EARL DERR BIGGERS

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE

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the Manhattan club. May I count on

"Surely," Minot smiled. "Fil 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. Ja the plaza he met Cynthia. Meyrick, rival candidate to the morning in its slory.

ing in its glory.

"latrimony," she said, "is more trouble than it seems on a moonlit night under the paims. I've never been so busy in my life. By the way, two of my bridesmaids arrived from New York last night. Lovely girls, both of York last night. Lovely girls, both of them. But I forget!"

"Forget what? young heart is already en

"Your young near is already car anared, isn't it?"
"Yes," replied Minot fervently, "it
is, But no matter. Tell me about
your preparations for the wedding. I
should like to enjoy the thrill of it by

should like to enjoy the thrill of it by proxy."

"How like a man—wants all the thrill and none of the bother. It's dreadfully hard staging a wedding way down here a thousand miles from everything. But my gown came last night from Paris. Can you imagine the thrill of that?"

"Only faintly."

"How stupid being a man must be."

"And how glorious being a girl, with man only an afterthought even at wedding time."

"Poor Harrowby! He keeps in the

"Poor Harrowby! He keeps in the smelight fairly well, however." They walked along a moment in silence. "I've woodered," she said at length. "Why did you kidnap—Mr. Trimmer's "frend?"

"Because"—
"Yes?" eagerly.
Minot looked at her, and something
see in his throat to choke him.
"I can't tell you," he said. "It is the
sault of—the master of the show. I'm
sally the pawn, the baffied, raging, unhappy little pawn. That's all I can tell
you. You—you were speaking of your
wedding gown?"

"A present from Aunt Mary," she

"A present from Aunt Mary," she maswered, a strange tenderness in her tone. "For a good little girl who's eaught a lord."

eaught a lord."

"A charming little girl," said Minot softly. "May I say that?"

"Yes"—her brown eyes glowed—"I'm glad—to have yes—say it. I go in here. Goodby—Mr. Kidnaper." " CHAPTER XIII. Who's Who in England.

Who's Who in England.

HE remainder of the day passed lazily. Dick Minot feit lost indeed, for seemingly there were no more doughty deeds to be done in the name of Jephson. The Galety lady was gone: her letters were in the lands of the man who had written them. The claimant to the title languished among the alligators of Tarragona, a prisoner. Trimmer appeared to be baffled. Bri'csmaids arrived. The wedding gown appeared. It looked like smooth sailing now. Jack Paddock, met for a moment late the affernoon, announced sirily:

"By the way, the Duke and Duchess the way the Duke and Duchess the sailing now. The way the Duke and Duchess the way the Duke and Duchess the way the Duke and Duchess the sail the sai

the sausage lady and her captive. My word, you should see her! A wardrobe to draw tears of envy from a theatrical tar. Fifty costly necklaces—and only

"Tragic," smiled Minot.
"Funny thing has happened," Padsock whispered. "I met the duchess
noce abroad. She sent for me this
soon and almost bowled me over.
seems she's heard of Mrs. Bruce as
the wittlest woman in San Marco, and
the's jealous. 'You're a clever boy,'
says her ladyship to me. 'Coach me
mer. he's jealous. You're a clever boy, ays her ladyship to me. 'Coach me to so I can outshine Mrs, Bruce.'"
"Good heavens, Jack! You wouldn't

"Good neavens, Jack." You windle try to sell 'em both dialogue?"
"Why not? Play one against the other. Make 'em keener for my goods.
P've got a notion to clean up here guick and then go back to the real stuff. That little girl from the middle vest—I've forgot all about her, of course. But, speaking of cleaning up, I'm thinking of it, Dick, my boy. Yes, i believe I'll take them both on—secretly, of course. It means hard work

for me, but when one loves one's art no service seems too tough."

"You're hopeless," Minot groaned.
"Say not so," laughed Paddock and went away humming a frivolous tune.
The twenty-four hours that followed word hours, of anxiety for Minot. were hours of anxiety for Minot.
Lord Harrowby having lost money at
the gaming table borrowed Chain
Lightning's collar from Minot. and
tried in vain to get a loan on it from
Tom Stacy. Bill Huntley, a custom
house detective from New York, found
the necklace in Harrowby's pocket and
arrested him because the duty on the
necklace had not been paid. Spencer
Meyrick, in a rage, sought Harrowby.
"I've talked matters over with Cynthia. The marriage is off for good!"
he declared. "This is the last straw.
Good night and goodby!" of anxiety for Minot.

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."

