# Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER VI. HE big rooms at Hewington Acres were empty and very still long before midnight, but the Cherub continued to sit in the library, smoking and meditating He had a trick when watching an unsteady market of tearing pieces of paper into small bits and throwing them I'm going to put this coat on you." away. He was doing this now, and the eastern rug under his feet looked as if it bad been visited by a stage snowstorm. He was aroused by an odd noise. It sounded as if some one was dragging a heavy object down the

Looking out through the door hangings, he could see the lower half of the staircase. For a moment he waited. and then there appeared the Countess Vecchi, tugging at a dress suit case which was evidently well filled. She was dressed as if for the street, with a light slik dust coat over her black gown and a jaunty straw hat on her When she saw the Cherub she seemed startled and shrank back

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I-I did not expect to find you here. I am going away."

"Are you? Do you generally start alone and in the middle of the night?" The Cherub had walked out into the ball

it, Mr. Devine. I am going away, I you?" she shouted in his ear. tell you." Her brown eyes looked as if they might fill with tears at any moment.

"All right, all right," he said soothingly. "You needn't talk about it." The Countess Vecchi allowed the

suit case to slide to the floor, and then she faced him resolutely.

"Mr. Devine, I have found out all about you." "Me!"

"Yes. I know why you are here."

"Good! You know a blamed sight village?" more than I do then."

"It is useless for you to try to keep up the deceit any longer, Mr. Devine. My father has confessed the whole wretched story. He told me at first to go there for?" that you were merely here on some you were entertaining your friends away." here, just as you would in your own house, I demanded to be told the truth. my poor father out of it, and now our rain. beau-ti-ful ho-o-ome is yours. Dare you deny it? Come! Isn't it so?"

The Cherub bowed his head in meek \*ubmission. "Then," exclaimed the countess, "you

are not only a wicked man, but you are deceitful, cruel! I despise you! You-you are"-

Just what else he was the astonished Cherub was never to know, for at that point the denunciation was interrupted. The threatening flood submerged the brown eyes, and the countess, sinking down on the bottom stair, leaned against the carved newel post and sobbed tempestuously into the ample sleeve of the silk coat.

"Oh, say, now!" he protested. here, won't you? I didn't mean it. I take it all back, honest, I do. Come. now; let's talk it over. Oh, stop it! Do stop it!"

To the Cherub's urgent entreatled she paid not the slightest heed.

She grasped the suit case and marched past him with as much dig nity as it was possible to assume with a heavy weight dragging down one earnestly. "You don't mean to stay arm. At the door she made a deter mined attack on the bolts Stupidly the Cherub watched her as she tugged away vainly. "You had better wait until more

ing, hadn't you?" he suggested.

To this she made no reply, but shoved and pulled at the stubborn bolts until she was forced to give up. Then, just as be had thought ber beaten, she went promptly to one of the French windows in a front room. turned the catch and stepped out on the veranda. Mr. Devine followed.

"I do not wish for your company, Mr. Devine." "I suppose you don't, but I'm going

just the .me. I'll get my coat and

As he ran back into the hall he heard the countess leave the veranda. Snatching up an opera hat and a raincoat, he hurried out through the window after her. She was easily overtaken, for the suit case acted as a brake.

"You'd better let me carry your bag," he said as he overtook her, but the offer was ignored, and the repulsed Cheub fell back a pace. Thus they started down the narrow graveled path which wound a leisurely course in and out among the shrubbery toward the main road.

"See here," he said sternly as he stepped forward beside her; "you must let me take that bag."

"I shall not! I don't need your"she began bravely enough, but the but I'm tired now and wet and—Oh, Cherub had already lifted it from her I wish I hadn't come at all; I wish I numbed fingers.

"I know you don't," he said, "but I've got the bag."

caused the countess to slacken her

"It's going to rain, you see Did you bear that?

"Yes, I heard." "But where are you going?"

The countess stopped abruptly and turned to say; "I think I told you. Mr Derine, that I did not care to discuss my plans with you at all Will you give me my bag?"

"No," said the Cherub. "I shall lug it myself, and I shall follow you until see you safe somewhere."

With a gesture of impatience the countess resumed her way.

