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Time to Re-tire?

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The Standard of Tire Value

THE DAREDEVIL

Continued from Page 2

gouverneur as he helped me again to assume the ruined garment of chevalier. "I was born in the mountains of the state of Harpeth, boy, where when one sheds his blood for the life of another that other is said to be under bond to his rescuer, and that means a tie closer than the ordinary one of brother by birth. I acknowledge the bond to you for all time, little brother. Now drive on quickly to the mansion before we are in danger of being late for dinner with the general. It will take me some few minutes to get you out of that shirt and into your dinner coat. I'll send for it, and you can dress with me."

"Oh, no, my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner! I must go immediately to home and there make myself presentable for a dinner that my Buzz has arranged for me. That nice black lady, Kizkie, will with joy attend on this scratch upon my arm," I exclaimed, with great alarm for fear that that very strong mind of my gouverneur would command me to make my toilet in his company in the mansion. "Please do not command me that I shall not do."

"Of course, youngster, go to your frolic with the rest of the babes and sucklings, only remember that I always like to have you with me, but never command you when it is not your pleasure," answered that Gouverneur Faulkner to me, with gentleness. "It is always my pleasure to be with you, my gouverneur, and I do like that you command me," I said to him in answer to that gentleness that had something of a sad longing in it. "And may I not return immediately after that supper to that club of Old Hickory for conversation with you and my uncle, the General Robert?" I asked, with eagerness.

his own and his brother's relations with the woman Mary Brown. As long as I am the governor of the state of Harpeth no honest man is going to swing for protecting a good woman from the outrages of a brute. And yet Timms confessed the crime and denied the motive. A cross examination failed to get the statement from the woman that would justify my relieving or pardoning him. I cannot even seem to dishonor the proceedings of the courts of the state and, boy, I'm just plain-up—against—it. Here we are at my own side door. Good night and make a lightning toilet if you want to get to that dinner on time. Good night again!" And with those words, which explained his very deep trouble to me, my Gouverneur Faulkner departed from the seat beside me in the cherry to the pavement beside his mansion and bade me hurry from him.

All of those very gay and nice "babes and sucklings" which the Gouverneur Faulkner had mentioned were with me at the table with very much laughter and merriment, also much conversation. And in that conversation were very many jokes upon my Buzz because he had been transported to the capitol by my uncle, the General Robert, and given hard labor until almost the time to arrive for that nice supper which he was eating with much hunger.

"Well, it's not my fault that Timms up and lifted his brother into eternity all for hunting pretty Mary Brown, and I don't see why I had to be rung in to sort out of a million sheets of trial evidence the lies he told about it for poor old Gouverneur Bill to mull over all night. I say when a man wants to be hanged as badly as that he ought to get what he's crying for and not butt in on a perfectly innocent man's afternoon fox trot" was that Mr. Buzz Cleendening's warning to all of the company. "Look the other way, Sue, so as not to turn this muffin cold until I get it buttered."

"I told my washwoman, who is Mary's sister, that Mary ought to be made to tell just what did happen, and then it could all be arranged so that the poor man could be saved to her. I think it is hard on Mary to lose both lovers," said that very intelligent Mil-

dred Summers. "They live just over beyond the back gate. Suppose we all go and put it up to the attractive Mary to speak up and keep Buzz from the danger of over-work a second time," said a nice young gentleman with what I considered a great intelligence, but which caused much laughter.

And at that suggestion which caused the much merriment that daredevil within Roberta, marquise of Crez and Bye, again arose and commanded me to attention.

"Go, Robert Carruthers, and obtain that paper of statement from that Mary, so that your chief, that good Gouverneur Faulkner, does not work in the night, which is for rest, and that your beloved Buzz may not again have to work in his afternoon, which is for dancing. Go and find that Mary as soon as this dinner is at an end."

And what was it possible for me to do but to answer the command of the daredevil person within me? All of which I did. I made excuse of myself on account of a lie which involved my attendance on my uncle, the General Robert, and departed after I had had but one nice slide with the lovely Sue, but had obtained a promise of one from Mills. Belle if I found it possible to return by the hour of 10 o'clock.

After many inquiries in small streets I was at last led to the home of the Mary Brown. All was dark within the very small house, but upon the steps, in the light from the moon and also a street arc, sat the person that a man of whom I had asked guidance said to be the woman whom I sought. She rested her head in her hands, as had done that poor human in the cage in that state prison, and from her I heard the sounds of slow weeping.

