The Dauntlers Lysander by goodney

Henrietta Was His Only Heritage: Then Along Came Phyllis, and Trouble, and Amy

A had begun to feel pretty tired up a garage back about A of lows. Which was well, it to see if they'd sighted it. But they seemed, for there had been something hand't." very like invitation in his Cousin Asa's voice as he knocked out his lost chain! If he had—if he only could have found it! "Oh. it's nothpipe on the porch rail.

you out of ma's stuff."

If he hadn't been feeling sad about weather. It was tired, there was no seek continuous tinkering (a thing seeming positively inspired at times) persunded it occasionally to saunter glong the read to town.

never liked him much, and meant whose beauty, bustle and intricacles now that Lysander would not be pas-sionately regretted if he "moved on."

The prospect pleased him immensely sionately regretted if he moved on.

Lysander had indeed wondered, by and he regretted that it was too late
in this particular day to begin putno means infrequently, why he stayed. Now the only tie was broken, ting his magic salt on the tail of the and to his suddenly eager eyes the lopsided Henrietta appeared a champing steed prancing to be off, the westering sun altar fire as a longkept some roomers. A Mrs. Josephine

beckening goal.

This does not happen to be a tale of any adventures of the long trail as a sketchy background to that fate-Many times had Henrietta threatened to give up for good, but that daunt- toms of an imminent relapse. less tinkerer, Lysander, had always received and passed on to her some timely inspiration from the god of mechanicians which enabled her to proceed, if not with swiftness and elan, at least enabled her to proceed.

was then-as he emerged dirty she caught sight of Henrietta. but triumphant-that it happened. A "No much of a car, either." Lybig car, all windshields and disk sander grinned. "But-well, I'll just wheels and nickel and 17 kinds of put her in and get my grip." dewdads, whisked so lightly into the Henrietta had given up again, but garage that it arrived with the very the driveway sloped a little and Lycound of its warning signal, missing sander rolled her easily into the Lysander by half an inch and Hen-shed, then, wicker suitcase in hand, rietta by less than half that, so that he hesitated in the hall. From what her poor old bones fairly jingled, he judged to be kitchenwards a fresh

that he had been missed, merely him further, and devoted its atten- you?" disposition of the magnificent one.

ladies descended. The elder, upstairs. evidently the mother, resembled the sunshine and eyes like the California sky, and a mouth like the sweatest announcing they were offices. California roses. She had the air of a little princess who rules by di- laughed. "Must have passed about a tirely up to the fashion hints for day out here." after tomorrow; no, for week after next at least.

"Who ever leved, who loved not at

Our poor Lysander felt a weaken ing in the knees, a tightening of the fully. a lift and plunge of the heart before it fluttered out of him into the to the door. "I hope you'll careful, this place is just full of at 6."

Pyhllis! Delicions name of Phyllis. Could she possibly have been called anything else? Positively not. O. Phyllis, Phyllis.

To the enchanted Lysander It with a squeak of protest.

He pursued the dream along the Just on a shoestring. sunny highways that lead to the City of The Angels, and the country's fascifiated Lysander. charm seemed a part of that dream. hung with gold and white, options and bungalows nestling in bright blos- Smart fellow, all right." or of life. And as Henrietta jolted take a little oatmeal, bout as much would make Phyllis' acquaintance ing. He had rescued her from every peril

a gaz station from which was just de-

No use pursuing, and Hanrista needed attention, so Lysander stopped. "That was some car that just left," he suggested hopefully to the lean

"You said it! B'longs to F. J. Willard, I un'stand. S'got more millions than they is nickels in a dollar, they tell me. Stopped here to use the phone. Seems like the old lady lost an awful costly chain, plat'num and diamonds, worth about a mint, somewhere along, or maybe some guy

Lysander was deeply interested. A Well, Lys, I guess the car'll just ing, Mrs. Willard, don't mention it. about figure out what's comin' to So glad to be of service. Why, yes, I'd be pleased to call sometime

He missed a bit of his informant's Aunt Jane, who had been good to him monologue. The daughter of a mil-always, Lysander would have uttered lionaire. You could see him, Lysana whoop of derision. The "car" was der, taking her out for a spin in good! From where he stood he could Henrietta, now couldn't you! There see its scarred carcass in the shed, a was the whole thing in a nutshell. flivver of about the vintage of 1913, And yet what were all the stories driver's aide sagged from Asa's two about if not the winning of princesses, hundred pounds, making it look as if the attainment of the great wish, the it were tired and was resting one coming true of the dream! Certainly foot while it leaned up against the he had not taken Greeley's advice-to failure and disappointment, doubt about that, and only Lysander's rather was he in this land of golden promise for the very purpose of plucking success to wear like a rose in his buttonhole.