"I know the governor has been financially embarrassed," Harrowby explained to Cynthia, "but I never suspected him of this."

Spencer Meyrick and Cynthia reluctantly agreed to let the wedding occur as scheduled. Immediately thereafter Mr. Trimmer announced that he had found the kidnaped George and brought him back with him. He demanded that Lord Harrowby see George.

"What's the matter with you?" Seated in the lobby of the De la Pax on Sunday morning, Mr. Trimmer turnon Sunday morning, Mr. Trimmer turned a disapproving eye upon the lank Englishman at his side as he made this query. And his question was not without good foundation, for the aspirant to the title of Lord Harrowby was at the moment a jelly quaking with fear.

"Express meeting you after all these

"Fawney meeting you after all these years," said poor old George in an un-

"ears," said poor old George in an uncertain treble.
"Come, come!" celed. Mr. Trimmer.
"Put a little no e authority into your
voice. You can't walk up and claim
your rights with your knees dancing
the tan, o. This, is the moment we've
been looking forward to. Act determined. Walk into that room upstairs
as though you were walking into Rakedale hall to take charge of it."
"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. You're expecting
the title and recognition that belong
to you. I wish I was the real Lord
Harrowby. I guess I'd show 'em a

to you. I wish I was the real Lord Harrowby. I guess I'd show 'em a thing or two."

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

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. Richard Minot uneastly paced the floor, avoiding as much as possible the sary to invite to witness the ordeal. Richard Minot uneasily paced the floor, lavelding as much as possible the glances of Miss Meyrick's brown eyes. Ten o'clock was upon him, and Mr. Minot was no nearer a plan of action than he had been the preceding night. Every good press agent is not without a live theatrical sense, and Mr. Trimmer was no exception. He left his treinbling chaimant in the entrance hall and strode into the room.

"Good morning," he said brightly. "Here we are, on time to the minute. Ahl 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. "Your own flesh and blood, Allan Harrowby." Obviously Mr. Trimmer had

"Your own flesh and blood, Allan Harrowby." Obviously Mr. Trimmer had prepared speeches for himself as well as for poor old George. "For twenty odd and impecunious years," he went on, "this man has been denied his just heritage. We are here this morning to perform a duty"—
"My dear fellow," broke in Harrowby wearily, "why should you inflict oratory upon us? Bring in this ergentleman."

gentleman."
"That I will," replied Trimmer heartiy. "And when you have heard his ly. "And when you have heard his story, digested his evidence, I am

"Yes, yes. Bring him in." Mr. Trimmer stepped to the door. He beckened. A ver, reluctant figure shuffed in. Coope's face was given with factor. His liness rattled togethwith creat. He knees attied together. He made alterather a ludierous picture and Mr. Trimmer himself not ed this with sinking heart.

"Allow me." said Trimmer theatrically. "George, Lord Harrowby!"
George cleared his throat, but did not succeed in dislodging his heart, which was there at the moment.

"Fawncy seeing you after all these years," he mumbled weakly to no one in particular.

"Speak up!" said Spencer Meyrick sharply.

"I don't have to prove who I am to

him," he announced.
"Why don't you?" demanded Trimmer in alarm.
"Because he can't, I fancy," put in

Lord Harrowby said George slowly, "because never saw him before in all my

"Ah, you admit it!" cried Allan Har-rowby with relief.
"Of course I do," replied George. "I never saw you before in my life."
"And you've never been at Rake-dale Hall, have you?" Lord Harrow-by demanded. by demanded.

"Here—wait a minute!" shouted Trimmer, in a panic.

"Oh. yes. I've been at Rakedale
Hall." sail the claimant firmly. "I
spent my hoyhood there. But you've

"I-what"-

"You've never been at Rakedale
Hall. Why? Because you're not Allan Harrowby! That's why."
A deathly silence fell. Only a little
traveling clock on the mantel was articulate.

Absurd, ridiculous!" cried Lord Harrowby.

"Talk about impostors," cried George, his spirit and his courage sweeping back, "you're one yourself! I wish

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. I guess I know the Harrowby features. I give you twenty-four hours to get out of town, you blooming fraud."

"The man's crazy," Allan Harrowby good. "Payrbu, and the san time."

cried. "Raving mad. He's an postor. This is a trick of his." He looked helplessly around the circle. In every face he saw doubt, questioning. "Good heavens, you're not going to listen to him? He's come here to prove that he's George Harrowby. Why doesn't he do it?"

doesn't he do it?"
"I'll' do it." said George sweetly,
"when I meet a real Harrowby. In the
meantime I give you twenty-four hours
to get out of town. You'd better go."

to get out of town. You'd better go."
Victorious, George turned toward the
door. Trimmer, lost between admiration and doubt, turned also.
"Take my advice," George proclaimed. "Make him prove who he is. That
is the important point now. What
does it matter to you who I am?
Nothing. But it matters a lot about
him. Make him prove that he's Allan
Harrowby."

