

Love Insurance By EARL DERR BIGGERS Author of SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE Copyright, 1914, the Hobbs-Merrill Company

the Manhattan club. May I count on you?" "Surely," Minot smiled. "I'll be there wearing our necklace."

"My dear fellow—ah, I see you mean it pleasantly. Wear it by all means." Minot passed from the eccentric blooms of that dressing gown to the more authentic flowers of the Florida outdoors.

"Forgetting what?" "Your young heart is already engaged, isn't it?" "Yes," replied Minot fervently, "it is."

"How like a man—wants all the thrill and none of the bother. It's dreadfully hard starting a wedding way down here a thousand miles from everything."

"Poor Harrowby! He keeps in the twilight fairly well, however." They walked along a moment in silence. "I've wondered," she said at length.

"Why did you kidnap—Mr. Trimmer's friend?" "Because?" "Yes?" eagerly. "Minot looked at her, and something came into his throat to choke him."

"That I will," replied Trimmer heartily. "And when you have heard his story, digested his evidence, I am sure—"

"Yes, yes. Bring him in." Mr. Trimmer stepped to the door. He beckoned. A very reluctant figure shuffled in. George's face was seen with a look that was almost together.

Moved by an inspiration, Minot suggested to the detective that possibly the jewels were not genuine. Much to Lord Harrowby's surprise, apparently, the detective declared that the jewels were "fine old bottle glass."

"What's the matter with you?" Seated in the lobby of the De la Pax on Sunday morning, Mr. Trimmer turned a disapproving eye upon the lank Englishman at his side as he made this query.

"Come, come," cried Mr. Trimmer. "Put a little more authority into your voice. You can't walk up and claim your rights with your knees dancing the tango."

"Allan, don't you know me? I'm your brother George," went on the Englishman, intent on rehearsing. "More like it," said Trimmer. "Put the fire into it. You're not expecting a thrashing, you know."

"I wish you was," agreed poor old George sadly. "Somehow I don't seem to have the spirit I used to have."

In Lord Harrowby's suit that gentleman sat in considerable nervousness, awaiting the undesired encounter. With him sat Miss Meyrick and her father, whom he had thought it necessary to invite to witness the ordeal.

"Good morning," he said brightly. "Here we are, on time to the minute. Ah! I beg your pardon?"

Lord Harrowby performed brief introductions, which Mr. Trimmer effusively acknowledged. Then he turned dramatically toward his lordship. "Out here in the hallway stands a poor, broken creature," he began.

"I'd got a good look at you sooner. I'd have put a stop to all this. Allan Harrowby, eh? I guess not. I guess I'd know my own brother if I saw him."

"The man's crazy," Allan Harrowby cried. "Raving mad. He's an impostor. This is a trick of his." He looked helplessly around the circle.

"Victorious, George turned toward the door. Trimmer, lost between admiration and doubt, turned also. "Take my advice," George proclaimed.

And with the imperious manner that he should have adopted on entering the room George Harrowby left it. Mr. Trimmer, eclipsed for once, trotted at his side.

"Say," cried Trimmer in the hall, "is that on the level? Isn't he Allan Harrowby?" "I should say not," said George grandly.

"Great stuff," he cried. "I guess we tossed a bomb, eh? Now we'll run him out of town!" "Oh, no," said George. "We've done our work here. Let's go over to London now and see the patter."

"That we will," cried Trimmer. "That we will. By gad, I'm proud of you today, Lord Harrowby!" Inside Allan Harrowby's suit three pairs of questioning eyes were turned on that harassed nobleman.

"I say," he pleaded. "It's all his bluff, you know." "Maybe," said Lord Harrowby, rising. "But Harrowby, or whatever your name is, there's altogether too much three ring circus about this wedding to suit me."

"I don't have to prove who I am to you," he announced. "Why don't you?" demanded Trimmer in alarm. "Because he can't, I fancy," put in Lord Harrowby.

you're Harrowby, how are you going to prove it?" "I've an idea," Harrowby replied. "Everything comes to him who waits."

"A very good friend of mine—an old Oxford friend—is attached to our embassy at Washington. He was planning to bring him back," she asked.

"No," Minot bowed his head. "I know I must have looked rather silly of late. But if you think I did the things I've done because I chose to—you're wrong."

"The water breaking on the ancient stones below seemed to be repeating 'Sh—sh,' but Minot paid no heed to the warning." "I've cared for you," he went on.

