

For the Love of a Lady

By Jeffery Farnol

SYNOPSIS: Sir Richard, accused as murderer of his cousin, the Viscount, and facing a hopeless mass of evidence, goes to his hiding-place in the sun. The next day Helen Darcy, a young woman, is seen working on the lawn about her house. In answer to her surprised question, the Viscount says his name is Dick—Dick Fullover, the new "odd man." Fullover, who is a gypsy, comes to press his hopeless suit. Walking across the lawn with Helen, they discover a ragged slip of paper—a note—which Brocklehurst grasps eagerly and starts to read its contents when Helen demands it.

CHAPTER 25 A CHAPTER CLUE

RELUCTANTLY, the Viscount passed the note to Helen's hand, and laboriously she deciphered the awkward scrawl:

"... write this to inform you it is now certainly known that upon the murderer's pistol-hand was a cat's-eye ring, which ring is in possession of the murderer. Find this and the guilty man stands confessed. I recently searched the Gypsy Arms—chambers and effects of the divers gentlemen... your labours will not be... vain."

"Strange!" murmured Helen. "How came this here, I wonder?"

"Ah... cat's-eye ring!" muttered the Viscount.

"It was my ring!" she said thoughtfully.

"But you gave it to Guyford, eh, madam?"

"Never!"

"Why then... 'tis very evident he found it!"

"Nay, 'twas the murderer found it."

"And is he not the murderer proclaimed?"

"True," nodded my lady, "proclaimed but not proved."

Now at this moment was a tuneless whistling, and down one of the paths came a man trundling a wheelbarrow, a tall, gypsy-seeming fellow, to whom my lady beckoned and, crumpling up the paper, tossed it into the barrow.

It was evening, as Master Titus Oldcraft clattered into the yard of the Gufford Arms and espying a tall, gypsy-seeming fellow, who glanced to be gaping at all and sundry, Master Titus gruffly called to him to take his horse. When the country fellow moved not and gaped only more, Titus cursed him roundly but at this moment the count Brocklehurst rode into the yard, and Titus, having the very greatest respect for "the quality," instantly checked his furious tirade and, taking off dusty hat, bowed with utmost deference.

The Viscount nodded stiffly, and rode on across the wide yard, but having dismounted he stood a moment eyeing the dusty Oldcraft with eyes furtive yet keen.

"You're the constable fellow, a'nt you?" inquired the Viscount.

"From London... after Mr. Guyford's murderer, a'nt you?"

"Ay, my lord, I am. All day and night too, my lord, if necessary."

"Well, well—how's your luck?"

"Bad, my lord; bad. I must confess," sighed Oldcraft, shaking his lank head, "I've no luck so far, but I'm on his track, my lord—"

"Are ye so, are ye, now?"

"Indeed, my lord—though 'tis very evident the country folk hereabouts are aiding him, my lord."

"Ha, d'ye think so?"

"My lord, I'm convinced of it. They're aiding and abetting him, my lord, warning him, my lord. This very morning word comes of him being at Lillington, so to Lillington we go, only to hear he's gone on to Seaford, so there we go, and hear he's just rid off to Brightelmston, so thither we sallie and plazeigh hot, my lord, but—"

"Fisht!" cried the Viscount pettishly. "Y' do but chase a shadow! The devil, y' must seek him nearer home, man!"

"Does y' lordship mean his house of Wear?"

with a cat's-eye stone. 'Tis whispered everywhere—are y' deaf? Are y' blind?"

"Thrusting sudden hand into the pocket of his flower-embroidered waistcoat, the Viscount fumbled there impatiently, and presently drew thence a crumpled paper, and thrust into Master Oldcraft's ready hand the note my lady Helen had tossed into the gardener's barrow."

"Well!" demanded the Viscount, while Oldcraft stared at this torn paper, "Well?"

"Very well, my lord, ay, unless it be a hum, my lord, a hoax!"

"Tush!" exclaimed the Viscount. "My lord, whence had ye this?"

"I picked it up in the garden at the Moat House."

