

CHAPTER XIV.

T was nearly S o'clock when the Cherub was landed at his city hotel and 9 before he had finished dinner.

He had just ordered his second demitasse when he heard his name being "paged" through the grill room. Holding up a forefinger to admit his identity, he was handed a cablegram of four sheets, with toll charges marked "collect." The ever ready McQuade had lived up to his reputation. In one day be had uncarthed all that was to be learned of the history of Count Luigi Salvatore y Vecchi.

On page 1 were recorded the facts concerning the birth, parentage and early childhood of the count. Page 2 took him on to youth, when he began to have escapades which had become matters of public record. Page 3 was largely devoted to accounts of his rumored engagements and brief had recovered his composure and destatements concerning two duels in which he had been concerned. It was also he had accepted Mr. Devine's ofwhile hastily skimming the last sheet | fer to become his guest for the night. that Mr. Devine was moved to exclaim, with explosive eagerness, "Ah, ha!" Mr. McQuade's message closed in this manner:

"Sent to private sanitarium in Logos, Switzerland, Aug. 15, 19-. Died there Nov. 23, same year. Funeral private. Family hushed up affair."

"Nearly two years ago," commented the Cherub. "Then I believe he's good and dead by this time. But why shouldn't the Hewingtons have this was his first visit. Nor was the known?"

Further speculations were interrupted by the announcement that a person who gave his name as J. Binks was at the desk asking to communicate with Mr. Devine. He mentioned that he was connected with some agency or other.

Mr. J. Binks, a bristly haired man with an undershot jaw and narrow set eyes, tiptoed apologetically in among the tables.

"Excuse me." he whispered hoarsely. "but we got your gent, all right. He was walking out as cool as you like. too, sir, when we nabbed him."

"The deuce you say! But what have you done with him?" "Just what was bothering us, sir.

2.4

Generally we has papers and takes 'em to the nearest station house. But in this case, as I says to the chief, 'Chief.' says I, 'this is the peculiarest' "-

"Yes, it is a little odd," broke in the Cherub. "But where's your man now?" "Outside, sir. 'cuffed to Mr. Coogan. my side partner. Now, if you would

step around to the sergeant's desk and swear out"-"But I can't, Mr. Bluks. You and

this line was useless, he merely shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "I might have known you would

find out. But what of it?" "Why, not much," answered the Cherub slowly, "only-only this: Some one's been holding up the old gentleman for remittances ever since the count died, using the count's name. Of course I'm not sure who that somebody was, but the arrow points to you. How about it, eh?"

The man across the table began to think. His air of indifference vanished. He fumbled nervously with the table silver. Inside of two minutes he had broken down completely and was making a full confession, to which Cherub Devine listened with placid satisfaction and indulgent nods of encouragement.

The interview ended amicably. By the time it was over the ex-prisoner veloped an appetite for sirioin steak;

And early next morning there arrived at Hewington Acres once more a cheerfully audacious Cherub Devine, who seemed guite unaffected by the forbldding austerity with which Eppings chose to regard him as he inquired for the countess.

After some moments, during which he paced up and down the reception hall. Mr. Devine was shown into the library with as much formality as if attitude of Mr. Hewington as he received the Cherub at all reassuring.

"I've been looking up that count of yours," remarked the Cherub. "He's been defunct for nearly two years. I had a man investigate the records, and it's all O. K.'

"Impossible, Mr. Devine! Why-why -1 have been in communication with him.'

"That was your mistake. You've been in communication with a smooth young chap who couldn't resist the chance to play a new bunko game for all it was worth. How were the letters signed which came from the count after he was sent to that sanitarium?" "By his secretary, I believe. Per F. C. That was it."

"Sure! And the F. C. stood for Francois Cunetto. I've had a heart to heart talk with Francols and got his whole history. As you might guess by his name, he's half French and half Italian, which is not a bad combination. There was good blood on both sides, but no money on either. so that's why he didn't finish the medical course that he came over here to take. When his funds ran out he goes back to Italy, drifts up into Switzer land and gets a job as assistant house doctor in this sanitarium where they were trying to cure Count Vecchi of seeing pink whiskered tadpoles and other variegated fauna."

