THE CITIZEN, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1910.

Cherub Devine By SEWELL FORD Copyright, 1909, by Mitchell Kennerley at

CHAPTER IX.

Friday the countess received this communication from Mr. Devine: "Walt. Coming up tonight. Important."

As a result Hewington Acres hummed with anticipation. What could it mean? What had happened? What was going to happen?

Eppings was certain that Mr. Devine was bringing bome some titled guest. possibly a duke or a lord, and he prepared dinner accordingly. The countess was puzzled. Even Mr. Hewington emerged from his study and wanted to know why every one seemed so disturbed.

"It's because of Mr. Devine, sir," said Eppings. "He's coming up on a special train, sir, and I must see about the table at once, sir."

Surely the particular frame of mind which Mr. Devine had conjured up for himself was quite worthy of a better audience than he gave it, although he was neither serene nor filled with confident joy. But he was very much alive. He bubbled, sparkled, scintillated. His mental faculties, never dull, were at their keenest. His spirits seemed to be lashed by a veritable storm of animation, one moment soaring to giddy heights, the next sinking to dark depths.

Young Mr. Walloway, who was his sole companion, was somewhat disgusted with this illogical behavior. Much against his will be had been dragged from his office to accompany the Cherub just when there was much work to be done.

"Oh, the railroad be blowed, Nick! Lots of time to attend to that. Forget

Yet now that they were well started toward Hewington Acres the Cherub evinced a desire to talk, although the precise topic at which he was aiming loway had loved and lost and still conwas not clear. It was unrelated to tinued to love was the Countess Vecrailroads, for the opening was of an intimate and personal nature.

"Nick, you rascal." he suddenly exclaimed, "why aren't you married?" "Why aren't you, Cherub?" he retorted.

"Me!" Mr. Devine affected to be profoundly surprised at such a question. "Now, come, Nick, what sort of a fine woman would have Cherub Devine?"

"You're too modest, Cherub. You underrate yourself. I suppose you never tried?

"Never had a chance, my boy. Why, see here, Nick, there's never been a time in all my life that I've had even a speaking acquaintance with a real good woman, such as you know by the shead the lighter the smile. Nick was

Small wonder, then, that Cherub Devine in a brief period of time forgot all about the revived wretchedness



THE PICTURE WAS A LIKENESS OF THE COUNTERS VECCHI.

of young Mr. Walloway. A question suddenly occurring to the Cherub, he abruptly walked back to where young Mr. Walloway still sat, intently gazing at something he held shielded in his two hands. It was nothing more than the gold oval which he wore as a watch fob. Dozens of times the Cherub had seen it dangling from the breast pocket of Nick's coat without specially remarking it. Now he noted that it was really a locket, for it was open. Glancing carelessly over Nick's shoulder, he saw it contained a picture, a miniature on ivory. And the picture on which young Mr. Walloway was gazing with such rapt pathos was a likeness of the Countess Vecchi. And in an instant it was made clear to him that the woman whom Nicholas Walchi

Fortunately Mr. Devine had not spoken, and the roar of the car wheels had drowned his approach. Swiftly he withdrew. Then he sat down to ponder on the situation. Quite abruptly the Cherub now came upon the realization of his own purposes. He was a little staggered by the discovery of his audacity, but this was no new sensation. His audacious flights were always more or less of an impromptu nature. In a moment he was smiling confidently, as was his custom when once he had decided upon a line of action, however unpromising might be the future. The heavier the clouds

"Now, that's all right, Nick. You can do this fine. But, say, you call me up on the phone at my hotel tonight and let me know how you come out, eh? Don't forget that, about 9 o'clock. Just give me a line on how she takes it and so on. You'll have some report or other to make, I'll bet. Needn't make too much of my share in the business. Just talk like I'd handed it over to you, as I have. You're equal to that job, aren't you?"

Now, just what sort of mental process went on in the brain of Nicholas Walloway it would be vain to try to trace. He was a complex product whose character had been molded not only by circumstances of birth and breeding, but by the strong stamp of heredity.