"And how," said Oldcraft, frowning at the letter, "how should it come there, my lord?"

"How should I know? There 'twas found and there it is, hoax or no."

"Why, it may be no hoax, my lord. W' your lordship's kind permission, I'll keep it—"

"Why, then, keep it, man. Act on it or do what ye will."

"Act on it?" repeated Oldcraft. "Doth your lordship mean search the apartments o' your gentlemen?"

"Do as y' will, fellow, all's one to me."

"Pray, my lord, how many gentlemen lodge here at present?"

"You should know this," retorted the Viscount.

"Why, my lord, so I do. There was my lord Carberry, but he's gone back to London. There's Mr. Trumpington, but he's away—which leaves Captain Despard and—"

"Myself!" nodded the Viscount.

"Very true, my lord. As to this cat's-eye ring now—hath your lordship any suspicions, any—"

"No, not I. I'm no constable, so—"

"Here, changing to catch sight of the country fellow cackling at him over the half-door, Viscount Brocklehurst stopped to point at him with his whip:

"Ha, will y' stare at your betters, rascal, will ye peep, will ye pry?"

"Ay!" quoth the fellow and knocking an eyebrow, he chuckled.

"What... who—who is he?"

"A halfwit, I judge, sir," answered Master Oldcraft, also scowling at the fellow in question. "Now concerning this—cat's-eye ring, my lord," perorated Master Titus, "to search this inn I must have a warrant."

"Well, Sir John Parret is a justice—"

"True, my lord, but Sir John is away at Lewes and—"

"Tush!" exclaimed the Viscount, and strode away into the house, whither, after momentary hesitation, Master Oldcraft ventured to follow him.

The next morning was hot, slumberous and still; the country fellow sprawled upon one of the broad, hospitable settles before the Gufford Arms; a stalwart, loose-limbed fellow in patched and stained smock-frock, his gaitered legs and heavy boots dusty with travel. Motionless he lay, long legs outstretched, dozing.

After some while, Tom Pitt appeared, soft treading despite heavy, spurred boots, but on his way to the inn-yard paused a moment to stare with his narrow furtive eyes at the somnolent countryman sprawl on the weatherworn settle.

"You're a stranger hereabouts, eh, friend?" he questioned. The countryman snored gently, whereupon Tom Pitt stooped to peer under the wide-caved hat, but seeing no more than a dark, sunburned cheek, ventured to poke the sleeper gently with his whip.

"A stranger, eh?" Pitt repeated, and at the same time chases vigorous shoves and pulls to the sprawling body of the sleeping youth.

SYNOPSIS: The cat's-eye ring—Julian's murderer? Helen Darcy and Viscount Brocklehurst discover an anonymous note. The scowling mysterious message declares that on the hand of Julian's murderer was a ring set with a cat's-eye stone, that this ring is still in possession of the murderer, and suggests that the baggage of certain gentlemen be searched to disclose the guilty villain. Helen throws away the note, but Brocklehurst recovers it and hands it to Titus Oldcraft, and Titus, a country fellow who is not nearly so sleepy as he seems, makes his appearance at the inn shortly after Sir Richard disappears from his few staunch friends.

CHAPTER 26 THE ODD MAN

THE gypsy-like country fellow was apparently dozing away, however when once more he was disturbed, this time by the drumming of hoofs, the snort of a horse and a distressful voice:

"Oh, folks!" cried he hoarsely. "Oh, neighbours, look—here be a thief caught in 't' act, a pickin' o' pockets and yonder be th' orse pond! Come, let's leave him in!"

The faces multiplied, from inn-yard and taproom hurried divers burly fellows, while from the smithy across the green strodemighty Joel Blim, swinging ponderous hammer. Titus Oldcraft looked, scowled and, muttering fierce

threats, betook himself within doors.

"Alia—oh!" chuckled old Ben, digging the smith in brawny ribs. "Wot do 'ee think o' that, Joel? Dog bite me if I don't buy this young chap another pint! The way 'e clouted you Titus Oldcraft 'cross the knuckles! Wot do 'ee say, young chap?"

