Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott

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CHAPTER XXXII

L right, all right, now you've got me. Where do we go from demanded Michael. "Not that I uch stock in this inheritance t sounds fishy. Nobody," he said darkening face, "ever gave me y. It sounds like a pipe dream."

s no pipe dream if ye're the air of Francis Albert Drayton tone," pronounced the detective nction. "He was the younger a lord. Put that in your pipe moke it! His older brother in- d the place—seems like they're English. They're 'holdings', licitor fellers said, in England. Anyhow in June this older r died. He was," said the de- consulting a slip of paper he shed from his wallet, "named Edward Heatheroe, Lord Car-

ething flashed across Michael's hitherto dark and unresponsive. ye've heard that name before, bound," murmured Mr. Malley hantly. He was finding this an extremely irritating subject. he expected he could not have but something like enthusiasm, t. It wasn't every day in the he told himself, that you walked a feller and told him he had into a castle and a title and God what all. Not that it meant on this side of the pond; titles going begging, from all he'd Still it was something. Funny d couldn't seem to get the idea. have heard it before." Michael lowly. "There was a crest—on p of paper in my father's col- . I remember asking about it I was a kid. My father said, I mber, that the Cardens had al- had it, since the Wars of the or something."

died—when?" queried Mr. Ger- who had been silent up to this moment. Michael stared at him, eringly.

hen I was 10. My mother a later. I was raised—I grew up, n—on the place."

* * *

ell, that's the story," finished Malley with relish. "Now we can e over to Mister James William rigg of London, England, and e cure. It's been a long drag, he told his partner, "but we al- get our man."

hardt nodded. They both eyed el curiously.

lley rose with some ceremony. we'll get in touch with Down- tonight. He's at the Waldorf. go away, young feller—"

hael grinned. "I won't, pal. k for the trouble."

at's the stuff." Malley's great ame out and whacked the tweed- ed shoulder resoundingly. "Sure. uldn't be natural if ye didn't get out of it. And the papers will it tomorrow, I'll be bound. Or ext day anyway. Ye'll have re- rs on yer doorstep."

hadow crossed the young man's

don't like the notion much?" et reporters—no. A nuisance." ell, well, it's all in the day's averred Mr. Malley comfort- "If they should happen to ask they will, no doubt about it— on our names, Malley & Ger- Second National Bank Build- Omaha, Nebraska. We always ur man."

eently they left in a cab ordered Michael's telephone. The young watched them stow their plump, ed selves away in it. There puzzled look, almost a disturbed on his sunburned face.

n Michael went into the shabby room where riding crops and old newspapers mingled with and dust and disorder over Clarence, Tip's father, never d to gain control.

* * *

hael stared at the room with distaste as he jiggled the tele- receiver. He was trying to fit t the picture of Katharine with mooth, fair head, her exquisite her delicate shoes and frocks he scent that always clung about It was fantastic . . . the after- s happenings themselves were fantasy. . . .

nicock 0021? May I speak to Strykhurst, please?"

grinned to himself. That wasn't, her name. But only he and a y minister and a woman with d hands were aware of it.

tharine—Lady Carden. Lady Katharine of Donegal Castle. Would she like that? Oh, it was a pipe-dream, a bubble that would presently burst. . . .

Her cool voice on the telephone. A voice soft and sure and real like herself.

"Darling, this is me."

She had to be careful—he knew that. "Yes," she said. "Yes."

"It's all right," Michael told her, speaking low. "It's perfectly all right. They were detectives, but they had good news for me. Can't tell you now."

"Michael, I'm frightened of what we've done." Her voice came hurriedly, almost broken. "I must see you. Oh, I can't talk now. Someone's coming. . . ."

He had to ring off then. Had to be content with that. Perhaps she would call him later.

He was going out into the stable yard, hands in pockets, brooding over the strange day he had just lived through, when Sally came rushing up to him.

"Michael, precious!" she cried. "Daddy says there's just no use your saying you can't get away. He's got a man to put in charge. We can leave for South America any moment."

He stared at her. He had forgotten her completely.

But Sally would not allow herself to be so easily forgotten. She was a force to be reckoned with—and soon.

* * *

MICHAEL shook his head. "We can't do that, Sally," he said rather heavily.

"Why not?" All girlish imperiousness, she faced him. "Why on earth can't we? Anyone here can take charge—Jerry or anybody."

Michael's face darkened imperceptibly.

"Oh, don't be stuffy about it, Michael, darling!" trilled the girl. "I'm not trying to boss you around. I'm just telling you how easy it would be." Her voice took on a crooning note. "Imagine a honeymoon at sea—and at Buenos Aires. I've always wanted to see it, Michael. We'd have glorious times." Her eyes glittered.

"Can't be done," the man told her. "Something came up today—important business."

"Really?" Her rounded face assumed a greedy, sly expression. "Tell me about it."

"I can't—yet." With sudden clarity and horror he had a vision of what the news might—what it certainly would mean—to Sally Moon.

Lady Carden—Sally as Lady Carden. Castles. Moats. A crest on her stationery. . . .

Lord, he was in for it now, right enough!

If he could head off those detectives, if he could only prevent the news from leaking out before he broke the news of his marriage to this girl. . . .

But how was it to be done? Frankly, Michael was daunted. He, who owned to no fear in this world, quailed before the prospect of blazing feminine eyes, tears, reproaches.

"It's business I've got to see to tonight—right away," he improvised in haste.

She pouted. "You haven't been to see me since Tuesday."

"I know. Sorry," Michael said.

"You aren't. You've been behaving—oh, dreadfully!" she reproached him. "Have I done anything?" There was a good deal more of this. The man, feeling oppressed by her cloying, possessive sweetness, managed somehow to get away.

"I've got to go to New York."

"Oh, Michael, I'll run you in and wait for you and then we can go some place to dance inter."

It was always like this. Always. She didn't want to let him out of her sight.

He said, "Can't be done. It may take hours. All night."

She frowned, drawing her heavy brows together. Thus seen, the prettiness, the coquetry was lost. You saw Sally Moon as she would be 20 years hence.

"That's funny. Queer business that takes all night. After we're married, darling, you won't be able to get away with this."

She smiled, and there was menace behind the playfulness.

But she drove off, having secured his promise to come around to see her in the morning. She wanted to hear all about it, and he was to make arrangements about the South American trip.

(To Be Continued)

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