A brisk breeze sprang up somewhere The treetops began to rock and sway like drunken men. Several sharp crashes of thunder came in quick suc cession, and she bare highway emerged for an instant from indistinct gloom as the lightning revealed every detail. Then there came a hush. Big drops of rain fell with menacing impact on the crown of the Cherub's opera hat.

"There! I told you it was going to rain," he announced. "Hold on, now:

The countess besitated. He had dropped the bag and was holding up the coat by the collar. Another and more vivid flash than any which had preceded it revealed him with photographic distinctness. She could not help noting that he looked very well in evening dress. He did not seem so much inclined to stoutness as in a business suit.

"No; you need the coat yourself. You'll be wet through in a moment." The big drops struck through her thin silk sleeves coldly on her arms.

Then she allowed him to help her into the raincoat. "Come on." he said. picking up the

bag and starting ahead. The rain was now drumming a rosring tattoo on the crown of his hat.

"You must take my arm or you'll fall," ordered the Cherub. Meekly she ing conduct, sir." repeated Mr. Hewobeyed, and they went plunging and

sliding through the storm. "Oh, you're being drenched!" said the countess. Apparently he did not

"I-I don't care to talk to you about bear. "You are wet through, aren't "Not quite." he answered calmly

'Come on." There ensued a period during which they stumbled and slid along in silence. At last they discovered several

houses near the road. "We're getting into the village," announced the Cherub. "Isn't that where

we want to go? "Yes." said the countess. "I suppose

"But where? Whereabouts in the

"The railroad station."

"The railroad station!" The Cherub echoed this as if he had never heard the words before. "What do you want

"Because I am going away," said law business, but when I heard that the countess wearily. "I'm going

Five minutes later, when they reached the station, he saw with joy that And now I know. Oh, I know it all! It was one of those low, wide roofed This is your house. You own it, affairs, under whose eaves they could Somehow or other you have tricked at least find shelter from the pelting The station was dark, and all the

doors were locked, of course, but there was a baggage truck. He dropped the suit case with a sigh of relief and rently helped the countess to a seat on the baggage truck.

"Well, this is something like, isn't it? Great, eh?" he demanded. At every step his shoes made a slushing sound.

"Your feet must be terribly wet." suggested the countess.

"Wet! Oh. they're not so very wet. I felt fine after that walk, don't you?" "I-I'm rather tired."

"Yes, probably you are. But now you can rest. You can rest while we are waiting for the train, you know. What time do we get a train anyway?" "There's one at half past 7 in the

morning!" "Yes; that's the first one." The Cherub took out his watch and

tried to see the face of it, but there was not light enough. "Look here," he said, leaning against the truck and peering at the countess

here until half past 7, do you?" "1-I don't know," said the countess



OH, YOU'RE BEING DRENCHED!" SAID THE

hadu't."

"There, there!" said the Cherub, patting her shoulder. "Don't you worry. A low grumble of distant thunder | I'll go and rout out some one. I'll get a team to take us back."

"No, no! I don't want to stay here "There!" he exclaimed reproachfully, alone. Please don't leave me here

sione, Mr. Devihe!" She grasped his hand and clung to it tightly.

"All right, all right! I won't leave you. We'll go together and find some See; it isn't raining nearly so one. hard as it was. I think the shower must be almost over. Shall we start

The countess was quite ready There was a livery stable just across from the station, she said. Fortunately they found a night bostler dozing in the office. It was with difficulty, however, that he could be induced to harness a pair of horses. His chief desire seemed to be to gaze at the dripping clothes of Mr. Devine.

The drive back to Hewington Acres was silent and uneventful. As they neared the house they saw that it was brightly Illuminated. Out through the open front doors streamed a broad pathway of light across which figures were moving. One of these was Mr. Hewington.

"Adele!" he exclaimed, with much dramatic fervor as he saw the countess and stretched out his arms to receive her. She went to him and promptly began to sob on his shoul-

Next appeared the soggliy clothed Cherub with the suit case. "Whew!" be exclaimed, throwing down the bag Then, turning to the gaping butler. "Eppings, see if you can find me a

dry clgar and a match." 'Mr. Devine, what does this mean, sir?" thundered Mr. Hewington. demand ap explanation."

"Well, what do you want me to explain-that the rain is wet?" returned the Cherub

"This is no time for levity, sir. Adele, please go upstairs." Mr. Hewington strode toward Mr. Devine threateningly.

