



# Cherub Devine

By  
**SEWELL FORD**

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## CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT would have been the emotions of Cherub Devine could he have known that the Countess Vecchi had risen before the sun was fairly up for the purpose of interviewing his prisoner?

The Countess Vecchi was beginning to wish that she hadn't come, after all. Who could say what sort of prisoner she might be on the point of raising? A man who was Cherub De-



"HELLO, HELLO!" CALLED THE COUNTESS. Devine's rival for some woman's affections, so her father had as good as said, but she could not believe that now. Perhaps the man was a criminal or a dangerous lunatic. The Countess shrank away from the padlocked door and glanced anxiously about. It might have been wiser to have waited until later and then insisted upon Timmins coming with her.

But, no, she felt that she wanted no witnesses to this interview. Suppose her father's version should be correct? The Countess lifted a determined chin and stepped briskly up to the heavy door. She doubled up one fist and tried to make a noise by hammering the wood. This was a failure. Then she looked around for a small stone, found it, wrapped her handkerchief about one end and proceeded to evoke a series of loud thumps. This proved effective, for an instant later she heard a creaking as of wire springs, and a sleep laden voice murmured some indistinct reply.

"Hello, hello!" called the Countess, rapping again with the stone.

"Go away. I don't want my breakfast now. I-I-I— Then came a prolonged yawn.

"I haven't brought you breakfast," said the Countess a little impatiently. "I just want to know why you are in our icehouse."

This was sufficient to bring the unknown to his feet.

"What—why—well, I like that! What am I doing in your icehouse, eh? Do you suppose I—A-a-at-choo-o-o-o! A-a-at-choo-o-o-o! There, blast it! Do you imagine I would lock myself in such a hole from choice? Say, who the deuce are you out there anyway?"

"Never mind who I am," retorted the Countess, "but please tell me who you are?"

"Oh, ho! So that's it, eh? Well, you wait a minute, will you, until I—I—I— But another sneezing fit interrupted this sentence. When it was over the Countess heard him moving something against the door and was soon conscious that some one was gazing at her through the auger holes. She thought she could distinguish a smooth exclamation of surprise.

"Well," she observed, "can you see now?"

"Oh, yes; quite well, thank you!"

"But you don't know any more about who I am than before, do you?"

"Don't I, though?" And the unknown chuckled. "You're the Countess Vecchi."

"Humph!" said the Countess. "That's a mere guess."

"Is it? Then I dare you to deny that you aren't. Come, am I not right, my dear Adele?"

The Countess started and tossed her head angrily.

"It doesn't matter in the least about my name. Perhaps you will tell me why you are in there."

"A stout, pink faced person who is widely known, I believe, as Cherub Devine locked me in."

"Ah!" The Countess did not mean to allow this exclamation to be audible, but it was.

"So he hasn't told you about it yet, eh?" commented the unseen prisoner.

"Stupid of me, wasn't it, to allow him to trick me so easily? You wait!

our Mr. Devine is going to regret that he was so clever."

"But why did he do it?"

"You might have guessed anyway. There's a lady in the case."

"A—A lady!" gasped the Countess.

"Some one that—that Mr. Devine—"

"Exactly. I found out only recently."

The arched lips of the Countess Vecchi were pressed tightly together; her chin was held very firmly. Although she could see nothing but the auger holes in the thick door, she stared at them.

"And you," she went on, after a pause—"you are interested in her also?"

"Naturally," came the rejoinder.

"But why should Mr. Devine wish to?"

"I'll explain all that. When he found that I happened to be the lady's husband he decoyed me here and locked me up."

"Oh, oh—her husband! I don't believe a word of it, not a word! It—it's a mistake, all a mistake. Why should you think that Mr. Devine cares enough for her to—to be so unjust to you as this?"

"Only because he as good as told me so himself. You see, my wife and I have been living apart. He thought I was dead. When I appear he finds me in the way. So he locks me up. But if there's any mistake I wish you'd point it out to Mr. Devine. Think there is, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know what to think."

