strolling across the hotel courtyard to-ward yesterday morning's New York papers. As he walked the pert prom-ises of Mr. Trimmer filled, his mind.

What was the proposition Mr. Trim-mer had in tow? How would it affect

mer had in tow? How would it affect the approaching wedding? And what course of action should the representa-tive of Jephson pursue when it was re-vealed? For in the sensible light of morning Dick Minot realized that while he remained in San Marco as the

"Of course I do."

"Well, I write her repartee for her."
"Her what?"
"Her repartee—her dialogue—the

bright talk she convulses dinner tables with. Instead of putting my smart stuff into stories at eighty per I sell it to Mrs. Bruce at-I'd be ashafied to tell you, old man. I remarked that it was essentially soft. It is."

EARL DERR BIGGERS Author of

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE

Copyright, 1914, the Bobbs-Merrill

chair and drew up another for

She hesitated. Minot bit his lip savagely. Must be hear all that again? How much she owed him for his service—for getting her to that luncheon in time—that wonderful luncheon. "I owe you." finished the girl softly, "the charges on that tax!."

It was something of a shock to Minot. Was she making game of him?

It was something of a shock to Minot. Was she making game of him?
"Don't," he answered. "Here in the moonlight, with that waltz playing, and the old palms whispering—is this a time to talk of taxi bills?"
"But—we must talk of something—oh, I mean—I insist. Won't you please tell me the figure?"
"All the time we were together this

"All the time we were together this morning I talked figures—the figures on



meter ticking somewhere. I'm sure. And now, Mr. Minot?—
"I know. You mean the \$85 I paid our driver. I wish you would write me a check. I've a reason."
"Thank you. I wanted to—so much. The bring it to you soon."
She was gone, and Minot sat staring into the palms, his lips firm, his hands gripping the arms of his chair. Suddenly, with a determined leap, he was on his feet.

A moment later he stood at the telegraph counter in the lobby, writing in bold, flowing characters a message for Mr. John Thacker on a certain seven Lileth was to steam into San Marco

Thacker's claim on him was not such that he must wreck his life's happi-ness to serve him. Even Thacker must

The red glow of a cigar near by drew closer as the smoker dragged his chair across the veranda floor. Minot saw behind the glow the keen face of a man eager for talk.

man'eager for talk.

"Some scene, isn't it?" said the stranger. "Sort of makes the musical comedies look cheap. All it needs is seven stately chorus ladies walking out from behind that palm down to the left and it would have Broadway lashed to the mast."

left and it would have Broadway lassed to the mast."

"Yes," replied Minot absently, "This is the real thing,"

"T've been sitting here thinking," the other went on. "It doesn't seem to me this place has been advertised right. Why, there are hundreds of people up north, whose windows look out on sunset over the brewery—people with money, too—who'd take the first train for here if they realized the picture we're looking at now. Get some good ing at now. Get some good (c) 'em about it" - He hate to talk about myself, hear of Bunker's ink

work—and I always yearn for the pur-ple, you know."

"I know," said Minot gravely.

"Well, I've struck it, Dick. I've struck the deep purple with a loud, if sickening, thud. Hist! The graft I mentioned yesterday." He glanced over his shoulder. "Remember Mrs. Bruce, the wittlest hostess in San Marco." himself.

"Mr. Minot." she said, "I was terribly thoughtless this noon. But you must forgive me—I was so excited. Mr. Minot—I owe you"—

She hesitated. Minot bit his lip savagely. Must he hear all that again agely. Must he hear all that again thow much she owed him for his serverometric.—For getting her to that luncheon in the rolling oregon. After that I landed Helot's bottled sauces. And then Patterson's lime juice. Puckered every mouth in America. Advertising is my specialty."

specialty.' "So I gather."

'Sure as you sit here. Have a cigar. "Sure as you sit here. Have a cigar. Trimmer is my name—never mind the Jokes—Henry Trimmer, advertising specialist. Is your business flabby? Does it need a tonic? Try Trimmer. Quoting from my letterhead." He leaned closer. "Excuse a personal question, but didn't I see you talking with Miss Cynthia Meyrick a while back?" "Possibly."
Mr. Trimmer came even closer.
"Engaged to Lord Harrowby, I understand."

