Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER III.

S to the matter of raiment, Mr. Cherub Devine was fastidi ous in but one particular. He was fond of fancy waist-His fastidiousness began and ended with waistcoats. His trousers and coats were invariably of the same cloth and cut, summer and winter, year in and year out. His waistcoats betrayed a catholic taste for color and variety. Whenever he felt like indulging himself or celebrating a victory or forgetting a defeat he went out and bought a new walstcoat.

As he was "traveling light," he had brought to Hewington Acres a bare half dozen of them, and of these he had narrowed the choice to two-one a creation of tobacco brown silk with red dots In it, the other a white pique with buttons of smoked pearl. Which should be wear for a Sunday morning stroll in the garden? In the end he tossed a quarter. The brown silk won, much to his satisfaction, for he had a newborn suspicion that the white one made his waist line appear more rotund than it really was.

Still, he was in the garden at 9 o'clock. Probably it was mere curiosity that led the Cherub to pace up and down the trimly kept walks for a long half hour. He was about to give up the vigil and leave when he caught sight of the countess peering from behind one of the stone gateposts.

Making a pretense of not having seen her, Mr. Devine sauntered by to the gate and seemed surprised when he this morning she was in gray, with something white at her throat. He even remembered that last night she had worn black.

"You must not misunderstand my coming here," she began hurriedly. "It assent. was very wrong of me to think of such a thing. I came only to tell you so." "Anything new about me in the Sun-

day papers?" "No, but papa was talking about you again last night, and he"-

"Oh, that's the trouble! He got out his scrap book. Which chapter of my many wickednesses furnished the text

"He read to me about that French

"La Belle Savey?"

"Yes; the one to whom you gave the diamond tiara which was stolen." "Oh, yes. That was Kittie's birthday present. Nice little thing, Kittle.

Her real name is O'Neill, you know." The countess was retreating up the path, but she still kept her brown eyes fixed on Mr. Devine. There was a curious, apprehensive look in them such as a small boy bestows on a cannon cracker to which he has touched

"Yes, I ought to go directly back." Pint thought we were to have a talk and that you were going to give me some pointers on breaking into good society. You're not going to quit like this, are you?"

The countess shook her head. "I was mistaken. It was very silly of me to make such a promise. But I-1- Oh, can't you see? I ought not to be here talking to you at all."

"Well, why not? What's the particular matter with me, anyway?" "It's only-only that"- The countess glanced about in desperation.

"Well, I will ask you. Do you consider yourself a-a gentleman?" For a moment Mr. Devine stared at her speechless. He had in isted on

knowing, and now that he had her answer he was too much astonished to frame a reply. He had expected nothing of this kied. The question opened



"ADELE, WHO IS THIS?" HE DEMANDED.

up before him a wholly unexplored field. In all his career he had never before been confronted with such a

Here was something new. Did he consider himself a gentleman?

"Now that you mention it," he said, "I don't remember that I have ever been accused of being a perfect gentleman. But what is a gentleman? What's your idea of one?"

"Why-why"- The Countess Vecchi besitated. "Why, a gentleman is a man of honor, one who has regard for

the rights and feelings and sensiburnes of others."

"What about his bank account?

Doesn't that cut any ice?" "No," said the countess slowly, a hint of regret in her tone. "A gentleman may be poor. For instance, my father is no longer wealt'y, he does not attend church, he shuns social life. but he is honorable, he is thoughtful of others, so he is a gentleman."

"And I'm not, eh?" "Oh, no, no! I did not mean to say that. I couldn't say it. I-I do not know you well enough. I merely asked you to decide for yourself."

The countess bit her lip from vexation. She was cornered and knew it. But was she beaten? Did you ever see a woman defeated by mere logic?

"That's unfair." she replied reproachfully. "You know I haven't said any thing of the kind. All I did say was that I ought to go back, and I must."

"Then I suppose I'll just have to keep right on going to the dogs," observed the Cherub dolefully. "I didn't know I was quite such a hopeless case.

"Oh, it isn't that; it isn't that?" protested the countess.

"Must be," declared the Cherub. "If It wasn't you wouldn't run away like this. Why, I'm so had that you won't talk to me. I don't suppose that you'd even shake hands with any one so wicked."

It may have been merely impulse, perhaps it was the pathetic spectacle of the Cherub's injured feelings-tears showed suddenly in the brown eyes of the countess.