The Countess Vecchi was determined to hold back her tears at the unexpected revelations, though, until she had put a few more questions. They were the ones she had been longing to ask from the first.

"This—this other— No; I mean this lady of whom you speak—is she young?"

"Just twenty-three."

"My own age," thought the Countess. Then she added aloud, "And she is quite pretty, I suppose?"

"Oh, she's pretty enough. But it's chiefly her cute ways which make her fascinating to men."

"Oh!" The Countess caught her breath sharply. "Then she is fascinating? Is she a blond?"

"Not a bit—lovely dark hair, big dark eyes. Her eyes are her strong point."

"Oh, I see!" commented the Countess, then to herself: "It's because I look something like her. And she's young and fascinating. Humph!"

"Glad I could tell you about her," observed the prisoner. "But if you don't mind I think I'll climb down off this cot. It's rather rickety, and I feel another sneezing fit coming on. Was there anything more?"

"I beg your pardon," she said earnestly. "Listen. You must go away from here at once."

"Nothing would please me better, but I can't crawl through these holes."

"I know, and I haven't a key to the padlock. But I shall get one. If I can't get the key I shall demand that you be set at liberty. I'll go to my father, to Mr. Devine, and—"

"Oh, I wouldn't bother them about it. Just say nothing at all, but find the key, undo the lock and then slip away. Perhaps you'd better wait until afternoon."

"But it's such a shame, keeping you shut up here like a criminal."

"That's so. I told them it was an outrage. And I've caught a frightful cold too. Think you can find the key, don't you?"

"I'm sure I can. I'll send Timmins on an errand and look in his desk."

"I'm greatly obliged, you know. You're a trump. It's mighty good of you."

"It isn't at all. I couldn't do less, and if I ever speak to Mr. Devine again it will be only to tell him what I think of such cruel treatment. Good-by. I'm going now."

"Goodby and good luck," came faintly through the air holes in the door.

Perhaps it was best that the Countess could not see the grimace of satisfaction which accompanied the words as she departed to get the key to that padlock on the icehouse door.

Thus it happened something after this fashion: The time was late afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock, when the golden autumn day was about to end in a blaze of sapphire light that was soon to fade into an empty arch of turquoise blue. The Countess Vecchi was reading on the upper veranda. It had become well understood in the servants' wing that the brief but disturbing reign of that Devine person was over. Twice he had impudently offered his hand and fortune to the Countess Vecchi, and twice he had been scornfully refused. The parlor maid knew all the details.

Just now Timmins appeared up the left carriage drive. He was on foot and leading a half grown Jersey calf. He had been sent to purchase the calf from the Wilbur-Tremway's head dairyman.

Suddenly the icehouse door swung gently outward on its hinges, while a man, wearing a wrinkled frock coat and a silk hat whose luster was somewhat dimmed by a drabery of

cobwebs, stepped cautiously out. Next he glanced in the direction of the house.

Above the shrubbery he could see only the roof and the dormer windows of the upper story, but apparently he was satisfied. Then he turned and looked toward the stables. No one was in sight there, but the man in the silk hat shook his fist at the sunset reddened windows.

Had he cast a glance directly behind him he would have seen Timmins and the calf just coming into view over the crest of a little rise in the rolling driveway. But he cast no such glance. Evidently he knew of only one exit from Hewington Acres, the right gateway, by which he had entered, and he at once struck a businesslike gait in making for it.

The discreet Timmins was both startled and puzzled. He did not wish to shout and alarm the folks in the house, for that would reveal the secret of the prisoner. Neither did he wish to release the calf. Yet he could not stand there and watch the man escape. That would never do. What would Cherub Devine say? Timmins' sharp little eyes narrowed menacingly. With the free end of the rope he gave the Jersey calf a smart whack on the ribs, rudely rousing it from its peaceful promenade. The calf jumped ahead. So did Timmins. Yanking and whacking, running and leaping, the pair of them careered impetuously across the velvety lawn, crashing through shrubbery, dodging between trees and making a straight course for the right hand driveway.

