May 22.—William Sell, a farmer, died yesterday afternoon of injuries sustained in a runaway Wednesday, while hauling corn fodder. The horses trampled on him and the wagon wheels passed over his abdomen.

Dies in a Trolley Car
Wilkes-Barre, Pa., May 22.—Listening to a story told to him by a friend who had boarded a trolley car at the terminus in this city, S. L. Davis, of Philadelphia, laughed heartily, then fell forward dead of heart failure. He was a Bible agent, working for a Philadelphia and New York publishing house.

James Duffy Attacked by Strikers
East Donegal, May 22.—The moulder employed at the works of the Marietta Hollowware and Enameling Company, who have been on a strike for six weeks, caused a riot with the non-union employees, and a number of arrests followed. Among those attacked was James Duffy, one of the firm. The men gave bail for a hearing before a Lancaster alderman. There are about forty-five men affected through the strike.

Death Rather Than Rural Life
Reading, Pa., May 22.—Rather than move to Mt. Penn, a suburb, Mrs. George W. Smith, aged 44, hanged herself to a closet door hinge in her room. Her husband, in business in the suburb, wanted her to live there.

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My cup of misery was overflowing. I wondered if she would feel called upon at some distant conference to tell the fortunate Lord Amberdale that I had brutally kissed her. And Lord Amberdale would grin in his beastly supercilious English way and say, "What else could you have expected from a dally American bouncer?" She would no doubt smile indulgently.

All things come to an end, however. We found ourselves at last uttering our goodbyes in the railway station, surrounded by hurrying travelers and attended by eager porters.

The countess did not lift her veil. I deliberately drew her aside. My hot hand clasped hers and found it as cold as ice and trembling.

"For God's sake," I whispered hoarsely in my humbleness, "say that you forgive me!"

She did not speak for many seconds. Then her voice was very low and tremulous. I felt that her somber eyes were accusing me even as they tried to meet my own with a steadiness that was meant to be reassuring.

"Of course I forgive you," she said. "You have been so good to me."

"Good!" I cried bitterly. "I've been harsh, unreasoning, supercilious from the day I met!"

"Hush!" she said, laying her free hand upon my arm. "I shall never forget all that you have done for me. I—I can say no more."

I gulped. "I pray to heaven that you may be happy. Alas—happier than any one else in the world."

To Be Continued DIG UP POT OF GOLD

Laborers, in Scramble, Share More Than \$500 Buried Treasure
Freeland, Pa., May 22.—Laborers sinking postholes in Oakdale, near here, yesterday unearthed a creak of gold. While the exact amount of the treasure cannot be definitely ascertained on account of the scramble of the workmen for its possession, it is estimated at from \$500 to \$1,000.

The money was in \$10 and \$20 coins. It is believed to have been the property of a woman who lived on the premises about 30 years ago and put no faith in banks. She was known to have money, but the secret of its hiding place she carried to the grave.

ADMITS SAFE BLOWING

Two Young Men Arrested in Shenandoah for Numerous Burglaries
Shenandoah, Pa., May 22.—The police last night arrested Anthony Yadusky, 24 years old, and Alex Baldego, 21 years old, alleged leaders of a gang of burglars operating in this city and section for some time.

At a hearing before Justice Gibbon, Yadusky confessed to a number of burglaries here, among which was the blowing of the safe of the Ceresota Flour Mills Company last Wednesday and the robbing of J. A. Penn's general store.

A large amount of loot was found in Yadusky's home, which was identified by the owners.

Our "JITNEY" Offer—This and 5c. DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, for pains in sides and back, rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic. Stout people enjoy them. George A. Gorgas, 16 North Third St. and P. R. R. Station.—Adv.

BOY HURT IN RUNAWAY

Wagon Brake Snaps on a Mountain, Two Horses Killed
Lebanon, Pa., May 22.—Wayne Gasser, 10 years old, of Newmanstown, is in a critical condition in the hospital here from injuries sustained in a runaway accident. He was assisting his father in hauling heavy timber from a cutting in the mountains, riding the swiftest horse of a five-horse team. As the heavy team began descending the mountain, the brake snapped off on a steep grade, and the horses dashed down the mountain.

The loaded wagon struck down the saddle horse, crushing out its life. The boy was tossed out of the path of the wagon, which crushed a second horse to death, and then toppled over on its side. All of the other horses were injured.

SUBMARINE F-4 LIFTED

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DOGS BICYCLES GASOLINE

Strange as it may seem, the use of dogs for drawing light guns and wagons in the army was first suggested by an American and rejected by this government. The armies of Europe, however, quickly seized upon the idea and have demonstrated its inestimable value. Dogs have been used extensively in the European armies for drawing small supply wagons, field guns which pour BULLETS LIKE A STREAM FROM A HOSE and ammunition carts.

Every army has its bicycle corps, well drilled and equipped. They are most useful for scouting and messenger service, besides large bodies can move quickly from place to place for advance attacks.

is responsible, more than any other one thing, for the quick advances, the moving of the monstrous siege guns, etc. Generals use autos for covering great distances along the extensive battle fronts. Immense auto trucks transport the food and field kitchens. Motorcycles, submarines, aeroplanes and Zeppelins are all propelled by GASOLINE.

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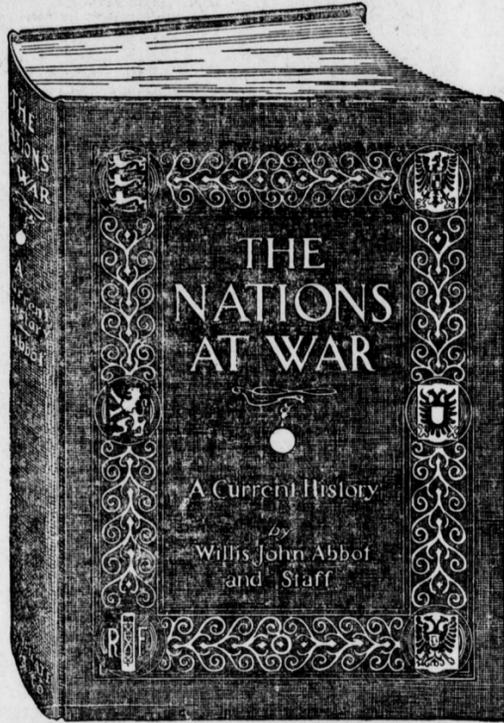
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WILSON'S SECOND GRANDCHILD

Little Girl Born Last Night Will Be Named Ellen Wilson
Washington, May 22.—A baby girl, the second grandchild of President Wilson, was born last night to Secretary and Mrs. William G. McAdoo. She will be christened Ellen Wilson, for the late Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

The Secretary and Mrs. McAdoo, who is the President's youngest daughter, were married in the Blue Room at the White House just a year ago. Mr. McAdoo went to his office at the Treasury Department yesterday for the first time since he was operated upon for appendicitis nearly two months ago.

The President was at the McAdoo home when his granddaughter was born.

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The Daily Fashion Hint.



Voile is to be one of the fashionable fabrics of the summer season. This pretty voile afternoon frock is of white voile, with a green and white embroidered edge. Net frilled underskirt, ruffles of net on bolero and cuffs. Black velvet cuff bands and sash.

RESORTS

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:18, 2:27, 3:30, 9:30 p. m.
For Ellensburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:58 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m.
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Tooth Pulled, Boy Dies
Pottsville, Pa., May 22.—Stanley Hill, 17 years old, died yesterday from tetanus and spinal paralysis, the first case of the kind in this city for years. After a tooth was pulled two weeks ago lockjaw ensued.