"Ever since that morning on the train when we raced the razorbacks—ever since that wonderful ride over a God forsaken road that looked like heaven to me."

"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—"

CHAPTER XIV. The Shortest Way Home. MINOT stood amid the colorful blooms of the hotel courtyard and looked up at her window.

"I've news—very important news," he said. "May I see you a moment?" She came, dressed in the white that set off so well her hair of gleaming copper.

"I thought he was dead," murmured poor Jenkins in terror. "I thought you were dead, sir," he mumbled. "A common mistake," smiled George Harrowby.

"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."

"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."

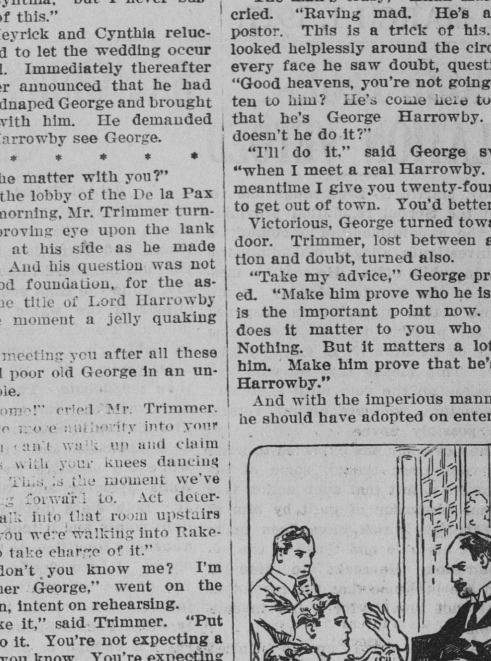
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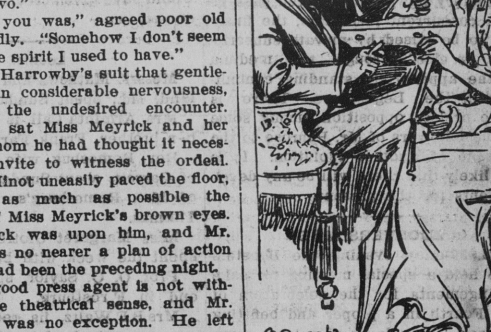
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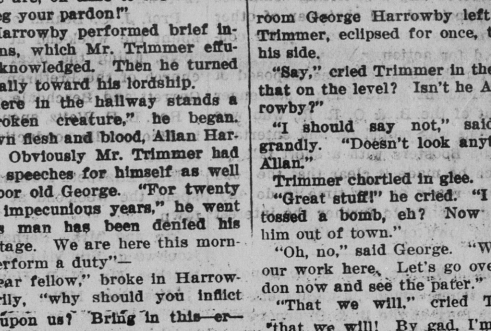
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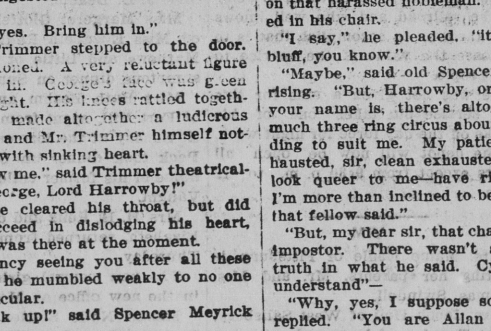
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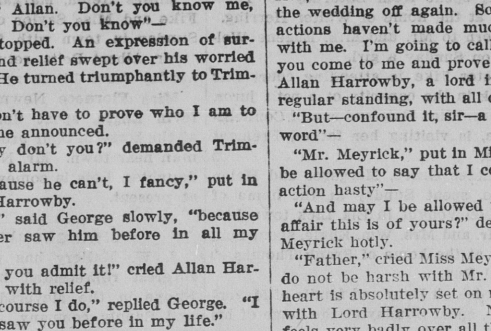
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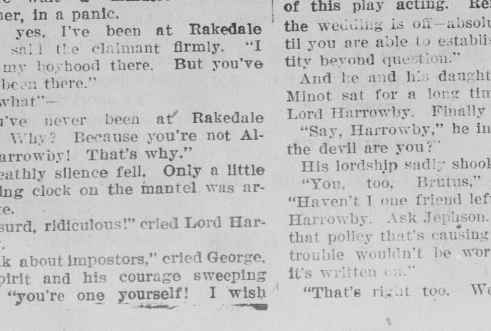
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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA (continued next week)