We have all we can manage to picture the consternation of the escaping prisoner when he saw himself headed off by this incongruous tandem. No doubt he instantly recognized Timmins as his jailer, for after a moment's astonished hesitation he doubled on his tracks.

In spite of his lack of knowledge of the geography of the grounds, the fleeing prisoner was not to be caught easily. He dashed down one of the garden paths. So the placid meditations of Mr. Hewington, who was in the garden, were interrupted by the noise of rapidly approaching footsteps. The next moment he had a glimpse of an individual in a frock coat who was sprinting toward him at top speed.

Involuntarily Mr. Hewington raised his arms and stepped directly into the middle of the path. That was quite sufficient. The runner dug his heels into the gravel, checked his flight long enough for one dazed look and promptly dashed into a clump of golden glow, reappearing to the view of Timmins a second later headed toward the house. Evidently the man was bewildered or else he would not have failed to observe the by no means inconspicuous figure of Mrs. Timmins looming large in the kitchen door.

"Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!" shouted Timmins, abandoning all secrecy now.

Mrs. Timmins was not one to wait for explanations at such a time. Timmins wanted somebody stopped, and stopped he should be. With surprising agility she got her huge bulk in motion and moved imposingly and at right angles upon the refugee. As she did this Timmins, dragging the calf and followed by Mr. Hewington, closed in on the other side. But the bossie was tired of the game or else he was winded. He no longer bounded merrily upon his wabby legs, now ahead, now just behind Timmins. He stuck his forefeet straight out and saved baskily at the lead rope.

This left a gap of some ten yards in the line of offense, and through it the hunted man bolted bravely, the tails of his frock coat fluttering a taunting salute as he spurred toward freedom. The sodate Eppings was just in time to view the escape with open mouth and staring eyes.

"Tyke after 'im, you blooming chump!" screamed the disgusted Timmins. "Why don't you tyke after 'im?"

Thus exhorted, the butler did break into a stiff trot, which was so patently ineffective that Timmins might have laughed had the occasion been less serious. As it was, he only gasped out an exclamation of disapproval, threw the calf's lead rope to Mr. Hewington, with the suggestion, "Here, you 'old 'im, governor," and darted after his prisoner.

Do you wonder, then, at the amazement of the Countess Vecchi when into the calm of the sunset hour burst this animated procession—first, a man swinging a silk hat in his right hand and panting as he ran; next, Timmins, his elbows close to his sides and his jaw thrust out in approved Marathon style; third, Mrs. Timmins, very red of face and her ample chest billowing up and down like a stormy sea, but getting over the ground quite rapidly; fourth, Eppings, his solemn eyes almost popping out of his head, and at the rear her father, vainly trying to urge the reluctant calf into a livelier gait?

The race between Timmins and his elusive prisoner was progressing very prettily. They were keeping to the driveway now, and the smooth macadam offered fine footing. At once there came to the ears of all concerned the sharp, imperious honk-honk of an automobile horn.

The next instant a big red car whirled in through the gates and at sight of the advancing procession in the roadway was brought to a sudden stop. From the back seat of the tonneau stepped forth Cherub Devine. It was the most dramatic and opportune entrance he had ever made in all his career.

The panting fugitive halted, stared apprehensively at the Cherub, then cast a hurried look over his shoulder at Timmins. Quickly he made his choice. Turning like a flash, he dodged Timmins neatly. Another moment

and he had circled around Mrs. Timmins.

Perhaps he would have been doubling and dodging yet had there not occurred a diversion. The calf in its excitement had begun running in a circle and had wound Mr. Hewington up with the rope so that he could move neither hands nor feet. Mr. Hewington was loudly calling for Eppings.

