



Cherub Devine

By
SEWELL FORD

Copyright, 1909, by Mitchell Kennerley

Here is a fascinating latter day romance, written in the vein and style that have won fame for Sewell Ford. "Cherub Devine is an inspiration in his refreshing outlook on life and people, and after a meteoric Wall street career and a season of recreation among the effervescent ladies of the stage he meets the charming Countess Vecchi. This sweet young American girl, victim of the execrable "international marriage" system, resolves that it is her duty to reform the Cherub, and the outcome provides a narrative seldom equaled in its fanciful humor, illuminating character delineation and tender sentiment.

CHAPTER I.

THOSE who doubt that fate now and then indulges in irony should have observed the manner in which Hewington Acres came into the possession of "Cherub" Devine.

Bulkins, the real estate agent who made the sale, attributes the whole credit of the transaction to his own shrewdness. But, then, Bulkins is one of those persons who would cheerfully call upon the entire universe to prove that he (Bulkins) was favored above all other men in that respect. Does the sun shine? Bulkins knew it would and for his profit. There comes a storm. Bulkins appropriates it, wrings a percentage therefrom and winks confidently at the solar system whose operations are conducted for his especial and particular benefit.

"I can sell anything, anywhere," this was Bulkins' philosophy. His religion, his declaration of faith in himself.

And of course Bulkins knew the habits and ways of Cherub Devine. Every one knew them. Any one—the man in the street, the clerk behind the counter, the very newsboy at the curb—could tell you all about Cherub, give you his entire history, from the time he started his career as office boy for a Chicago stockbroker until he evolved into the many millioned speculator whose audacious methods were at that moment stirring things up in Wall street. Each and every one could have told you exactly the kind of man he was and missed the mark widely, for such men are not so easily estimated.

Perhaps it was this, visible in his wide set blue eyes, with the flashes of light behind; perhaps it was only the pink chubbiness of his cleanly shaven face, which earned him the name of Cherub, a designation applied impartially by pert messenger boys, irreverent brokers and staid heads of great corporations. He had been christened otherwise, of course, and possibly Cherub was inappropriate when you consider all that he was or seemed to be, but the designation was universally accepted, as you know.

Just where he might be expected to be found Bulkins had run across him, seated comfortably in a leather covered, wide armed office chair at an open window which looked out across Broad street toward the more or less ornate front of the New York Stock Exchange.

The time was a little past noon of an August Saturday. Therefore the stream of men was setting outward between the great pillars. The curb was lined with hansom and autos, and into these climbed brokers variously attired, variously burdened. Here came one in blue serge wearing a yachting cap, there two who swung golf bags in their hands. Others were followed by boys carrying kit bags.

"Hello, Cherub! They got after you today, eh? Planning how to get even, are you?"

Mr. Devine showed no resentment.

"Maybe I was," said he.

Bulkins snorted out a mirthless laugh.

"Good! Sic 'em, my boy! That's what I'd do. When they think they've got me beat worst I bob up and go at 'em hardest. But, say, you ought to take a rest once in awhile. Does a man good. You ought"—He grinned broadly. "Oh, I say, Cherub," dropping his tone, "I've got just the thing you ought to have—a country place."

"Yes?" Mr. Devine acknowledged the joke by flicking half an inch of cigar ash on the window ledge.

"You bet!" Bulkins was smoothing Cherub's coat sleeve. "It's Hewington Acres—up on the sound—gilt edged suburban property, and going dirt cheap on foreclosure. You know about the Hewingtons; swell family, but gone all to smash financially. Now, there's twenty acres of park along the water, nice little forty room cottage—"

"Only forty?"

"With stables, lodge house, gardeners' shack and the like. It's fully furnished and goes as it stands, even to the servants if you want them. Just

the place for a family man like you." And Bulkins snorted a fresh appreciation of his own humor, winking roguishly at an astonished broker's clerk who happened to be passing.

Mr. Devine seemed to have missed the joke.

"How much?" he asked, his gaze still fixed on the stone steps opposite.

"Receivers would take \$90,000, but it's worth double. That's as sure as I'm standing here. I tell you, Cherub, that property—"

"I'll take it," said the Cherub.

"Eh? Bulkins' pendulous under lip was sagging away from his yellow teeth.