He was a young man chiefly distinguished by a reserved stiffness of manner, a quality which often inspires a confidence that obvious genius fails to command. If, in hesitating to accept the advantage offered him by the impulsive Mr. Devine, he was troubled by problems of an ethical nature, he allowed them to be easily swept away. For many months he had wanted to see the Countess Vecchi. Earnestly he had wished for a chance to talk to her alone, and now this very opportunity was thrust upon him.

"Well, Cherub, if you think you had better leave this to me, why, I"-

"Good! And don't forget about calling me up tonight to let me know what luck you have."

No hint of this altered program, of course, had reached Hewington Acres, so it happened that when Timmins finally did bring up the lathered cobs with a fine flourish the whole household was assembled to witness the Cherub's much heralded return.

The Countess Vecchi had at the last moment abandoned her angelic pose and yielded to curiosity. Mr. Hewington was even more eager to learn what it was all about. Mr. Devine never knew just what he missed by backing out

In his stead there stepped from the carriage Mr. Nicholas Walloway, outwardly cool and self possessed, but secretly very much at loss to know just how he should proceed. For a moment he regarded the expectant group with some astonishment. Then Mr. Hewington volced the common thought in one question:

"Why, Nicholas, where is Mr. Devine?

"Mr. Devine is on his way back to town."

"But he sent word"- began the countess, only to be stopped by Mr. Walloway's hasty explanation.

"He has asked me to transact some business with you, countess. Might I-er"- And he glanced significantly at the door.

The Countess Vecchi promptly led him into the library.

"Well, Nicholas?" she asked.

Mr. Walloway had seated himself at the library table and was sorting some documents. It had been years since she had called him Nicholas. Well, this was an auspicious beginning. He smiled indulgently, straightened his shoulders and placed his finger tips together in a judicial manner. It was rather an effective pose, indicating the patiently receptive mood of a superior mind

"My dear Adele"-

"Mr. Walloway!" The Countess Vecchi could be a most explosive young erson, and her brown eyes could sim-



17, '10-(Matt. 11:1-19).

Promise and fulfillment are not alfull of models of machines, the only Drawings on paper do not always represent perfection of material. Many a man has mining stock full of amazing promises but upon which he has never realized a dollar and never will. Gold bricks are sold every day in the open market, and to get something for nothing is the hope of all men.

It is one thing to claim authority and another thing to prove it. Frauds and imposters have deceived the very elect before now. It is easy enough to fake credentials and forge certificates of good character that will pass the scrutiny of the unwary. Many a men has salled under false colors, a reputable merchantman, outwardly, but a pirate at heart. Satan himself, we are told, can transform himself into an angel of light, and do his infernal deeds by hypnotizing his victims into the belief that he is a messenger of heaven. Credentials Sought.

It is well, therefore, that our atten-

tion is called in this lesson to the king's credentials. John the Baptist, Watseka, Ill., April 12 .- After nearly in the hands of his enemies, after a forty hours' deliberation the jury in wonderful career as a revivalist, fell the supreme court here returned a verinto a state of mind in which was asdict in the case of Mrs. Lucy Sayler, John Grunden, her father, and Dr. sailed by doubts in regard to the Messich. Shut up in prison, his soul fret-William Miller, accused of manslaughter in the death of Banker J. ted like a caged lion, and as he paced his cell, the darkness and the chill struck into his very soul, and Dr. William Miller was found guilty and sentenced to twelve years' imprishe staggered on the brink of despair

at the thought that after all he may onment. Mrs. Sayler was also declarhave been deceived. When a great ed guilty, but escaped with a three man gets the blues he has a hard time of it. No small mind can suffer the

horrors as keenly as he can. And John was blue. So he sent some of his faithful disciples to put the question squarely to Christ, Art Thou He that should come, or, do we look for another?

