T IS DIFFICULT L to imagine anything more fascinating than our new serial story

The Joy of Living

Sidney Gowing

CHAPTER I.—Disliking the prospect of a month's visit to her austers aunt, Lady Erythes Lambe, at Jervaulx abbey, and her cousin, Alexander Lambe, Aimee, vivacious daughter of the Very Reverend Viscount Scroope, is in a rebellious mood. CHAPTER II.—She wanders into the park, there encountering a strange youth in trouble with a motorcycle. He laughingly introduces himself as "Billy," American. The two cement the acquaintance by a ride on the motorcycle, the, "Flying Sphinx," and part. With Georgina Berners, her cousin, Aimee sets out for Jervaulx, on the way she decides that Georgina shall impersonate her at Jervaulx, while she goes on a holiday. Georgina's horrified protest is unavailing.

CHAPTER III.—Happy in her new freedom, Aimee again meets "Billy." He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives here as Amy Snooks, at present "out of a job." Billy offers to take her into pastnership in selling the Sphinx. In a spirit of madeap adventure, she accepts. The two proceed to the town of Stanhoe, taking separate lodgings in Ivy cottage.

CHAPTER IV.—That night Aimee visits Georgina and learns that the deception has not been discovered. By her dominant personality she compels Georgina to continue the subterfuge.

CHAPTER V.—On a trial spin next day CHAPTER L-Disliking the prospect of

CHAPTER V.—On a trial spin next day on the Sphinx, with Billy, Aimes almost collides with a carriage in which are her aunt, Georgina and Alexander. The pair escape unrecognized.

CHAPTER VI.—Georgina learns that Lord Scrope is coming to visit Lady Erythea and, realizing what will happen on his arrival, is in hopeless bewilderment.

CHAPTER VII.—While Aimee is secretly visiting Georgina at Jervaulx, the place is burglarized. Aimee escapes.

CHAPTER VIIL-Georgina learns, with much relief, that Aimee has got away.

CHAPTER IX.—Police Inspector Panke decides that the robbery is the work of "Jack the Climber" and "Calamity Kate," poted thieves, who travel on a motory-

stoted thieves, who travel on a motorcy-cle.

CHAPTER X.—Billy, aware of his "partner's" nocturnal jaunts, is troubled. He follows her, on the Sphinx, to Jer-vauls. He hears the commotion, at once suspects burglary, and follows two figures on a motorcycle who are apparently in a desperate hurry. Cornering the pair, Billy knocks out a man who attempts to shoot him, picking up a package the fellow had dropped. He discovers the other fugitive to be a woman. Stopping to aid her, she strikes him with a stone, rendering him unconscious, and the pair escape.

CHAPTER XL-Recovering, Billy dis-CHAPTER XI.—Recovering, Billy discovers the package he had picked up is a jewel case, containing emeralds. Realizing they must be part of the loot from Jervaulx, he starts for the abbey. On the way he meeta Aimee, with the police in pursuit. In a secure hiding place, a cave among the cras pits, Aimee tells him the whole story. He urges that she make a frank contession to her father, but on reflection both realize Aimee's good name has been compromised by her two nights' stuy at twy cottage. CHAPTER XII.—Assuming Aimee he

CHAPTER XIL-Assuring Almee he has a plan to save her, Billy leaves her in the cave and, proceeding to Jarvaulx, restores the emeralds to the astounded Lady Erythea.

CHAPTER XIII.—Rejecting any re-ward, after explaining how the emeralds came into his possession. Billy accepts the position of chauffeur to Lady Erythea, seeing in the situation a promise of a way

CHAPTER XIV.—Realizing what her father's visit to Jervaulx would mean, Aimee goes serretly to her home, disables the family auto, thus preventing his journey, and induces a parlormaid to let her take her place at Jervaulx.

CHAPTER XV.-Alexander recognizes Aimee as the woman on the motorcycle which ran into the Lambe carriage, demogracing her as "Calamity Kate." Georgina divulges Aimee's identity. Hearing her story, Alexander consents to keep the sacret.

CHAPTER XVI.—Alexander finds him-self very much in love with Georgina.

CHAPTER XVII -The approaching visit of Alexan fee's sister, Lady Diana (who, of course, knows Almee) brings consternation to the two girls.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Another visitor to ervaulx is the Vicomte de Jussac, Di-na's suitor. Diana recognizes Almes and hreatens to denounce her.

threatens to denounce her.

CHAPTER XIX. - Interested in the
Lambe collection of armor, De Jussac,
during the night, tries on a suit. Diana,
investigating an alleged ghostly apparttion, meets him. He deciares his love,
and is accepted. Aimee finds them together and binds Diana to secrety concerning her affairs.

