

THE CONDON GLOBE

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It is gratifying to note the increased interest that the business men and citizens of the town are showing in the Commercial Club. There seems to be more of a feeling of co-operation than has ever been apparent before and this is the keynote to the situation. Much can be done for the good of the community through the Club but it can only be done by sincere co-operation.

If this paving bill should carry, just how much do you think would be spent in developing those parts of the state that now have no road to market?

The state engineer says it will take approximately \$40,000,000 to build the roads outlined in the paving bill. A. R. Shumway, of the Farmers' Union, says it will take \$40,000,000 more to pay the interest on 25-year bonds.

Five years ago an initiative bill to issue and sell \$1,000,000 state road bonds each year was turned down by the people by a majority of practically 45,000 votes.

The Star Spangle Banner has been designated by Secretary of War Baker as the national anthem on this country.

An exchange aptly remarks that there are few kids being licked these days because they do not clean up their plates.

Even a good physician may go from bad to worse.

Sufferers who try to drown their sorrow merely irrigate it.

It's better to have a poor opinion than to have none at all.

Advertising is not an expense. It is an investment.

The charitable man never has to wait long for a chance to get busy.

Dead stock does not pay. Resurrect it? Advertise.

No woman with a valuable necklace is afraid of getting a sore throat.

Not every peach of a girl becomes a well-preserved woman.

Push your business and it will push you.

The Daredevil

By
Maria Thompson Davies

Author of "The Melting of Molly"

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Continued from last week

SYNOPSIS

Roberta, an orphan, half French, half American, starting for America to stay with an uncle, meets Count de Lasselles crossing to secure mules for France.

By a mistake, Roberta's uncle believes she is a nephew. Knowing him to be a woman hater, Roberta adopts man's attire.

Her uncle, General Carruthers, informs his supposed nephew that he needs his knowledge of French to straighten out a deal for providing mules for France. The governor's honor is involved in the mule deal.

Roberta pledges her aid and is introduced to Governor Faulkner and to his private secretary, Buzz Glendonning.

Mrs. Jeff Whitworth is deep in the mule scheme with her husband and endeavoring to get the governor's signature to the transaction.

The governor gives a dinner to Roberta, who has been made private secretary pro tem. She matches her wits against Mrs. Whitworth.

Roberta examines specifications of the proposed deal. Mrs. Whitworth tries to pump Roberta and makes love to her.

Faulkner in a voice that was so gentle as that which a mother uses to a child in severe illness, "I want you to let me sit down on your cot beside you and talk to you about your trouble."

"Got nothing to say, parson. I done it, and I want to swing as quick as the law sends me," answered the poor human from behind his hands without even raising his bowed head.

"I am not a minister, and I've come to talk to you because some of your neighbors and friends think that there may be a reason why you should not be hanged for the death of your

brother.

"It is my duty to help them keep you from the penalty of the law, which you may not deserve even if you desire it. Can you tell me your story as man to man, with the hope that it will help you to a reprieve?" And as he spoke I observed a tone of command come into the voice of my Governor Faulkner that was as clear and beautiful as the call of the bugle to men for a battle.

"I done what I had to, and I'm ready to die for it. I've got nothing to say," answered the man, with still more of the determination of misery in his voice. "My neighbors don't know nothing about it, and I don't want 'em to. Just let them keep quiet and let it all die when the state swings me."

"So there is some secret about the matter that you are willing to die to keep, is there?" asked the Governor Faulkner, with a quietness of command in his voice. "What had your brother done to Mary Brown that you killed him for doing?"

"Curse you! What's that to you?" snarled the man as he sprang up from beside the governor and leaped, crouched and panting, against the bars



"I done it!"

of the cage in which the three of us were enclosed. "Who are you anyway? My state has said I was to swing for killing him, and there's no more to question about it."

"I am the governor of your state," answered that Governor Faulkner as he rose and stood, tall and commanding, before the poor human being who was cowering as a dog that had felt the lash of a whip. "You are my son because you are a son of the state of Harpeth, and as a representative of that state I am going to exercise my guardianship and if possible prevent the state from the crime of taking your life if you do not deserve punishment."

"I'm condemned by the laws of the state. You can't go back on that, governor or no governor," made answer the man, with a panting of misery in his voice.

"As you know, there are certain unwritten laws which have more influence in some cases as to the guilt of a murderer than any on the statute books," said the Governor Faulkner with a very great slowness, so that the poor human dog might comprehend him. "If you killed your brother to save—save Mary Brown from worse than death then you have not the right to demand execution from your state to shelter her from publicity when she is no longer in danger of anything worse. Did you get to her in time to save her or?"