"Oh, you mustn't feel that way-you mustn't," she pleaded, "Of course I will. There!" Impulsively she extended both hands to him. Rather awkwardly Mr. Devine took them in Then he did not know what to do next, whether to let go or to hold

He had not fully decided when a tall, gray haired man of stern face and dignified bearing appeared behind them. He seemed very much aston-Ished at the scene.

"Adele, who is this?" he demanded. "This, father, is Mr. Devine." It was finely done-no hesitancy, no found her before him. He noted that | trembling of voice, no wavering of the

> "Not the-the"-"Yes, the Cherub. Isn't it, Mr. De-

vine?" Mr. Devine nodded a good natured

"But. Adele, this is entirely unexpected. I had no idea that you were acquainted with this-er-Mr. Devine." "I have only been telling him that I should not see him again during his

"Ah! Quite proper. I am sure that Mr. Devine does not expect it. Good day, sir. Come, Adele."

Dutifully the countess followed her

father out of the garden. The ash on Mr. Devine's cigar, however, was not an eighth of an luch jonger before he was surprised to see Mr. Hewington reappear before him. The Hewingtons, it seemed, were addicted to postscripts.

"Wonder if he's come back with a stick," reflected the Cherub.

But Mr. Hewington's manner was not openly hostile,

"It has just occurred to me, Mr. Devine," he began, "that you might fancy our attitude somewhat discourteous. If so you are in error. We are merely maintaining under rather awkward conditions our customary reserve. Do you follow me, sir?"

"I get a glimmer now and then." complacently rejoined the Cherub "You mean that you're not mixers."

Mr. Hewington smiled coldly at the metaphor. "Society is apt to make distinctions," he continued. "Perhaps you do not know that our family has been prominent since colonial times. My great-aunt married a son of the Marquis de Lafayette."

"Never met the gentleman," commented the Chernh. "Probably not. He came to Au eri a

in 1815,"

"So? Then he got here before I did." Mr. Hewington ignored this remark "This estate, Mr. Devine, was part of the original grant. In my father's time it extended for fifteen miles along the sound. The old mansion, which stood for nearly a century, was hon ored by the presence of such men as Daniel Webster, President Tyler and others. Charles Dickens was a guest here during his tour of this country In the present house the late Mrs Hewington and myself have welcomed many distinguished personages. Then, as you know, my daughter is the Countess Vecchi, allied by marriage to one of the noblest families of Lombardy." "Seems to be I heard something

about that." "Possibly, possibly." Mr. Hewington

waved his eyeglasses impatiently. "I am telling you these things, Mr. Devine, that you may have a better understanding of our attitude. Since the death of the count she has lived in seclusion. She has almost entirely withdrawn from society." Mr. Devine looked keenly at the old

gentleman. "I see," he observed. 'Kind of flocks by herself. Well, I've no objection. I didn't come up here especially to get acquainted with you folks, you know. In fact, you and the countess were rather sprung on me as a surprise."

Mr. Hewington might have been seen to shudder. "My dear Mr. Devine," he protested. "I fear that you still fail to realize our position. Circumstances compel us to remain here during your stay. There is my sis-

"Yes, I know all about that, and I wouldn't for the world disturb the sick lady. I'm just trying to be soclable. I want you to stay until you're ready to leave."

Faithfulness is in the Few. "You see, Mr. Devine, my plans for Aristotle: He who has many friends the immediate future are very uncer-

"Yes, that seems to be the word. What does the countess say about it?" "I never discuss matters of business with my daughter. Women do not understand such matters. Of course it is necessary to have her sign papers Sunday Walf-Wour now and then. The lawyers insist on It, some of the property having been left to her, but I never try to explain

> GOD AS A REWARDER. +++ BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

> > +++

every Sunday-school teacher conducts

the Bible lesson, and every godly par-

ent tills the soil of the child's docile

heart, in the simple faith that God re-

"Your idea is a bit hazy," admitted Among all the names and atthe Cherub. tributes of our Heavenly Father, that "Perhaps so, but I presume that is a very endearing one that is conyour-er-possession here is only a tained in that glorious epic of faith." temporary arrangement. Matters will the eleventh chapter of the "Hesoon be adjusted, I suppose, when my brews." We read that God is the "reattorneys finally get around to it. My warder of them that diligently seek daughter was more or less worried un-Him." That precious promise is linktil I assured her that I would attend ed with every earnest prayer and to the affair personally." every act of obedience. God rewards "Then she cheered up, did she?" Mr. labor. Does not every farmer act in Devine appeared to find the conversafaith when he drives his plow in tion entertaining. Spring-time, and drops his grain into "She was relieved, of course. But the mellowed ground? Every minishave been so engrossed in preparing ter prepares his Gospel message-

things which I do not fully compre-hend myself. The sale of this place.