CHAPTER XX.—Alexander and Geor-gina become engaged. Lady Erythea, he-lieving Georgina to be Lord Scroope's daughter, is delighted. CHAPTER XXI.—Billy and Aimse reach an understanding as to their mutual love.

CHAPTER XXII.—A Scotland Yard of-ficial arrives and demands to see Billy. Aimee overhears him. Learning Billy's whereabouts, the officer goes after him. CHAPTER XXIII.—Billy finds "Jaise the Climber." his leg broken, in the oras pits. He hears the thief's story and has a feeling of somathing like sympathy. "Jake" is arrested and the police search for "Calamity Kate."

CHAPTER XXIV.—Aimee, hastening to the crag pils to warn fillly of his danger, meets "Kate" and, touched by the sirl's devotion to her husband, allows the woman to escape on the Sphinx.

CHAPTER XXV.—The capture of 'Jake' of course clears Billy of connection with the Jervaulx robbery. But they are not yet "out of the woods."

CHAPTER XXVI.—Lord Scroope, at Jervaux, is astounded at the bewilder-ing mixup resulting from Aimee's esca-pade. Her confession clears up the situ-ation. Lady Erythea's wrath at the de-cection is evolunic

'Since it is a fait accompil," said Lady Erythea to her brother-in-law almost with a touch of pleading, "be

amiable, Anthony, and bestow your blessing on the happy pair."

She raised her ear-trumpet as though

to share in the benediction. Lord Scroope looked at Georgina dumbly and then stared at Lady Erythea.

"What did you say?" he asked dis-"The happy pair!" said Lady Ery-

thea, loudly and irritably. "Where is my daughter?" exclaimed Lord Scroope with consternation, "Erythen, where is my daughter?"

Lady Erythea started. She glanced at Georgina's horror-stricken face, and then, with deep concern, moved to her brother-in-law's side.

"My dear Anthony," she said in a low voice, "come upstairs and lie down. It will soon pass off. Do not be

Lord Scroope shook himself free. "Are you in your senses, Erythen? This is my niece by marriage-Georgina Berners. What is she doing here?"

"Y-yes," gulped Alexander's flancee, "I'm Georgina. I couldn't help it." She collapsed into an armchair and burst into tenrs. Alexander stood over her like a large and protective dog; he laid a hand on her shoulder and glared at the others with defiance.

Lady Erythea turned pale. It was the Scroope family simultaneously smitten with insanity.

"Where is Aimee?" insisted Lord Scroope, turning upon her. "Where is my daughter?"

The disheveled parlor maid darted in through the door. Aimee's cap was awry, her face was pale, her eyes very bright; the top of her apron heaved tumultuously. She stopped short, as Lady Erythea glared speechless at this irruption

"Don't cry, Georgie," said Almee; "It vasn't your fault."

"Have I been transported into Bedam?" asked Lord Scroope, dizzily. "Or are you rehearsing a charade? What is she doing in this costume?"

Lady Erythea struggled for breath. "This," she said grimly, "is my parlor maid, Snooks, whom I foolishly engaged on your recommendation. She has engaged herself again, however, to

Lord Scroope tooked at his sister-inlaw with commiseration

"This," he said, in the soothing tone with which one would address a delirlous person, "is my daughter, Aimee, I am rather glad to find her-in any costume. I began to wonder what you had done with her."

Lady Erythea's frame slowly stiff-Her fingers cleuched the eartrumpet as though it were the handle of a club. Her eyes were terrible. Before the storm could break, Aimee intervened.

"It wasn't Aunt's fault, Dad," she said breathlessly, "nor Georgie's-nor Alexander's. It was all mine. And if you all want to beat somebody, it had better be me! I—I'm here to explain! "Some explanation," said Lord Scroope quietly, "seems to be called

for. Almee, avoiding her aunt's eyes, addressed herself to the quivering ear-

trumpet "I didn't want to come here, Dad made me. I was-frightened of you, Anyway, I didn't think Jervaulx would suit me, and that you'd hate me. So I skipped the car at Burn Ash," said Almee, her speech pouring from her like a torrent, "and made the chauffeur bring Georgina on here. And I went off on my own!

"Georgina arrived here, and you took her for me. You insisted she was me. And she didn't dare explain, for fear of getting me into a row. That's what Georgie is! She can't lie-she can't even act-but she'd let you cut her in pieces before she'd get me into

"I got here the same night, and climbed into her room. And Georgie begged me to own up, and I wouldn't. And I came the next night George was ready to give it all away-and then the burglars got in. I was nearly caught, all the household chased me, the butler tore a great piece out of my skirt. But I got away, and at last, right down by the crossroads, I ran into Bil-Mr. Spencer."

