For *the* Love *of a* Lady

CHAPTER 8
ANOTHER PLOTTER

Staring at the ceiling with fever-reddened eyes, Julian remained until aroused by a knock at the door. Captain Despard entered: a tall, commanding figure whose fripperies of laces, velvets and embroidery seemed but to accentuate his resolute strength.

"Vastly fine, George!" nodded the invalid. "Thou'rt a comely creature. 'Tis to be hoped madam appreciates thee duly, George, even unto matrimony."

"Madam?" murmured the captain, lifting an eyebrow.

"Ay—She, George, with a capital S! Madam Croesus, my lady Midas, may she to thee and matrimony incline, for you have determined to become a Benedict at last, eh? And I heartily commend you therefore!"

"Ah, and pray why, Julian?"

"Because, whereas Brocklehurst is foredoomed to failure, thou'rt almost as certain to succeed, and I desire to possess a friend so superlatively wealthy as 'the D'Arcy's' spouse will be."

"To—possess him, Julian?"

"Precisely, George!" sighed the invalid, and for a tense moment each watched the other.

The captain closed his snuffbox gently.

"Friendship," said he, "friendship, more especially such as yours, Julian, is a jewel—of price it seems?"

"'Tis beyond rubies, George!"

"And yet," said the captain, "given certain circumstances, friendship—even such as yours, might come to a determination, and—die?"

"My dear George," Julian sighed reproachfully, "friendship such as mine shall never end but with my life."

"Your life, Julian?"

"My life?" Julian laughed softly and stared up at the bed-tester again. "But, George," said he, "I have made particular provision, should Death leap on me sudden and unannounced—a statement documentary, George, that shall to the world declare the wherefore and precisely reason for such friendship as this of mine for thee."

"Referring to your duel," said the captain suddenly; "art so sure, so confident o' the outcome?"

"'Tis beyond all doubt, George. 'Twill be joy to feel Dick writhe upon my steel. And yet—the public ignominy of the hangman's noose—why, this were sweeter!"

Captain Despard surveyed the speaker with wondering interest.

"Heaven refuse me!" he murmured, "but I discover in you at times, Julian, a sublimity that awes the mere human."

"My dear George, such appreciation is infinitely flattering. And speaking of yourself brings me to poor Tom Allinson, who was found dead outside Richard's lodgings—his sudden demise. Could we not resurrect him to contrive new evidence, and damn our Richard to the gallows? Advise me, friend George."

* * *

The Black Horse was a low-browed, tumble-down little alehouse across the wide green from the Guylford Arms.

On weather-worn bench before this tavern, Sir Richard sprawled with a mug of ale at his elbow, though the day was so young that dew sparkled in the grass. Sir Richard's sullen gaze was fixed on vacancy and, being lost thus in gloomy reverie, he whistled softly and dolefully between white teeth.

At last he stirred and had grasped the half-emptied tankard on the table before him when my lady Helen came riding joyously across the green. Now beholding her thus suddenly, he made her a profound obeisance with wide-armed flourish of slopping ale mug.

"Ma'm," quoth he, "all hail!"

"How, sir, are you so shamefully fuddled—thus early in the day?"

"Hardly so, yet, ma'm. Howbeit give me but time and—"

"Odious!" she exclaimed. "You look sufficiently sottish and dissolute, sir. I bid you good-bye!" and, wheeling her horse, she cantered away.

Suddenly he heard a shrill scream and, glancing up, had the vision of a small, flying shape, felt his booted leg clasped by a painting sobbing creature. The child gasped and sobbed distreasfully, staring up at him in passionate appeal.

"Why, how now," said he, stroking back her long, disordered curls; "who are you?"

"Shuri Camlo—and they wants to beat me!" she gasped; "them yonder." And she pointed wildly towards two men hurrying across the green but who now halted, staring at Sir Richard.

But as they stared thus hesitant, a horseman appeared, a young and particularly sharp-looking man, he frowned at his two men, he glanced at Sir Richard, remarking his shabby attire, the fact that he wore no sword (that emblem of rank) and pounced without more ado.

"Hey, you on the bench, hand over my prisoner!"

Sir Richard curled a lock of the child's silky hair round his finger.