"I want you to explain your astoundington. "Father, father!" pleaded the count-

ess. "I'll tell you all about it." "Silence, Adele! Go to your room. will deal with this Mr. Devine."

"Now, don't you be in a hurry, Mr. Hewington, and we'll clear this little had, mystery in no time," said the Cherub. "Little mystery, sir!" The tall figure of Mr. Hewington stiffened with anger. "What do you mean, sir? 1 wake up in the middle of the night to discover that my daughter has fied. I arouse Eppings to learn that he left you at 11 o'clock waiting for her in the library. I find the window open. discover that you are both gone. And now, at this hour in the morning, you come back in a public carriage. You are a wretch, Mr. Devine, a scheming,

villainous"-"Stop, father, stop! This is too absurd." The Countess Vecchi had stepped between the two men. "It was all my fault. I was running away, and Mr. Devine tried to stop me, and when I wouldn't be stopped he went with me and carried the bag. Then it rained, and he got wet. He is splendid. splendid, and he is very wet."

"Sure, he is wet," assented Mrs. Timmins solemnly.

In a dazed manner Mr. Hewington inspected once more the obviously damp condition of Mr. Devine's rai-

"Yes, yes, Adele. I suppose it is al. right, but it is not yet clear in my mind."

The Cherub was not inclined to conen that all out in the morning. Mr. fied to hear one of the students say Hewington."

A moment later the chimes of a French clock announced the hour of 3. "Three o'clock!" exclaimed the Cher-"I don't believe you'll catch that 7:30 train, will you, countess?"

She had started up the stairs, but she turned to smile and shake her nead. It was a friendly smile.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lifting Power of Plants. Experiments of a peculiar charsrier have just been carried out at se ral of the noted agricultural collever of the United States, the obect being to ascertain the lifting power of growing plants of different species. Farmers are well acquainted with the fact that the roots of trees will disrupt and sometimes overturn a stone wall but the lifting power of tender vegetables is equally surprising. The one result which has, perhaps, attracted the greatest attention is the discovery that a weight of two and a half tons can be filled by the common American pumpkin in the course of its development. Dr. Carpenter relates the story of a paving stone, weighing eighty-three pounds, that was raised from its bed (when joined by others on all four sides; by such a soft piece of fungi as the common mushroom. And still another and more remarkable instance is recorded. A man, having a cask of sweet wine, placed it in an empty cellar to mature. When examined several years ister it had risen from the floor of the cellar to the ceiling, naving been borne upward upon the tender shoots of a vine fungus, with which the cellar was filled.

STOCKING IMPOVERISHED HER.

Poor Widow, the Loser, Had Been Saving for Years to Buy a Home. Los Angeles, Cal.-While alighting at night from a car at Sixth and Central avenues Mrs. Thomas McNallen,

of No. 419 Central avenue, lost \$1,160. Mrs. McNallen is a widow with three small children to support. She had worked and saved to buy a home. The money lost represented everything of value she owned. She carried the money in a small purse in her stocking.

As she stepped from the car her stocking ripped and the purse dropped AGREED WITH THE COUNT.

Judge Relates a Good Story About a

Famous Backwoods Character. A supreme court judge tells this story about a famous character around the minor courts. Tall, gaunt and gawky, he had a fund of rendy Irish wit and a dignity of presence and carriage which, combined with a booming bass voice, was humorous in itself. All the judges knew him and were lenient with his infractions of court rules.

The character, who was a lawyer of the shyster class, was defending a case in court one day before a justice who was particularly fond of him. He went to luncheon with his client. When court resumed after luncheon it was evident that he had enjoyed his midday meal. Realizing the situation the justice leaned over and said:

"This case is postponed until tomorrow. The counsel for the defense is in no condition to proceed with it. The lawyer rose to his feet unstead-

fly and gazed earnestly at the court. Then his deep voice boomed out: 'Your honor, I have known you, man. boy and child, for thirty years on the binch and off the binch-and it is the first time in all these years I have known you to make a rulin' accordance with the facts."

Then he sat down.

#### A Frank Estimate.

To many persons who are not actors the stage seems a delightful and fascinating place. In a book called "The Actress," Louise Closser Hale, herself an actress tells some of her experiences with girls who envy her profession. One day one of them, from behind a counter in a shop, said. "I should have went on the stage."