"I said I'd take it at sixty. What do you want to bid the bargain—ten thousand? Fifteen? Well, call it fifteen." And before that under lip of Bulkins' had stiffened he was holding Cherub's check in his hands.

Observed Bulkins afterward when he had mentally added his commission to his bank account and recovered from his surprise: "Now, some men would have been six months turning over a property like that, but me, I unload it on the first sucker I meet, though what in thunder Devine wants of a place like Hewington Acres is more 'n I can see!"

Apparently Cherub had no immediate use for it since he allowed three weeks to elapse without referring to the transaction, except to toss the deed over to a clerk and tell him to have it recorded. He seemed to forget all about it until one Friday afternoon when he found himself with a "closing" Saturday, a Sunday and an ensuing Monday holiday on his hands.

"Better come with me for a run into the Berkshires, Cherub, and help me try out my new machine," urged Willston, one of the "Chicago crowd," whose hobby was buying another and more expensive touring car every month or so.

"Thanks, but I guess I'm about due out at my place on the sound."

"Wha-s-at! You don't mean to say you've set up a country establishment?" And Willston gave him an incredulous look.

"Didn't have to—bought it all standing. Haven't seen it yet. It's out—well, say, blamed if I know just where it is. Boy, ring up Bulkins, real estate!"

Having summoned Bulkins to the other end of the wire, Mr. Devine proceeded to ask enlightenment.

"That you, Bulkins? Well, this is Devine. Say, what's the name of that place you sold me? Eh? Hewington Acres? Oh, Hewington! Good! And where is it? Yes, where? No. How

should I know? Ah, that's it, is it? Guess I can remember. But how do you get there? Sure, Thirty-fourth street ferry. Thanks. So long."

And ten minutes later Mr. Devine had started on his voyage of discovery into the fashionable wilds of Long Island, bent on inspecting the first piece of real estate which he had ever owned, the first tangible fruits of his newly acquired millions.

Owing to the foresight of Bulkins, who had sent a warning telegram in advance, Mr. Devine was met at the station by one Timmins, who singled him out with unerring promptness, introducing himself as caretaker and general superintendent of Hewington Acres, and waved him obsequiously toward a yellow wheeled park trap drawn by a pair of glossy cobs.

"Whose team?" Mr. Devine was asking.

"Yours, sir."

"All right. Let 'er go."

No one will ever know just how much Cherub Devine enjoyed that ride or the sensation he experienced when they tumbled in through the big

store gateposts and Timmins remarked cheerfully, "Here we are, sir." At the last curve of the driveway the trees seemed suddenly to open, and there sprang into view the low roofed, many windowed, much averaged "cottage," with its porte-cochere, servants' annex, glass roofed conservatories and deep verandas.

"Show you through the house first, sir?" suggested Timmins.

"Might as well."

Mr. Devine was lighting a black cigar. This accomplished, he followed Timmins into the darkened vista of hall and through the large rooms. As Bulkins had assured him, the place was fully furnished. There were chairs, tables, rugs, books, pictures, even freshly cut flowers in the vases.

"Upstairs now, sir?"

"Oh, I guess the upstairs 'll keep. Let's have a look at the stable."

Inside of half an hour the Cherub was smoking lonesomely on the front veranda, trying to summon a sense of ownership which it seemed to him impossible that he could ever achieve.

Usually a man much given to silence, even among his intimates, Mr. Devine now felt that he wanted to talk. The stillness was oppressive. So this was what it was like to own a country place, was it?

"Fine thing, the country," soliloquized Mr. Devine. "I could spend just about a week here—and then die of it."

He walked into the library. As he did so he heard a muffled exclamation and caught a glimpse of a skirt whisking through a door. An easy chair pulled up before an open bookcase caught his eye.

"Hello! I wonder who that was?" He put a push button on the jamb. He put his thumb on it and waited.

"Did you ring, sir?" asked a sepulchral voice behind him.

Mr. Devine jumped and turned to see a solemn faced butler.

"Who else would ring if I didn't?" demanded the Cherub.

"No one, sir."

"Sure about that, are you?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Well, I'm not. Some one just skipped out of this room as I came in. Who was it?"

"Likely one of the maids, sir."