Aimee paused for breath.

"Who," inquired Lord Scroope, in the hush that followed, "Is Mr. Spencer?" "A motorcyclist. He had come across the thieves getting away, had a fight with them-they were too many for hlm, but he got back some of the jewels. I told him the awful mess I was Of course, the police were after me-I'd seen their car already. If they got hold of me, they'd know the-the slily thing I'd done," said Aimee with a gulp. "It would come out that I was country, and in all the newspapers!"

Lord Scroope, very pale, drew a deep breath, and gave a prolonged shudder, "B-Mr. Spencer told me I'd got to go back and make a clean breast of it all. He wanted to tell you, But I didn't dare. I refused to let him say anything-I made him swear he wouldn't, It was my trouble, not his. So he did what I asked; even though it meant the police would suspect him, too, So be took the jewels to Aunt Erythen, and never said a word about me; and when she offered him the job as chauffeur he took it; so that the police wouldn't suspect ldm-or me! He came here and drove Aunt's cars!"

"And you?" said her father quietly.

"What happened to you?" "I went-back to Scroope next day, I found Amy Snooks was coming here as mald-I made her go to Seabridge, and took her place, Dad. Just to be safe from those beastly police-in the hope they'd catch the thleves, if we gave them time and then they wouldn't catch me and make me explain. And it's Just what happened; Billy-Mr. Spencer-caught one of them yesterday, and the police have got him. Nobody knows anything about me, except

Aimee panted time a over at buy,

"And Billy's asked me so marry him, and I'm going to!" she said desperatele. "I love him! There's nobody like uniy-he's been splendid! He isn't a muffeur at all-till Aunt made him And I'd marry him, even if he eas!" declared Aimee, on the verge of

There was a stunned silence. For

once speech denied itself even to Lady Erythea. Georgina was sobbing gently in the chair, Alexander still stood over her and said nothing.

"I seem to find a thread of enlightenment in this story," said Lord Scroope, slowly. "Yes, I think I know enough alarmed, Almee. Lean on my arm, of you, Almee, to understand. I have a question to put. You came here on the day following the burglary. Where dld you spend the previous night? What were you doing?"

"I was in a cave!" Lord Scroope passed a long white

hand across his brow. "A cave?" he repeated, blankly, "You have reverted, it seems, to the customs

of our Neolithic ancestors-"It was a ripping cave," said Aimee a little hysterically, "down in the crag pits. All the little rabbits for company, disconcerting to find two members of It was more peaceful than Jervaulx I know it wouldn't have suited Georgie."

"May I ask when this unknown young man permitted himself to propose to you?"

"Yesterday!" "We will not pursue that matter," said Lord Scroope, gloomily; "this hardly seems the time or place for detailed explanations. I feel-"

The door opened and Monsteur de Jussac entered. He gave a slight start as his eyes traveled rapidly over the

"A thousand pardons! A family matter, I perceive," he said quickly, "I will withdraw-' "Don't go, Vicomte!" exclaimed

"Anyone who's a friend of mine is welcome here. You may as well be in at the death."

"If I can be of any service—" said Bertrand. He bowed courteously to Aimee's father. "Lord Scroope, I pre-

"You," said Lady Erythea to Ber-



"You Were Also in This Conspiracy." also in this conspiracy! You appear to

know the whole story!" "Oh, of course he knows It," said Afmee, wildly, "just as Billy knew it, and Georgina, and Diana, too. They all did their best for me-right from the beginning. I wasn't worth It-but they did."

"It seems," said Lady Erythea, gripone in my household knew all about this-except myself and my nephew! Who, through his position and his innecence, now finds himself-"

"I beg your pardon, Aunt," sald Alexander, pallid but calm, "I, also, knew everything that was to be knownfrom the moment Almee entered this house. I knew that Georgina-was

Georgina, 1 am as culpable as any." Lady Erythen stared at her nephew blankly. A curious expression came into her eyes. At last she seemed to detect in Alexander the one thing she had believed was lacking-the touch of the original Adam. But Lord Scroope's face hardened.

"You!" he said grimly. "You also knew the truth? The action of the others, I can understand. But-s your daughter-it would be all over the Churchman cannot lend himself to such a conspiracy as this.

"Under correction, Lord Scroope, said de Jussac gently; "a gentlemut cannot betray a woman's confidence without her consent."

Lord Scroope winced perceptibly. He turned to de Jussac and bowed. "Am I receiving instruction from a layman?" he inquired.