She evidently wanted to talk, and strove to be interested," says Miss.

"But see how tired I am," I said to her. "I have to work very hard as it is and I had to work much harder to gain what little recognition I have

"Oh yes," she responded, complaceptly gazing at herself in a mirror. 'But, you see, I have talent."

#### A Deal in Timber.

A timber merchant was sitting in his office one day musing sadly over the general depression in the wood trade, when a quiet looking young man entered.

"Do you sell beechwood?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, sir," replied the merchant, rising with alacrity, and hoping devoutly to book a large order. can supply any quantity on the shortest notice, either in the log or the

"Ob. I don't want so much as that," said the youth, shifting his feet uneasily. "I just want a bit for a fiddle bridge."

### Wanted the Sting.

The students of an eastern college grew so reckless in their behavior that the professor one morning at chapel thought to reprove their conduct by a lecture on morality. They listened with due submission and humility. In the course of his lecture he said:

"My young friends, the floors of hell are paved with champagne, automotinue the dialogue. "Oh, we'll straight- biles and chorus girls." He was horria sepulchral tone:

'Oh, death, where is thy sting?'

KNOWS WHAT SHE'S AFTER.



First Sweet Young Thing-What are you doing here, dear?

Second Sweet Young Thing-Looking for a husband. First Sweet Young Thing-But you have got one.

Second Sweet Young Thing-That's

the one I'm looking for. Why the Eggs Scrambled. A traveler in the dining car of a

Georgia railroad had ordered fried

eggs for breakfast. "Can't give you

fried eggs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "lessen you wait until we "Why, how is that?" "Well' de cook, he says de road's so rough dat every time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."

Defined. "After all," queried the maiden fair, what is marriage?"

"Marriage," replied the young matron, "is the process by which a woman deprives herself of an escort."-Chicago News.

Answered. The Poet-is there a literary club

in this vicinity? The Editor (reaching behind the desk)-There is. Are you literary !-Cleveland Leader.

There is something tremendously human about the sun. At morning and evening, when it looks biggest and the most imposing, it gives off the least host.

# The Way of a Woman

"What beastly hot weather," exclaimed Tom Coleman, sitting down on the grass beside his sister Lillian. "Phew! Just catch me playing tennis again to-day," he continued, mopping his face.

"I wish you hadn't played." retorted Dalsy Wilson; "It would have spared me the humiliation of being "Too bad," teasingly said benten." Tom: "but if you come to me on some cool day I'll give you lessons cheap." "A fig for your kindness," flashed back Dalsy, "I could beat you if I really cared to. I dare you to play another She jumped to her feet and grasped her racket with a determined look on her pretty face. She made a very pretty picture. A slender, graceful girl of 22. Her soft, fluffy hair was piled high on her shapely head. Her beautiful dark eyes flashed and her lips looked like a crimson streak. Her face was flushed from the hot sun. "Will you play?" demanded Daisy,

"or perhaps you are afraid." "You can't catch me that way," said Tom, shaking his head. "I'd rather be called a coward than melt into oblivion. I must refuse, Dalsy,"

he continued mournfully.

"You are afraid," said Daisy, curl-ing her pretty lip. "Perhaps," said Tom, "but I'll talk to you instead." "That would be ten times worse," disdainfully replied Daisy. well, have it your own way," said Tom, letting a grieved look appear on

his handsome face. "Do stop, both of you," said gentle Lillian, tearfully. "I wish you would not torment each other so. Now listen to me," she continued. "I received a letter from Victor Moore. He is coming to-morrow." A pretty blush stole sity, in Philadelphia. over her face.

"I know it," said Tom. "I also received a letter. He is going to bring a friend along."

"Who is Victor Moore?" asked Daisy with interest. "A friend of mine," said Tom, "but don't hold that against him." "Why, I shall be most pleased to

see him; in fact, charmed," replied

Daisy. Tom eyed her suspiciously. but said nothing. "I wish he would hurry and come. I am longing for someone to talk to," said Daisy. "Well, I can hurry him up by tele-

graph if you want me to," replied Tom "Oh, there is no need for that," air-

fly responded Daisy. Victor Moore had come with his friend, Edgar Winters. Daisy eyed up both young men and decided that Victor was the best looking, but as he had eyes only for Lillian she gave him up and turned all her batteries upon the hapless Edgar Winters. He danced attendance upon her from morning to night and soon discovered that his

heart was gone for good this time. Both young men had been urged to spend a few weeks and both eagerly

accepted the invitation. All this while Tom looked on both Winters and Daisy in an amused fash-

One morning on coming down stairs he met Daisy dressed in a riding habit. 'Good morning, Daisy,' cheerfully, "going for a ride with Win-"Yes," shortly replied Daisy, "no one else cares to go with me."

