



Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER XII.

MR. HEWINGTON took the path toward the stables, chuckling softly at the odd dilemma in which he found himself.

"If ever I needed the help of a slick lawyer, I guess it's now," mused Mr. Devine. "I'll go to town and look up Bob Driscoll."

Mr. Hewington was content that Count Vecchi was no longer a menacing figure to him and to his daughter. Mr. Devine was seeing to that. Besides, there were more cheerful things to occupy Mr. Hewington's mind. He had learned only a half hour before of some very good news. Hewington Acres was no longer owned, even temporarily, by another. In some way or other the estate had been restored intact to his daughter. He had not grasped the details of this fortunate transaction, but he understood vaguely that young Mr. Walloway had been largely instrumental in clearing up the difficulty. Adele had mentioned him. He was an excellent young man, Nicholas Walloway. True, his family was not of precolonial origin, but it was well enough established as families went nowadays. And he was so distinctly superior to such young men as this Cherub Devine, who had his good traits doubtless, but who was so lacking in the finer instincts. It might be well to talk the subject over with Adele.

He could have found no topic better suited to the mood in which he found the countess that evening. Her brown eyes seemed to glow with a rapt radiance at the first mention of the Cherub's name.

"What absurd notions we did have of him a few days ago!" she observed.

Her father waved his glasses in mild protest.

"We took only reasonable precaution, my dear."

"Against what, daddy? He didn't become intoxicated; he didn't carouse; he didn't fill the house with sporting characters. You remember how you stormed when you heard about his party?"

"I admit being somewhat concerned upon your account, Adele. I feared that his guests might be—"

"Yes; I know. I was looking for a crowd of prizefighters and gamblers, and the Walloways came with Bishop Horton! How silly I felt!" she exclaimed.

"But he is crude—very crude—in manners, bearing, speech, especially in his speech. Now, compare him with Nicholas Walloway. Nicholas is a well born, polished, refined—"

"Blackhead!" broke in the countess. "He's wooden all over."

"My dear, my dear! Nicholas, you must remember, is a gentleman!"

"So I have always believed," replied the countess. "But I don't care. I prefer a live man to a wooden gentleman."

Mr. Hewington had hoped, now there was no longer necessity for Adele to propitiate this person, that she would politely but effectively put an end to their brief friendship. In his own tactful way Mr. Hewington stated as much.

"Then you should be thoroughly satisfied," responded the countess, "for soon after he had given us back our home I sent him away forever."

"What! Forever! No, no, Adele; that will not do at all. You must not be so abrupt. The fact is that I—there is a little matter in which Mr. Devine has undertaken to give me assistance."

"Daddy! You haven't borrowed any money from him, I hope?"

"I? Borrow money of him! Certainly not. It is quite a different affair."

Mr. Hewington clearly saw that the time had come for him to employ that superior mind of his in the skillful management of a daughter who was at times presumptuous enough to form opinions of her own. And what a shrewd old gentleman he was, to be sure! How well he understood the limitations of feminine mentality!

"For example," he went on, "you have never seen how this paragon of yours can deal with a rival?"

"Oh, a competitor in business?" laughed the countess. "I shouldn't expect him to be generous in business."

"In the instance I had in mind," suavely continued Mr. Hewington, twirling his glasses slowly, "he was not dealing with a business competitor. I believe I said rival."

"Exactly. A man who stood in his way in what I presume Mr. Devine chooses to regard as an affair of the heart."

"Why—why, I don't understand, daddy! What man can you possibly mean?"

"Now, now, my dear! There you go, wanting to be told things which you probably could not understand and which—"

"But I can, I do. Tell me at once. Was it Nicholas Walloway?"

Mr. Hewington waved his glasses most impatiently.

"Most assuredly not. What a strange conception that Nicholas and Mr. Devine should be rivals in love! No, quite a different person. And what does Mr. Devine do when he meets him and learns his identity? Seizes him forcibly, drags him into the nearest building and locks him up without law or license."

"Father, I can't believe such a story. Where did you hear such a preposterous tale?"

"From Mr. Devine himself."

"But how? Where did all this occur?"

"Only this afternoon."

"Since he was here? But you have not been away. Then—then it was here on our grounds. Do you mean to say that Mr. Devine has some one locked up in one of our buildings?"