"It is the inst thing I would dure," replied Bertrand bumbly, "It is I who seek instruction. Does not the Church respect the sent of the confessional? "I make no claim, and no excuses! said Alexander suddenty. "I have only this to say. I loved Georgina Berners from the day I saw her. When I learned the real position I loved her more. Her loyalty and devotion only Increased my esteem. She is the only woman living that I care for; I require you to remember that she is my promised wife. And nobody in this room, said Alexander hotly, "shall address one word of reproach to her!"

"Well done!" cried Aimee. "Alexander, you're a man. I'm proud of you, "Thank you, Almee," said Alexander.

"It is for me," said Lord Scroope sternly, "to apportion the blame. Georgina Berners is here under-" He was interrupted by the volcanic arrival of Billy through the window, panting and eager, the tuft of hair on

a cockatoo. "I've been looking for you everywhere!" he cried. "You-" "Go out!" said Lady Erythea flerce-

top of his head erect like the crest of

"Pardon me." said Billy, advancing, "but I guess my place is here. Whatever blame is, I take it. Lord Scroope, I know that what I've done is past apology, but-

"Shut up, Billy!" exclaimed Almee, all there is to say. And," she added, under her breath, "for once I think I've made a better hand of it than you

Before anyone could reply, Georgina rose, sobbling, and made a dive for the door.

want to go away. I want to go-

Billy, glancing quickly from her to Almee and Lord Scroope, turned and sure your order being filled. flitted out again through the window No one noticed him. All eyes were on Georgina.

Alexander intervened-but it was Lady Erythea who, with an extraordinarily determined movement, overtook Georgina. Passing a supporting arm round the girl's waist, she turned and faced the stupefied company.

"Let me remind you all," said Lady Erythen, in a voice that compelled silence, "of one thing that is in danger of being overlooked. I am mistress here at Jervaulx! I have listened with an unexampled patience. Hold your tongue, Anthony! I have welcomed the alliance of Georgina with this family, and Alexander will have such a wife as I myself would have chosen for him. Georgina, your only fault is your crevotion to the mad creature there, and for that I give you absolution, I require direction from no one-your marringe with my nephew shall take place

as soon as possible."
"Aunt?" exclaimed Mr. Lambe, joyously, "I--"

"Do not interrupt me, Alexander!" said his aunt. She turned to Aimee, "As for you," continued Lady Erythea, icily, "I really find myself in your debt. I can never be sufficiently thankful that you did not come here as my guest, and that Alexander was spared your authorized companionship! One

shudders to reflect on the possibilities. "You appear to have enlisted the services of everyone but me to shield your disreputable escapade, and to have enrolled many simple-minded persons in your defense. You may have deluded these men," said Lady Erythea, with a scornful wave of her hand towards the company, "but you do not delude me! I find in you no qualities but selfishness and deceit—and I am glad that your solourn in my house has been confined to the servants' hall, though I dread to think what your influence may have been on my domestics, from whom I require honesty and

Aimee, very white, suddenly broke into a flood of tears. The next moment Lord Scroope had his arm around her and held her to him.

"Not another word, Erythen!" he said sternly. "You have had provocation-but you have said enough and much more than enough. Gentlemen, 1 thank you for what you have done on my daughter's behalf. And you, too, Georgina. Come, Almee, little girl, Let

us go home." He led her away; Almee clung to ber father, sobbing as she went. Before they reached the door it was opened quickly, admitting Billy, who closed it again. Over his arm was a long hooded driving cloak of Lady Erythea's,

ravished from the lobby, "Put this on!" he said to Almee. "Billy," she guiped, darting at it,

"you think of everything." In a moment the cloak covered the parlor maid's dress and the hood was drawn over her cap. Lord Scroope stared in surprise at Billy.

'I've told your chauffenr, sir," said Billy, "to bring the auto round to this side-I thought you would like to avoid

the front and the servants." As he spoke the big motor slid to a standstill on the drive opposite the

windows.



looking at him judgingly, "I include

you in my thanks." Mr. Spencer bowed and passed out quickly through the window. He was holding the door of the car open when Almee and her father got in. He snapped the door to, and, stepping to the front, spoke in an undertone to the

chauffeur. "Keep right away through the park here to the north gates," said Billy, pointing, "and drive like h-il." The bishop's chauffeur gave a slight

start, and let in the clutch. "Billy!" gusped Almee, turning toward him as the motor slid by. Billy stood to attention and gravely

(Continued on page five)

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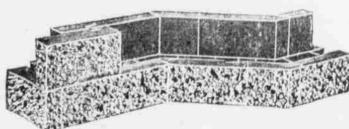
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