And when John asked that question he put it for all the ages. It is a straightforward question and it admits of but one answer. Christ could have replied to John in monosyllables. He could have answered yes, But He did better. He proor no. duced His God given credentials. For ages it had been declared that the Messiah should be distinguished in cortain significant ways. When He came it was foreordained and predestined that He should be identified by His deeds of love and mercy. Moses had said that. Isniah had drawn His picture. All the prophets had minutely described His career. The Old Testament writings are like that drawing of the Declaration of Independence which when finished shows the form of Gen. Washington underneath the printed page. Open the book anywhere and you cannot fail to see the shadowy form of the Man underneath

Gredentials Produced. That is the promise. What about the fulfillment? The answer to John's appeal is simply this: Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear. the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. These are the credentials of the King. These are some of the things it had been said He should do, and He was doing them. Of what earthly use are high-sounding claims if the promotor cannot make good. Jesus as the Messiah had been put to the test in every direction. Isaiah had said. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing, and here they were doing it. The poor of all the ages had been neglected and cast aside as refuse material. But Christ said the Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath annointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, and Washington, April 12 .- State Senator here he was doing it. The common J. M. Wainwright of Westchester people heard him gladly. He brought christianity for the neglected, a christianity of comfort, a christianity He called at the White House with of liberty, a christianity of light and a christianity of hope.

WATER OF THE DESERT.

Mistake Made by Travellers in the Arid Wastes of the Southwest,

One of the chie; dangers to trayellers in crossing such dreary and arid wastes as the far famed Death Valley in Nevada arises from gnorance as to the character of the infrequent pools of water along the route," said T. E. Smalley, a min-International Bible Lesson for April ing engineer of Denver.

"The tenderfoot, growing faint under a blazing cun, will want to quench his thirst when he comes to ways the same. The patent office is a shallow hole, whose water, clear as crystal, seems absolutely pure. fault of which is they will not work. He can with difficulty be restrained from drinking it by some experienced companion, who knows that one draught will probably cause serious if not fatal illness. The water, for all its seeming purity and cle rness is loaded with arzenic, and many a man has lost his life by fir use

"Curlously enough, the only water in the desert that is safe, to drink, is foul looking and is inhabited by bugs and snakes. When you come to a muddy pool on the st flace of which psects are deporting themselves, however repulsive it may be both to the eye and palate, yes may drink it with impunity, desp'e its looks, as a man will who is cruzy with thirst produced by the bt ming sands and merciless sun."

A Long Fence,

After five years, work Australia's rabbit-proof fence has been completed. Its length is 2.036 miles, and the cost of its erection has been nearly £250,000. It is furnished at intervals of five or six miles with systeme of traps in which hund: is of rabbits are captured and desuroyed usily.

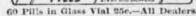
BAD BILIOUS ATTACK!

There is nothing that will more completely knock out a man, or woman either, and entirely incapacitate them for work or pleasure, than a bad attack of biliousness. You get up with a headache which increases if you stoop over. You are dizzy when you stand up straight again. Your tongue is coated and your mouth tastes bad. You are irritable and out of sorts, That's billousness.

If you want to get right again remove the cause. Your bowels are clogged. The natural sewers of the body fail to carry off the polsonous matter. The bile is being absorbed by the blood, and your whole body is crying out against the imposition. Take three Smith's Pineapple and Butter-nut Pills at once. Don't wait till you go to bed. Then take two more when you retire. It is astonishing to see how quickly they will relieve. They restore the liver and stomach to normal activity and purify the blood. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep these little Vegetable Pills on hand. They ward off many ills.

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





preserving order. Mrs. Sayler and Dr. Miller were taken back to jail heavily guarded. TAFT PRAISES ROOSEVELT.

Byron Sayler at Crescent City.

den, was acquitted.

year sentence. Her father, John Grun-

Mrs. Sayler collapsed when inform-

ed that a verdict had been reached

and had to be helped to her chair and

was held up while the jury was polled.

She afterward became hysterical and

had to be attended by physicians. Mrs.

As soon as court adjourned there

was a demonstration in the courtyard,

and Sheriff Heikes had difficulty in

Miller also became hysterical.

In Message to Italy Calls Him "Our Most Distinguished Citizen."

Washington, April 12 .- The White House makes public the cable message received by President Taft from President Pagliano of Porto Maurizio, as

follows:

President Taft, Washington: Colonel Roosevelt arrived last night at Porto Maurizlo and was received enthu-Forto Maurizio and was received entru slastically by the whole population. Porto Maurizio, proud to welcome the great American citizen, sends to presi-dent of the United States heartlest greetings. PAGLIANO.

