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CHAPTER X-Continued

Claude Dabbs looked at her, saw that she was leaving it to him, and though he had planned this meeting a hundred times, did not know which beginning to make He could think of nothing but how blind he had been. "Good God! Why didn't I see it the first time?" he thought to himself.

"She's so like my mother."

He turned to the girl, and said:
"Mary, will your mother be in when we get to your hotel?" "I think so."

"Then do you think you could come to my hotel, and talk to me for a few minutes. I've got a sitting room. We could be quite private."

Now Mary knew she was in for it, but she loved the nice, simple way he was taking it. Absolutely direct What was Mother running away from? "If I don't stay too long," she answered. "Mother will be anxious, if I am not back in half an hour."

"Then we'll do it." He spoke to the driver.

They said nothing more, except to remark on the weather.

At the desk, when he received his key, Mary noticed that, as she stood a little apart, Dabbs was evidently telling the clerk she was his daughter. She knew at once that this was his careful thought for her, and did not mind in the least the manner of his doing it. Indeed, it was a good

As they went up in the elevator Claude had a sudden dread that Ned might come back and find them, and he did not want that. Plenty of time for Ned, when he, Claude, found out where they stood. He opened the door of the sitting room and ushered Mary in. She had time to think, swiftly and confusedly, that this was doing it rather well for a country grocer. seemed unable to speak. She felt a like disability lie upon her own tongue. She sat down and walted.

Claude crossed to the door and closed it. Mary instinctively felt the struggle and difficulty going on in his mind. He did not yet know how much she knew or did not know. She felt sorry for him, and quite involuntarily tried to help. "Father-

C. M. Dabbs shot out a strong arm. Mary was lifted out of the chair and held firmly. She heard a voice above her hat, imploring:

"Say that again, my girl, and say "What?" asked the startled Mary,

rather faintly. There was not much space to speak in. "What you called me then. Oh, my

God, girl, do you know that it's true?' Mary drew back and looked up at

"Heavens!" she gasped. "Did I say it out loud? I was afraid I would." "Say it!" commanded C. M., and shook her a little. "Don't Dad, you frighten me." She was engulfed in C. M.'s embrace.

He held her closely and she found it of in the least alarming or uncom toriable. He was murmuring to himself: "My

little girl! My Mary!" Then he held her off, as she had him, and looked at her. Mary looked into a pair of blue eyes marvelously like her own. There was a softness of tears behind them, but none fell. Don't be frightened. Your father

doesn't mean to be rough. Only— My God! All the years I've wanted you. I'll never forgive Polly for that." Mary raised her head warningly. Not a word against Mother!"

C. M.'s grasp upon her tightened again. "Not a word. Only she should have told me, long ago."

"Yes, I think so, too, Dad," Mary agreed, "but I can't make her see it." C. M. looked down at her sternly. "How long have you known?"

"Since last night. I haven't been able to think about anything else, but Mother won't talk about it, and she meant me not to tell. I didn't tell,

"Not strictly speaking," C. M. as sured her. "You just said Father," all to yourself, and I heard you."

"Dear, dear," and Mary tried to sound distressed and repentant, "what will become of me when Mother knows?

C. M.'s arm tightened about her, as though for protection. Mary leaned

"The thing that's got to be understood between us at once, is that my mother is the sweetest, best-looking. most wonderful mother a girl ever

to her chair and sat down beside her. "See here," he said, looking at his daughter in alarm, "I don't know how much Polly has told you."

"Everything."
"Everything!" C. M. started from his chair, changed his mind and sat down heavily. "Then that saves me something. We're not going to dis-

Mary nodded. "Let's take everything for granted, and go right on from now. That will be the best

"How can we?"
"We must," Mary announced with decision. "There's got to be certain

"Ob, Lord!" grouned Claude, "You don't think I want to talk over these

'certain reticences' with you." He breathed heavily. "No, it's Polly." He looked at Mary as though they had been in league for years. "How can we get round her?" Mary shook her head. Claude looked at her moodily. "I

know Polly." He looked down at the carpet, busy with his problem.

Mary came to him quietly, perched herself on his knee, and put her arm about his neck. He did want petting so hadly. "Mother will simply have to take notice of my father."