Harrowby."

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

"I should say not," said George grandly. "Doesn't look anything like

Allan. Trimmer chortled in glee.
"Great stuff!" he cried. "I guess we cossed a bomb, eh? Now we'll run

him out of town

him out of town."

"Oh, no," said George. "We've done
our work here. Let's go over to London now and see the parer."

"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. He fidget-

on that harassed nobleman. He fidgeted in his chair.

"I say," he pleaded. "it's all his bluff, you know."

"Maybe," said old Spencer Meyrick, rising. "But, Harrowby, or whatever your name is, there's altogether too much three ring circus about this wedding to suit me. My patience is exhausted, sir, clean exhausted. Things look queer to me—have right along. I'm more than inclined to believe what that fellow said." that fellow said."

that fellow said."
"But, my dear sir, that chap is a rank impostor. There wasn't a word of truth in what he said. Cynthia, you

"Why, yes, I suppose so," the girl replied. "You are Allan Harrowby, aren't you?"

"My dear girl, of course I am." "Nevertheless," said Spencer Mey-rick, with decision, "I'm going to call the wedding off again. Some of your actions haven't made much of a hit with me. I'm going to call it off until you come to me and prove that you're Allan Harrowby, a lord in good and regular standing, with all dues paid." "But—confound it, sir—a gentleman's

"Mr. Meyrick." put in Minot, "may I wed to say that I consider your

action hasty"—
"And may I be allowed to ask what
affair this is of yours?" demanded Mr.

affair this is of yours?" demanded Mr. Meyrick hotly.
"Father," cried Miss Meyrick, "please do not be harsh with Mr. Minot. His heart is absolutely set on my marriage with Lord Harrowby. Naturally he feels very badly over all this."
Minot winced.
"Come. Cynthia," said Meyrick, moving toward the door. "I've had enough of this play acting. Remember, sir, the weighing is off—absolutely off—un-

the wedding is off-absolutely off-until you are able to establish your iden-

til you are able to establish your rate.

tity bevond question."

And he and his daughter went out.
Minot sat for a long time staring at Lord Harrowby. Finally he spoke.

"Say, Harrowby." he inquired, "who the devil are you?"

His lordship sadly shook his head.

"You, too, Brutus," he sighed.
"Haven't I one friend left? I'm Allan Harrowby. Ask Jephson. If I weren't that policy that's causing you so much trouble wouldn't be worth the paper it's written on."

"Wou have no right to ask that," she replied.

"Forgive me. Indeed I haven't. But I was moved to ask if for the reason that—what George said was evidently true. Allan Harrowby left suddenly for the north an hour ago."

The girl stood still, looking with wide eyes out over the sea.

"Left—for the north," she repeated.

There was a long silence. At length she turned to Minot, a queer light in her eyes. "Of course you'll go after

you're Harrowby, how are you going to

"I've an idea," Harrowby replied.
"Everything comes to him who waits.
What is it?"

"A very good friend of mine—an old Oxford friend—is attached to our em-bassy at Washington. He was plan-



"Remember, sir, the wedding is off absolutely off."

ning to come down for the wedding. I'll telegraph him to board the next "Good boy!" said Minot. "That's

regular idea. Better send the wire at Harrowby promised, and they parted.

Harrowby promised, and they parted. Shortly after 6 o'clock a delayed telegram was delivered to Mr. Minot. It was from Mr. Thacker, and it read: "Have located the owner of the yacht Lileth (its real name the Lady Evelyn), stolen from owner in North river. He is on his way south. Will look you up on arrival."

minot whistled. Here was a new twist for the drama to take. At about the same time Minot received his message a similar silp of yellow paper was put into the hands of Lord Harrowby. Three times he read it, his eyes staring, his cheeks flushed. Then he fled to his rooms. The elevator was not quick enough; he sped up the stairs. Once in his suit, he dragged out the nearest traveling bag and be gan to pack like a madman.

Mr. Minot was finishing a leisurely and lonely dinner about an hour later when Jack Paddock ran up to his table. Mr. Paddock's usual calm was sadly ruffled.

ruffied.
"Dick," he cried, "here's news for you. I met Lord Harrowby sliding out a side door with a suit case just now."
Minot leaped to his feet.
"What does that mean?" he wondered aloud.