The countryman showed a row of white teeth and shook sleepily head.

"Lord!" exclaimed Ben. "No f'—then wot do 'ee want?"

"A job?"

"You be a stranger 'ereabouts, eh?"

"Ay, he come from Pease Potage."

"Wot be thy name, lad?"

"Dick."

The sturdy blacksmith tapped himself on grimy forehead with grimy finger.

"A bit weakish-look 'ere, Ben, he suggested."

"Well, I dunno, Joel. I reckon 'e beant sich a fool as 'e looks. Ows-ever, Dick, go along w' me; 'tis likely I'll find a job for 'ee over to the Moat 'ouse, for I've took to 'ee, so come along o' Ben."

Obediently the countryman arose and presently set off in company with the mare who pranced and old Ben who talked and chattered until they came within sight of the Moat House stables; here the old man paused.

"Dick," he inquired, "be 'ee married?"

"Naw."

"Then watch out for Betty, my leddy's maid; a rare caution she be and, though a bit thick praps, you'm a likely chap. So off went old Ben into the stables, busying himself to the Witch's comfort with the assistance of George, the under-groom.

"Jarge," quoth he, "I got a chap outside, a stranger, a furriner from Pease Potage way."

"Oh?" said George, fondling his right whisker.

"And Jarge, though a bit softish loike, 'e beant sich a fool as 'e seems, so doant come tryin' o' y' tricks w' 'im."

"Where is 'e, Ben?"

"Outsil' o' y' yard."

George thrust his whiskers over the half-door and peered about.

"Beant no chap nowhers as I can see, old un," said he; so forth on the stable stepped old Ben, to stand and gaze round about and scratch his white head.

"Well... dog bite me!" he exclaimed; for Dick, the countryman, had vanished.

turn, he beheld that same evil-looking hand poised in the air above the gaping youth—but down upon this clawing hand whizzed a stout ash stick... An inarticulate howl and out of the inn leapt Titus Oldcraft flourishing a horsewhip, and breathless with furious amazement:

"Which o' ye dared strike Titus? Who was it?"

"Me!" answered the countryman. "Come—no pickin' o' pockets 'ere! No thievery—come!"

"Tale—ye thievey, a pluttered Titus, "ye bumpkin—pliey?"

"Ay!" nodded the countryman. "See y'r at it—caught 'ee, I did—pick-pocketin'!"

His sleepy voice was drowned in a torrent of fierce abuse, inasmuch that the drowsing village roused—faces peeped and peered from lattices and open doorway, perceiving which, the countryman arose, stick a-flourish.

"Oh, folks!" cried he hoarsely. "Oh, neighbours, look—here be a thief caught in 't' act, a pickin' o' pockets and yonder be th' orse pond! Come, let's leave him in!"

The faces multiplied, from inn-yard and taproom hurried divers burly fellows, while from the smithy across the green strodemighty Joel Blim, swinging ponderous hammer. Titus Oldcraft looked, scowled and, muttering fierce

threats, betook himself within doors.

"Alia—oh!" chuckled old Ben, digging the smith in brawny ribs. "Wot do 'ee think o' that, Joel? Dog bite me if I don't buy this young chap another pint! The way 'e clouted you Titus Oldcraft 'cross the knuckles! Wot do 'ee say, young chap?"

The countryman showed a row of white teeth and shook sleepily head.

"Lord!" exclaimed Ben. "No f'—then wot do 'ee want?"

"A job?"

"You be a stranger 'ereabouts, eh?"

"Ay, he come from Pease Potage."

"Wot be thy name, lad?"

"Dick."

The sturdy blacksmith tapped himself on grimy forehead with grimy finger.

"A bit weakish-look 'ere, Ben, he suggested."

"Well, I dunno, Joel. I reckon 'e beant sich a fool as 'e looks. Ows-ever, Dick, go along w' me; 'tis likely I'll find a job for 'ee over to the Moat 'ouse, for I've took to 'ee, so come along o' Ben."

