

HOME AND FARM MAGAZINE SECTION SERIAL

By George Barr McCutcheon

Copyright, 1913, By Geo. Barr McCutcheon.

A Fool and His Money

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

In the opening installments of "A Fool and His Money," Geo. Barr McCutcheon's charming novel, serial rights for which have been specially obtained for the Home and Farm Magazine Section, we learn of John Bellamy Smart, the young man who is telling the story. He has just written his first novel, and at the same time has fallen heir to an immense fortune left him by his uncle. He is 35 years of age. After a visit to London, Smart takes a trip on the River Danube. After finding an old-world town, he discovers an ancient castle, which he purchases from its owner, the Count. With his secretary, Poopendyke, he takes possession of the immense structure, which is supposed to be tenanted only by the caretaker and his family, the Schmicks. To Smart's amazement, the first night, he hears the cry of a baby. Looking out at a balcony one night Smart sees the white figure of a woman silhouetted. He immediately begins a hunt for Schmick, the caretaker, to solve the mystery of who the woman may be. With the Schmicks he endeavors to break down a heavily barred door into that section of the castle, but fails. The tian of the castle, but fails. Smart learns that souvenir hunters from New York are demanding to buy the castle heirlooms. Smart's visitors demand to buy the curiosities of the castle although he assures them time and time again they are not on sale. They think he is holding out for a higher price. The story continues.

AND THE TREATY was signed on this table," said Mr. Riley-Werkheimer. He addressed himself to a plump young lady with a distorted bust and a twenty-two inch waist. "Maude, what do you know about the Roman-Teutonic treaty? We'll catch you now, my friend," he went on, turning to me. "My daughter is up in ancient history. She's an authority." Miss Maude appeared to be racking her brain. I undertook to assist her. "I mean the second treaty, after the fall of Nuremberg," I explained. "Oh," she said, instantly relieved. "Was it really signed here, right here in the hall? Oh, father! We must have that table." "We are sure there was a treaty, Maude?" demanded her parent accusingly. "Certainly," she cried. "The Teutons ceded Alsace-Lorraine to—" "Pardon me once more," I cried, and this time I plead guilty to a blush, "you are thinking of the other treaty—the one at Metz, Miss Riley-Werkheimer. This, as you will recall, antedates that one by—oh, several years." "Thank you," she said, quiet condescendingly. "I was confused for a moment. Of course, father, I can't say that it was signed here or on this table as the young man says. I only know that there was a treaty. I do wish you'd come and see the fire-screen I've found—" "Let's get this out of our system first," said her father. "If you can show me statistics and the proper proof that this is the genuine table, young man, I'll—" "Pray rest easy, sir," I said. "We can take it up later on. The facts are—" "And this Pontius Pilate seat," interrupted Rocksworth, biting off the end of a fresh cigar. "What about it? Got a match?" "Get the gentleman a match, Britton," I said, thereby giving my valet an opportunity to do his exploding in the pantry. "I can only affirm, sir, that it is common history that Pontius Pilate spent a portion of his exile here

in the sixth century. It is reasonable to assume that he sat in this seat, being an old man unused to difficult stairways. He—" "Buy it, Orson," said his wife, with authority. "We'll take a chance on it. If it isn't the right thing, we can sell it to the second-hand dealers. What's the price?" "A thousand dollars to you, madam," said I. They were at once suspicious. While they were busily engaged in looking the seat over as the porters shifted it about at all angles, I stepped over and ordered my workmen to resume their operations. I was beginning to get sour and angry again, having missed my coffee. From the culinary regions there ascended a most horrific odor of fried onions. If there is one thing I really resent it is a fried onion. "I do not know why I should have felt the way I did about it on this occasion, but I am mean enough now to confess that I hailed the triumphal entry of that pernicious odor with a meanness of spirit that leaves nothing to be explained. "Good gracious!" gasped the aristocratic Mrs. Riley-Werkheimer, holding her nose. "Do you smell that?" "Onions! My Gawd!" sniffed Maude. "How I hate 'em!" Mr. Rocksworth forgot his dignity. "Hate 'em?" he cried, his eyes rolling. "I just love 'em!" "Orson!" said his wife, transfixing him with a glare. "What will people think of you?" "I like 'em too," admitted Mr. Riley-Werkheimer, perceiving at once whom she meant by "people." He puffed out his chest. At that instant the carpenters, plumbers and stone masons resumed their infernal racket, while scrub-women, polishers and painters began to move intimately among us. "Here!" roared Mr. Rocksworth. "Stop this beastly noise! What the deuce do you mean, sir, permitting these scoundrels to raise the dead like this? Confound 'em, I stopped them once. Here! You! Let up on that, will you?" I moved forward apologetically. "I am afraid it is not onions you smell, ladies and gentlemen." I had taken my cue with surprising quickness. "They are raising the dead. The place is fairly alive with dead rats and—" "Good Lord!" gasped Riley-Werkheimer. "We'll get the bubonic plague here." "Oh, I know onions," said Rocksworth calmly. "Can't fool me on onions. They are onions, ain't they, Carrie?" "They are!" said she. "What a pity to have this wonderful old castle actually devastated by workmen! It is an outrage—a crime. I should think the owner would turn over in his grave." Unhappily, I am the owner," madam," said I, slyly working my foot back into an elusive slipper. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said, eyeing me coldly with a hitherto unexposed lorgnon. "I am," said I. "You quite took me by surprise. I should have made myself more presentable if I had known—" "Well, let's move on upstairs," said Rocksworth. Addressing the porters, he said: "You fellows get this lot of stuff together and I'll take an option on it. I'll be over tomorrow to close the deal, Mr.—Mr.—Now, where is the old Florentine mirror the Count was leading us about?" "The Count?" said I, frowning. "Yes, the real owner. You can't stuff me with your talk about being the proprietor here, my friend. You see, we happen to know the Count." They all condescended to laugh at me. I don't know what I should have said or done if Britton had not returned with a box of matches at that instant—sulphur matches which added subtly to the growing illusion. Almost simultaneously there appeared in the lower hall a lanky youth of eighteen. He was a loud-voiced, imperious sort of chap with at least three rolls to his trousers and a plum-colored cap. "Say, these clubs are the real stuff, at right, all right. They're as brittle

