

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of "The Game and the Candle," "The Flying Mercury," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic Thornburgh

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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness.

CHAPTER VII.

The Girl Like Floyd.

Stanton awoke slowly, with a consciousness of physical well-being and singular restfulness. The shades of his room were lowered, but the dazzling sunshine streamed in around edges and through cracks, glittering over a near-by table covered with yellow telegrams, cards, newspapers, hotel memoranda of telephone calls received—all the familiar evidences of the morning after a race. And in the midst of the litter stood an ice-water pitcher containing a mass of pale-yellow roses. Stanton frowned and looked about him for a bell.

Some one rose from a corner and approached the bed.

"Better, sir?" queried a businesslike voice; a distinctly medical young man in glasses gazed down at him.

The full situation came clearly to Stanton.

"All right," he gave brief assurance. "What time is it?"

The young man consulted a watch.

"Thirty-eight minutes past twelve. You have slept about eighteen hours, as I figure it. I told Mr. Floyd that was all you needed; you were knocked out by that attack of illness, followed by a day's work that was enough to exhaust a horse. I saw you race, yesterday."

"Where is Floyd?"

"He stayed here until midnight, until you had been sleeping like a baby for five hours. He was nearly all in himself, but he wouldn't leave until he was sure you were all right. One of the nicest fellows I ever met. He made me promise to stay with you. I, with an expansive smile, 'I have got more time than patients, as yet. Here, all this junk came for you, on the table. I have answered seventeen telephone calls and sent off twelve posies in the water-jug. All right?"

"All right, and much obliged," Stanton affirmed, beguiled into smiling, while he glanced casually at the table.

"There isn't any one I am in a hurry to see or hear from. I think I will get up; it's breakfast time."

"I think so. Considering it is your first meal for thirty-six hours, I'll order for you. Although I fancy you could digest a rubber tire; you look fit. Oh, Mr. Floyd left a note."

Stanton rose to his elbow.

"Where is it?" demanded the man who cared to hear from no one.

It was a short note on the hotel stationery, written in a wide-open, legible hand that somehow recalled Floyd's direct gray eyes.

"Dear Stanton: The doctor says you are only tired; and I have got to be in New York by morning. I would not leave you if I could do as I wanted. I hope you will believe that."

"Cordially,

"JESSE FLOYD."

The letter might have been written by a girl, for its reticence and lack of the personal element, but Stanton was well content. It rang right. He felt vigorously alive and amazingly hungry.

While he was breakfasting, or lunching, and reading the heap of correspondence—which commenced with a congratulatory telegram from the Mercury Company and concluded with a request for his photograph to be used as a speedometer advertisement—Stanton decided upon his course. He would obtain Floyd's address from Mr. Green, and pay a visit of acknowledgment to his impromptu nurse, upon reaching New York. That much was required by ordinary courtesy, at least.

"Got any enemies?" inquired the doctor when taking leave.

"Are you asking for a list of my acquaintances?" Stanton ironically responded.

"Well, I don't want to play detective, but that was a funny kind of indignation you had, according to Mr. Floyd's account. Some of the other racers might have wanted to keep you out of the way."

"No! Do you think you are talking of horse-traders? Once for all, there is nothing like that done."

Which was very true. But after the

subdued medical man had departed, the jug of yellow roses caught Stanton's eye. A card was dangling from the stems, a card, blank this time, except for a penciled legend:

"So glad you were able to race, but so sorry you lost to the Atlanta."

There was no need of signature. Stanton very carefully tore the card into illegible fragments, dragged out the flowers to fling them into the arid fireplace, and rang the bell.

"Bring fresh ice-water," he bade the bell-boy who appeared. "And a time-table for New York."

However, he did not leave Lowell that day, detained by Mr. Green with a score of appointments and arrangements. Nor was it until two days later that he found himself free to seek the address in upper New York which he had wrested from the reluctant assistant manager.

"Floyd asked me not to give it to people," Mr. Green had protested. "Did he ask you not to give it to me?"

"No, but—"

"Very good; I am not people."

"Don't you see him enough at race times, Stanton? I'm sure he is the best man we have had," fretted his manager.

Stanton was recalling that interview as he went up the stairs of the quiet apartment house indicated. After all, it was true that Floyd might have volunteered his address, himself, if he had wished it known. Perhaps he did not want to see his driver unofficially. A sense of unwelcomeness oppressed Stanton, but he kept on his way. He had never swerved from a course because of the opinions of others; he did not think of turning back now.

Some one was singing, as he reached the fourth floor; singing in a smooth, honey-rich, honey-golden contralto. Warned of his approach by the bell pushed below, the door of the apartment was opened, so that the melody came flooding his hearing with its haunting familiarity. A little old Irishwoman in black silk was peering up at the tall visitor on the threshold.

"Mr. Floyd?" he inquired. "My name is Stanton."