Obediently the countryman arose and presently set off in company with the mare who pranced and old Ben who talked and chattered until they came within sight of the Moat House stables; here the old man paused.

"Dick," he inquired, "be 'ee married?"

"Naw."

"Then watch out for Betty, my leddy's maid; a rare caution she be and, though a bit thick praps, you'm a likely chap. So off went old Ben into the stables, busying himself to the Witch's comfort with the assistance of George, the under-groom.

"Jarge," quoth he, "I got a chap outside, a stranger, a furriner from Pease Potage way."

"Oh?" said George, fondling his right whisker.

"And Jarge, though a bit softish loike, 'e beant sich a fool as 'e seems, so doant come tryin' o' y' tricks w' 'im."

"Where is 'e, Ben?"

"Outsil' o' y' yard."

SPEEDBOAT CUTS A PATH THROUGH ST. CLAIR FERRY

SARINA, Ont., July 23.—(AP)—As the result of a speeding boat leaping through a small ferry on the St. Clair river, four persons were in a hospital today.

A ferry owned by Stanley Gilliam of Sarina was proceeding to Stag Island with five passengers bound for a dance when a motorboat loomed out of the darkness and tore into the ferry. It literally leaped through the superstructure of the passenger craft and tearing a path clean through continued on its course on an even keel.

The ferry was practically cut in two, the bow and stern clinging together by the virtue of the keel. No passengers were injured on the ferry. They leaped to bow or stern. One threw himself to the bottom of the ferry and escaped because the motor boat leaped over him. All four passengers on the motorboat were injured, but none seriously.

ASHLAND MERCHANTS TO TAKE FAIR BOOTHS

ASHLAND, Ore., July 23.—(Special)—Ashland merchants and industries are pleased to know that they will have more adequate facilities than in former years for making displays at the county fair September 11 to 14. Medford merchants financed the building four years ago by taking the booths for a period of years. This year all the booth space is to be sold and Ashland merchants will have an opportunity to make displays on the same basis as other exhibitors.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Carter have returned from the Lake of the Woods where they have spent the past few weeks. They occupied the Chaffin summer home. Joe Iverson accompanied Mrs. Carter on his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Mullit and son, Donald, of San Francisco, who have been occupying their summer home at the Lake of the Woods for the past few weeks, have returned to their home.

Mrs. Arminia Purves has gone to Carleton Place, where she will visit for a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Toogood.

CAFETERIA AT LAKE FAVORED BY VISITORS

CHATEAU LAKE, Ore., July 23.—(Special)—The new cafeteria was crowded to capacity, both Saturday and Sunday, which proves that it will be a very popular addition to the resort.

Raymond Mays of Medford stopped at Crater lake yesterday on his way from Klamath Falls where he attended the Elks convention. He left in the evening for Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sherry and Mr. and Mrs. Al Hagen were Medford visitors at the lake Sunday.

Larry Schade
THE JEWELER
NEXT TO CRATERIAN THEATRE

YOUR FAVORITE JEWELER SINCE 1910

The combination of exquisite artistry and white gold or platinum is exemplified in the delicate lace like designs of our sparkling gem solitaires.

Yellowway
COAST TO COAST

Yellowway follows the Pacific Highway between San Francisco and Portland, between San Francisco and Los Angeles it passes through Modesto, Fresno, Bakersfield and over Emma Hill, Eagle, connecting lines to Lake Tahoe, Yosemite and High Sierra.

YELLOWWAY TERMINAL
Nash Hotel
Phone 300

30,000 MILES OF SCENIC HIGHWAY ROUTES

These great transportation systems extend from Canada to Mexico, from Pacific to Atlantic, and link together all the principal cities of the Nation. Wherever and whenever you want to go, there's a big, comfortable motor coach waiting to save you time and money.