"Why, Dalsy, I should be pleased to go," said Tom. "but I am afraid to approach you nowadays for fear of being challenged to a mortal combat." "I wish you would stop teasing me,"

tearfully said Daisy. "That's all you "Daisy," said Tom in a low tone, dear Daisy, let me take you riding this morning. Please do," this last

Daisy looked up suspiciously. "Making fun of me again. Tom Coleman you are horrid," and with a stamp of her foot she walked off quickly. Tom looked after her with a tender look in his eyes and smiled to himself as if he had fust discovered something.

"Daisy," Edgar Winters was saying. "I love you, dear." They were seated on a mossy bank where Daisy had wanted to get off her horse to pick

"Are you sure there is no hope for me," he continued sadly. Daisy mournfully nodded her head.

"It's Tom, isn't it?" he asked. Again she nodded her head. He helped her on her horse and silently they rode home. Daisy had an uneasy feeling that she had not acted fairly, but she stilled it with the thought that he would easily forget her after he got back to town. That night Winters went home. When he shook hands with Tom he said, "She loves you, old man; I wish you both all the happiness in the world." They shook hands

warmly. That night on going into the library Tom stumbled and almost fell over a small heap. On turning on the lights he saw Daisy sitting on the floor with her head buried in the large arm chair. Going over he lifted her gently and laughing softly he drew her in his arms tenderly.

"So it is me you love after all," he said happily. Getting no answer he tried to look into her face, but she

buried it deeper and deeper. "Oh, I say, Dalsy, I love you." His arms tightened around her. "You may as well make up your mind to have me," he continued, "for I have made up my mind to marry you. You need someone to take care of you.' Still getting no answer he dropped his light, airy tones and said quietly, "Do you love me, Dalsy?" A muffled "yes" was his answer .- B. MILDRED WIN-BURGH.

#### MILLINERS MULTIPLYING.

Their Trade Fourteenth Among the Callings of Women Breadwinners.

Millinery ranks fourteenth among the pursuits in which women are engaged as breadwinners. It is a distinctly woman's occupation, 94.4 per cent, of all milliners in the United States being women.

Only two occupations have a larger proportion of women: dressmaking, with 97.5 per cent., and housekeeping with 94.7 per cent. Seamstresses are 91.9 per cent, of them women. These four occupations were the only occupations in which women constitute over nine-tenths of all persons employed

Almost nine-tenths of the women milliners are native whites. In large cities more than half the milliners were under 25 years of age Probably when they exceed that age they marry and if they remain in business it is done in the hassan is name and the census credits also with being a merchant. In 1890 there was one milliner to every 323 women 16 years of age and over In 1900 one to every 285.

This change is thought to reflect the advance in the prosperity of the country, since mullinery to a certain extent is a luxury and in family budgets forms an item that probably responds quickly to fluctuations in income. If the manual training schools and technical institutions continue to run out milliners in the next ten years as they have in the last decade there will be one milliner to every hundred women, and in the not far distant future

#### Woman in High Position.

The only woman in the world who bears the impressive title "dean of deans' is Miss Laura C. Carnell, wan is a leader in the executive and educational work of Temple univer-

# Are You Half Knocked Out?

Your head aches and your throat is a little dry. You have no appetite. Your eyes are hot, tongue furred, and you are about half knocked out. You know what the trouble is. You have been drinking and eating too much. You have felt this way before, but don't take a week to get over it this time. Just take one or two Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, Take them now, and tonight when you retire take one or two more. Tomorrow you will feel better, and before the day is passed you will forget all about it. wonderful little vegetable pills will quickly relieve congestion, drive the poison out of the blood and restore digestion. Just one day's use of these little vegetable pills will cure any threatened bilious attack. They are good for young or old, never gripe or weaken, nor leave behind any unpleasant after effects. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit, You should always keep them on hand. These little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills,

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