Mr. Hewington could only take refuge behind his dignity.

"That is quite sufficient, my dear. We will not discuss Mr. Devine and his peculiar doings any further, if you please. The subject is one upon which I do not care to dwell just now. I must go to my desk. Good night."

It is hardly fair, though, to speculate as to the innermost thoughts of the Countess Vecchi at that trying moment. We know that she was rather a nice young woman, very good to look at and more or less entertaining as a companion. Suppose she did narrow her eyelids and bite to a riper redness her gracefully curved underlip. We may even admit that she crushed the meshes of the silver girdle until there were red marks on her white palm. She was no pallid compendium of all the feminine virtues. She was a young person of high spirits and ready passions. And she could not wholly forget those stories about La Belle Savoie and the dinner to chorus girls. Throwing a lace affair over her head and shoulders, she slipped quietly out through the big entrance hall to the wide veranda and down one of the paths leading toward the sound. It was after 8 o'clock and quite dark, as the old moon was now rising late, but she knew exactly where she was going.

She saw something which made her lean forward and strain her eyes with intent interest. From one of the smallest buildings, a low stone structure, which she judged must be the icehouse, issued a cheery beam of light. Some one was standing in the half opened doorway. Only for an instant did this spectacle remain visible. Then the door was shut with a bang, and the yellow ray disappeared. A moment later the countess thought she could distinguish a man making his way across the lawn toward the servants' wing of the house.

Now, all this seemed very singular to the Countess Vecchi. So, keeping the figure of the man in sight, she began to walk parallel with him in order to see where he was going. When she saw he was making directly for the side door of the south wing she grasped her skirts firmly and started to run, and she overtook him.

"Why, Timmins, is it you?"

Obviously it was. On one hand he balanced a tray; in the other he carried a formidable looking club.

"Lor, miss, what a start you gave me!" said he.

"Did I? I'm sure I didn't intend to frighten you, Timmins. But I saw you coming, and there was something I wanted to ask you. What is it you have there, Timmins?"

"Why, miss, I've been a-givin' the puppies their supper."

"Yes, I know. But I thought you usually carried their food in a pail. What have they had tonight?"

And before Timmins could protest she had lifted the linen cover which had been thrown over the tray. A variety of dishes stood revealed.

"Why, Timmins, surely the coach puppies do not eat French chops?"

He was ready witted, was Timmins.

"Lor, no, miss, not as a general thing. But this is a special occasion, you know, a very particular occasion, miss."

"Indeed! And what very particular special occasion might this be to call for French chops?"

"Why, don't you remember—four months ago tonight? Course it's a bit of foolishness, but Mrs. Timmins would have it that way. 'Puppies' as birthdays," says she, "just the same!"

"But puppies don't eat baked potatoes, even on birthday anniversaries, do they, Timmins?"

"Baked potatoes! Do they? Why, miss, they just loves 'em, so they do."

"And peas and bread and butter and jam, Timmins?"

"It's a bit wonderful, miss, but them puppies has the most educated appetites of any coach puppies I ever see."

No doubt the countess should have resented each barefaced deception. She did make a weak attempt at a frown, but it turned into a smile and then a rippling laugh, in which Timmins joined genuinely.

And the Countess Vecchi tripped off into the darkness toward the front door.

She had heard and seen enough to convince her that at least part of what

she had gathered from her father's intimations was correct. Some one was being kept as a prisoner about the place. That some one was shut up in the icehouse. It was useless to ask questions. Her father would refuse to answer, and the replies of Timmins were too inventive to be convincing.

So early the next morning, before any one else on Hewington Acres had even roused and turned over for a sunrise nap, the Countess Vecchi stole quietly downstairs, let herself out of the front windows and walked determinedly in the direction of the icehouse.

Meanwhile Cherub Devine had hurried back to town and sought out that distinguished champion of the rights and privileges of such corporations as can afford to pay liberal fees, Mr. Robert Jaynes Driscoll.

Your average client would not have attempted to find Mr. Driscoll at that



"SURELY THE COACH PUPPIES DO NOT EAT FRENCH CHOPS?"

hour in the evening or, having found him, would hardly have expected him to give legal advice out of business hours. But Cherub Devine never stopped to inquire whether or not he was violating professional ethics or intruding on personal privacy. He knew that Bob Driscoll would most likely be found either at his club or at home. Five minutes in a telephone booth settled the question. Mr. Driscoll was at home. He would be glad to see Cherub.