"What is it that I shall say to her?" I asked of myself. And then suddenly something answered from within me from the same place that had arted that knowledge to spring in between my Gouverneur Faulkner and the bright knife I had not even seen. That place is located in the heart of Roberta, marquise of Crez and Bye, and not in that daredevil.

with a rope the man I loved I would lay down my own life that he should live. If you write one little paper to say that he murdered in defense of you the good Gouverneur Faulkner will save him to you. Give to me that paper."

"Go away!" she moaned as she shook her head and cried into her arms.

"See, Mary: Here is the pencil and the paper to write the words of life for Timms to that Gouverneur Faulkner," I said as I seated myself beside her and extracted my notebook and pencil from the pocket of my overcoat where I had placed them on leaving my room as is always best, I deemed, for a secretary. "There are just two things that are the duty of women, Mary—to bear men and to save them. Save yours now, Mary. Much will happen, it may be, but that Timms is a good man and must live."

"I dissent. He told me not to, Timms did."

"If a knife was aimed at Timms' heart, would you not throw yourself between him and its cut, Mary, even though commanded by him not to so save him?"

"Yes."

"The knife is aimed and here's the paper by which you can throw your person on that knife. Is it of such moment that it cut into your own heart, that you stand and let it give death to him?"

"I give up! I give up, mister! I can't let nobody murder him. Nobody ever put it that way to me. Give me that paper and let me get to him for just one minute tomorrow," she made answer to me as she seized the paper and pencil and began to write with the paper spread beside her upon the step.

"Will that do, mister?" she asked with anxiety. On that paper she had written:

Hen Timms had locked me in the room and was attacking me when Gabe broke in and got me away from him. He had to bust his head with a flatiron to make him let go of me. I am a good woman.

MARY BROWN.

"Yes, good Mary, this will shield Timms from that knife, I feel a certainty, and I will send for you and see that you go to an interview with him at 10 o'clock of the tomorrow morning. And now good night, with great respect to you for a brave woman," I said as I rose to my feet.

"Who are you, mister, that have spoke to my heart like they ain't nobody spoke to its suffering yet, though you ain't said many words, and them is curious-like?" she asked of me as I prepared to take a hurried departure.

"I am the secretary of the Gouverneur Faulkner, Mary, and—and I know—how women—love—men. I—"

"I bet a many of 'em have loved you, God bless your sweet eyes. Good night, sir!"

And with those kind words from the poor female, who was beginning again to sob, but with another motive in her weeping, I took my departure down the street—or up—I did not know in just which direction. I had the intention of returning to the house of the party to obtain the cherry, which I had left standing before the door, and in it convey the message to my Gouverneur Faulkner that should bring relief to his anxiety, but I soon found that I had lost myself upon streets that I had never seen before.

What was it that I should do? My heart suffered that my Gouverneur Faulkner should not know the relief of that paper I had in the pocket of my dinner coat, but I could not find myself, and I did not know exactly what questions I should ask. Then I bethought me of that telephone, which in America is so much used, but not in France. I entered into a store for medicines upon the corner of one of the streets in my wandering, looked diligently in a book to find the number of the mansion of the gouverneur, and, after many tellings of my desire, at last my Gouverneur Faulkner made an answer in my ear that was as beautiful in voice as the words he spoke to me in his presence.

"Well?" he asked me.

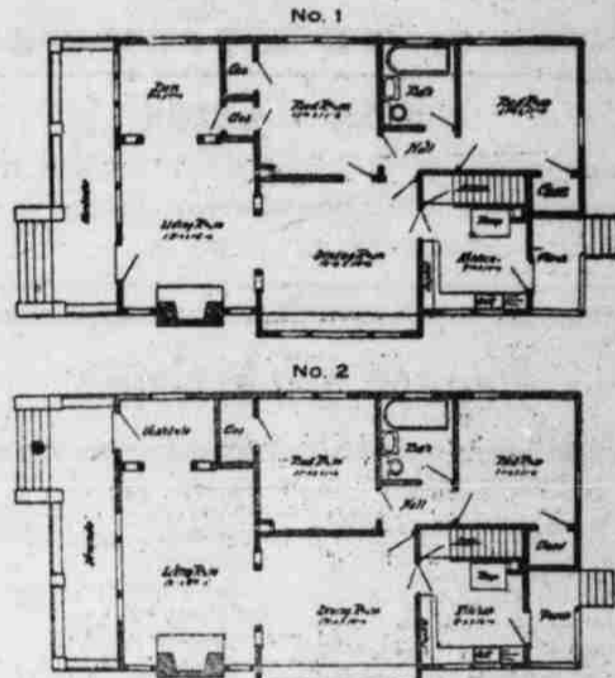
"This is Robert Carruthers who speaks."

Continued on next page

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