for LOVE or MONEY

by H.W. CORLEY

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CHAPTER XXVI

RING turned to summer. Mona, after a week at the Ritz with moved into the newly deco- suite of the Townsend house Elliott street. Dad left the hos- and returned to the Third ave- flat. Finally as June ended Mona her father, mother and Kitty to Atlantic City.

July she and Lottie set off to for a vacation. "It will be Mona warned. "Remember I the Townsend dignity to up- No flirtations, no gay parties. even dancing!"

m not so interested in parties," confessed. In a lower tone touched upon a forbidden sub- "Have you heard from the— boys?"

was early evening and they in Mona's sitting room. Lot- lovely and ingenuous looking always, was seated on a chaise and wearing Steve's diamonds. Mona, in a fragile white about aimlessly, considering baggage to take on the trip. Mother hears from Bud. He's and says the others are. You a boy's letters!" Mona sighed. new machinery is installed and mine is booming."

Bud write home?" asked curiously. "You know if that finds out they might even fol- him to South America. Aren't afraid they may tap the mail

Bud writes through the Garretson and they send the letters by messenger. Steve thought of that." stroke and examined an evening Mona had taken from the closet. ought you said we wouldn't both- much about clothes?"

I got that out for you. It's never worn."

it's lovely! Where did you get it?" Miss. Faxon cabled to a friend in She sent several. I'll give you if you like it and (ransacking the bed) this and this—"

Mona was not yet accustomed to have a maid wait on her. She was idly looking over lingerie, smooth- gloves, examining hose. Lottie watched silently, knowing it was use- to remind her friend that the girl could do all this tomorrow in a

After a while Lottie said, "Has Mr. Townsend shown you the Townsend jewels yet?"

Mona looked up from the stocking in. Her hand strayed to the diamond lace about her throat. "I have these but of course they're not Townsend jewels. I have my emerald. Mrs. Faxon says he selected an emerald necklace for my birthday but he's saving it for me until the opera opens. She says he wants to see me go down the aisle in black velvet down and emeralds."

* * *

There was a movement at the win- door. Both girls seemed to turn at the sound. They were alone in the house except for the servants on the floor. Mona, as always, had dis- missed her maid because it seemed so easy to keep her about just to lay out nightgown.

The windows looked out on a tiny, enclosed balcony. The curtains were swaying but, instantly alert, the two girls held their breath.

The flowing silk parted and a man, tall rather and not bad looking, ap- peared.

"Don't get scared! Don't get excited!" he said. "I ain't here to hurt anybody. I'm here to get the Town- send jewels."

His tone was almost friendly. "And don't try ringing for a servant, either," he advised, taking a step nearer. "Nobody will answer. They're out." The young men was entirely at his ease. Inviting Mona to be seat- ed, he took an easy chair.

"If you know so much about the household," Mona began, "then you know I haven't any jewels to speak of. You know—"

He grinned broadly. "Give me the jewels you don't talk about them." He produced a silver cigaret case from his pocket and flipped it open. "Smoke?"

The girls declined. The stranger selected a cigaret, lighted it and puff- ed as if he were there for the evening. But he was in rather more of a hurry than had at first appeared. "Now then," he said briskly, "where's the safe?"

Without speaking Mona moved to the wall, pushed aside a tapestry, revealed a dial and flung open a small door. The safe was empty.

"I told you I had no jewels," she said. "My husband is saving them for the opera."

The man eyed her. "Are you sure about that?"

He added coolly.

"Well, where does he keep them?" "In a safe deposit vault, I suppose, in town. I've never seen them. I've never been interested."

"No?" It was difficult to believe a young man was a thief. He sur- veyed the situation as though it were amusing. "It appears we're both new at this game—you at owning gems and me at acquiring them, Bad racket for both of us, maybe. Well, if you haven't got them, that's that. But where is the chain you were wearing when I looked through the window?"

Lottie threw an astonished gaze at Mona's throat where an instant be- fore Steve's diamonds had gleamed.

"There!" Mona indicated a jewel case on the dressing table.

* * *

The men opened the box, held up a string of imitation pearls, dear to Mona's heart, a ring or two she had owned for years, and then the thin diamond chain. "If you wanted to hide it why didn't you do a better job?" he asked. "Have you got the Empress?"

The words were like a bomb. Mona stared back at him.

"Steve sold the Empress!" she said quickly. "You must know that if you follow the market."

"Sure, he sold it. Don't you know who bought it?"

Lottie and Mona looked at him blankly. The man seemed delighted with the effect of his words.

"Well," he said, "your husband bought it. He bought it for you, to show how kind-hearted he is and to make his nephew sore. The deal went through yesterday and we thought you'd be playing with the sparkler."