"Do the maids have the run of the bookcase, eh? She was sitting here."

"Might have been the 'ousekeeper, sir—Mrs. Timmins, sir."

"She's a tender, is she? Well, tell her not to be so skittish next time. It gives me the fidgets."

The man had retreated as silently and abruptly as he had come.

"Wonder if they're all that kind," commented the Cherub. "Guess I'll have to hang sleighbells on 'em if I want to dodge a case of nerves."

Dropping into the easy chair, he began reading the titles on the backs of the volumes before him. So all these books were his, were they? Well, that was odd. Some day he might want to do a little reading. He had always meant to, but—

Something white on the floor between the chair and the wall caught his eye. He stooped and picked up a handkerchief. It was a dainty affair, mostly lace, and there was an initial in the corner, an embroidered V with some sort of a little pointed crown above it.

"H-m-m!" said the Cherub. "V can't stand for Timmins."

Having made this subtle deduction, he pocketed the handkerchief and started to look for the factotum who was caretaker and superintendent and whose wife was the housekeeper.

"Timmins," said Mr. Devine, "what sized force are we carrying?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but"—Timmins caught himself abruptly. "Oh, you mean how many in help? Only five now, sir, outside of me and Mrs. Timmins."

"Five, eh—and two are seven? Let's see the payroll, will you?"

Timmins produced an account book in which were entered names, dates and amounts. Mr. Devine glanced hastily through the list.

"None of 'em seem to have a V in their names," suggested the Cherub.

"A V, sir?" Timmins' blank look was wholly convincing.

"Maybe you never heard of any one whose name began with a V, Timmins?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There was the Venables, sir, as used to visit here, and Volkenberg, who was one of the gardeners."

"That all?"

"There might be others, sir, if I could lay my tongue to it—"

"Don't strain your memory, Timmins. It doesn't matter."

Yet when he had returned to the veranda to resume his contemplation of the vividly green lawn, over which the tree shadows were now lengthening, he could not rid himself of the notion that somewhere about this big house, of which he was trying to convince himself that he was the owner, was a person who had not thus far been accounted for. Moreover, the person was a woman. Mr. Devine moved uneasily in his chair.

Mr. Devine indulged in a chuckle at his own expense when he found himself seated alone in the big dining room, a single plate laid at the big round table and the candlelight barely suggesting the dim corners and the cavernous fireplace. It was with a sense of relief that he saw the butler emerge from the gloom.

"Let's see, what's your name?" he asked of this personage.

"Eppings, sir. Soup, sir?" Both reply and question were dismal, sepulchral in tone.

"Yes, I'll have some soup. Grandmother dead, is she?"

"Beg pardon, sir." Eppings paused, with his hand on the tureen cover.

"Grandmother dead?" repeated Mr. Devine.

"She is, sir."

"Thought so, Miss is vex. But cheer up, You'll get over it." "Most extraordinary man, the new master," reported Eppings in the servants' quarters. "Thinks I'm mourning for my grandmother when, bless me, the old lady's dead and gone those twenty years."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HENRY CLAY.

Head of Philadelphia Police Force Has His Hands Full With Strike.



REFUSES TO SUBMIT PROOFS.

That is Peary's Answer to the House Naval Subcommittee.

Washington, March 8.—Civil Engineer Peary refuses to submit to the house committee on naval affairs his proofs that he reached the north pole. He says he is all tied up with magazine contracts and cannot take a chance of being sued by publishers for permitting his data to become public property prior to its publication in their magazines.

Representative Alexander of New York, who has been urging the committee to recommend the explorer's retirement with the rank of senior rear admiral of the line of the navy, made the following statement for Peary to the subcommittee of the house naval committee:

"Commander Peary and his friends say that contracts signed months ago with his publishers render it impossible to make his records and scientific data public now. It would not only subject Peary to heavy damages, a loss he cannot meet, having just expropriated himself from a debt incurred in connection with his various expeditions, but it would be breaking faith with his publishers, which he is unwilling to do under any circumstances."

Representatives J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania and Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama, who are members of the naval committee, spoke in favor of immediate action looking to Peary's elevation and retirement in the line of the navy. They insisted that inasmuch as the National Geographic society had determined officially that Peary reached the pole it was unnecessary for the naval committee or congress to go further in the matter by demanding first hand review of the proofs.