With such high thoughts came the Lycander understood Asa, who had dauntless Lysander into the city, of ting his magic sait on the tail of the Burdage had insisted on giving him the name of his niece's sister-in-law. a "widow woman" who he thought

Sills, It was, at 954 Balbon street. It was a rambling old house, needwest. These paragraphs serve merely ing paint; set back from the street in as a sketchy background to that fate-ful afternoon when Henrietta, after many vicissitudes, limped into a ga-tree. A driveway ran back to a shed rage in a suburb of Los Angeles, and which stood in the piace of the snug seemed to declare with a little bleat garage usually to be seen in every her intention to expire right there. Los Angelos backyard. Henrietta wheezed into the sideyard with symp-

A tired looking but kindly woman answered Lysander's ring, her eyes softening as, with his unconscious ingratiating smile, he explained his errand. Well! so he was from Brinville! Yes, she had a room he could Lysander alighted from his alling have-would he like to look at it? charlot, and administered with a Lyander guesed he'd take it without hand to its decrepitude, inspection, and could he put his car turning a grin and a deaf ear to the in the garage? "Fraid it isn't much ribald comments of the garagemen, of a garage," she was beginning when

"My daughter, Mr. Pratt. Just

smiled. The party scorned to notice show Mr. Pratt his room. Amy, will tion to some alight irritation in the Amy acknowledged the introduction;

said "this way," and preceded him The room proved to be small, but car considerably, being large and ex- there were two windows, from each The younger-ahl of which, as Miss Sills adjusted the

the inadequacy of language! Never blind, Lysander glanced. From one a had Lysander Pratt beheld so ravish- glimpse of far brown bills across red ing a creature. She was not very and green roofs; from the other a big, nor very little, but just exactly yellow street car clanging past a right. She had hair like California corner where no less than three little box buildings displayed great signs "Everybody here in real estate?" he

vine right, and she was dressed en- hundred of those places on my way "Well, the city's growing so fast, you know," returned Miss Amy, "and

that makes a big demand for all kinds of real estate. Some people "Have they?" said Lysander, thought-"The lucky ones have." She moved

everything all right. And dinner's

Lysander thanked her-and for full five minutes remained at the window, had been a fateful day, for in it he ble had been given this tip by for-

They did not appear to notice Ly- Burd, a school teacher, and a facemother stood so near that poor Hen- problems-how to meet Phyllis and happened to be looking at her head- next. He cursed his silly lack of purpose and ambition hitherto.

seemed not more than two fleeting began to talk rents and real estate, derson. minutes until the chauffeur had unaware that the subject is pever closed the door on the royal family neglected long in any California comand was taking his place at the wheel pany. Mr. Tilbury had noticed that talk business with your of the magnificent one. It could not the bungalow court down the street. Lysander swallowed his that she was going out of his was for sale again. It had been sold He plucked Anderson's card from his sight forever-fate could not be so four times since he, just for fun, had pocket with a not very steady hand Sills came out. This was the love of his been keeping an eye on it. And every and quoted the price! life—one knows that surely in a mo- man jack had picked up a few thou- It seemed to be Miss Browning who ment as well as in ten years. And sand on his deal. It's a great game, had the money and the say-so, and here he stood idly while the miles all right, if you're lucky. Talking it was plain that she was most amicamultiplied between them! He flung about tuck, he knew a fellow who bly inclined toward Mr. Pratt. Papa himself into Henrietta, who stirred started in on a shoestring and cleaned Browning gave some advice, but obvi-

"How did he do it?" breathed the curred.

"O-hustled around and made

oh, soon and surely-the flow- make her famous cookles-well, you for \$100 to show her good faith.



diamond and platinum chain, value \$10,000! They stood staring at each other. Then Lyaunder wet his lips and whispered: "Where'd you get it?" "You know," her lips formed,

nouncing bargains in residences, lots son, who naturally was glad to sell that first night I came we spoke easy money. That's what you want be consummated. too, I suppose.

lieve in his luck.

easy. Once you got in the game, that Phyllis, Phyllis, Phyll. Now a tungalow like this soid would be \$600. were on your own, you wouldn't get the other goal. And, humanly, having so bad, all of that and, of course, if you were turned one good trick, he was inclined "And difficult to get listings. Anyway, and time. after you'd sold a few houses, you'd that. Yes, it looked good.

good taste, and-bride-y looking.

cards-B. W. Anderson, address and suitable residence for the Williards! phone-and he put it in his pocket, an elderly lady and gentleman alight. Lysander hinted that he was scouting ed, followed by a trim and sprightly figure - daughter, no doubt. ground?"