"You are a Romany, a gypsy, eh, Shuri?" he questioned.

"A Romany child, I be's," she answered, "but a tachey Romany."

"Hi, you there, are ye deaf?" cried the horseman.

"And where," said Sir Richard, smiling down into the small gypsy's wistful eyes, "do you live, child?"

"I live in the wesh, brother."

"And what is a 'wesh'?" enquired Sir Richard, but at this moment the horseman rode up to them:

"Look 'ee, you, sir, I'm Mr. Battleby, Sir John Parret's new bailiff, and yon gypsy brat was caught poaching in Sir John Parret's spinney, d'ye hear?"

"And, child, what do you mean by a 'wesh'?" repeated Sir Richard; but, before she might answer, Mr. Battleby leaned from his saddle and, reaching forth his riding-crop, rapped Sir Richard upon the shoulder—he rapped once, he rapped twice—the the crop was wrenched from him and his horse, flicked across the nostrils, reared suddenly and galloped away, leaving Mr. Battleby sprawling before them.

Sir Richard nodded and tossed the hunting-crop at him:

"Mr. Battleby, sir," said he, "you may follow your horse."

But Mr. Battleby was so ill-advised as to snatch the hunting-crop and leap to his feet, ferocity and dire menace in every line of him. He came with a bound, up swung the heavy crop to whizz inches wide of the mark. A swirl of voluminous coat tails, a stamp of spurred heels, and Mr. Battleby was down again, while Sir Richard felt his brooding heaviness lifted from him.

"Ah, but you shall pay for this!" Battleby cried. "I shall instantly impart the matter to Sir John Parret himself!"

"Peace, chatterbox," Sir Richard roared. "Should you, or Sir John Parret, or any other lay a finger on this child in the way of unkindness, I will lay 10 fingers on him, and make that man the sorriest dog that ever howled. Pray tell Sir John this, and now—begone lest I kick ye hence."

(To be Continued)

SMITHS MAKE TRIP

Woodburn—Dr. and Mrs. Gerald B. Smith and children, Gerald Jr. and Geraldine motored to The Dalles Sunday by way of the North Bank highway and report a very wonderful drive.

Of the 5,399 youngsters who left home from 100 large cities last year, according to the Traveler's Aid, 302 went to Chicago.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Tramp—Tramp—Tramp