Mr. Devine hailed a taxicab and within half an hour was being shown into a back room whose walls were lined from floor to ceiling with thick books bound in calfskin.

Mr. Driscoll smiled and waved Mr. Devine toward a chair.

"Do much of this night work?" asked the Cherub. "Have to, I suppose, to keep things running."

Again Mr. Driscoll smiled. He was quite used to Mr. Devine's breezy manner. He asked of Mr. Devine what was up.

"All kinds of things," responded the Cherub, dropping into a red leather chair and extracting one of his black cigars from a waistcoat pocket.

"Firstly," began the Cherub, "you're the chief attorney for that blasted railroad I've just loaded up with, aren't you?"

Mr. Driscoll nodded.

"Good! Now, as my private counsel I'd like to have you tell me if I can safely get rid of being president of it within the next twenty-four hours."

"Not tired of it so soon, are you?"

"Tired! Why, say, Bob, there isn't work enough about a job of that kind to keep a man awake. I put in all one day trying to find things to do. By 10 o'clock I'd O. K.'d a basketful of general orders that I didn't know anything about, fired three fluffly haired typewriter girls and issued a dozen annual passes to my friends. Then my private secretary and I sat around and looked at each other until lunch-time. I didn't show up again. No, no, Bob! It may be highly respectable and all that, but I've got to be where there's something doing. I want to get back into the street."

"There's nothing to prevent you from resigning."

"Except putting in some one that'll work things the way I want 'em worked. What do you say to old Rimmer?"

"Rimmer of Chicago?"

"Yep; the one we nipped on short holdings. Now, he hates me as the devil hates holy water, but he's a hustler, and he knows the railroad game like a book. He's down and out now, but he won't stay down, and when he gets up again I'd rather have him on my side than against me. Guess he'd rather be with me too. How about Rimmer, eh?"

Mr. Driscoll sent a quick but appreciative glance at the Cherub. He endorsed the Rimmer nomination.

"Then that's settled," observed the Cherub. "You send for him in the morning and put it up to him. I figure that he'll be mighty glad to crawl on the band wagon. Now for item No. 2. Bet a million you couldn't guess what I've been doing."

"Stake too high," laughed Mr. Driscoll, "but I think I could come near guessing. You've been getting married."

"Z-z-z-ing, but that was close—I don't think!" replied the Cherub. "You're within gunshot, though, Bob. And I expect I might as well own up that I'd like to, but there's no hope. I found the right girl, all right, and I'd just told her about it, when who should show up but a hubby."

"Not hers?"

"Right! I thought all along she was a widow. Every one thinks so. He's

one of those cheap macaroni counts, regular wife beater, and their honeymoon didn't last more than a few hours. She leaves him in Italy and comes home. Then it's reported that he has died in a sanitarium—family don't deny it, girl puts on black, and all hands hope it will soon be so. But he refuses to die and comes over here to hold them up for cash. As it happens, the first person he runs across is me. Now, what do you suppose I did to him?"

Mr. Driscoll's eyes concentrated seriously on the bland face of Cherub Devine.

"I hope"—he began.

"Oh, I didn't hurt him!" interrupted the Cherub. "I'm no hothead—never struck a man in my life—wouldn't know how. But perhaps I did worse. I deceived him to an icehouse and locked him in there."

"You what?" Even the composure of Bob Driscoll was stirred by this unique confession.

"Something had to be done right away. So I just jollied him along to the icehouse, tolled him inside and shut the door on him."

"So you locked him up, did you? Why didn't you let him make his demand and then have him arrested on a charge of blackmail?"

"Couldn't. That would bring out the whole story. See? She's been posing as a widow. That's her father's work. Think of what the papers would make of that! No, no! We don't want to go into court, and the count mustn't."

"I'm afraid, Cherub, that he's right when he calls you a kidnaper. That would be the technical charge. It's rather a serious offense, too—felony, you know."

"All right; I'm not squeamish. Look up some good criminal lawyer, will you, and have him let me know how far I can go?"

"M-m-m-m—" murmured Mr. Driscoll through pursed lips. "Why not soothe him with a few hundred dollar bills and let him out?"