C. M. promptly kissed her. It was a nice kiss, on the cheek, and C. M. wasn't clumsy about it either. Mary's



"Say That Again, My Girl, and Say

appreciation of him rose. He had a certain definess, this big man. He wasn't clumsy nor was he vulgar. Mother might have-but Claude interrupted her train of thought.

"One thing I can't forgive is keeping you from me. I can hardly keep from squeezing the life out of you. Mary. I'm so giad to have you within reach, and know you're my girl. But the little Mary! By Jiminy! How sweet you must have been with your hair down your back, or maybe tied with a big bow of ribbon, and little strapped slippers on your cute little feet. Polly cheated me out of that. Why, look, you're a great big girl, and I'm a strange man to you, and you may be engaged to some bulking fel-low, for all I know, and no room in your life for a father."

Despite the fact that he tried to treat it lightly, Mary felt the poignant regret in his tone, and her heart ached for her father. What could she do to make him know that he had

not only a place in her life but her

"I'm not engaged," she assured him, as she put up her hands to her smart little hat and jerked it off, and slipped from his knee, "Maybe no one will ever ask me." Claude made a little noise of scornful unbellef, but Mary stopped him. "Stare hard at that picture and don't look around until I

Dabbs obeyed her, wondering a little, and Mary slipped the hairpins from her head.

C. M. felt something soft and silky touching his hand. He looked at Mary. Her hair down her back as a child would wear it, she was standing beside him, smiling fearlessly. The years seemed to have slipped away from her.

"There, poor old Dad. Pretend I'm

little Mary."
Dabbs taid his big hand caressingly on the silky head, but shook his own. You're a dear, Mary, but put it up. my girl. It isn't the same thing. Not but wint I'd be content enough if I could have you running in and out of my house now, but there's Polly. have to take you back to her, and then what?"

Mary could not answer him. She went to the mirror over the little writing desk and began piling up her hair. "Shall I tell her I've seen you?" she asked.

Dabbs watched her, fascinated. It was wonderful to think that siender lovely thing was his daughter. "Would that he a good thing; do you think?"

Mary thought for a moment, then shook her head. As she slowly put a shell pin in, she had made up mind to tell him about Mother. It was the best thing, to be absolutely frank. She couldn't juggle things the way Mother did: "You'd better know about Mother," she announced. "We're sailing for Venice tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! Venice!" Mary nodded as she drove home the last two pins and reached for her hat. "Mother's running away. We're running away from you, and my instinct tells me Mother will run far."

Dabbs sat down on the arm of the chair, thinking,

"And if I tell her I've seen youwhy, she'll move again, and it won't be Venice, and I won't be able to tell you where we are going."
"You're not to tell her," Dabbs said,

decidedly, "and it will be Venice. Do you know your hotel?" "The Royal Danielli."

"Well, say nothing. I'll meet you "You'll meet us! Oh, Father! Can

you leave the grocery store?" Dabbs nodded, smiling. "Easy I

can, when it's you." Mary settled her hat with a slightly saucy tilt. "Then you'll tell Mother there, My! It's romantic!" Dearly

would she love to see the meeting. C. M. crossed the room, took her by the dimpled chin and tilted her face so that he could look into the

eyes that she tried to hide with her "It isn't romantic," he said. "And much as it would please you to manage the affair, young lady, you can't. Polly Johnston and I will manage that

part of it by ourselves." "Oh Father, how could you?" "I'm not so slow as I look, daughter, and I know Polly. She was never

to be driven, or coaxed either. Polly will have to settle it herself, and that's the only safe way." Mary gave his arm a squeeze, "Oh, C. M. Dabbs, you're a wonder. If the angels had asked me, I couldn't have

picked any father I'd like better." Claude looked at her gravely. "I'm rough, in some ways, girl, but if you like me I haven't wasted my life."

"I only wish I was a boy, Father. How we would develop your grocery business together, and make money so that Mother would admire us!"

Dabbs frowned. "I don't want you a boy. The angels suited me, too. when they picked you." He held Mary's hand tightly in his. "Mary, is Polly like that still? Does she care as much about money, I mean?" Mary studied her father as she an-

swered; "She does and she doesn't, Mother isn't easy to explain. She likes the things money brings with it -and she hasn't much left." Dabbs started. "How's that?"

Mary explained as much as she knew, and Dabbs frowned as she mentioned the borrowing from Loren

Rangeley.

"Mary, shall we give her money?"