for instance, still perplexes me. I did

not desire it at all. I suppose, how-

ever, that it was necessary as a mat-

ter of form. Probably you have a

clearer notion of it than I, Mr. De-

a pamphlet on-well, on a scientific

subject which would not be of inter-

est to you-that I have neglected to

take the proper steps. However, now

that you thoroughly understand the

and the countess come down to your

"My dear sir"- Here Mr. Hewing-

The possibilities incident upon ac-

"Let's see," he reflected; "I'm not ex-

actly what you'd call an unwelcome

guest, am 1? I guess I must be an

unwelcome host, then, and hanged if

worse and more of it. I'm no gentle-

man, for one item. Then, if I'm to be-

lieve all I hear about myself, I'm a

sinner who has butted into his own

and deep. Oh, he had seen lots of

Cherub's attitude toward the sex. One

his awkward advances with silent

she had fully revealed her attitude by

a sudden burst of derisive laughter.

Cherub Devine's faith in womankind

was quite sure that no one just like

her had ever existed before. There-

should look upon him as an outcast or

as a burning brand of sin. He couldn't

tell her what a good fellow he was,

and she had no chance of finding it

out for herself so long as the old gen-

tleman regarded him as socially unfit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Indians' Choice of Guns.

ing rifles, others in actual hunting

choose the muzzle loader, as they do

not take long range shots, preferring

to get close to the game and be sure.

Grass of Great Strength.

the volcanic slopes of Oran. Algeria,

is so elastic and strong that it can be

used instead of springs in the manu-

Lake Erie Rich in Fish.

Lake Erie is the richest body of

A steel-like grass which grows on

While some Indians prefer repeat-

"I see!" exclaimed the Cherub at

"I've got to qualify in his class.

had been destroyed.

Well, here goes!"

facture of furniture

water in the world in fish.

program I ought to follow."

dangerous.

surprising to Mr. Cherub Devine.

meals just as though I wasn't here?"

vine.

net hastily."

told the story.

utterly crushed.

he had been left alone.

wards good sowing with harvest. situation, I trust that you will not God rewards obedience. He enjoins upon every slaner repentance "Oh, I shan't put you out or anyand the forsaking of his sins, and the thing like that, Mr. Hewington. Make acceptance of Jesus Christ as his atonyour mind easy on that score." ing Saviour. Every sinner that breaks "It is very considerate of you, sir. off from his sins, and lays hold of Of course until the affair is settled we Jesus Christ, does It on the assurance shall not encroach on your technical that our truth-seeking God will reward right of possession more than is absoobedience. "By faith, Noah, being lutely necessary. If the present arwarned by God of things not seen as rangement is satisfactory I would sugyet, prepared an ark to the saving of gest that it be continued." his house." An unbelleving genera-The Cherub favored Mr. Hewington tion hooted no doubt, at the "fanatic" with a whimsical smile. "Well, we'll who was wasting his time and money let the thing drift for awhile anyway. on that unwieldly vessel. But every Only you don't have to act as though blow of Nosh's hammer was an audiyou were prisoners. Why don't you

God rewards believing prayer for ton began an exhaustive review of the right things, when it is offered in a situation. When he was through Mr. submissive spirit. "Ask and ye shall Devine chuckled gleefully. It was an receive; seek and ye shall find." Humamazingly simple proposition. The ble, childlike faith creates a condition Hewingtons were the Hewingtons, and of things in which it is wise and right he-well, he was Cherub Devine. That God to grant what might otherwise be denied. We grasp the blessed truth It was all done very courteously and that He hears prayers, and gives the delicately in Mr. Hewington's fine, arisbest answer to prayer in His own tocratic manner, yet nothing but the time and way; upon these two facts superlative buoyancy of Mr. Devine's we plant our knees when we bow audacious soul saved him from being down before Him. Oh, the long, long trials to which we are often subjected, "I wish I could have dreams like while our loving Father is testing our that," soliloquized the Cherub when faith, and giving it more vigor and volume! We are often kept at arm's length-like that pleading Syro-Phoequiring a quiet country house were nician mother-in order to test our faith; the victory comes when the