## THE OTTIZEN, FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1910.

"It has something to do with the countess," he confessed "The countess: Pray, Mr. Devine,

kindly leave my daughter out of this discussion ' "Not much." declared the Cherab

"Say, you might just as well get used to it now as inter i think a whole lot of your daughter. Mr Hewington "Indeed, sir: Your impudence is astounding. I trust that you are not so presumptuous as to suppose that your -er-your regard is in any measure returned?"

"That just describes the case, Mr. Hewington At least I did have some such idea until this fool Francois muddled things up for me. Do you know what he told the countess?" "I am not interested, sir."

"Maybe not, but I want you to listen,

just the same, and I want you to let him tell his revised story to the count-688. Why, see here, she thinks I

locked that chap up because I was interested in his wife. Says he didn't mean to tell any such varn, but he was posing as the count, and she couldn't see him, and it just naturally slipped out. Nice position to put me in, wasn't it?"

But Mr. Hewington shook his head uulishly.

"But, great Scott," protested the Cherub. "he meant that I was in love with the countess. He'd guessed that much. And, say, he guessed right. I've been in love with her ever since the first minute I saw her, and it's getting worse every hour, I don't know just how it is with her. She's never had a fair chance to say yet. but now that I've found out that count of yours is out of the way I mean to ask her once more if she thinks I'll do,

"Well, Cherub, why don't you?"

From behind a tall revolving bookcase which hid from view a corner of the library appeared the Countess Vecchi, flushed and smiling.

"Adele!" came from Mr. Hewington, "I've been listening, you see," she confessed. "I couldn't help it. I came in to find father, and I heard you tell-



ing him about that-that man you had locked up-the one who told you he was Count



International Bible Lesson for May 22, '10-(Matt 14: 1-12.)

The death of J hn the Bantist, to all human appearance was a calaraity. It took place while he was yet a young man, not 35 years of age. It was caused by the spite of an adulterous woman and her libidinous dancing daughter. It was accomplished to pay off the obligations of a licentious king made in a moment of drunken rashness. It happened when the distinguished preacher was deprived of the presence of every disciple or sympathizing friend. It took place at midnight, in the gloomy recesses of a prison, and was nothing short of red-handed murder.

The last of the prophets of the old dispensation, was guilty of no crime except the straight out rebuke of the iniquity of the royal pair. No trial of any sort whatever was given him. He had no chance to reply, no opportunity to appeal. The hand of vengeance seized him, he was hurled into a dungeon, his head was chopped off by the executioner, and the gory member was taken on a dish and laid at the feet of a harlot. Nothing more unjust, inhuman, satanic, can be found in the annals of history.

### Prisons for Reformers.

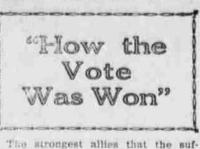
Since the beginning of the world. some of its noblest men and women have been locked up in prison. Christ was arrested. All the apostles got into jail. Almost every city he visited furnished Paul prison quarters. Joseph was lied about and his liberty taken away by a wicked woman. Jeremiah was put in a dungeon because he would not preach to please an iniquitous crowd. Peter had to be continually interrupted in his work by a jail sentence. John, the beloved. was exlled to an island fortress. John Bunyan spent 13 years in Bedford prison. John Wesley was dogged by constables all over England. John Knox occupied a prison cell. Madam Guyon was incarcerated for years. It should not surprise us therefore to read that John the Baptist, ended his life in a dungeon.

Characteristics of Reformers.

Grace, grit and gumption are the characteristics of the genuine reformof the race, the pathfinders of the ages, are characterized by these qualities. John the Baptist was a brilliant example of the men who seem to be born into the world to create a disturbance. They can no more avoid it than thunder storms can hold back forked lightning and reverberating upbut the air is purer after it has passed, and the face of nature is changed.

### Rugged Reformers.

The reformer such as was John the Baptist, is usually a lonely man. His meat is appropriately locusts and wild honey. Soft raiment would not become his rugged form, a girdle of



fragettes in London have secured in a hody are the actresses. The Actresses Franchise League has many hundreds of members and they are doing all they can to help in the movement. Their efforts are more or less phlianthropic, for they admit that they need the vote less than any other women in the world, the theatrical profession being alone in England in paying women as well as men.