By Harold Gray

REG'LAR FELLERS

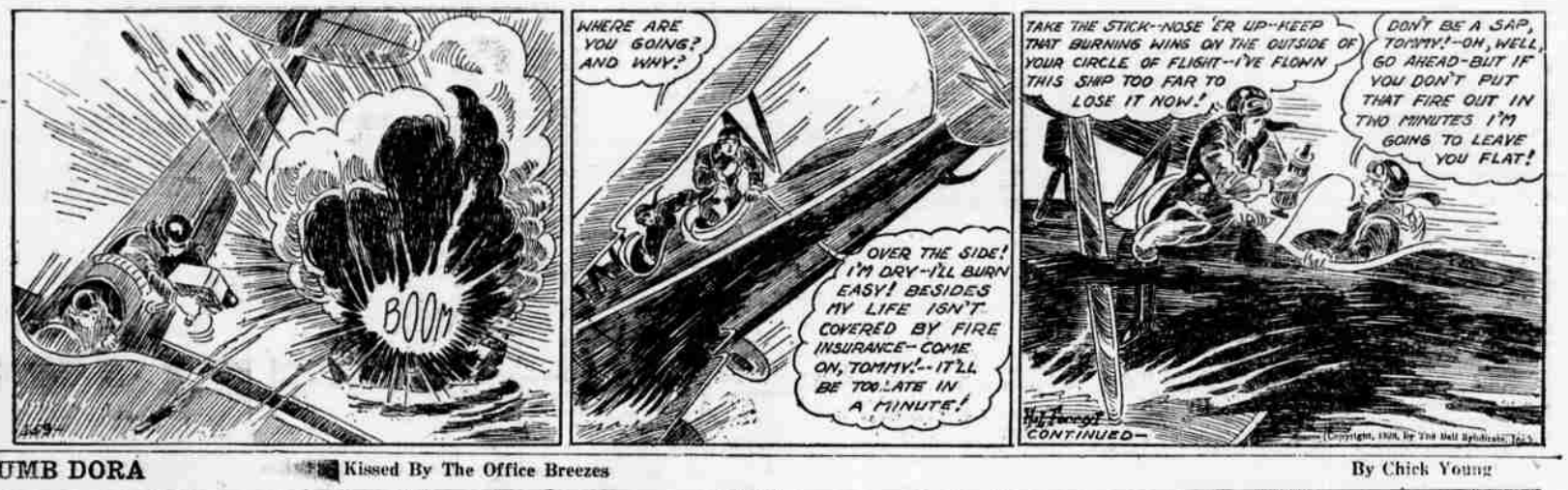
Wrong Beginning

By Gene Byrnes

TAILSPIN TOMMY

A Fire In The Air

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



DUMB DORA

Kissed By The Office Breezes

By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

MUTT AND JEFF

We Face A Grave Situation In This Country

By Bud Fisher

ACROSS

1. Two-pointed tack
7. Asserts as a fact
12. Listener
14. Give vay
15. Touching the upper surface
16. Rest for an oar
18. International language
19. Rodent
21. Balance
22. Gone by
23. Unbleached
25. Female sandpiper
26. Pace
27. Dereases
29. Towels
31. Japanese statesman
32. Every one
33. Muscles
36. More unsightly
38. Employer
40. Mongrel
42. Watery fluids
43. Mining chisel
44. Commonplace
46. Knock
47. Three-toed sloth
48. Sailor
50. Note of the scale
51. Consisting of branches
52. Joined
53. Forms
56. Cavalry swords

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

A	T	O	M			P	I	L	A	R		A R T
G	I	V	E	R		A	N	I	S	E		R I O
E	L	A	T	E		S	T	O	P		T	R I P
S	E	L	E	N	A		E	N		P	R	O S E
				A	D	E	R		S	L	O	W
F	A	M	I	L	I	A	R		P	A	T	B E
A	L	A	R		P	R	O		O	N		O R A
T	A	P	E		A	N	G	E	R		A	D I T
E	M	S		A	T		A	V	A		L	O B E
D	O		A	R	E		T	E	N	D	E	R E R
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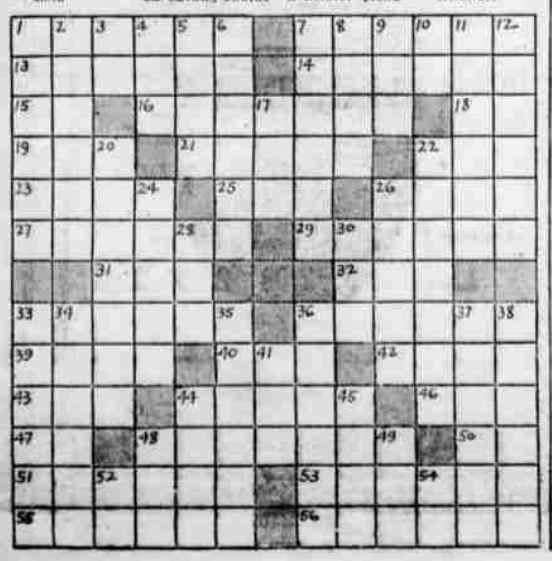
P	A	R	E	S		T	O		E	F	F	A C E
R	I	D	E		D	O	H	E		E	R	R O R
O	D	E		B	A	N	A	L		R	O	I L S
W	A	N		S	M	E	L	L			M	A T E

DOWN

1. Propped
2. Combination in bridge game
3. Lava: Hawaiian
4. Before: prefix
5. Bound
6. Mistakes
7. Shot
8. Parasitic insects
9. Inquire
10. Pronoun
11. Amalgamation
12. Fries into other's affairs
17. Untruth
20. Prepared for a contest
22. Workshop
24. Absolute
26. Thresholds
28. In what way
30. Piece of cloth
32. Sweet substances
34. Book of the Old Testament
35. Frightens
36. Planet
37. Rubber
38. Swift currents
41. One: prefix
42. Foundation
45. Siberian river
46. Swab
49. Chest bone
52. Mother
54. Symbol for tellurium