Master says; "Be it unto thee as thou

ble evidence of the patriarch's faith

in the Lord as a rewarder of opedi-

wilt." Godly wives are often left to press their earnest petitions through menths and years before the answer comes in that isn't a new one on me. But there's the work of the converting Spirit. There was an excellent woman in my congregation who was for a long time anxious for the conversion of her husdeep dyed villain and an unregenerate band. She endeavored to make her own Christian life very attractive to house. Take it all around, things are him-a very important point, too often pretty badly mixed. Wonder what neglected. On a certain Sabbath she shut herself up and spent much of the More or less thought did Mr. Devine day in beseeching prayers that God bestow upon the Countess Vecchi dur- would touch her husband's heart, but ing the next half hour. He had a took the case straight up to the throne well defined idea, had the Cherub, of grace. The next day, when she that his knowledge of women was vast opened her Bible to conduct family worship, according to her custom, he them! They had been of all kinds too. came and took the Book out of her It was part of his philosophy that the hands and said, "Wifey, it is about wise man kept out of their way, that time that I did this," and he read the generally they meant mischief and chapter himself. Before the week was that when they didn't they were most over he was praying himself, and at the next communion he united with "No, thank you." This was the our church.

Verily, God is a rewarder of them experience was quite enough for him. that diligently seek Him. That prayfor there had been considerable to his ing Hannah, who said, "The grief of affair with Kittle O'Nelll, whom he my heart is that of all my six children, had mentioned to the countess. He not one loves Jesus," was not satisfied was hardly out of his teens then, to that it should be so. She continued be sure, and Kittle, having achieved her fervent supplications until five of one and twenty and a position in the them were converted during a revival. second row of the chorus, had viewed | They all united in a day of fasting and praying for the sixth daughter, and scorn until one eventful day when she was soon rejoicing in Christ. The victory that overcame in that case was a faith that would not be denied.

Sometimes prayers of parents are answered long after the lips that But in the presence of the Countess breathed them are moulded in the Vecchi he forgot all his suspicions. He dust.

I have no doubt that among the blessed surprises in eternity will be fore it was amazingly unjust that she | the triumph of many a believer's trusting prayers

My friend, if you are not a Christian. I entreat you to put the divine promise to the test. Jesus Christ's Invitation to you is "follow Me!" He calls upon you to forsake your darling sins and offers you pardon.

Outlook and Optimism

The superintendent who shuts him-

self up to a single school and drills on formal facts comes to very hard places in consequence; he is very apt to grow decidedly pessimistic about human nature and about the possibilities of his school in particular. One who carefully studies biography and history, and looks about among successful people of his own time, can be optimistic over the material in his charge. If one would form broad and optimistic estimates of his school, become inspired with hope for good results amid the difficul-

ties that confront him, let him learn

from observation from what little Sun-

day school acorns some of the world's

tallest oaks have sprung. It is better to bear some wrongs than to bring on greater evils by resistance. It is lawful sometimes to renounce or forfeit rights.-Rev. John L. Belford, Roman Catholic, Brooklyn.

Short Sermons UNUEL JOKE MAKES POOR GIRL HEIRESS

> Induced to Think He Has Killed a Man, Victim Becomes an Unsought Fugitive

> WANDERER AMASSES FORTUNE

Dies Unwed in West Indies, Leaving All to Sweetheart of Eighteen Years Before-Romantic Result of a Gruesome Practical Joke.

Birmingham, Ala,-Mrs. Herman Venter, wife of a poor house painter at Nashville, Tenn., and formerly a laundry girl, is dazed and can hardly credit her good fortune. An old sweetheart, who left her without a word eighteen years ago and from whom she never heard in all that interval. has left her an estate worth \$300,000,

Her old sweetheart was E. D. Ennis. who died a wealthy fruit grower and landowner in the West Indies. When she knew him he was a poor carpenter at Birmingham, Ala., and fled because he believed he was a murderer.

In those days Mrs. Vester was Claudia Clarke and lived in Birmingham, She was a smart-looking girl, with bright, smilling eyes, untamable frizzy hair and a merry disposition. She worked at the washtub in a Birmingham laundry.