"I believe so"—
"Young fellow"—Mr. Trimmer's tone
was exultant—"I can't keep in any
longer. I got a proposition in tow so
big it's bursting my brain cells, and it takes some strain to do that. No; I can't tell you the exact nature of it, but I will say this—tomorrow night this time I'll throw a bomb in this hotel so loud it'll be heard round the world."

takes some strain to do that. No; I can't tell you the exact nature of it, but I will say this-tomorrow night this time I'll throw a bomb in this hotel so loud it'll be heard round the world."

"An anarchist?"

"Not on your life—advertiser. And I've got something to advertise this hot February, take it from me. Maybe you're a friend of Miss Meyrick. Well. I'm sorry. For when I spring my little surprise I reckon this Harrowhy wedding is going to shrivel up and fade away."

"You mean to say you—you're going to stop the wedding?"

"I mean to say nothing. Watch me. Watch Henry Trimmer. Just a tip, young fellow. Well, I guess I'll turn in. Get some of my best ideas in bed. See you later."

And Mr. Trimmer strode into the cir-

"Next Tuesday. A week from tomorrow."

"In San Marco?"

"Yes. It breaks auntie's heart that the art that the art to be abled to inquire.

Minot was thinking hard. So Harrowby was auntie's triumph? And was he not Cynthia Meyrick's as well? He would have given much to be able to inquire.

Suddenly, with the engaging frankness of a child, the girl asked:

"Has your engagement ever been an mounced?" Mr. Minot.

"Why—er—not to my knowledge."

"Really. Mr Minot, I must say good"—

He came r oser Thacker and Jeph son fade? New york was far away shining—

"going to keep it—always. The first letter you ever wrote me"—

"And the last, Mr. Minot. Really I must go. Good night."

He stood alone with the absurd check in his trembling fingers. Slowly the memory of Trimmer came back. A bomb? What sort of a bomb?

Well, he had given his word that was there to do but see it through? Even though Thackers should send an other to take his place, could he stay to woo the lady he adored? In that even the would have to go away—never see her again—never hear her voice. If he stayed as Jephson's representative he might know the glory of her nearness for a week, might he not be thwarted to wan the moon was shining—

"And the last, Mr. Minot. Really I must go. Good night."

He same r oser Thacker and Jeph was there to do but see it through? Even though Thackers should send an other to take his place, could he stay to woo the lady he adored? In the teven the would have to go away—never see her again—never hear her voice. If he stayed as Jephson's representative he might know the glory of her nearness for a week, might he not be thwarted to do but see it through?

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Suddenly, with the engaging frank mast go. Good night."

Well, he had given his word. There work here of a bomb?

Well, he had given his word. There work here of the work was there to do but see it through. Was the was there to do but see it through. The work has a way to woo Bounced?" Mr. Minot.

"Why-er-not to my knowledge,"

Minot laughed. "Why?"

"I was that

wish the enemy success? He stated off in the direction the advertising wizard had gone.

"Minot laughed. "Why?"
"I was just wondering—if it made everybody feel queer. The way it makes me feel. Ever since 1 o'clock—I ought never to say it—I've felt as though everything was over. I've meemed old—old!" She clinched her lists and spoke almost in terror. "I don't want to grow old. I'd hate it!"
"It was here." said Minot softly. "Ponce de Leon sought the fountain of youth. When you came up I was pretending the one splashing out there was that very fountain itself"—"If it only were!" the girl cried. "Oh, you could never drag me away from it! But it isn't. It's supplied by the Ban Marco waterworks, and there's a meter ticking somewhere. I'm sure. And now, Mr. Minot"—

"It leave you mean the \$35 I naid." He glanced up.

"Oh, Mr. Minot, won't you come into
my parlor?" Cynthia Meyrick smiled
down on him.