"That's where my fool pride comes in, Bob. Didn't know I had any, but I guess I have. See here; I can't buy off the husband of the girl I—well, it don't seem right. That would stick in my crop."

"But you can't imprison a man indefinitely on your own hook, Cherub. Why, man, you would run the risk of a long term of imprisonment."

"I suspected that. Well, I can stand it if he can. And he gets his dose first."

Mr. Driscoll looked long and earnestly at the Cherub. At last he suggested, "You must be very fond of the young woman, Devine."

"That's putting it mildly, Bob, and she's worth it too. Why, say, she's the finest, sweetest, cutest— But there! I've got no right to talk like that. It's all off. There's that infernal count."

"Why hasn't she divorced him?"

"Against her principles. I like her all the better for it too. Oh, she's the genuine article, Bob! And I've got to give her up. Honest, it's tough!"

For a moment or so despair tried to dim the cheerful gleam of Cherub Devine's blue eyes. Then, with a shake of his shoulder, he threw it off.

"But this isn't getting on, Bob. If I'm going to have dealings with this Count Vecchi, I want to know who he is and all about him. Might stir up something that would be useful, you know."

"Good idea," commented Mr. Driscoll.

"It's the way I like to do business. Now, what connections have you with any private information bureau on the continent?"

"There's Deufstetter's, in Vienna."

"Slower than creeping paralysis! We'd get a report in about six months. No; we'll try Jimmy McQuade. Used to be one of the Record-Herald boys in Chicago. Now he's at the head of a newspaper syndicate in Paris. He's got columns of stuff out of me. And he's the kind that will get a move on. I'll cable him tonight to look up this count of mine and wire back full details. Eh? So long, Bob. I'll drop in at your office about noon tomorrow."

At midnight, from a downtown detective agency, four men started out to guard the exits to Hewington Acres, with orders to stop and hold a slim young man wearing a frock coat and a silk hat should he attempt to leave the grounds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Printers' Marks.

The interrogation mark or "point" (?) was originally a "q" and an "o," the latter placed under the former. They were simply the first and last letters of the Latin word "questio." So, too, with the sign of exclamation or interjection (!). In its original purity it was a combination of "i" and "o," the latter underneath, as in the question mark. The two stood for "io," the Latin exclamation of joy. The paragraph mark is a Greek "p," the initial of the word paragraph. The early printers employed a dagger to show that a word or sentence was objectionable and should be cut out.

Not Troubled.

Irate Tenant—I asked you when I rented this place if you had ever been troubled by chicken thieves, and you said no. Every one of my chickens was stolen last night, and I am told that the neighborhood has been infested with chicken thieves for years. Suburban Agent—I never keep chickens.

A Narrow Escape.

"What! You a widow, dear cousin?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a lucky escape for me. Do you know, I nearly married you once."—Bon Vivant.

Saturday Night Talks

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

SOBRIETY AS AN ASSET.

International Bible Lesson for May 8, '10—(Prov. 23:29-35).

As a cold-blooded, elementary business proposition, it is getting to be well-understood that sobriety is an asset. Particularly do railroad corporations and other large public service agencies more and more demand that those who are in their employment must be temperate men.

The Chicago and Alton railroad company, together with several others, has issued rules to its employees forbidding them to visit saloons, race tracks, dance halls or other resorts where liquor is sold, or gambling permitted. The reason is obvious. The railroad management is not composed of crooks or fanatics, Puritans or prohibitionists. They are not promoting a crusade to influence public opinion, nor running a reform movement for reform's sake. They are simply and solely protecting their business and property as practical business men.

True Personal Liberty.

A man may pooh pooh sentiments about temperance and morality. He may say he will drink what he pleases and go where he pleases. He may say the company is interfering with his personal liberty. It matters not. Everywhere he goes the necessity of sobriety and steadiness of habits confronts him. The employee is free to do as he pleases so long as he pleases to be decent. Which is, after all, the true measure of personal liberty. Anyone, however obtuse, can grasp the significance of ethical principles when expressed in terms of dollars and cents.

Aside from the vast property interests involved, a railroad corporation is responsible for the safe transportation of thousands of human beings, and it cannot grant its employees the "personal liberty" to get drunk and wreck a train. Personal liberty ends when it imperils the lives of other people. It is a pretty difficult thing in this complex life of ours for any man to ruin himself, become the bond slave of his vices and appetites; a pathetic derelict, old and worthless before his time, without inflicting a measure of his calamity upon others about him the innocent victims of his "personal liberty." But the railroads are refusing to become the instrument of his disgrace.