"Mean?" answered Mr. Paddock. "It means just one thing. Old George had the right dope. Harrowby is a fake. He's making his getaway."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Shortest Way Home.

INOT stood amid the colorful blooms of the hotel courtvand and looked up with the colorful with the color of the hotel courtvand with the color of the hotel courtvand with the color of the blooms of the hotel courtyard and looked up at her window, with its white curtain waving gently. He called softly. And then he saw her face peering out as some senorita of the old days from her lattice.

senorita of the old days from her inttice.

"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. Minot met her on the veranda.
She smiled into his eyes inquiringly.

"Do you mind—a little walk?" he
saked.

asked. "Where to?"

"Where to?"

"Say to the fort—the longest way."
She glanced back toward the hotel.

"I'm not sure that I ought"—
"But that will only make it the more exciting. Please! And I've news—real news."

The gray fort loomed in the moonlight like a historical novelist's dream. Its huge ironbound doors were locked for the night; its custodian home in the become of his family. Only its lower. bosom of his family. Only its lower ramparts were left for the feet of ro-mantic youth to tread.

Along these ramparts, close to the shimmering sea, Miss Meyrick and

Minot walked. Truth to tell, it was not so very difficult to keep one's foot-ing—but once the girl was forced to hold out an appealing hand. "French heels are treacherous," she

explained. Minot took her hand, and for the first time knew the thrill that, encountered often on the printed page,

countered often on the printed page, he had mentally classed as "rubbish!" Wisely she interrupted it:
"You said you had news?"
He had, but it was not so easy to impart as he had expected.
"Tell me," he said, "if it should turn out that what poor old George said this morning was a fact—that Allan Harrowby was an imposter—would

Harrowby was an imposter you feel so very badly?"

him and 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. If you think I did them because I didn't love you—you're wrong too. Oh, I"-

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. And every time since that I've seen you I've known that I'd come to care more"—

"Weren't you overly chivalrous to a ival? Wouldn't what—what you are aying be more convincing if you had emained neutral?"

"I know. I can't explain it to you now. It's all over, anyway. It was horrible while it lasted, but it's over now. It's all over, anyway. It's over now. It's all over, anyway. It's over now. I'm never going to work again for your marriage to anybody—except one man. The man who is standing before you, who loves you—loves you"—"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—hadi'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

"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 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'lemun to see you," the boy ex-plained. He led the way back into the lobby and up to a tall athletic looking man with a ruddy, frank, attractive

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 fook you up at once. Let's adjourn to the srill room. I'm the owner of the yacht in the harbor, which somebody has rechristened the Lileth."

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

"So I learned from Thacker. Nervy lad, this Wall. I live in Ohicago my-

"So I fearned from Thacker. Nervy add, 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 strenger leaned across the table. "In the meantime." he said. "I happer to be interested in another matter when the first the table, about George Har-

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 ex-

pert named Trimmer."

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

"This morning George Harrowby, so called, confronted Alian Harrowby and

called, confronted Alian Harrowby and denounced Alian 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. Alian Harrowby cleared out this evening."
"Yes. So I was told by the clerk in there. Do you happen to know—er—Alian?"

"Yes. Very well indeed."
"But you don't know the reason he

'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."

Chicago, and my names decoger rowby."

"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 Har-rowby?"

"That's what I mean—take it slowly, "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. "Til bring them in. But—but"—
"What is 15 2"

"Oh, never reind. I believe you."
Transer and his proposition still adorned the lobby, puffed with pride and pompousness. 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 limit English.

denly 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 chilblains." "What's the trouble?" Mr. Trimmer

"Mar's the trouble and the same 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

"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 furned 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.

in a chair.
"I thought you was dead, sir," he "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 awhat'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 cringing 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." Trim-

"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 Loo

you mean to say you didn't know Jen-kins here was falting?"
"Of course ) didn't," said Trimmer. He say down on the e treme edge of a chair, as one who proposed to rise soon. "All this has got me going. I never went round in royal circles be-

never went round in royal circles be-fore, and I'm diray. 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

"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 south-

ern 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."

"A Rotten Bad Fit."

INOT rose early on Monday morning and went for a walk along the beach. He had awakened to black despair, but the sun and the matutinal 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 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 that the free to—

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

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

White mass the rock. List'essly Minoten and the state of the landing of the same and the same case.

advice you got in the morning cleared out for good."

"Well, hardly." Harrowby repli "Come up to the room, old man. I'll (continued next week)

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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