"Splendid!" Minot laughed. "I walk
"Splendid!" his old Spanish town. "Splendid!" Minot laughed. "I wais forlorn through this old Spanish town. Suddenly a lattice is thrown wide, a fair hand beckons. I dash within." "Thanks for dashing." Miss Meyrick greeted him on the balcony. "I was finding it dreadfully dul. But I'm effect the Spanish romance is a little



Mr. John Thacker on a certain seventeenth floor, New York:

I resign. Will stay on the job until a substitute arrives, but start him when you get this

The telegram sent, he returned to his veranda chair to think. Thacker would be upset of course. But, after all,

And at the end of a dull nour in the lobby he set out to explore the town.

The Mermaid tea house stood on the water front, with a small second floor balcony that looked out on the harbor. Passing that way at 4:30 that after-

oon Minot heard a voice call to him.

afraid the Spanish romance is a little arraid the Spanish romance is a little lacking. There s no moonlight, no lattice, no mantilla, no Spanish beauty."
"No matter," Minot answered. "I never did care for Spanish types. They flash like a skyrookat, then turble in

flash like a skyrocket, then tumble in Now, the home grown

"And nothing but tea," she interrupt-

ed. "Will you have a cup?"
"Thanks. Was it really very dull?"
"Yes. This book was to blame." She held up a novel.
"What's the matter with it?"

"The Lileth," she said.

"The Lileth," she said.
"Exactly," said Minot. "The bride-groom cometa."

Another silence.
"You'll want to go to meet him,"
Minot said, rising. He stood looking at the boat, flashing gayly in the sunshine. "I'll go with you as far as the street"

"But-you know Lord Harrowby. Meet him with me."

"It seems hardly the thing"—

"It seems hardly the thing" morning Dick Minot realized that while he remained in San Marco as the guardian of Jephson's interests he must do his duty. Adorable Miss Meyrick might be, but any change of mind on her part must be over his dead body. A promise was a promise.

At the newsstand Minot met Jack Paddock, jaunty, with a gardenia in his buttonhole and the atmosphere of prosperity that goes with it.

"Then I must be," said Minot. "Real-

ly—I'd rather not"—
They went together to the street. At
the parting of the ways Minot turned
to her.

"I promised Lord Harrowby in New York," he told her, "that you would have your lamp trimmed and burnbuttonhole and the atmosphere of prosperity that goes with it.

"I haven't seen you since we left college, have I?" said Paddock. "Well. Dick, for a couple of years I tried to make good doing fiction. I turned them out by the yard—nice quiet little tea table yarus, with snappy dialogue. Once I got \$50 for a story. It was hard work—and I always yearn for the purple, you know."

She looked up at him. A mischievous light came into her eyes.

"Please—have you a match?" she

It was too much. Minot turned and fled down the street. He did not once look back, though it seemed to him that he felt every step the girl took across that narrow pier to her flance's side.

As he dressed for dinner that night his telephone rang, and Miss Meyrick's voice sounded over the wire.

"Harrowby remembers you very pleasantly. Won't you join us at din-

"Are you sure an outsider"- he be-

gan.
"Nonsense. Mr. Martin Wall is to

"Ah, thank you! I'll be delighted," Minot replied.

In the lobby Harrowby seized his

was essentially soft. It is."

"This is a new one on me," said Minot, dazed.

A delighted smile spread over Mr. Paddock's handsome face.

"Thailks. That's the beauty of it. I'm a pioneer. There'll be others, but I was the first. Consider the situation. Here's Mrs. Bruce, loaded with diamonds and money, but tongue tied in company, with a wit developed in a small town. Bright, but struggling, young author comes to her-offers to make her conversation the sense ion of the place for a few pesos."

"Yes; I ask posterity to remember it



"The Lileth," she said.

mistook you for some one else. "Freely," said Minot. "And I want gize for my suspicions of you,

"I never doubted you would comeafter I saw Miss Meyrick.

after I saw Miss Meyrick."

"She is a ripper, isn't she?" said Harway enthusiastically.

Martin Wall shot a quick, almost hostile glance at Minot.

"Mostile glance at Minot.

"Was wide open.

"Mr. Wall's knees grew weak. He felt a strange prickly sensation all over him. He took a step and was staring him. He took a step and was staring the stories of the storie "You've noticed that yourself, haven't

you?" he said in Minot's ear.