The old servant drew back, smiling invitation, and pushed aside a curtain. And Stanton saw Jessica Floyd rise from her seat at the piano, taking a step to meet him.

She was so like Floyd that he could have cried out in wonder, yet was most purely and softly feminine. She seemed taller, in her clinging pale-blue gown, and even more slender, but Floyd's silver-gray eyes looked out from her long lashes, Floyd's bronze curls clustered around her wide brows, under the braids wound about her head, and her smile was a more

"And you, Miss Floyd? What did you do?"

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"If anything happens to Jes, I will die too," she slowly answered. "We are—twins. No, I do not worry. Besides, I grew up used to seeing Jes in danger; he told you of his life with father?"

"Yes."

"Well, he never had time to be afraid, or I to be afraid for him. You can not be afraid of things you have been doing or seeing done ever since you could understand at all. As ordinary babies are taken out in carriages, Jes was taken out in fast motor-cars. My father could not bear him out of his sight; when Jes was in kilts, he was taken to the factory each day to amuse himself among the workmen and machines."

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"He was called out of town," she added, after waiting for her silent guest to speak. "He will be sorry to have missed you. From Mr. Green he learned that you had quite recovered, after he left you."

"And he? I hurt his arm."

She glanced up astonished.

"You hurt his arm?"

"I was driving the car," Stanton assumed grim responsibility.

This time she laughed, two adorable dimples starting into view in her cheeks of glowing rose-and-amber velvet; not the complexion of a blonde beauty, nor of a brunette, but some happy intermediate tint that presupposed flawless health and much sunlight. Stanton had never observed any dimples about his mechanician.

"I am certain Jes never thought of that standpoint. He said a turn and a tire were to blame. But his arm is almost well."

She spoke so lightly, with so much of Floyd's own nonchalant acceptance of incidental mishaps, that Stanton was surprised into indiscretion.

"You do not worry about him?" he questioned. "You are not nervous about his racing, and racing with me?"

Her lashes fell, her face grew serious.

"If anything happens to Jes, I will die too," she slowly answered. "We are—twins. No, I do not worry. Besides, I grew up used to seeing Jes in danger; he told you of his life with father?"

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CHURCH DIRECTORY

(All churches are requested to send to The Herald notices such as the following, for publication each week free.)

GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH—Grays Crossing, E. G. Hess, pastor Sunday School at 10:30 Service at 11:00. German School Saturday at 1:30.

CHURCH—Grays Crossing, E. G. Hess pastor Sunday School at 10:30. Service at 11:00. German School, Saturday 1:30.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WOODMERE—Services and sermon at 4 p. m., every Sunday. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Communion service, on second Sunday of each month. Dr. Van Water and Rev. Oswald W. Taylor.

LENTS BAPTIST CHURCH—First Avenue, near Foster Road. Rev. J. N. Nelson, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meets at 6:30. Prayer-meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN MEETING—Held every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and in the evening at the Chapel at corner of Woodbine street and Firland avenue. Rev. B. S. Nyström, pastor.

SWEDISH BETHANIAN CHAPEL, ANABEL—Scandinavian Sunday School at 11 a. m. Bible study and prayer meeting Friday at 8 p. m. Scandinavian people cordially invited and welcome. Special music. All cordially welcome. Rev. Conklin, pastor.

GRACE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, LENTS—Preaching Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Young Peoples' Alliance every Sunday at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting and Bible study each Wednesday evening. Special music. All cordially welcome. Rev. Conklin, pastor.

LENTS FRIENDS CHURCH—South Main St Sabbath School 10:30 a. m. Service 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Exchange of service 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:45 p. m. Myra B. Smith, pastor.

LENTS M. E. CHURCH—Corner 7th Ave. and Gordon St. Sunday School 10:30 a. m. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Epworth League 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening of each week. All most cordially invited. Rev. W. Boyd Moore, pastor.

TREMONT UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH—32nd Ave. 60th St. E. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Lynn, pastor.

MILLARD AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Levi Johnson, pastor. Residence 6921-2 Lovjoy st. Services Sunday School at 10 a. m., Morning Worship 11 a. m.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH—Saturday Sabbath School 10 A. M. Saturday Preaching 11 A. M. Sunday Preaching 9:00 P. M. All welcome to these meetings. C. J. Cummings, Pastor, residence 58 East 4th St. Phone Tabor 821.

GRANGE DIRECTORY

(Granges are requested to send to The Herald information so that a brief card can be run free under this heading. Send place, day and hour of meeting.)

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE No. 248 Meets second Saturday at 7:30 p. m., and fourth Saturday at 10:30 a. m. every month.

ROCKWOOD GRANGE—Meets the first Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m., and third Saturday at 10 a. m.

MULTNOMAH GRANGE, No. 71—Meets the fourth Saturday in every month at 10:30 a. m. In Grange hall, Grimes.