President of Porto Maurizio. all the prohecy and history. President Taft's reply to the dispatch from the municipality read:

COUPLE FOUND GUILTY.

few days, of course. Now, with you chose to mope inactive in the backit's been different. You've had a ground let him stay there. He (Cherchance to pick and choose." "Ah, have I?"

Cherub Devine caught the subdued note of pain in the quick rejolnder.

"You don't mean, Nick, that you got a turndown?"

Brusque as were the words, they carried a message of sympathetic feeling which rang true, and that was the quality which made so many friends for Cherub Devine. Young Mr. Walloway was certainly not the one to make offband confidences, but he nodded his head in assent.

Unexpectedly finding himself an intruder on private grounds, Mr. Devine curbed his buoyancy and gazed with embarrassed emotion at the proprietor thereof.

"Oh, well," he observed, "maybe you're just as well off. Guess it was some time ago, when you were young and yealy, ch?"

"I was a young ass, if that's what you mean." cynically responded Nicholas. "I was too sure of her and played the fool. You see, we were youngsters together, playmates, It was one of those affairs that everybody understood was settled from the time we were a dozen years old. I took it as a matter of course that I was the only person she could ever care for. In time she resented it, and before I knew it I had lost her."

"Went off with some one else, did she?"

Again young Mr. Walloway inclined his head. He got up, took a seat on the other side of the car and unfolded a newspaper.

It was less than an hour's ride at best, but before it was half over Cherub Devine was consulting watch and time table and had again shifted ing young Mr. Walloway due warning his seat to the forward chair, where he could watch for the name boards on the stations.

Perceiving this unusual agitation of a mind normally free from such disturbances, you might suspect that Mr. Devine was about to make some great venture. It was a fact. His plans, however, were somewhat vague. About the only definite part of his program was his decision to turn himself out of house and home immediately upon reaching Hewington Acres. This detail was already prepared. The Countess Vecchi should buy back the place at her own terms. She now had the means, and he was well assured of her desire to do so.

that is, leaving out the last a good fellow and all that, but if he ub Devine) would show him how to play the game boldly-perhaps how to win.

> And then came the thought, Would that be absolutely just to the Countess Veechi? She and Nicholas had been spoony on each other for years. and she must have liked Nick. He was a likable fellow, clean, sturdy, substantial, one of her own class, and -oh, the Cherub winced at that-one whom she would call a gentleman. Yes, Nick would measure up to all her demands as to what a gentleman should be.

> And had it been really she who had broken off the match, or was it due to the ambitious plans of her father? Then after she had come back humbled in spirit, the Hewington fortune dissipated, had she perhaps held Nick at arm's length because of her pride? Was this the reason of his seeming inaction? Had he been all the time waiting in the hope that some day she would relent, and might she not do so, now that in some measure her fortune had been restored? Ought not she to have the chance? Was not the opportunity for a free choice due to her? Shouldn't Nick have another show too? Floundering through some such maze of reasoning, the Cherub at last came to this brilliant conclusion, with only a faint suspicion that he was about to make an astonishing chump of himself. He even experienced a glow of satisfaction as he hastily mapped out his new program. You would almost have thought by the cheerful manner in which he laid it before young Mr. Walloway that he thought he was attaining a long desired end. "Well, Nick," he began, this time giv-

of his approach, "we're almost there. Now, the first thing on the docket is for you to fix up this business about the house with the countess." "I?" exclaimed Nicholas.

"Why, sure! You know her better than I do. You go up and have a talk with her; tell her how you sold the stocks and what she can buy back the

property for." "But-but-why don't you"-

"Me! Oh, I've got to skip back to town on this train. Just wanted to get you started straight. You can do it so much better than I can, being one of her own kind, and all that. Aren't afraid of the countess, are you?" "Why, no. But see here, Cherub"-

ulate indignation very convincingly. "But-but you called me Nicholas," he protested.

"I didn't call you my dear Nicholas, did 1? 1 want to know why Mr. Devine sent you instead of coming himself.'

