

Satan's Henchman

By ART NAYLOR

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how a man of your ability and standing could deliberately debauch my daughter as you have. But you'll pay for it. I can't thrash you as Ashton did just now, but — there are other means. Clarice, I want you to come with me at once."

"Very well, father, but there's no necessity for a scene. God knows I've experienced enough for one day," complained Clarice, as she retrieved and donned her wrap. She moved with added weight to her usually graceful carriage. All of her vim and vengeance seemed to have deserted her, leaving her a prey to her own bitter thoughts and possible regrets.

"I don't like your conduct, Oliver," rasped out Bolton, getting to his feet

with a laborious effort. "What right have you to come into my home and issue orders?"

"The right of any father to protect his daughter from the influence of a scoundrel," Oliver answered.

"Since you see fit to forget some things and take such an attitude, it may be compatible to good judgment and for the welfare of the community to see that you are accorded the same treatment your friend there is going to get."

"Be that as it may, Bolton, but just remember Lincoln's words: 'You can't fool all the people all the time.'" Oliver shot back at Bolton, as he left with Clarice and Theo.

Oliver Sees His Mistakes

As they descended the porch steps a man turned in from the street and Theo had no difficulty in recognizing the newcomer as Edward Terry, as they passed. Possessing the knowledge he did relative to the state of affairs existing between Bolton and Terry, the latter's visit at this time caused Theo much speculation. And as they passed on out through the iron gate, Theo also recognized Jenny Gilman standing in the shadow of the cement pillar.

When Oliver opened the car doors, Clarice slumped into the rear seat with a moan, while Theo sat in the front with her father. Sympathy stirred the heart of the young man she had rejected, and he listened to her weeping as the car sped along.

"Ashton," Oliver addressed himself to Theo, "things are in a precarious state. It is serious and I blame myself as much as anyone for the condition of things; we all make mistakes, but God being my helper, I have acted in a manner which I sincerely felt and believed was for the best. But now my eyes are open. It may be a little late, but it is never too late to right a wrong."

"That's very true, Mr. Oliver," Theo remarked quietly, trying to catch the gist of the president's meaning. "For my part, I have nothing to fear, and I believe everything will come out all right."

"I'm glad you feel that way, and I believe as you do. However, here you are at home. Now, there are

some matters I want to go over with you privately and in person, just as soon as I can get them arranged in a tangible form. You may expect to hear from me very shortly."

"Very well, Mr. Oliver, I'll be glad to go over any matters with you. I hold absolutely no malice toward anyone, and I only want to see the guilty punished," Theo promised as he stepped from the car.

Clarice Seeks Repentance

"Oh, yes, — er — Ashton, I must mention the fact that not until tonight did I know the full truth of the night you were kidnapped in my car. I am sure that Clarice does, or at least she should, and certainly I do appreciate the way you suppressed the facts relative to her conduct that evening. I'm grateful for that, Ashton," avowed the insurance man as he grasped Theo's hand.

Theo appeared with Kingston, his attorney, for his preliminary hearing, but it was postponed. Kingston informed Theo that there were some queer developments attached to the case and that it would be some time before it came to trial, if ever.

Marcia's next visit to Theo brought him the information that Clarice was deeply repentant for her actions and was trying in every way to regain her, Marcia's, confidence. "The poor girl really seems broken up, and I feel sorry for her," she told him.

"What has been Bolton's attitude toward you since he discovered our elopement?"

"He hasn't breathed a word to me on the subject. He seems strangely preoccupied, and there is something preying on his mind. The only thing out of the ordinary is his close and secret touch with one whom he calls Foo. He is a Chinaman, and visited the house only once. Oh, yes, there seems to be some activity in regard to his new summer home at Sunset Haven, and I believe Terry is interested in some way."

"It's all very strange, Marcia dear, but I hope this suspense will soon be over. You must not allow your confidence to lull you into a false state of security. Bolton is not to give up so easy," Theo warned.

Clarice Calls Theo

The very next morning Theo answered the telephone to find Clarice on the wire, requesting him to call at the house immediately for an interview with her father.

A little later he rang the Oliver bell and was admitted by Clarice. She was attired as she was the morning he had called with the officers, but today there were inevitable signs of weeping and worry. Her mood was suppressed as she addressed him.

"Come in Theo. Father is not well, and wants to see you in his room," she informed him, leading the way up the stairs. At a bedroom entrance she stopped, threw open the door for him to enter, then closed and locked it.

To Theo's astonishment he found himself in a dainty feminine boudoir, abounding in lace, intimate things of a woman's apparel. The rich four poster bed was unoccupied, and he was alone with Clarice.

"Theo, I hope you will not be too harsh with me when you know how I have deceived you. We are absolutely alone. Father and Ethel are out of the city. I am about half crazy, and just had to see you. Sit down, please, while I talk to you for a little while," she pleaded, dropping listlessly into a chair.

"But this is certainly no place and you are not dressed in a manner to warrant my being here. If anyone should come, you, as well as I, would be seriously compromised," Theo refused.

Tries to Win Back Theo

"But I have the key, and you must listen to me. Oh, Theo! Can't you forgive me and come back to me? I've been a complete fool, and I have suddenly come to realize that you

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A little extra money during these "hard times" goes a long way. See our

CLASSIFIED ADS

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TUMOR REMOVED BY CONSTANT PRAYER

According to a news story of nearly a column in length, published in the January 15 issue of the Catholic Sentinel, a Portland weekly newspaper, Mrs. Henrietta Marshall, a devout Catholic, was relieved of a 10-pound fibroid tumor through prayer.

According to an affidavit made under date of January 6, 1931, Mrs. Marshall stated that she had suffered from the tumor since 1924, and had been advised by eight eminent physicians that an operation would be necessary to remove the tumor.

Not wishing to undergo an operation, she started attending regularly the Tuesday novenas held at Holy

Redeemer Church in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.



Sloan's Liniment

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