Altogether apart from the question of morals it is coming to be understood that sobriety is an asset in the furnishing of any young man. Other things being equal he stands a better chance in the business world. Cool heads, clear brains, bright eyes, clean manners are at a premium everywhere, and are becoming more so. Business men look deeper into the habits of those seeking places of responsibility than is generally suspected, and many an otherwise capable and promising employee has been kept from advancement because of his convivial habits. The young man who expects to succeed in life should bear this in mind.

Promotion for the Sober.

One of the first and all important questions asked of young men seeking employment or advancement is in regard to his habits. Many a young man's breath, bloodshot eyes, or well-known companions has barred him from employment he was about to receive. This does not mean that he can not earn his bread. There is a vast deal of work to be done in this world and he can find some place in the army of employed, but there are scores of places waiting for the sober young man, places of advancement, of honor, of influence, of profit that he can never fill. Honorableness he may perform; but when there is a vacancy in a bank, in a railroad office, in an ever-increasing number of occupations the man who spends his evening looking through the bottom of beer glasses goes to the rear while the sober young man gets the job. And then the beer-guzzler whines about the inequalities of life, and the favorites of fortune. No favoritism about it. It is business, pure and simple. It is absolutely essential in many lines of business that the hand shall be steady, that the eye shall be clear, the brain shall be normal, and that no remnants of last night's debauch, shall render the man, who holds possibly the lives of thousands in his hands, or the funds of widows and orphans in his trust, incapable of correct judgment, and instant action when necessary.

The pack horse does its work, and is worth a few dollars, the thoroughbred prances in pride before admiring crowds, and is worth a king's ransom. The burning question for every young man to consider is, Shall I be all my life a "beaver of wood and drawer of water," never rising above mediocrity, plodding on in a treadmill existence, a bond-slave to my appetites and passions, or shall I be a man. The world is looking for men. There is room at the top for men. There are always work for men. There are rewards for men. Simply as a matter of looking out for Number One, young men should early realize the value of sobriety. The question that Solomon asked in this lesson is easily answered. Sobriety is an asset, inebriety is a curse. It was true in his day as it is to-day, that intemperance is responsible for nine tenths of the woe, sorrow, contentions, babbling, wound without cause of the race. Stand aloof from such damaging causes.

ARE YOU, GOOD WOMAN, AT YOUR BEST?

Many beautiful women find themselves losing good looks and health—slowly fading from a cause unknown to them. She has no appetite, and the food she does eat seems to do her no good. Why? If you should ask her what the trouble is, she would say, "I am just tired out." But the real cause is constipation and its resulting condition—bad blood. Just think what habitual neglect of the bowels means—sickness instead of good health; nervousness instead of vigor; cheerfulness replaced by depression, happiness by misery.

A week's use of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills will work wonders. They will regulate the functions of the liver and the bowels, immediately unload the congestion, cure the constipation and cleanse the blood of impurities. These little pills will soon make you feel and look at your best. 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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NOTICE OF UNIFORM PRIMARIES

IN COMPLIANCE with Section 3, of the Uniform Primary Act, page 37, P. L., 1906, notice is hereby given to the electors of Wayne county of the number of delegates to the State conventions each party is entitled to elect, names of party officers to be filled and for what offices nominations are to be made at the spring primaries to be held on

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1910.

REPUBLICAN.

1 person for Representative in Congress.

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.

2 persons for delegates to the State Convention.

1 person to be elected Party Committeeman in each election district.

DEMOCRATIC.

1 person for Representative in Congress.

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.

1 person for Delegate to the State Convention.

1 person to be elected Party Committeeman in each election district.

PROHIBITION.

1 person for Representative in Congress.

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.

3 persons for Delegates to the State Convention.

1 person for Party Chairman.

1 person for Party Secretary.

1 person for Party Treasurer.

Petition forms may be obtained at the Commissioners' office.

Petitions for Congress, Senator and Representative must be filed with the Secretary of the Commonwealth on or before Saturday, May 7, 1910. Petitions for Party officers, committeemen and delegates to the state conventions must be filed