"O, certainly," Lysander was smil- it ing rather eagerly. No reason surely "N why he shouldn't give himself a little Perhaps it was destiny. Surely this and he began to open doors for them. had met her, and it was not impossi- and that view, how pleasant it was to have the morning sun in the break- plished wonders-well, anyway, The Brownings were flatteringly re-

ricita was almost obscured, if you how to make a fortune this week or Pratt?" Miss Browning (who was he turned some clever trick that inabout 40) demanded.

> "Then you're his agent. Really, Mr. Pratt, the place does suit us. We will lecture. Mr. Tilbury, all dolled

Lysander swallowed hard. "Fine!"

up \$10,000 in less'n a year. Yes, sir! ously when daughter made up her And they spoke of the weather, and toward them. mind something permanent had oc- then she said: "Do you think you're

Lysander's voice had a strange thin a sound to his own cars as he promised right new. Look what it's done for The pepper trees, gorgeous in their couple of good sales, got a few hun- to see Mr. Anderson at once, arrange me." clusters of red beads, the orange dred dollars, you know, and then got for him to meet the Brownings, and talked herself into enthusiasm, was ness, which she seemed to recognize he walked—they remembered him dirty face, was just entering the shop soming vines, skyline of mountains. Very encouraging, although Ly- determined to clinch the bargain right herself, for a little color rose in her And as he stopped before them, and greeted Lysander with a cheery: Amy at the door made him jump. He all the vivid colorings of noney and sander could not but regret that the now. No one must get in ahead of cheeks, though his knees quivered, his boy- "Hello, Pratt! Come in and look us rose quickly and went in to her as hibiscus and bignonia, made it the recipe was so indefinite. Made him her-get her house! All vivacity, she modify the question. land of enchantment where he was to think of Aunt Jane's telling how to inslated on giving Lysander a check

and ratiled and shorted along, like a as you think you'll need, and a little thanked and got rid of the Brownings, the majority of the Brownings of the Brownings, the majority of the Brownings he had no right to do what he had The next day, Lysander, all spruced done, and he couldn't understand yet lucky." serial and received up, opened his campaign by present- how he'd done it!-but just the same "Yes?" pledges of lifelong fealty from her ing himself in turn at each of the he had sold Anderson's house for him. "Yes, you know I was anxious to dered if I might speak to you about rage, but say, from now on he'd probgrateful parents, when he sighted three boxes with blackboards an- To put it briefly, he found Ander- get into something here-quickly. And -about-"

and income property. Nobody needed his house, and who had, of course, no about real estate—you remember" a salesman, and the last man decline objection to dealing with the Browning his services observed that "the inse" agent (as it seemed to him), nor real estate game is awfully overdone to seeing the light as to a little slice wanted. Something quick and—" the this town—lot of loafers after of commission when the deal-should "What's your hurry?" asked Amy with a hint of archness.

And when, after the greatest day of "Sure," Lysander grinned. He walked his life. Lysander went to bed, not concerted for a moment, then finished the finished that seemed—well, sort of sly. Ly
-thoughtfully—down the street. Well knowing certainly whether, as Aunt with some excitement. "The next day sander, gulping occasionally, an-he would leak about a bit—and be- Jane would have said, he was afoot if I didn't sell a house"

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-the would leak about a bit—and be- Jane would have said he was afoot if I didn't or horseback, the world was his! Suc- She was plainly incredulous. "But seemed that the more simple and prised and curious, but not frightcess! It was an apple in his hand from —how could you!"

straightforward his answers the less ened. Why should he be frightened." The two ladies in the car squealed—and the wuruld is mine!"

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The two ladies in

> The deal actually went through for \$12,000; at 5 per cent commission without a hitch and Lysander, clothed you think of that!" and "You've cor Pretty good day's in the confidence of achievement, tainly made a fine start." work, what? Of course, unless you turned aside to make a play toward on your own you might find it a little to save invention by trying it a sec- inquired. "Have you gone in with

By the simple expedient of tele- big firms take you on?" have a tidy sum for—ah—options, and phoning a question he discovered that "Well, Anderson has a couple of that. Yes, it looked good. the F. J. Willards were domiciled at other houses he said I could try sell-Here was another attractive place the Hotel Ambassador, thus adding ing, but just now I-I'm working on of Spanish type, for sale by builder. Sherlock Holmes to his role of Monte another idea.—" He broke off with He went in. Very nice. Everything Cristo. Then he hiked through the an embarrassed little laugh. Wilaffre district like a location man He had an ecstatic vision of Phyllis! spetting the home of the queen of so- Perhaps she was waiting for him to climbed back into the car. He found only one of the owner's clety. Why? He was looking for a go on, and he felt suddenly as if he

Having at last found one with what But, of course, he couldn't do that. for no particular reason. Just then he considered possibilities, and with automobile stopped in front and a representative on the spot, to whom for somebody big, he was assured What a darling house! May we look costs nothing. This accomplished, Lysander went home, dead tired, calling a day and inventing a fune to

"None but the brave deserve the fair," After dinner, though, he wandered rehearsal. "If you will allow me out on the porch, his spirits sagging into an unaccountable pensiveness. to call attention to this convenience He felt, all of a sudden, terribly forlorn. And why! He had accomfast room, and in short made himself good deal. In all the stories he'd read His fellow boarders were a Miss agreeable in a sincere boylsh fashion, he couldn't remember a here who had started out more propitiously on mander. They did not even heigh to thous plumber named Tilbury. Ly. sponsive. Really it was just the sort such a campaign. And come to think smile at Henrietta, though once sander was preoccupied with his two of place they were looking for! of it, that here always wen with mother stood so near that near their near theint near their near their near their near their near their near th "And did you design it yourself, Mr. an original idea like this. Invariably "Oh-ah-no. No," said the startled since "they" were made for each He was thrilled when the plumber Lysander. "It was built by Mr An. other. Still, Lysander felt blue. Miss by trustful in his luck and in ro-Burd smiled and said it was a pleasant evening as she tripped out to a and wearing an incredible necktie, waved a salute as he set out.

The screen door creaked, and Amy were out here, Mr. Pratt."

Lysander smiled his smile "It isn't going to make a difference. "I guess not." And she smiled, too

going to like California?" 'No future tense necessary.

"What has it done" inquired Amy forth. Miss Browning, having with rather a disconcerting direct-

Some color rose, too, in Lysander's. He could not very well confess that presented a masklike face in which accepted the invitation by following shabby hall visible. He could ace that When he had bowed and smiled and California had already brought him his shrewd gray eyes coldly ques- the plumber into the dusty little shop. his face frightened her without know-

quisitive fly.

He cleared his throat.

"Why, yes, I'd like to," said Amy,

you say we stroll over?"

Mr. J. F. Willard!

"O-well-reasons," He was dis-

uncomfortably. Lysander was trying so hard not Lysander lightly.

to be abashed. "I-wanted to try to

Mr. Williard. Gosh, it was harder than he'd rage thought. Lycander gulped. "I thought -a residence in Los Angelea."

For a second the great man stared view just now." at him, a gaze so searching that the "That so? Well, all right. Want to poor boy felt the very laundry marks go over and look around anyway with his wife and Phyllis, who had got home until dinner time.

listened with a really extraordinary questioning way.

That puraled him so much that he

with enchanted eyes in a "cloudy ra- Amy joined him soon diance." Adorable Phyllis! She had remembered him. How wonderfully moment?" things were going. Of course, he could hardly expect Papa Willard to present him at once, unless ... But mother was out-late this afternoon, no, as the great man turned back to asking about you." She twisted her to, as the great man turned back to Lysander, mother and daughter were hands together in a curious fashion walking away leisurely in the other direction

"Now," said Mr. Willard, "I'M look at your house. And we'll go in my There seemed an emphasis on she whispered.

"Thank you, sir." Lysander's cla-tion suddenly shriveled in spite of himself, for there was something in the great man's tone, in his manner, that did not chord with this dizzying of fellow you seemed to be."

falling in with a strange young man's "Me? Why, what——! Why, I falling in with a strange young man's request. There was no amiable sympathy with young ambition on his funny." grim face, no interest in the errand. rather a sort of watchfulness, a newjust-try-somethig attitude that was squelching, to say the least.

Lysander tried to think it was just his way. Besides this first conquest was nothing short of a miracle, and your car. he must make the most of it. Why, it was the chance of his life. A great big thing to be thus piloting J. F. Willard; to be riding in the magnifi-cent one within a week. In his wildmagic than this! Perhaps it was a in her low voice. dream. To assuage the doubt he sur. Oh, there he is! He's come back!" reptitiously pinched himself.

questions, snappy questions about where he had lived and how long had he been in California, and how came business-like manner. he in this business, and some others swered truthfully, although it really a word Lyannder said!

They were met by the courteous "Wasn't that funny!" and "What do agent, who showed them over the Band what over?" But his 'hrow' property, doing all the talking, to was dry. He admitted modestly that it wasn't decently (Lysander had a queer feel-"And what are you doing now?" she ing that he might say something ter- off. He met McKay's eyes squarely, rible any minute), and responded but no words came. this Mr. Anderson Or will one of the properly enough to the agent's efforts "Well. Anderson has a couple of assured him that his firm had magnificent places on its lists, and Mr. Willard said well, he'd see, as he "O," said Amy. There was a pause.

The agent shook hands with Lywould like to tell her all about it! sander: "Much obliged, anyway, Mr. Pratt, for bringing Mr. Willard It was dark now, and someway around.

wonderfully sweet and peaceful. The "Quite welcome, I'm sure," said Lyair was soft as a caress from the sander. The magnificent one rolled hand of-Phyllis-and delicately per- away and he again essayed to be en-She that anybody he brought would be fumed with the mingled fragrances tertaining. Mr. Willard now morely paused in the doorway to exclaim: treated with consideration - which of many flowers. A few stars ap- said, "Ha," and "Hum," and "Is that peared, those wonderfully close-seem-

ing stars of California skies. Suppose that Phyllis were here with him but Mr. Willard did not ask the again hurts in quite the same way in the sweet dusk! Amy was sitting dauntless one up to meet his daughquietly in the low porch chair, her ter. He looked Lysander steadily in stender figure relaxed, clear profile the eye.

fulness about her. An awfully nice Mr .- er-Pratt. Will you give me remembered him. girl, you could see that-and friendly, your address? In case I wish to com-"Didn't I see a movie down here a "O, certainly, Mr. Willard," Ly

few blocks? Would you-what do sander fumbled for his carefully prepared cards. "Thank you so much. I-I-if I can be of any use to you, I

There is the confidence of assured hope you-" He stuck there. "I haven't got the chain, Mostlion that of the merely sophisti- "Thanks," drawled Willard, and for Kay," said Lycander quietly. position, that of the merely sophisticated, and that of the blissfully un- the first time his shrewd eyes showed aware of just where they are tread- a hint of amusement and-of per-

ing. Our dauntless Lysander, serene- plexity. Lysander walked away. He had have it." mance and in the coming right of done it. He had made the acquaint-

Ambassador hotel, and inquired for him. He had won to her side. The you up good since Mr. Willard phoned And just as he had taken a card her. Had not the old man-that is, away with it. Why not get yourself from his pocket, he happened to the king-asked for his address, in- off easy? Now, see here, you're only "O," she said, "I didn't know you giance up and there crossing the timated that he would communicate a kid, and you don't look so tough iobby were Mr. and Mrs. Willard and with him? Would he have done that, Suppose I give you till tomorrow to Miss Phyllis. Here was the man he said that, if he had not been favor- think it over wanted to see surely put in his path ably impressed? Of course he w by Providence, and sublimely uncon- not. Phyllis, I come, I come. Gosh, won't make any difference. scious of effrontery, Lysander started she was lovely, O. lovely! There were Then a strange thing happened his teeming brain dreamed them, his Well, good night, Mr. Pratt. See you Phyllis saw him, spoke a guick, eager feet reeled off several aimless miles tomorrow." I do sentence to her father, and the three around and about, until he was steps, rather fauntily, down the walk looked instantly at Lysander and half brought suddenly back to earth by a paused as if to await his approach, sign which said, "Alfred Tilbury, nothing really on which to hold him. The amazing significance of this plumber."

Mr. Tilbury, wearing a grin on his to bluff him. But it wasn't that, firty face, was just entering the shop "Lysander!" The wistful voice of reached him even in the clouds where

"Well-ah-I've been awfully was not brushed aside like an in- going to take over a garage-had a pleaded with him and caresaed him "I'm Lysander Pratt. I-I just won- would have been interested in a ga- nodded, wondering. ably be associated with J. F. Willard!

"What are you going into" Tilbury "About what?" demanded Mr. Willard brunquely, those eyes boring in finally abked. "Oh, real estate, I guess," returned

"Real estate, ch?" repeated Mr. Tilinterest you in a-a sort of proposi- bury thoughtfully, "All right if you're a big bug, but kinda uncertain for the "What sort of proposition?" snapped little ones. I'd say. Thought maybe you might like workin' in the ga-

"Why, thanks. I admit I'm a pretty perhaps you might be interested in a good mechanic, but-1 tell you. Tilbury, I've got something pretty hig in

on his collar writhe in embarrass- Lysander submitted and accompa-ment. "What are you up to, any- nied the friendly plumber to the new way?" said the cold gray eyes in con- garage, which was just around the temptuous speculation. Then with a corner. It looked a pretty good prop-suddenly cunning half smile: "I osition—he was interested in spite of might be at that. What's your prop- himself. But perhaps the important osition?" And he exchanged a glance thing was that he and Tilbury did not

Lysander saw at once that some-Lysander explained in a few eager thing had happened to Amy. She was words that he merely had a house in pale, her eyes were wide as a child's mind that he would like to get Mr. who has been frightened and she Williard to look st. started from fits of abstraction when "Just a minute," said the latter. He spoken to. It was something plainly started from fits of abstraction when turned to his wife and daughter and not pleasant-and every once in a spoke in a low voice to which they while she looked at him in a hurt,

most neglected to conjure the vision Lymander ventured now to steal a almost neglected to conjure the vision glance of his goddess, and he saw her of Phyllis on the porch after dinner.

"Mr. Pratt, may I speak to you a "Why, surely."

"There was a man here today-"Yes? What'd he want? Leave his name?

Amy's eyes searched him almost piteously. "He-he was a detective,"

Lysander stared, "A Why, what did he want?" "He wanted to know all about you. How long you'd been here and what you'd been doing and-and what sort

haven't done anything. Why, that's His obvious sincere astonishment seemed to relieve Amy and a little color came back to her cheeks. "Haven't you any idea?"

"Not the remotest." "He even went out and looked at

"He did!" "And went up and looked in your room. And asked If any men came to see you or if you stayed out nights. cent one within a week. In his wild. You don't know-you're sure you est dreams he had not conceived more don't know-" There was pleading

Sure enough. A thickset little man Having given their destination to was coming up the walk and Lysanthe chauffeur, he proceeded to im- der, as he turned to face him, looked prove each shining moment with into steady, shrewd eyes, a good deal bright conversation. Or attempted to like Mr. Willard's, in a face rather but Mr. Willard began to ask hard, but by no means disagreeable.

Amy had allpped into the house, "Mr. Pratt?" began the caller in a

"Yes." "My name's McKay. See the young

and save a lot of commotion?"

Lysander grinned. "Is this a joke?

Lysander's relief, and treating him, "Mrs. Willard's chain," replied Mctoo, quite tactfully. Mr. Willard acted Kay in a steely voice. Lysander's

"I'll just give it to you straight." to interest him. But he ended the that gentlaman went on easily. "Miss interview pretty shortly by saying Willard recognized you today as the that he had decided to have a country fellow in the garage the day the chaln place if he bought at all. The agent was stolen. I suppose you snipped it off in the cute little way you have. Of course, they thought you had it and we've been looking out for You had your nerve facing Mr. Williard again like you did today. Something up your sleeve, I suppose. You know you had no more connection with that real estate firm than I have. What was the blg idea? I'm curious." McKay lighted a cigar and

smiled complacently. Lysander merely continued to look at him. There was a numbress about he was a thief. Perhaps nothing ever as the first blow life gives to young faith in the dream. His thought of Phyllis-and her thought of him. All youthfully grave, something of wist- "Ah, thank you for your interest, his fine plans. This was how she had

> "Better make a clean breast of it." McKay advised not unknidly after a moment. "I'm here to give you the If you hand over the chain, the Willards won't make a fuss. They don't want publicity. If-

> "I haven't got the chain, Mr. Monever seen it. Because the Willards happened to see me the day the chain

o a things, artiessly (though he himself ance of the king, and beheld the prin- about your actions, young man. Of up thought it most artful) entered the cess once more. And she remembered course, we haven't had time to check next time he would be presented to us this afternoon, but-you can't get

"A hundred years to think it over "O, yes, it will," McKay rose. "No

at least two reels of this, and while use tryin' to beat it, you get me? He walked down the Lysander sat motionless. They had They just suspected and were trying

ishly charming smile valiantly ac- ever."

she switched on the economical little knowledged the honor. The great man Lysander preferred his dreams, but lamp that made the darkness of the she switched on the economical little chance to buy in good. Once Lyander "Has be gone?" she breathed. He

She moved quite close to him, se

(Concluded on Page 6.)