Representative Macon of Arkansas objected, and action was deferred.

COST OF LIVING INQUIRY.

Senate Committee Hears Testimony of Retail Meat Dealers.

Washington, March 8.—The senate committee on the high cost of living met today to hear the testimony of retail meat dealers from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington with reference to increased prices.

The witnesses were selected from those who sell fancy cuts as well as from those who handle the cheaper qualities of meats. It is the purpose of the committee to begin with the retailer, who sells direct to the consumers, and follow the prices of meat products to the wholesalers, the packer and the farmer.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Closing Stock Quotations.

Money on call today was 2 1/2 per cent; time money and mercantile paper unchanged in rates. Closing stock quotations on the New York exchange March 7 were:

Amal. Copper..... 83 1/2	Norfolk & West..... 102 1/2
Atchafson..... 118	Northwestern..... 158 1/2
B. & O..... 113 1/2	Penn. R. R..... 137
Brooklyn R. T..... 72 1/2	Reading..... 170 1/2
Ches. & Ohio..... 87 1/2	Rock Island..... 51 1/2
C. C. & St. L..... 82	St. Paul..... 147 1/2
D. & H..... 17 1/2	Southern Pac..... 129 1/2
Erie..... 32 1/2	Southern Ry..... 30 1/2
Gen. Electric..... 155 1/2	South Ry. pf..... 68
Ill. Central..... 165 1/2	Sugar..... 120 1/2
Int.-Met..... 32 1/2	Texas Pacific..... 31 1/2
Louis. & Nash..... 150	Union Pacific..... 150 1/2
Manhattan..... 128 1/2	U. S. Steel..... 88 1/2
Missouri Pac..... 78 1/2	U. S. Steel pf..... 122
N. Y. Central..... 122 1/2	West. Union..... 78

CIRCULATE -:- \$ THAT GOOD OLD \$ At Home. Don't Send It Away to the Mail Order Man.

Saturday Night Talks

By Rev. F. E. DAVISON Rutland, Vt.

THE KING OF THE NATURAL WORLD.

International Bible Lesson for Mar. 13, '10.—(Matt. 8:23-34).

He who bears kingly credentials must not only have power to conquer the hearts and the bodies of men. He must be the master of life's environment as well. Christ must prove His divinity by His power over the forces of nature. And this He did in the marvellous story of this lesson. The stilling of a tempest on the Sea of Galilee.

Tempest on the Sea.

Crossing that land-locked, mountain-guarded body of water with His disciples in an open boat, one of the sudden storms for which that sea is famous swept down through the mountain gorges upon them, and the little boat was almost covered with the waves. The disciples were old fishermen, brought up on the shores of that sea, getting their living for years out of its crystal depths, rocked on its bosom often by tempestuous winds, not easily frightened at the howling of a gale. But this time they struck a tempest such as they had never encountered and they were afraid the boat would go to pieces in the squall. They did their utmost to keep her afloat, but when they became convinced that they could not weather the gale they suddenly remembered that they carried the King, and they cried out to Him for help.

Master of Neptune.

Worn out with the day's labors Christ was fast asleep. His human nature no more disturbed than a child by the rocking of a cradle. But at the first cry of alarm, the Master arose. First, He quiets the tempest in the disciples' hearts, rebuking their unbelief and calming their fears, then He stills the storm without, rebuking the winds and the sea, "and there was a great calm." It was all done without effort, naturally, calmly, as a God. It reads like the story of creation. Here is one among men who wears the crown of kingly authority over the forces of nature. No wonder the astonished disciples exclaimed, "What manner of man is this that even the winds and the sea obey Him?" So wonder that John writing long after of this wondering being, said, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God. All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made." He who in the beginning had let slip the winds of heaven out of His fingers could easily drive them back into their caverns. He out of whose palm had dropped all the rivers, and all the seas, and all the oceans had only to speak the word of command and the bolterous waves crouched at His feet in humble submission.

Ruler of the Invisible.