The Woman's Freedom League held a great fair at Caxton Hall. They called it the Green, White and Gold Baznar, and it differed in only one way from the ordinary church or charity fair. The same sort of useless things were sold the same efforts to make the embarrassed visitor buy were used, the same hesitation and reluctance in giving change occurred. All the good old methods were employed to make it a financial Success

The theatrical element had a room of its own and held a continuous performance. Recitations, dances, songs, etc., began at 12 and continued till 11 at night. Then there was another continuous performance hall where short sketches were played.

All the sketches and performances brought in the suffrage question in one form or another. The cream of them all was Cicely Hamilton's "How the Vote Was Won," written particularly for the occasion and played by an all star cast. Some sketches by Miss Hamilton illustrating a pamphlet on the same topic are reproduced here.



The one act was in a middle class house. The young mistress of the eser. And the men who are the pioneers | tablishment, who does not believe in giving the women a vote because her husband is opposed to it, finds herself left without servants. They have no grievance against her, they say, but they are going to the workhouse till they get the vote.

In despair the young wife turns to her strong minded sister who, decked roar. Men cower during the tempest, in Suffragette colors, is about to lead a procession, and the sister explains that the women have struck at last. Every woman has put down her work and gone to her nearest male relative to be supported till she gets the vote, or failing a male relative she has gone to the workhouse.

When the bumptious and loquacious master of the house comes home his horrified wife explains matters to him

# **KEEP YOUR BOWELS** REGULAR IN NATURE'S WAY.

If your bowels did not move for a week or ten days you would be down sick. It's the same result, differing only in degree, when your bowels do not move regularly at least once every day. You become con-stipated, your blood gets bad, and you feed sick all over. To avoid such serious con-ditions take Smith's Pineapple and Butter-nut Pills. They will drive bowel poison out of serious and extilial serious conout of your system and establish regularity. These little pills are purely vegetable and work wonderful results in one night.

Remember that bowel poison is the direct cause of slow, wasting fevers, loss of memory, female weakness, nervous prostration and general debility. Bowel poison leads on to misery and death as surely as constipation or heart disease; the well-advised use of Smith's Pineapple and Butternet Pills will cure and establish howel, stomach and liver health. Sick at night, well in the morning. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These little Vegeta-ble Pills will ward off many ills.

**To Cure Constipation Biliousness and Sick** Headache in a Night, use SMITH'S PINEAPPLE AND BUTTERNUT PILLS INAN IN THE REAL

60 Pills in Glass Vial 25c .- All Dealers. SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys Bladder Diseases, Rhenmatten, the one best remedy. Reliable, endorsed by lending physiciana; isafe, effectual. Results lasting. On the markut 16 years. Have cured thousands. 100 pills at original glass package, 50 cents. PILLS Trial boxes, 50 pills, 35 cents. All druggists sell and recommend,

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## ALLEN HOUSE BARN

For New Late Novelties

-IN-

EWELRY SILVERWARE WATCHES

Coogan have done well, Here, split that between you," and Mr. Devine insinuated a yellow backed note into an anticipatory palm. "Now all you have to do is unchain your man from Mr. Coogan, lead him in here and leave him with me."

"And there ain't no charge?"

'None at all, Mr. Binks, All I want is his company for a few minutes."

"Well, I'm jiggered, I am!" The bogus count seemed rather meek and subdued. His clothes were wrinkled and dusty, his shirt bosom rumpled, and he was in need of a shave With some hesitation he slid into the chair opposite Mr. Devine,

"Whatever your little game was, it's queered," said Mr. Devine. "You fooled me all right, but of course you couldn't fool Mr. Hewington or the countess. What was the idea, anyway?"

"I was just joking. I'm going to make you smart for your share in this. Mr. Cherub Devine."

"Of course you are, 'That's only natural. You'll bring suit for damages and all that sort of thing, and I'll have to have you arrested on a charge of attempted blackmail, and between us we'll keep the courts busy for a year I have that all figured out. But what do you say to a good dinner first?"

An involuntary rolling of the eyes toward the menu card betrayed the fact that the suggestion was a pleasing one.