San Francisco	\$12.15
Los Angeles	\$18.00
San Diego	\$21.00
St. Louis	\$52.10
Chicago	\$62.85
New York	\$81.10

Pickwick Stages

Pickwick has 2 great motor buses between San Francisco and Portland, the Pacific Highway, or Redwood Highway via Eureka, Over Coast Mountain Highway between San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, it touches beach cities and old Missions.

PICKWICK TERMINAL
Hotel Jackson
202 South Central Phone 509

Picture

Your valuables safely tucked away in your own private Safe Deposit Box

Isn't that a good picture to carry with you on your trip, or to have flash before you the year 'round? For as little as \$3.00 you can make this picture come true. Bring your valuables in today!

Enjoy Safety and Peace of Mind

THE JACKSON COUNTY BANK

ESTABLISHED 1888
MEDFORD, OREGON

Commercial - Savings - Safe Deposit

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

State Board of Health

TELLS THE TRUTH

Our every water test from our Swimming pool is "Condition A" "Safe for drinking purposes."

It is the only Gas Chlorinated Swimming pool in Southern Oregon and has no equal.

Life Guard and swimming lessons by Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McDonald from Honolulu.

MERRICK'S

THE NAT. Phone 1000

All Eugene Invites You

JULY 25, 26, 27

The West's greatest true America's most unique parade All-Northwest air derby Industrial Oregon in review

The greatest pioneer celebration ever held in Oregon will arouse a new admiration for the brave deeds of those who settled this great area. The pioneer pageant, with a cast of 1500 people will thrill you as nothing ever has before. The pioneer parade will be the most unique and novel event ever held in America. Every phase of Oregon history and industry will be in the industrial parade. The air derby will be the outstanding aeronautical event of the year in the Northwest.

Send in reservations for the Sunset Trail Pageant to Sunset Trail headquarters, 948 Oak St., Eugene. Seats on sale from 75c to \$2.00.

Plan now to join all Oregon at Eugene
A Progressive Celebration in True Pioneer Spirit

The CIRCLE TOUR

A RAIL AND WATER Vacation

From Seattle to Victoria and Vancouver on a Princess liner...through the magnificent Canadian Rockies to Banff, Lake Louise and the Bungalow Camps on a fast transcontinental train... return via Calgary and Spokane. A complete circle of the beauty points of the West, with never the same scenes twice. Special Excursion Fares are now on sale—no passports required. Get literature!

Canadian Pacific Travellers Cheques Good the World Over

CANADIAN PACIFIC

W.H. DEACON Gen'l Agent PASS'G. DEPT.
145 S. BROADWAY-PORTLAND Bldg. 3152
AMERICAN BANK BLDG.

"I'll take your car, sir"

"It Is Cool in San Francisco"

No parking troubles exist at The Manx. The doorman takes your car when you arrive and places it in a garage connected with the Hotel. Just hand him your key as you leave the car—that's all. Located in the heart of the City—near everything.

Service, Quality, Hospitality

The MANX HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

DECIDES HUSBAND HAS WRONG IDEA

SALETTE, July 23.—(AP)—Charged with threatening to kill his wife, Gladys, Clarence T. Smith, 22, negro boxer, who fights under the name of "Young Harry Wills," was in the city jail today.

NO ENDORSEMENT FOR AUTO SAFETY DEVICE

SALLEM, Ore., July 23.—(AP)—Neither the state department nor the state traffic department has given endorsement to any system of traffic control or safe-driving instruction, says a letter written by Secretary of State Hoss to Judge Robert W. Sawyer of Bend, member of the state highway department.

BIRTH RATE FALLS; DEATHS INCREASE

WASHINGTON, July 23.—(AP)—Decline in the birth-rate of the nation and increase in death-rate in 1928 were shown in the census

bureau's annual statistics published today. The birth-rate was 18.7 per 1000 of population, compared with 20.7 in the previous year, while the death-rate was 12.2 per 1000 against 11.1 in 1927.

Statistics for the states included:	
State	Birth Death
California	18.2 14.5
Idaho	16.4 7.4
Oregon	15.6 11.9
Washington	14.4 10.8

Classified advertising gets results.