as glass. See what I did to 'em. We can have 'em spliced and rewound and I'll hang 'em on my wall. All I want is the heads, anyhow." He held up to view a headless mid-iron and brassie, and triumphantly waved a splendid cleek. My favorite clubs! I could play better from a hanging lie with that beautiful brassie than with any club I ever owned and as for the iron, I was deadly with it. He lit a cigarette and threw the match into a pile of shavings. Old Conrad returned to life at that instant and stamped out the incipient blaze. "I shouldn't consider them very good clubs, Harold, if they break off like that," said his mother. "What do you know about clubs?" he snapped, and I at once knew what class he was in at the preparatory school. If I was ever like one of these, said I to myself, God rest the sage soul of my Uncle Rilas! The situation was no longer humorous. I could put up with anything but the mishandling of my devoted golf clubs. Striding up to him, I snatched the remnants from his hands. "You infernal cub!" I roared. "Haven't you any more sense than to smash a golf club like that? For two cents I'd break this putter over your head." "Father!" he yelled indignantly. "Who is this mucker?" Mr. Rocksworth bounced towards me, his cane raised. I whirled upon him. "How dare you!" he shouted. The ladies squealed. If he expected me to cringe, he was mightily mistaken. My blood was up. I advanced. "Paste him, Dad!" roared Harold. But Mr. Rocksworth suddenly altered his course and put the historic treaty table between him and me. He didn't like the appearance of my rather large fist. "You big stiff!" shouted Harold. Afterwards it occurred to me that this inelegant appellation may have been meant for his father, but at the time I took it to be aimed at me. Before Harold quite knew what was happening to him, he was prancing down the long hall with my bony fingers grasping his collar. Coming to the

door opening into the outer vestibule, I drew back my foot for a final aid to locomotion. Acutely recalling the fact that slippers are not designed for kicking purposes, I raised my foot, removed the slipper and laid it upon a taut section of his trousers with all of the melancholy force that I usually exert in slicing my drive off the tee. I shall never forget the exquisite spasms of pleasure his plaintive "Ouch!" gave me. Then Harold passed swiftly out of my life. Mr. Rocksworth, reinforced by four reluctant mercenaries in the shape of porters, was a vancing upon me. Somehow I had a vague, but unerring instinct that some one had fainted, but I didn't stop to inquire. Without much ado, I wrested the cane from him and sent it scuttling after Harold. "Now, get out!" I roared. "You shall pay for this!" he sputtered, quite black in the face. "Grab him, you infernal cowards!" But the four porters slunk away, and Mr. Rocksworth faced me alone. Rudolph and Max, thoroughly fed and most prodigious, were bearing down upon us, accounting for the flight of the mercenaries. "Get out!" I repeated. "I am the owner of this place, Mr. Rocksworth, and I am mad through and through. Skip!" "I'll have the law—" "Law be hanged!" "If it costs me a million, I'll get—" "It will cost you a million if you don't get!" I advised him, seeing that he paused for want of breath. I left him standing there, but had the presence of mind to wave my huge henchmen away. Mr. Riley Werkheimer approached, but very peacefully. He was paler than he will ever be again in his life, I fear. (Continued Next Week.)

A horse show and a horse parade will be attendant attractions. Editor Lew A. Cates of the Polk County, Oregon, Observer signals his assumption of the editorial function in Dallas, Oregon, by presenting his paper under a new and vastly more artistic heading. Lafayette, Oregon, Visitor: A little daughter of the editor writes from Alberta: "My hubby and brother have paid one-half cent apiece for some alfalfa seed. They are to be planted ten feet apart." Now what do you know about that!

Relieve Pain and Remove The Cause

Pains caused by Rheumatism in its various forms, Neuralgia and Muscular Pains, Sprains or any skin inflammation or irritation, can be relieved by Sulphurro, BECAUSE—

SULPHURRO is an antiseptic and germicide for internal and external use. Taken internally it enters the blood, cleansing it of the impurities, "uric acid" and germs which cause the pain. Sulphurro Baths relieve pain and inflammation because the pores absorb this healing and beneficial antiseptic and germicide.

SULPHURRO insures pure blood and a healthy skin and pure blood is the first essential to health—and relief from aches and pains.

"I am pleased to tell you I have derived great benefit from the use of Sulphurro. I have been a great sufferer from chest and internal pains and by taking sulphurro found relief." S. GUILDFORD, 199 Cornwall Road, Notting Hill, London, England.

INFLAMMATION YIELDS TO SULPHURRO FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS