

# The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

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## CHAPTER X—Continued

"That's the right spirit," said McKimber. His son looked at him amazed. "A man who lets another dictate about whom he's to marry is a weakling and a coward. I didn't. The Grahams, all except old William, hated me. I wasn't well born or educated. I was a machinist and my hands were thick-fingered, and I hadn't any parlor tricks. I married your mother in spite of their lies and plots to separate us."

"Do you mean to say you approve of Miss Brown?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you. I suppose you are wanting to know why I have changed. Robble, don't ask me. There are things that happen in a man's life that change him instantly. It may be the ghost of old follies which rises to remind him of what he had forgotten. No, don't ask me, Robble, but just bring the girl to your mother and me. She shall never want for love where we are."

He walked heavily from the room. His son could not comprehend this astounding change. There was a stricken look in his father's face. Not since Robin was a boy had he been called "Robble." But his speculation on the cause of the change was lost in joy at what it meant to him. Agatha told him she would be back at about ten. He looked at the clock. It was past two. Eight weary hours before he could see her!

At seven he was on the golf links playing a few holes. Three hours to wait. At eight o'clock he saw her coming slowly in his direction.

"I didn't think you were going to return so early," he said, smiling. "Agatha, how lovely you look."

"I feel miserable," she said soberly. "Darling, he whispered, 'how can you feel miserable on this bright, glorious morning?'"

Nothing could depress him now. There was a look in her eyes that told him what he wanted to know.

"You know, Robin, one isn't always free to do as one likes. I think if I had foreseen this week I should not have had courage enough to endure it. Robbin, we must both of us forget it."

"Forget the only week I have lived," he cried. "Never." Her air of dejection communicated itself to him. "Tell me why I should?"

"There are so many things," she said slowly. "One is your father's objection. I like him because he sets such store by you, but I'm not going to come between you and him."

Robin laughed joyously. "Don't worry about him. He's for you now just as strongly as mother is. He thinks you are just the girl to look after me for life. You've conquered him. He just had to give in, so what more is there to say?"

Looking at him it seemed to the girl that the task she had set herself was beyond her strength. Why, she asked herself, had she kept heart-whole all her life to find in Robin McKimber the only man she could love? How could she tell him that she must choose between her sworn loyalty to her father and his comrades and her love for him? She was associated with men who had determined to get from Raxson's safe the documents which incriminated John McKimber and made the realization of his ambitions impossible. She saw, very clearly, what course Peter Milman would pursue, and how in the carrying out of his plans of revenge he would have no consideration for the McKimbbers.

"There is more to say," she told him, her voice trembling a little. "My dear, it is the hardest thing to say, Robbin, it's good-by."

"Good-by," he repeated. "Agatha, what do you mean?"

"That I am leaving here today and shall not see you again. Don't ask me to explain. I can't tell you anything except that there is something which makes all the things I hoped impossible."

She could see the gray under his tanned skin. She knew she had wounded him bitterly. There was a terrible quietness in his distinct, clear voice.

"Then you never really loved me?" "I did," she said simply; "that's what makes it so hard."

"If you love me," he cried, "nothing can come between us."

"Something has come between us. I do love you, Robin, and I shall never care for anyone else; but there is someone who needs me more than you do."

"I'm not going to say good-by," he said gently.

"But you must," she insisted. "It is all over, Robin. One little week of happiness and years and years of regret."

Suddenly she turned from him and walked away. He followed with beseeching gestures until he saw that De Guillian was approaching. It seemed to him that Agatha almost ran to the elder man.

"What have you been doing on this lovely morning?" Malet asked.

"Breaking my heart, I think," she answered. "Please walk back to the house with me. I don't want to have to speak to anyone."

Malet was not deceived by the smiles

with which she tried to hide her suffering. He wished he had words to help her. He walked to the big house, his heart aching because she was hurt. He wondered what it was about. Of course, it had to do with young Robin McKimber. He felt he hated the tall, handsome lad who had the power so to wound this lovely daughter of his friend. Vague desires to administer chastisement swept over him and departed. What right had he to interfere? And what but harm does one do who attempts to adjust lovers' quarrels?

After breakfast Mrs. Raxon sent for her social secretary.

"Your month is up today," she said. "I do not think you need remain. I shall pay you for another month in lieu of notice."

"Why are you sending me away?" Miss Brown asked quietly.

"You ought to know," Gertrude Raxon cried. "We've watched you trying to get Robin McKimber as if you were one of our friends instead of being hired to help."

Miss Brown could even smile. "I am quite sure," she said sweetly, "that nobody who knows me would ever suspect me of being your friend."

"And you needn't apply to us for recommendations," shouted the girl. "I shall not," said Miss Brown calmly. She gave a little smile and bow and left them.

Mrs. Raxon wished she could walk like that. She was filled with a sudden sense of having acted badly. She had never let her daughters know how much she admired her social secretary.

Malet did not answer immediately. His first impulse was to help young McKimber. But he remembered in time that he was engaged in a conspiracy in which the elder McKimber might be involved. For the time the two must be kept apart. It would not do to let him suspect he knew her present address.

"Alas, that I cannot help you," he returned. "Madame la Duchesse de Fromage-Verte, at whose chateau in the Department of the Loire I first met Miss Brown, is now traveling in Tuscany. Perhaps a cablegram addressed to her might bring results."

"How do you spell her name?" Robin demanded.

A few minutes later he came face to face with Mrs. Raxon and asked her bluntly how it was she had engaged an inefficient person.

"She had references from the countess of Horsham, at Horsham in England, and Mrs. Hamilton Buxton of Westbury Old Manor."

It was her daughters who pointed out later that he had obtained the addresses he sought by a ruse. They were very bitter.

Mrs. Hamilton Buxton would probably not have received a stranger had she not seen him coming up the drive in his fast car. She was a lady of many loves, and she had once seen him at Piping Rock, although her own set did not stoop to intimacy with that in which the McKimbbers moved. She liked handsome young men.

"But, my dear Mr. McKimber," she cried, "I have never even heard of a Miss Agatha Brown. If she used references signed by me, she forged them."

Her experienced eyes had shown her that this beau garcon was in love, and probably with an adventuress.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

retary. The girl had made no vulgar scene, as Mrs. Raxon had dreaded. She had not raised her voice; nor had she begged for another chance. She was calm, aloof, superior. Mrs. Raxon looked at her own daughter a little sourly.

"How I'm to arrange the menus and see the servants do their work I'm sure I don't know."

"Hire someone else," said Gertrude, "and let me see her first."

Half an hour later a taxi came to the front door and Miss Agatha Brown left Great Rock. Paul Raxon did not learn of it until later. He only hoped the household efficiency would not be impaired. Miss Brown had had her uses. He had learned a great deal from the criticisms of one used to the homes of the great. And, he mused, it might be better for him in the long run that she was replaced by someone of rather less physical attractions. He had been thinking too much about her.

"My dears," she had said to her footmen, "you must stay on if you can until Uncle Peter has read what I

took the platform in England for the Union cause and did much to keep that country from recognizing the Confederacy. The war over, he projected the Union Pacific railway, organized the Credit Mobilier to finance it and founded Omaha, where he owned five thousand lots, reckoned later to be worth \$30,000, though he lost title to them through litigation, in which he was declared insane. He died in New York when he was seventy-six years old.—Don C. Seltz in "Uncommon Americans."

**Began Great Library**  
The first university library in Oxford was founded in 1220 by Thomas Cobham, bishop of Worcester. In 1528 Sir Thomas Bodley took upon himself the cost of making the university library "fitte & handsome with seats & shelves & desks, and all that may be needed . . . being thoroughly persuaded that I could not busy myself to better purpose."

**"Champion Crank" Had Qualities as Leader**  
Styling himself "Champion Crank," George Francis Train led a life that places him among the foremost of American eccentric figures, yet his career shows him to have been a leader and creator of distinction. He made a trip around the world in 80 days as his most notable bid for public notice, but this was preceded and followed by many other unusual accomplishments. The Columbian exposition at Chicago in 1893 did not start off very well and Train announced his purpose to "save" the show. He organized a grand march to the grounds, leading it with a popular belle of the time on his arm, and aroused the West to interest in the enterprise. While the California gold boom was on he created a fleet of 40 sailing ships for the trade. He went to Australia when gold was discovered there and the miners in a revolution attempted to make Train the president of their "republic," but he declined and went to Europe, where he introduced street railways. During the Civil war he



"Please Walk Back to the House With Me. I Don't Want to Have to Speak to Anyone."

Improved Uniform International

## Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Dean Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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### Lesson for September 25

#### REVIEW—THE EARLY KINGS OF ISRAEL

DEVOTIONAL READING—Ps. 105: 1-5  
GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens; and His kingdom ruleth over all.

PRIMARY TOPIC—What We May Learn From Samuel, Saul, David and Solomon.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—Teachings and Warnings From the Quarter's Lessons. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Lessons From Samuel, Saul and David.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Honoring God in Our Lives and in Our Land.

Though the lesson title for the quarter is "The Early Kings of Israel," the great character Samuel should be included. A good way to conduct the review would be to make a character study of the four outstanding persons of the quarter—Samuel, Saul, David and Solomon. Perhaps the most satisfactory method of review will be the summing up of the leading events and teachings of each lesson. The assignments should be made a week ahead, so that the members of the class may recite without hesitation. The following suggestions are offered:

**Lesson for July 3.**  
Against the protest of Samuel the people demanded a king, in order that they might be like other nations. Saul, of the tribe of Benjamin, was given as best suited to fill the place.

**Lesson for July 10.**  
Because of Samuel's exemplary life as a child, a judge and a ruler, he was able to challenge the people to show wherein he had ever defrauded or oppressed anyone. It is a fine thing when a man in public life can be vindicated against the charge of wrongdoing, either in public or in private.

**Lesson for July 17.**  
Saul's failure brought great sorrow of heart to Samuel. The selection of David from Jesse's sons showed that God looks not on the outward appearance, but upon the heart. David's fidelity as a shepherd boy put him in line for promotion.

**Lesson for July 24.**  
Because David was jealous for and trusted in God he was able to overcome Goliath, who had defied the living God.

**Lesson for July 31.**  
The friendship of David and Jonathan has become immortalized in the world's thought. It was unique in that it occurred between two men of rival worldly interests. Jonathan, the crown prince, knew that God had chosen David, therefore he waived his natural rights.

**Lesson for August 7.**  
David knew that God had rejected Saul and chosen himself to be king. Though relentlessly pursued by Saul, David spared the king because he was God's anointed.

**Lesson for August 14.**  
When David was made king he desired to bring up the ark, the symbol of God's presence, to the center of the nation's life. Though his desire was worthy, he was not careful to do according to God's way. Doing a right thing in a wrong way is displeasing to God.

**Lesson for August 21.**  
Though God did not permit David to build a house for Him, He did something better; He promised to build for David a house, that is, to establish for him a throne. God does more and better for us than we are able to ask or think.

**Lesson for August 28.**  
Through neglected duty David fell into temptation and grievously sinned. By means of a parable Nathan the prophet convicted him of his sin upon confession to God forgiveness was granted.

**Lesson for September 4.**  
Because Solomon chose wisdom in order to intelligently reign over the nation, God abundantly bestowed upon him wisdom and riches. God's blessings exceed our asking.

**Lesson for September 11.**  
Solomon's first task after his coronation was building the temple, a privilege which was denied to David his father. Because of Solomon's obedience God manifested His presence and thus made the temple holy.

**Lesson for September 18.**  
Rehoboam's pride and arrogance; lost to himself the support of the majority of the nation.

**We Grow Strong or Weak**  
Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them. Silently, day by day, we grow strong or weak and at last some crisis shows what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

**Have Christ in Your Heart**  
If a man have Christ in his heart, heaven before his eyes, and only as much of temporal blessing as is just needful to carry him safely through life, then pain and sorrow have little to shoot at.—William Burns.

**The Cost and the Gain**  
Christ tells us to count the cost of discipleship, but he never asked us to count the gain. He knew we could not; there is no arithmetic to compute that.—W. L. Watkinson.

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## "Give Him One of Your Cards, Bob!"

Two men in a sedan and a farmer and his boy in a smaller car had stopped on a country road for a short discussion of business in general. The farmer and one of the men from town were old friends. The other was unknown to him.

"Give Mr. Hartley one of your cards, Bob," suggested the farmer's friend. "You ought to do some business with him before long."

Now, if Bob had presented his card to Mr. Hartley, there would be little of interest to us in the transaction. But Bob did not have a card to give him!

Whatever your business or profession may be, you can't afford to be without a supply of personal cards. Your business is built by making yourself known favorably to a lot of people. When folks need, or consider, something in your line, you want them to think of you. If they have your card the chances are in your favor.

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