Mary shook her head. "Not now. It wouldn't be quite safe. Mother would use it to run further away from—us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Highest Quality in Proper Self-Esteem

Humility is not always a grace, and | a man as I flee?" he demanded. "And sometimes is a close approach to hypocrisy. Lord Bacon was right when he warned public speakers to avoid excuses and professions of hu-mility. "Though they seem to proceed of modesty, yet are they but bravery," he sald.

There are people who seek to lash minding themselves that they are poor worms of the dust. It is not always the best way. It was not the way Nehemiah held himself true to his principles.

There was a time of danger, and the tending men of Jerusalem were hold-ing terrified counsel behind closed doors. "Let us meet together in the house of God, and let us shut the doors of the temple," they counseled. But Nehemiah would not heed their warnhad. Father, what were you thinking shout to let her get away from you?" Ing. though he was the man whom Claude frowned. He led Mary back | danger threatened most. "Should such

who is there that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in." He was ashamed to disgrace as good

a man as he knew himself to be !-Youth's Companion.

Cobbler a Philanthropist John Pounds is a name familiar to

most Englishmen, but meaning little if anything to the average American. He won fame as a philanthropist by his self-denying acts in rescuing and training the poor youths and walfs of Portsmouth, though he depended on his occupation as cobbler for his own support.

## Perennial

There is an off season for nearly all flowers except the blooming idiot-San Bernardino Sun.

Find Throws Light on

Old Times and Customs Kitchen gtensils of the Greeks and Romans of the Fourth century B. C., have just come to light at Canopus, near one of the mouths of the Nile, according to Prof. Ralph Van Deman Magoffin, president of the Archeolog-ical Institute of America, Excavation at a temple near this site has yielded up mementos or offerings left by thousands of pligrims that make clear many phases of life in antiquity. The collections include many kitchen stensils and a nearly complete set of Greek and Roman weights. Many of them are tokens vowed by soldiers who hoped for success in war. "Some are sling shots," explained Doctor Magotila, "while many are tiny re-plicas of the soldiers themselves on elephant or horseback. Grain bankets and camels seem to have been the favorite gifts from merchants; weights from looms are found in considerable numbers. Many of the pleces are unique, and their publication and exhibition will add much more to our growing knowledge of ancient times."

#### The Rarer Sort

Gen. Mason M. Patrick, chief of the air service, said at the Army and Navy club in Washington the other

"Young Colonel Lindbergh is re markable for the nonmercenary char-acter of his ambition. He's ambitious to do better and better work, but he

"Now most of us are like Jones. A man said to Jones one day:

"'Jones, what would you do if you had \$1,000,000?"

"'Do?" wald Jones. 'Why, I'd do the same as anybody else would do, of course. I'd overwork myself into dyspeptic neurasthenia trying to make it \$2,000,000."

#### Does Weakness Detract From Your Good Looks?

San Francisco, Calif .- "About two years ago I was weak and rundown in health. I suffered so much with backache and pain in my side, and did not get any relief until I took Dr.
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Obtain this famous "Prescription" now, in tablets or liquid, from your druggist, or write Dr. Pierce, Presi-dent Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

Early Caterpillar Train A Hampstend correspondent recalls that nearly 70 years ago he saw in Hyde park a trial of a military train of wagons tonded with soldlers dressed in fatigue Jackets and drawn by a steam engine bearing the name India. This engine, he says, laid and raised its own track each "slipper" being apparently about 4 feet long, mounted and revolving on rollers much like the modern caterpillar movement. The experiment, according to the London Post, appeared to aim at improved military transport, and the men hauled would probably number about 200 in eight wagons.

## Among the Missing

Sergeant-Well, madam, we'll do our best, out If your husband hasn't been heard from in twelve years-Wife-Oh, it's not him I'm worrs about. What I want is the sample of live on two thousand a year?

# **HOW MRS. WEAVER** WAS HELPED

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could not do very much work. I seemed to bed and sleep sound, and although I could not do very much work, I seemed stronger. I kept on taking it and now I am well and strong, do my work and take care of three children. I sure do tell my friends about your wonderful medicine, and I will answer any letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mas. Lawrence Weaver, East Smithfield St., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

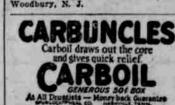
ant, Pa.

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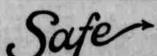
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