Mr. Walloway proceeded to state pot at all in the way he had meant to put it his errand. He told the countess the amount for which the stocks had been sold and of her opportunity to buy back Hewington Acres. The Countess Vecchi heard him with widening eyes.

"And I really have all that?"

"The check is drawn for the full amount, I believe, less the brokerage commission. Here it is." A little awed, she accepted the slip of pink paper and stared at it incredulously.

"You are sure there's no mistake?" Mr. Walloway was quite sure. He explained that the shares had brought \$1,000 each and that there were a hundred of them.

"I don't in the least understand," said the countess, referring once more to the check, "but I hope that whoever paid that much for them could afford-why, here is Mr. Devine's name!"

"Yes, he bought the shares, and he could well afford to at that price."

"Could he? Oh, and those horrid men you were talking about! Did he smash them?"

Mr. Walloway indulged in a faint smile.

"He did smash them."

"But did he smash them hard-as hard as I told him to?"

"He made a very thorough job of it -quite thorough."

"Oh, goody!" The Countess Vecchi's hands were shut tight; her lithe figure was held very erect; her eyes were alight with exultation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

British Capital Offenses There are five capital offenses under the British law-murder, high treason, piracy, arson in the port of London and attempts to destroy pub-He arsenals.

Live Stock in Saxony.

In Saxony practically all the live stock is stall-fed 300 days in the year, and the largest portion the full ach days.

I have received your courteous telegram announcing that President Roosevelt has arrived in your city and been received enthusiastically by your whole population and that your city was proud welcome him.

to welcome him. I beg to assure you and all your coun-trymen that the American people are very, very grateful for and greatly ap-preclate the reception which Italians, from the sovereign to the humblest sub-out distingtion of the sovereign distingtion. ject, have accorded to our most distin-W. H. TAFT. guished citizen.

Train Hits Auto; Two Killed.

Hadley, Mass., April 12.-Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Gerry were instantly killed when a railroad train struck the automobile in which they were riding at a street crossing here. Mr. Gerry was a wealthy tobacco raiser. His wife was a graduate of Mount Holyoke college.

WAINWRIGHT FOR SURVEYOR.

Gen. Clarkson's Place Offered to Senator From Westchester County, N.Y. county, N. Y., has an offer of the place # of surveyor of the port of New York. Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh when the offer was made.

Senator Wainwright said he would consider it and would make his answer in a day or so. The consideration that is deterring him from accepting is whether he would not be more valuable to the Republican party just now by standing with Governor Hughes at Albany.

Probably Not Far Wrong.

"You made a mistake in your paper." said the indignant man, entering the editorial anctum of a daily journal. "I was one of the competitors at an athletic entertainment last night and you referred to me as 'the well-known lightweight champion."" "Well, are you not?" inquired the sporting editor.

'No, I'm nothing of the kind!" was the angry response; "and it's confoundly awkward, because I'm a coal dealer."-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

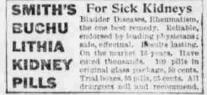
As to Ivy.

lvy growing over the walls of a house renders the structure cool in summer and warm in winter. It also keeps the walls dry. It is, however, very destructive to woodwork, foroing the joints apart.

Credentials Satisfactory.

The answer was entirely satisfactory to John. And it is satisfactory to the questioning world. The Arab said, How do I know a camel went by my tent last night? By the footprint in the sand. So when the world calls for the credentials of the King, the mightlest argument is His footprints in Palestine. His footprint on the Mount of Beatltudes. His footprint on the shore of Galilee. His footprint at the house of Jarius. His footprint at the grave of Lazarus. His footprint on the summit of Calvary. His footprint by Joseph's open tomb. His tootprint on Olivet's brow. That footprint is better than all the theories, and all the arguments and all the speculations. He brought His credentials with him. These credentials have never been

duplicated. There have been false Christ's and Messiah's in all ages, but sooner or later the imposters have been exposed. Plotters and schemers have now and again arisen and drawn away some, but their careers have been brief and their end disastrous. But here stands the King, through all the centuries fulfilling His prediction, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The attraction of the Man of Galilee never was so potent and so far-reaching as it is to-day.





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

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Scranton, Pa. 15ei20