He turned toward the window. "Don't move, don't move," he said smoothly as the girls started toward him. "I'll let myself out, thanks. No trouble! And thanks again for these lettle trinkets. They'll be a help. You won't miss them with the Empress to play with."

As his head disappeared through the curtains he grinned again. "I'll be seein' you!"

Instantly he was gone.

"Mona," Lottie whispered, "he can't be a real crook! Why didn't you stall him? You didn't have to give him those diamonds!"

The other girl put a finger to her lips and shook her head mysteriously. "What's the difference if I am to have the Empress?" she asked. "I'm tired now. I'm going to bed."

Half trembling, the girls undressed swiftly, loath to put out the lights.

"You don't need to give him Steve's diamonds, Min," Lottie repeated a little later.

Mona squeezed her hand. "You goose!" She kissed Lottie affectionate- ly. "I didn't! But I'm going to give them to you. When that burglar came in I dropped the chain and rolled it up with a pair of stockings. He went away with the paste chain I had made last week!"

At Twilands next morning Mr. Townsend eyed a visitor reflectively over his glass of grapefruit juice.

"You didn't frighten her, did you?" he asked.

The lean brown young men sat down and tossed a chain of diamonds on the table. "No."

Mr. Townsend nodded. He picked up the chain, looked at it a moment and let it drop into an empty cup. "I didn't like to have her wear that," he remarked. "I couldn't very well ask her to give it to me either. Did you tell her about the diamond I bought for her? The Empress?"

"I did. She didn't turn a hair at the news."

Mr. Townsend considered. "Maybe she'll ask me for it," he said almost wistfully.

His companion rose, selected a cigar from a side table and, facing his em- ployer, rocked a little on his heels. "I believe you're in love with your wife!" he explained.

The older man set down his coffee cup before replying. Well—"

"You don't want her to wear stones that came from your nephew's mine so you bought the finest diamond on the market to make up for the rob- bery! Are you going to let her wear the Empress?"

"Why not?"

Why not, indeed! On that point young Mr. Ashcroft of Townsend, Townsend and Townsend, kept silent. He had liked young Mrs. Townsend. Far be it from him to deny her the Empress!

(To Be Continued

At Deadwood

DEADWOOD, Aug. 12.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Luther Prindle were in Eugene Monday shopping.

A. D. Brown made a business trip to Junction City and Eugene Thurs- day.

George and Joe Acheson were din- ner gests Sunday at the C. T. Hande- with home.

The dance given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. Bauman at Triangle lake was attended by a large crowd. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Slocum, Mr. and Mrs. George Lord, Edna Taylor, Walter and Waldo Taylor, George and Joe Acheson, Myrtle Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Handewith, Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Brown, Garnet Clark, Steve Clark, Floyd Keeney, Verna McLelland, Ar- chie Brown, Henry Bauman, Dena Starr, Frank Butler, Jewel Bauman, Ruby Ann Clark, Mr. and Mrs. L. Bauman and Gail Carver.

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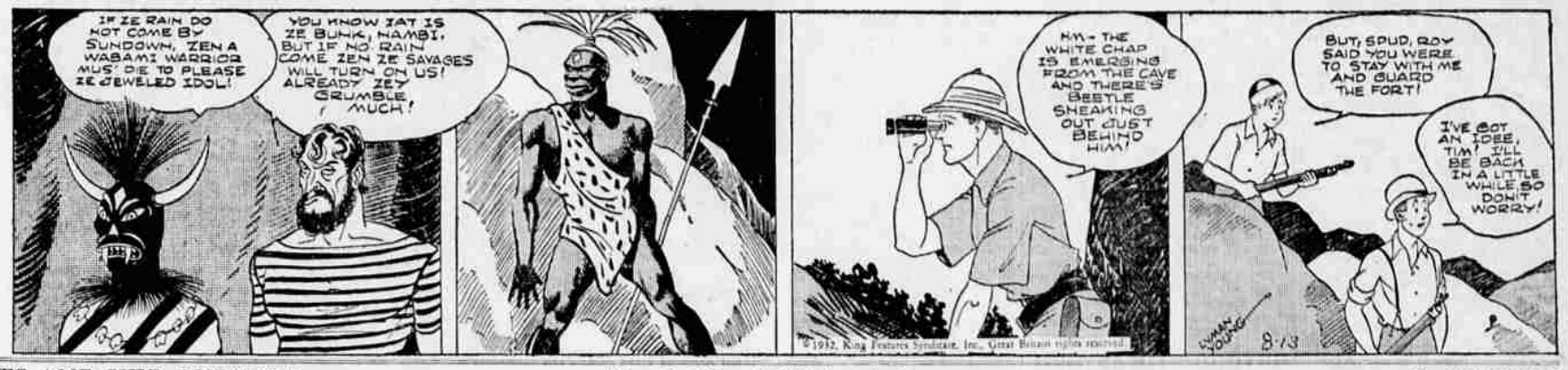