"How would a nice thick sirioin, with mushrooms and baked potatoes, strike you? And a few little necks to start on, ch? Good! Here, waiter!" Suddenly, however, Mr. Devine asked abruptly:

"Well, got me all sized up? Then let's get down to facts. What's your real bona fide name, anyway?"

The man flushed a little.

"Suppose"-and a pair of piercing dark eyes watched for the effect shrewdly-"suppose I came direct from Count Vecchi as his personal repre".

"Won't do," interrupted Mr. Devine, "unless you can show your pass from the 'old boy.' You see, I know just how long the count's been dead."

"If you had taken the trouble to ask Mr. Hewington he would have told you how mistaken you were."

"Yes, but I'm better posted than Mr. Hewington. There are the latest returns," and the Cherub tossed over the last sheet of McQuade's message. Seeing that further oretense along this?"

"Really, now, Mr. Devine!" protested Mr. Hewington.

"Why shy so at the facts?" asked the Cherub. "Count or no count, that was his complaint. Why, his nerves were in such shape he couldn't even sign his name to a letter. And that's where young Dr. Cunetto was let in When the count's remittance from you was overdue he dictates a letter to Francois. He gets him to cash your check, too, and Francois learns the whole story about the runaway countess and her rich father. Then the count dies. A delayed check comes in, and the doctor is tempted to see that the money isn't wasted; also he observes that the passing of the count is kept quiet. It occurs to him that you hadn't been notified of the sad event. That being the case, he sees no reason why the remittances shouldn't continue, so he keeps you posted on the dates when they're due. See how it works out?"

"Why, the scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Hewington. "I've been swindled! I shall write to him at once and"--

"No need to write. He's over here. He's coming to call on you this afternoon.

"The impudent rascal! Why, 1shall have him apprehended!"

"I hope not," said the Cherub mild-"That would complicate things. ly. We didn't treat him very well the

last time he was here." "The last time!" echoed Mr. Hewington.

"Yes. He was the chap we had shut up in the icehouse, you know. He was scouting around to see what style you lived in before he played his cards."

"The unprincipled wretch!"

"He isn't as honest as he might be, but then circumstances have been against him."

"I shall refuse to hear a word from him, sir!" declared Mr. Hewington. "Now, that's too bad. He's coming

to refund the amount he tricked you out of. You see, I've taken him on my private staff and advanced him six months' pay, so he could start

square. Isn't that better than getting into a legal snarl with him, ch?" "But I fail to understand, Mr. Devine. What is your motive in doing

"There isn't any count, glory be!"

"I know. I heard all you said." "Did you-honest?" demanded Mr. Devine eagerly. "About how 1-1"-The Countess Vecchi nodded, and her

dark eyes drooped. "Then I guess there's something I

want to say all over again right nowthat is, Mr. Hewington, if you wouldn't mind-er"- and he glanced suggestively at the library door.

Mr. Hewington gasped. From Cherub Devine he looked toward his daughter.

"Oh, run along, daddy," urged the ountess.

Mr. Hewington sighed a sigh of res gnation and retreated from the scene. The Cherub simply stood there and gazed at the Countess Vecchi. All his udacity and self confidence had vanished. He was gazing wistfully and eagerly at her. Then his gaze found the big brown eyes-found something in them which quickened his blood and gave him hope.

"Adele," he faltered questioningly. "I know I don't deserve it, but-butcould you-will I do?"

And presently, holding her closely in his arms and looking at shorter range into her brown eyes, he was reasonably sure that he would.

"Guess I never knew what it was to be happy before, anyway," he whis pered.

"Nor 1, Cherub, dear," said the Countess Vecchi.

THE END.

#### Changing Niagara.

Any one who was familiar with the appearance of the Niagara falls before the present power installations were built and opened can settle the ques tion as to whether the appearance of the falls has been affected by going to see for himself. Small though the total amount of water taken for power purposes in proportion to the total amount passing over the falls may be. it has been sufficient to cause the shall lower portions of the overflow at the edges of the falls to become entirely dry, thereby greatly reducing the total length of the crest line.