Just then, however, it was Eppings' turn to try stopping the prisoner. He was already jumping from one side of the road to the other in order to confuse the enemy when Mr. Hewington's cries for assistance distracted his attention from the game. Years of training showed there. Eppings abandoned his post and started for his master. A yell of rage from Timmins reached his ears. Eppings saw the fugitive about to speed past him. For a second he hesitated. Then, unlimbering his long legs and throwing discretion to the winds, he hurled himself headlong across the road, wrapped his long arms midway about the frock coat, and, amid a cloud of dust, captor and captive came desperately to earth.

As such things go it was rather a stirring finish—for it was all over.

"As fine a tackle as I ever saw made," declared the Cherub. "Eppings, you're a winner. But how did it all happen? How did he get out?"

The Countess Vecchi, who, with the help of Mrs. Timmins, had separated Mr. Hewington from the calf, came up just in time to hear this question asked.

"I think I can best answer Mr. Devine," said she, with just a suspicion of sarcasm in her tone. "It was I who released this gentleman from the icehouse. Timmins, will you please step one side?"

"But, miss, 'e's such a—"

"Timmins!" reproved the Countess. "You want to let him go, do you, Countess?" queried the Cherub.

"I do."

"Then scoot," and Cherub Devine pointed a chubby thumb over his shoulder.

"Thanks," said the ex-prisoner, and, with a faint grimace in the very face of the baffled Timmins, he started off.

Not until he had disappeared around the first curve of the driveway was a word spoken. Then Cherub Devine, who had been regarding the averted face of the Countess with a wistful look in his blue eyes, broke the spell.

"I suppose," he began, "you wonder why we had him shut up in—"

"I understand perfectly," said the Countess. "He told me all about it himself."

"Oh, then you had a talk with him, eh?"

"I did." The Countess was looking steadily at him, and she paused as if to invite criticism of her action.

The Cherub shrugged his shoulders. He was beginning to realize that something more than the mere escape of this Count Vecchi had occurred.

Could there have been a reconciliation? The Cherub could not credit that.

"I expect he didn't tell you, though, just why I got so interested in him, did he?" and Mr. Devine favored the Countess with one of those instantaneous winks of his by which he was wont to express mischievous audacity.

"He made everything quite clear, Mr. Devine," said the Countess, with significant emphasis. "And, while I can hardly approve of your motives, I can wish you every success in your

new enterprise. Only please do not use our icehouse as a prison again," and she walked away.

"Whew! Now I ought to be good, I guess!" exclaimed the bewildered Cherub.

As he gazed about the little group of mystified persons he saw Mr. Hewington, still somewhat dazed and a good deal ruffled as to appearance from his recent experience with the calf. The Cherub led Mr. Hewington down the driveway toward the waiting car and observed casually.

"Well, our count is loose again."

"Our count, sir! Why, what do you mean?"

"Now, see here, Hewington, don't you go to being mysterious. I'm twisted up enough as it is. You saw Count Vecchi walk off just now, didn't you?"

"Count Vecchi! Where? When?"

"Oh, come!" said the Cherub. "Didn't you help chase him all over the lot?"

"My dear sir, that person was not Count Vecchi."

"Wha-a-at! Say, let's have that again, will you? Wasn't the count, did you say?"

"Most certainly not, sir. I will admit that at first I supposed it was the count, but no sooner had he been cap-

tured than I perceived that some one had made a most stupid blunder."

"But he said he was the count—told me so himself," insisted the Cherub.

"My dear Mr. Devine," and Mr. Hewington assumed his most dignified attitude. "If you doubt that I cannot recognize the man who—"

"There, there! I'll take your word for it. You say he isn't the count, do you?"

"Positively, sir, he is not the count!"

"Then who the devil is he?" exploded the Cherub.

"That, sir, is a matter in which I am not deeply interested."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" was the Cherub's only comment as he watched Mr. Hewington walk stiffly away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IN CASE OF FIRE.

How to Save Property and Escape From a Burning Building.

One's ability to extinguish a starting fire or to escape if caught in a burning building depends upon intelligence and self control. If the blaze is just starting throw water on the material that is burning—not at the blaze. One bucket of water will do more good if thrown on by handfuls or with a broom than if dashed on at once. A small fire may be smothered with a rug or blanket or beaten out with a broom.