At which point the Meyrick family arrived, and they all went in to dinner.

rrived, and they all went in to dinner.
It was after dinner when they all stood together in the lobby a moment before separating that Henry Trimmer made good his promise out of a clear Cynthia Meyrick stood facing the

others, talking brightly, when suddenly her face paled, and the flippant words died on her lips. They all turned instantly.

stantly.

Through the lobby, in a buzz of excited comment, a man walked slowly, his eyes on the ground. He was a tall, blond Englishman, not unlike Lord blond Englishman, not unlike Lord Harrowby in appearance. His gray eyes when he raised them for a moment were listless, his shoulders stooped and weary, and he had a long, drooping mustache that hung like a weeping willow above a particularly cheerless stream.

However, it was not his appearance that excited comment and caused Miss Meyrick to pale: Hung over his shoulders was a pair of sandwich boards.

ders was a pair of sandwich boards such as the outcasts of a great city carry up and down the streets, and on the front board, turned full toward Meyrick's dinner party, wa printed in bold black letters:

rowby stood like a man of stone, gaz-

ing at the sandwich boards.

It was at this point that the hotel detective sufficiently recovered himself to lay eager hands on the audacious sandwich man and propel him violent-

sandwich man and proposition in the background Mr. Minot perceived Henry Trimmer, puffing excitedly on a big black cigar, a triumphant look on his face.

Mr. Trimmer's bomb was thrown.

There was suppressed excitement in the hotel next day when Lord Harrow-by refused to meet the claimant to his

The drowsiness of a Florida midday was in the air. Mr. Minot lay down

THE REAL LORD

on his bed. A hundred thoughts were his—the brown of Miss Meyrick's eyes, the sincerity of Mr. Trimmer's voice when he spoke of his proposition, the fishly look of Lord Harrowby refusing to meet his long lost brother. Things grew hazy. Mr. Minot slept. On leaving Lord Harrowby's rooms Mr. Martin Wall did not immediately set out for the Lileth, on which he lived in preference to the hotel. Instead he took a brisk turn above.

Mr. Martin Wall did not immediately set out for the Lileth, on which he lived in preference to the hotel. Instead he took a brisk turn about the spacious lobby of the De la Pax.

Jewel thief in America! Just what did that mean? Putting on coat and hat, he hurried to the hotel office and there wrote a cablegram:

cablegram:

Stitution suspicious. Are you dead certain H. is on the level?

The courtyard of the Hotel de la Pax was fringed by a series of modish shops, with doors opening both on the courtyard and on the narrow street outside. Among these, occupying a corner room, was the very smart jewel shop of Ostby & Blake. Occasionally in the winter resorts of the south one may find jewelry shops whose stocks would bear favorable competition with Fifth avenue. Ostby & Blake conducted such an establishment.

For a moment before the show winter the good lines, if I do say it that shouldn't."

ed such an establishment.

For a moment before the show window of this shop Mr. Wall paused and with the eye of a connoisseur studied the brilliant display within. His whole manner changed. The air of boredom with which he had surveyed his fellow travelers of the lobby disappeared. On the instant he was alert, allve, almost eager. Jauntily he strolled into the store. A tall man was in charge. on the list.

most eager. Jauntily he stroned the store. A tail man was in charge.

From outside came the shrill scream child interrupting. The tail man

From outside came the shrill scream of a child, interrupting. The tall man turned quickly to the window.

"My God"— he moaned.

"What is it?" Mr. Wall sought to look over his shoulder. "Automobile"—

"My little girl," cried the clerk in agony. He turned to Martin Wall, hesitating. His sallow face was white now, his lips trembled. Doubtfully he gazed into the frank open countenance of Martin Wall. And then of Martin Wall. And then-

"I leave you in charge!" he shouted and fled past Mr. Wall to the street. For a moment Martin Wall stood, frozen to the spot. His eyes were unbelieving. His little Cupid's bow mouth



His Eyes Fell Upon the Door of a Huge Safety Vault.

at the finest display of black pearls south of Maiden Lane, New York. Quickly he turned away. His eyes fell upon the door of a huge safety vault. It was swinging open! Little beads of perspiration began to

pop out on the forehead of Martin Wall. His heart was hammering like that of a youth who sees after a long separation his lady love. His eyes

LORD
HARROWBY
With a little gasp and a murmured apology Miss Meyrick turned quickly and entered the elevator. Lord Harbard to the middle of that gorgeous room, a white, a lotting!