#### How to Kill Dandelions.

It is said that the following is a sure remedy for killing dandelions, which always grow in the spring and spoil pretty green laws: Fill a medicine dropper with gasoline and apply a few drops to the center of each plant,

skin about the loins is much more fitting. Such heroic characters are out of place at pink teas. We cannot imagine any one of them wearing delicately embroidered dressing gown and slippers. When we speak of reform ers we think of the three Hebrews who stiffened their back bones erect when the throng on the plains of Shinar bowed in idolatrous worship; of Paul, preaching straight from the shoulder at Felix till the corrupt judge's knees knocked together; of Martin Luther nailing his thesis on the cathedral doors; of John Knox, bringing tears to the eyes of the bloody Queen Mary; of Peter the Hermit, arousing all Europe with his battle shout; of Jonathan Edwards preaching with such dramatic intensity that the audience grasped the pillars of the house lest they should slide into hell; of John the Baptist, uttering his personal message to King Herod against the deep damnation of his private life.

Death in Harmony with Life.

And the death of John the Baptist is in perfect harmony with his life. The bombshell which crashes down the wall of the fortress is itself annihilated. The world has only one an swer for the men of that stamp. Whom it cannot meet in argument it assass! nates. See the long list of those whom history records as the benefac tors of mankind who have met violent deaths. The fathers murder them and their children erect monuments

was slaughtered in the field, down to the latest victim of the world's hate. the noble army of martyrs has been a long procession. The standard bearers of civilization, of progress, of sci entific achievement, of invention, of Christianity have been assassinated upon the picket line, not by the foe ahead, but by the stupid and laggard army behind.

Nevertheless, nothing has ever per manently stopped the work of the reformer. John the Baptist died, but not until he had accomplished his mission. He was only a voice, and the voice was heard. He was only a forerunner, and he introduced the King. He was sent to prepare the way of the Lord and to make his paths straight, and he did it. When the sun arises it is fitting that the stars should disappear. John's valedictory as he bows himself off the stage of action is: "Be hold the lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world!"

but he is only amused at this new suffragette freak. Then the feminine relatives begin to arrive, bag and baggage.



First comes a young woman journalist, a very distant cousin . She has given up her work and come to live with him. Then follow his timid sister, who for years has been governess in an aristorcratic family where she has been systematically snubbed; a fashionable dressmaker, of whose relationship he had hitherto been ignorant, but who has papers to prove her claim upon him; a music hall singer whose existence he had ignored for very shame of her, and finally an old aunt who has calmly thrown up her successful Bloomsbury boarding house, turned her boarders out and come to end her days with him since she has no civic rights.

All the bumptious gentleman's arguments fade away in horror at this invasion. News keeps coming in from distracted neighbors that theatres are closed and shops left deserted. Duchesses are getting soldiers to come in and do the washing and cooking for them, and all is unheard of confusion.

Up jumps the master of the house, seizes a suffragette flag and makes a long speech as to why women should the vote and at once. Then, have decked in suffragette colors, he dashes out of the house and into the streets shouting "Votes for women!" at the top of his voice.

### New Century Forces.

The twentieth century is to eploy the elments of air and water and the fierceness of the sun in a utilitarian way exceeding al fancies of the fabulist, all the imaginings of the makers of fiction .- Indianapolis News.

## "Guaranteed articles only sold."

Try

NOTICE OF UNIFORM PRIMAR-IES-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 offices to be filled and for what offices nominations are to be made at the spring primaries to be held on

SPENCER, The Jewele.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1910. REPUBLICAN.

> 1 person for Representative in Congress,

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

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.

person for Representative in Congress.

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly

I person for Delegate to the State Convention.

1 person to be elected Party Com-mitteeman 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

3 persons for Alternate Delegates the State Convention.

l person for Party Chairman.

person for Party Secretary. person for Party Treasurer

Petition forms may be obtained

the Commissioners' office. Petitions for Congress, Senator

and Representative must be filed with the Secretary of the Common wealth on or before Saturday, May 7, 1910. Petitions for Party officers, committeemen and delegates to the state conventions must be filed at the Commissioners' office on or before Saturday, May 14, 1910.

J. E. MANDEVILLE, J. K. HORNBERGE K. HORNBECK. T. C. MADDEN, Commissioners.

Attest: George P. Ross, Clerk. Commissioners' Office, Honesdale, Pa., April 4, 1919.

over their graves.

From the hour when righteous Abel