When Enris proposed marriage to her in 1892 she was the happiest of girls at the prospect that opened up to her, though Ennis was but a poor carrenter, and she started enthuclastically on the making of her wedding outfit. Then Ennis disappeared.

One of the stories which alleges to give the reason why Ennis fled says he was mixed up in a shooting affray in a calcon. Another declares it was all a heax, a practical joke played on Ennis at a possum-shooting party.

W. H. Jones, a well-known horseman of Columbia, Tenn., who resides a goodly part of each year in Birmingham, says he was one of the possum-hunt party and remembers it well. A gun with blank shells was given Ennis for fun, because he had never shot before. The party went out to the Red Mountain, which is near the city. Ennis was urged to fire at an

imaginary possum, and a man fell. The man pretended to be dead and was carried to Warner J Smiley's undertakers' morgue, where Ennis was allowed to look at him. That night Ennis fled the city, and no one could ever find what had become of him.

Some say the joke was engineered by James B. Smiley, the undertaker, who was Ennis's rival for the hand of Claudia, but could not win the little washergirl's love.

Ennis fled without even risking a final parting with his sweetheart. He went to Kingston, Jamaica. Eventual- Buss for Every Train and ly he got some uncultivated land there cheap. Later he went to Darlen and then to South Africa, where he mined and was successful. Afterward he returned to Kingston and bought more property. He never married. Wherever he went the old love letters of the laundrygirl went with him. But he never dared write to her, fearing either to let his whereabouts be known or to mix up the girl's fate with that of a man who had killed a fellow-creature and might have to answer for his crime.

In the mean time Claudia had let her broken heart be soothed by Herman Vester, the painter. They married and went to live at Nashville, and little children grew up round them, of whom the mother was very proud. And Ennis was forgotten. Three years ago Ennis, away, for-

gotten, in the West Indies, got involved in a discussion with a Spani-They fought, and Ennis's ard. wounds were serious. Then he made his will. To the hospital where he lay long with the injuries that in the end proved fatal, he left \$10,000. The rest of his money and property he bequeathed to his former sweetheart, Claudia Clarke. The money forming Claudia's share amounted to \$185,905. That sum is in a bank in Jamaica drawing interest. The land is said to yield \$32,000 a year. Extraordinary efforts were made by

the Jamaican Government to locate the heiress. They advertised and offered large rewards. Eventually it occurred to them to send to Birmingham, Ala., the city from which were dated the girlish loveletters found locked away in the dead fruit-grower's house. They despatched their alcalde, Daniel Jones, upon the mission. Alcalde Jones found Smiley, the under-Smiley did not know where the girl had moved to, but he knew an aunt of hers, who supplied the information.

Inspired by the wide interest in the large meteor which fell near this city recently, it is charged, John Wilson has been engaged in the manufacture of "chips from the meteor," made by melting up old beer bottles and similar junk, which, it is alleged, he sold to unsuspecting farmer visitors in the city at \$1 a chip. The scheme collapsed when one of the victims, discovering the deception, went after his get-rich-quick friend accompanied by an officer. Wilson had quite a collection of "chips" on hand.

Makes and Sells "Meteor Chips."

The Free Public Scroot,

Hornee Mann, great though he was in the field of education was not the father of the free public school idea. Perhaps it would be strictly within the bounds of truth to say that to John Calvin, more than to any other one. men, belongs the honor of having given to the world the idea of the common school system. Calvin was a geat stickler for education, and it from suggestions evered by him that such system of education was introduced into Germany and Sco land, and, later on, into the British North American colonies by the Ers ish settlers in Mussachunetts and Virginia.

Looking Brighter.

"Things are looking brighter now," says a Billylile citizen. "The Sheriff Is now my brother-in-law and he won't levy on my crop; the town doctor boards with me, and doesn't charge a cent for tellin' me that if I don't quit eatin' n'x menis a day I'll not live to be a Lundred, and lest of all, the head undertaker is my best friend and has promised to fix me finally.

"I see! that I don't half deserve so many hierarchy but I've got 'em and I'm arrive to be at warm them."

How's Your Stomach?

Undue enlargement of the stomach indicates a dangerous condition. It is often caused by overeating and drinking. The muscles which propel the food to the intestines become weak. The food accumulates, is improperly digested, and the stomach is distended to enormous size. An inactive liver is one of the causes, and constipation and nerve trouble is sure to result.

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