But visible nature is not man's only environment. There is an unseen universe besides to which man is more or less subject. We are all conscious of an invisible world, surrounding us on all sides, mysterious, incomprehensible, yet exerting an influence over us which we cannot escape. We are just as much moved upon by that world as we are by this. This world affects our physical nature, that world affects our moral nature and we cannot escape it. Whatever may be meant by demonic possession, the old-fashioned statement that some people are possessed of the devil embodies a great truth. There are storms in the spiritual world, more to be dreaded than electrical storms in the material world, more terrible by far than any cyclone that ever raged over a western prairie town. But the King of men is Master even here.

Demons Own His Power.

The disciples had no sooner escaped the peril of one storm than they came up against another in the person of two demons—men who were under the power of an awful brain storm. These men were set free from their peril and suffering by a word of power, the demons which possessed them being hurled into the deep by the fiat of the King. Mysterious? Yes. Incomprehensible? Possibly. But the fact remains that when men ask for the credentials of Him who comes claiming to be the King of all Kingdoms, this Christ of the New Testament can produce them. His word is power. His look is authority. His attraction is universal. He is in world, but not of it. Great nature, which is the master of ordinary men, recognizes His authority, "the wind and the sea obey Him," and "the Prince of the Power of the Air," and all his legions, ground the weapons of their rebellion at His feet, and retreat in abject terror to their subterranean abodes.

Therefore, whenever the King of the invisible world came in contact with the powers of darkness, one look, one word of command from Him was all that was necessary to evict the demon that had camped upon the territory of the human body. The powers of darkness recognized His authority and retreated before His kingly presence.

Tracing Underground Water.

A rational device for finding underground currents of water has been invented by a Frenchman named Dienert. It was suggested by the instrument known as Latham's acoustic—a device for the analysis of sounds, looking somewhat like a megaphone. To use it a hole about a foot deep is sunk in the earth and the large end of the horn is placed in it, tubes attached to the small end being inserted in the ears. If there is underground running water anywhere in the vicinity it may be heard plainly, the sound resembling that of the wind in a forest. Still water, of course, cannot be detected. Experiments with this instrument near known subterranean streams have succeeded well, but it does not appear that it has ever discovered any hitherto unsuspected stream. There seems to be no reason, however, why it should not be so used.

Becoming Pickers.

The treasury department reports an increased demand for one-dollar bills. Are we turning pickers?—Buffalo Express.

Are You One of the Always Tired Kind?

Why are you more tired in the morning than when you retired? Why are you unequal to further exertion after your dinner? You are quite played out. The truth is you habitually overload your stomach. Your liver is congested and your bowels clogged with foul refuse. "What shall I do?" you say. Why, take Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills for just one week. Take one or two each night when you retire. They will make you feel better all day long and in a week's time your tired, despondent, blue condition will have vanished. As an after-dinner pill nothing can take the place of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, for they possess not only the antiseptic and resolvent properties of pineapple, but also the laxative and tonic properties of butternut. They improve digestion, assimilation and nutrition, and stimulate a torpid liver or a sluggish condition of the bowels. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills.

To Cure Constipation Biliousness and Sick Headache in a Night, use



SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys BUCHU LITHIA KIDNEY PILLS

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, on the 10th day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock, under the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1874, and its supplements, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called The White Mills Woodmen Association, the character and object of which are for lodge purposes and for social enjoyment, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto.

C. A. GARRATT, Solicitor.

Railway Mail Clerks Wanted.

The Government Pays Railway Mail Clerks \$800 to \$1,200, and other employees up to \$2,500 annually.

Uncle Sam will hold spring examinations throughout the country for Railway Mail Clerks, Custom House Clerks, Stenographers, Bookkeepers, Departmental Clerks and other Government Positions. Thousands of appointments will be made. Any man or woman over 18, in City or Country can get instruction and free information by writing at once to the Bureau of Instruction, 565 Hamlin Building, Rochester, N. Y. 103011y

Through Drawing-Room Buffet Sleeping Car BETWEEN SCRANTON and PITTSBURG

via Penna. R. R. from Wilkes-Barre

Leave Scranton at 5:30 P. M. daily except Sun. arrive Pittsburg 7 A. M.

Leave Pittsburg at 8:50 P. M. daily except Sat. ar. Scranton 9:59 A. M.

Berth reservations can be made through Ticket Agents, or

GEO. E. BATES, Div. Frt. and Pass. Agt. Scranton, Pa. 15c120