"Yes, I did and I had. Curse you! I'll have to kill you for getting words out of me that all the lawyers have tried to make me say all this time." And with the oath and a snarl the man made a lunge at my Gouverneur Faulkner with something keen and shivering that he had drawn from the top of his coarse boot. But that poor human being of the prison was not of enough quickness to do the killing of his desire in the face of Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye, who had twice with her foil pricked the red cloth head of the young Count de Couertoir, the best

swordsmen of France, in gay combat in the great hall of the old Chateau de Grez. With my walking cane of a young gentleman of American fashion, which I had taken with me to call upon the beautiful Madam Whitworth before my cherry had befallen me as a gift and which I had without thought brought into that prison with me, I parried the blow of the knife at my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner, but not in such a manner as to prevent a glancing of that knife, which inflicted a scratch of considerable depth upon my forearm under its sleeve of brown chevrot.

"Great heavens, boy!" exclaimed that Gouverneur Faulkner as he caught the knife from the floor where it had fallen from the hand of the poor man, who had sunk down on the cot, trembling and panting. "Two inches to the left and a little more force and the knife would have stuck in your heart."

"Is it not better my heart than yours, my great Gouverneur Faulkner? And behold, it is the heart of neither and only a small scratch upon my humble arm, which will not even prevent the driving of that new Cherry car." I answered him as I put that arm behind me and pressed it close in its sleeve of brown chevrot so that there would be no drippings of blood.



I Parried the Blow of the Knife.

CHAPTER X.

To Bear Men and to Save Them.

"I DIDN'T go to hurt the young gentleman nor you either, governor," said the man from the cot as he sobbed and buried his head in his arms. "I was always a good man, and now I—"

"Don't say another word, Timma," interrupted my Gouverneur Faulkner in a voice that was as gentle as that father of state which he had said himself to be to Timms. "Nobody will know of this, for your sake. I was—was beating you. I know what I want to know now, and you'll not hang on the 10th. The state will try you again. Call the superintendent, Robert."

"Don't try nothing to hurt Mary, governor. Jest let me hang and I won't never care what"—the poor human began to plead.

"I'll look after Mary—and you too, Timms. I'll see to it that"—my Gouverneur Faulkner was answering the trembling plea for his mercy when the superintendent came in and unlocked the cage.

"Don't let him know of the—accident, youngster," whispered the Gouverneur Faulkner to me, and in a very few minutes we were out of that prison into the cherry car and whirling with great rapidity down the country road with its tall trees upon both sides.

"Stop, Robert," commanded his excellency as we came under a large group of very old trees which made a thick shelter of their green leaves as they leaned together over the stone wall that bordered the side of the road. "Now let me see just what did happen to that arm which came between poor Timms' sharpened case knife and my life. We are out of sight of the prison now. It would have all been up with Timms if that attack upon me had been discovered. Your pluck will have saved Timms, if he's saved, as well as your governor. Here, turn toward me and let me see that arm." And as he spoke my Gouverneur Faulkner put his arm across my shoulder and turned me toward him so that he could put his right hand on the sleeve of that chevrot bag in which was a long slash from the knife and which was now wet with my blood.

"I very much fear my beloved brown chevrot, which I have worn only a few times, is now dead, and how will I find another for my need?" I exclaimed with a great alarm when I saw that that knife had thus devastated my good clothing, of which I had not many and for the procuring of which I was many thousand miles from my good friend and tailor in New York. If I sought another suit in the city of Hayesville might there not be dangers of discoveries in the adjustment thereof? "Is it not a vexation?" I asked as the Gouverneur Faulkner attempted to push back that murdered sleeve from my forearm.

"In the language of my friend Buzz, you are one sport, Robert. Shell out of that coat immediately. I want to see just how much of a scratch that is, and I can't get the sleeve up high enough," commanded my Gouverneur Faulkner. The tone of his voice was the same he had used to me in commanding that I take his mail to his nice lady stenographer, but his face was very white, and his hand that he laid upon the collar of my coat for assisting me to lay it aside trembled with a great degree of violence.

"Indeed, my Gouverneur Faulkner. It is but a scratch, and"—

"Get out of that coat!"

"But"—

"Off with that coat, Robert!" he commanded me, and before I could make resistance my coat was almost completely off me by his aid, and I was obliged to let it slip into his hands

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