Ah, yes—the middle of that gorgeous room, a ed. almost

fat figure of a man suffering a cruel,

"It was very kind of you." The small eyes of the clerk darted everywhere, then came back to Martin Wall. "I'm obliged—why, what's the

Martin Wall passed his hand across his eyes as a man banishing a terrible

dream.
"The little girl?" he asked.
"Hardly a scratch," said the clerk,
pointing to the smiling child at his
side. "It was hucky, wasn't it?" He was behind the counter now, studying the trays unprotected on the show-

CHAPTER VI.

Chain Lightning's Collar. R. TOM STACY of the Manhattan club, half dozing on the veranda of his establishment, was rejoiced to see his old friend Martin Wall crossing the pave-

ment toward him.
"Well, Martin"— he began. And then look of concern came into his face. Good heavens, man, what ails you?" Mr. Wall sank like a wet rag to the

steps.
"Tom," he said, "a terrible thing has just happened. I was left alone in Ostby & Blake's jewelry shop." "Alone?" cried Mr. Stacy. "You—

Mr. Stacy leaned over.
"Are you leaving town—in a hurry?"
he asked.

Gloomly Mr. Wall shook his head.

"He put me on my honor," he complained—"left me in charge of the shop. Can you beat it? Of course after that, I—well, you know somehow I couldn't do it. I tried, but I couldn't."

Mr. Stacy threw back his head, and has raucous laughter smote the lazy summer afternoon.

"I can't help it," he gasped. "The funniest thing I ever—you—the best Gloomily Mr. Wall shook his head.

rather good lines, if I do say it that shouldn't."

"On what topics?" asked Minot. "International marriage-jewels-by the way, I don't suppose you know that Miss Cynthia Meyrick is to appear for the first time wearing the famous Harrowby necklace?"

Harrowby necklace?"
"I didn't even know there was a necklace," Minot returned.
"Ah, such ignorance! But then you don't wander much in feminine society, do you? Mrs. Bruce told me about it this morning. Chain Light-

"Chain Lightning's what?"

"Ah, my boy"—Mr. Paddock lighted a cigarette—"you should go round more in royal circles! List, commoner, while I relate. It seems that the Earl of Raybrook is a giddy old sport with a gambling streak a yard wide. In his young days he loved the Lady Evelyn Hollowway. Lady Evelyn had a horse entered in a Derby about that time—name. Chain Lightning. And the Earl of Raybrook wagered a diamond neck-lace against a kiss that Chain Lightning would lose."

"Not if you believe the stories of Lady Evelyn's beauty. Well, it happened before Tammany politicians began avenging Ireland on Derby day. Chain Lightning won, and the earl came across with the necklace. Afterward he married Lady Evelyn"—
"To get back the necklace?"
"Cynic. And, being a rather racy old boy, he referred to the necklace thereafter as Chain Lightning's collar. It got to be pretty well known in England by that name. I believe it is considered a rather neat piece of jewelry among the English nobility, whose sparklers aren't what they were before the steel business in Pittsburgh turned out a good thing."
"Chain Lightning's collar?" mused

"Chain Lightning's collar?" mused Minot, "I presume Lady Evelyn was the mother of the present Lord Har-rowhs?" rowby?"

"So 'tis rumored," smiled Paddock,
"though I take it his lordship favors
his father in looks."

his father in looks."

They walked along for a moment in silence. The story of this necklace of diamonds could bring but one thing to Minot's thoughts—Martin Wall drooping on the steps of the Manhattan club while old Stacy roared with joy. He considered. Should he tell Mr. Paddock? No. he would wait.

The whir of a motor behind them caused the two young men to turn. Then Mr. Minot saw her coming up that toward him—coming up that

ed, almost as tall as a popular illus-

(continued next week)

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HAND AND LOOK

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"Figure tical expe "Wait a

females.-

Sorghum. you are going to |