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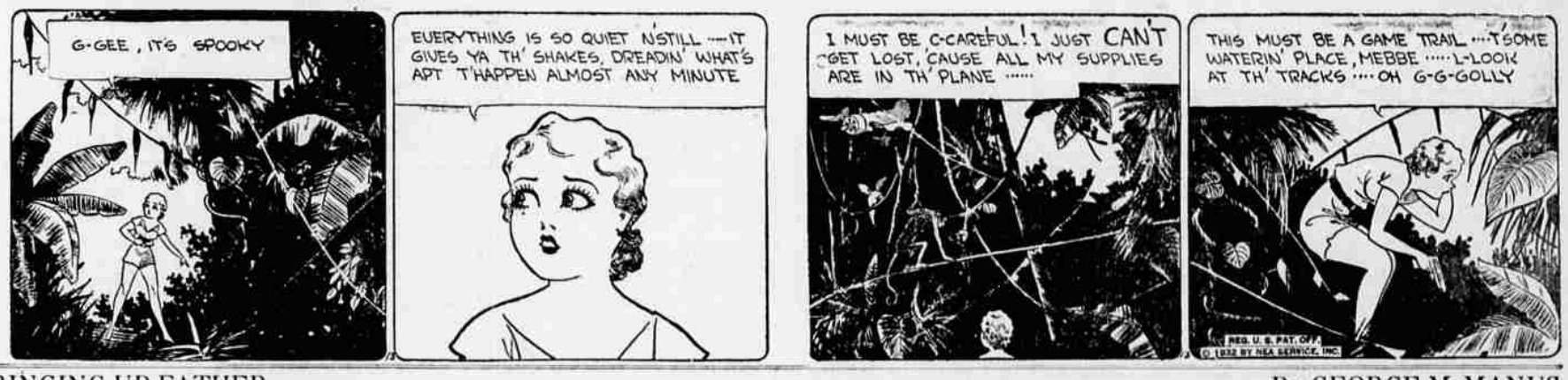

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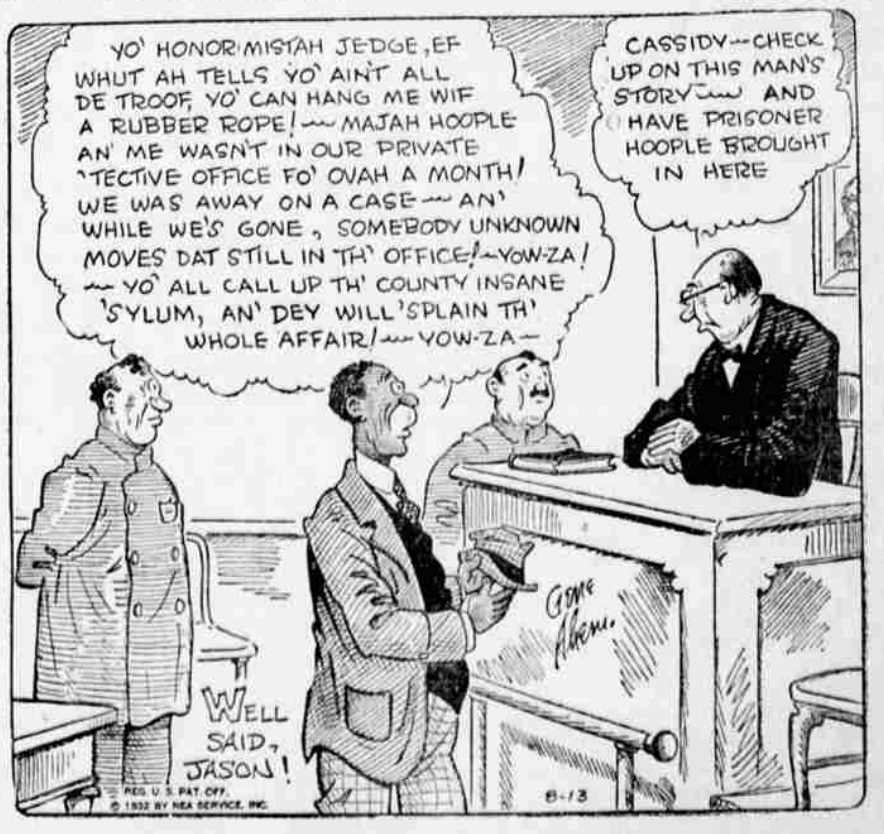
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