If you cannot put out the fire in a minute yell "Fire!" and then, if in a city, call the fire department. Every one living in the house should know the telephone number to be used for getting the firemen, and it should be on the wall for strangers to use. There is no time for looking in the directory, even if one should not be too nervous to find a number. Every one should know where the nearest fire alarm box is and how to use it.

Do not leave the door open when you run out to give an alarm. If the doors and windows are closed when a fire starts one can always get the firemen there in time to put it out while it is in only one room. The fire soon consumes all the oxygen in a closed room and may die out if it gets no fresh air.

If awakened in the night by the smell or cry of fire, don't dress. Wrap yourself in a blanket or quilt from the bed and get out the quickest way you can. Shut the doors you pass through. After calling for help try to ascertain the extent and the situation of the fire. You can tell if it is best to try to carry out the household goods. If the fire is on the first floor it is very dangerous to go above, because the heat and choking smoke rise.

One can often get out through a hall filled with smoke by going on his hands and knees when he would fall choking if he ran. The smoke is the thickest at the ceiling. Holding a wet towel or anything made of flannel or even a coat collar over the mouth greatly lessens the danger of injury to the lungs or death from the carbonic acid gas in the smoke.

Most fires start in the first floor or basement of a building and burn a hole up through the roof. In a house the flames travel by the stairways; in a big store or hotel they go quickly up the elevator shaft. After reaching the top the fire spreads and slowly goes down.

## How to Care For Leather Furniture.

Most housekeepers regard their leather furniture as a thing to be dusted only and left to its fate. There never was a greater mistake. The leather needs constant and intelligent care to keep it from drying out and tearing into shreds or turning to powder. All leather needs care and furniture covering most of all. In the first place, don't be afraid to apply a little soap and water to it to wash off the dust and dirt. Use soapy water, a sponge and a paint brush to get into the folds of the leather and the crevices. The soapy water will darken the leather, but only temporarily. When the leather is dry here is a preparation that will do it good. It's simply just one part sweet oil and four parts benzine. The oil will darken the leather a little, but it will soon dry in and leave it the original color. The surplus oil may be removed by rubbing. Rub into the grain of the leather. This treatment four times a year will preserve both the life and the elasticity of leather furniture covering.

## How to Clean White Felt Hats.

One girl whose income is so small that her friends wonder how she can afford to wear the light colored hats that are so becoming to her keeps them clean with artist's chalk. She lays in a supply of this chalk, which can be bought for a few cents and in different colors. Should a spot appear in a pink hat, for instance, it is immediately covered with pink chalk and laid in a dark place for several hours or, better yet, overnight. When the chalk was brushed off the spot usually comes along. A milliner is responsible for a somewhat heroic treatment of light felt hats. She says that when they become dirty she always rubs the surface with the finest sandpaper that can be found. Strange to say, this does not roughen the felt and does remove the dirt.

## Another Way.

"Why don't you throw away this old junk? It is of no use to any one."

"But that would make me feel wasteful."

"Then give it away and feel charitable."—Washington Herald.

## How to Make Beet Salad.

To nicely boiled sliced beets lay alternate rows of boiled onions, also sliced, and pour over them any salad sauce or simply oil and vinegar.

## Correcting Bad Habits Won't Do

To cure a torpid and inactive liver, more is required than the mere correction of bad habits. You change your diet, reform your manners of living, but unless you assist Nature your efforts won't be a success.

When the liver and bowels are acting improperly, something must be done to put them in condition again. There is lack of tone in the liver action as well as in the bowels. You feel depressed and unfitted for work, endurance and responsibility. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills impart tone to a tired liver, give the push-from-behind strength to torpid muscles. They stimulate the circulation, and make the liver active and the bowels regular. We have thousands of letters telling of the wonderful results of using these pills. Here are a few words from one of our correspondents:—

Mrs. M. F. ARNOLD, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes:—"Your pills are the best on earth. Several of my friends are taking them. 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