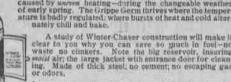
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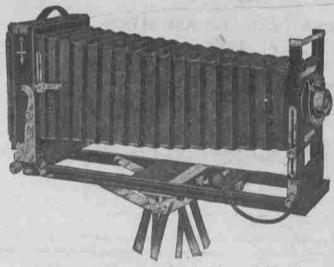
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SYNOPSIS

Lord Bazelhurst's servants, ordered to throw Randolph Shaw into a brook mark-ing the boundary lines between the Shaw and Bazelhurst estates, are thoroughly ducked by Shaw himself.

Lord Baselhurst, incited by his ill na-tured American wife, invades Shaw's land, but runs when Shaw appears.

Shaw, more in jest than carnest, ejects from his premises Penelope Drake, Lord Baselhurat's sister. Penelope admires him very much.

They meet frequently and become interested in each other. Hazelhurst's servants shoot Shaw's dog and slightly wound

This cruel act makes Shaw furious and also angers Penelope, who declares that Shaw is coming armed to the teeth to visit Baselhurst.

CHAPTER V. "I shall go tonight."

ORD BAZELHURST visited his wife's room later in the night, called there by a peremptory summons. Cecil had been taking time by the forelock in anticipation of Shaw's descent in the morning and was inclined to jocundity.

"Cecil, what do you think of Penel-ope's attitude toward Mr. Shaw?" she asked, turning away from the window which looked out over the night in the direction of Shaw's place.

"I didn't know she had an attitude," replied he, trying to focus his wavering gaze upon her

"She meets him clandestinely and she supports him openly. Isn't that an attitude, or are you too drunk to see

"My dear, remember you are speak ing of my sister," he said with fine dignity but little discrimination. "Besides, I am not too drunk. I do see it. It's a demmed annoying attitude, She's a traitor, un'stand me? A trai-to-tor, I intend to speak to her about it."

"It is better that you should do it," said his wife. "I am afraid I could not control my temper."

"Penelope's a disgrace—an absolute disgrace. How many legs did Hodder say she'd-she'd broken?"

"Oh, you're disgusting!" cried Lady Evelyn. "Go to bed! I thought I could talk to you tonight, but I can't. You scarcely can stand up."

"Now, Evelyn, you do me injustice. I'm only holding to this chair to keep it from moving 'round the room. See that? Course I c'n stan' up!" he cried triumphantly.

"I am utterly disgusted with you. Oh, for a man! A man with real blood in his veins, a man who could do something besides cat and drink at my cost. I pay your debts, clothe you, feed you -house your ungrateful sister-and what do I get in return? This!"

Lord Bazelburst's eyes stendled beneath this unexpected assault, his legs stiffened, his shoulders squared them-

selves in a pitiful attempt at dignity. "Lady Bazelhurst, you-you"-and then be collapsed into the chair, bursting into maudlin tears. She stood over by the dressing table and looked pitiessly upon the weak creature whose blecoughing sobs filled the room. Her

she did not respond. Then the door opened quietly and Penelope entered the room, resolutely, fearlessly. Evelyn turned her eyes upon the intruder and stared for a moment.

"Did you knock?" she asked at last. "Yes. You did not answer." "Wasn't that sufficient?"

"Not tonight, Evelyn. I came to have it out with you and Cecil. Where is he?"

"Asleep?" with a look of amazement. "I hope not. I should dislike having to call the servants to carry him to his

"I see. Poor old chap!" She went over and shook him by the shoulder. He sat up and stared at her blankly brough his drenched eyes. Then, as if the occasion called for a supreme effort, he tried to rise, ashamed that his sister should have found him in his present condition. "Don't get up, Cecil. Walt a bit and Pil go to your room

"What have you to say to me, Penetope?" demanded Evelyn, a green light in her eyes.

"I can wait. I prefer to have Cecil -understand," she said bitterly.

"If it's about our affair with Shaw it won't make any difference whether Cecil understands or not. Has your friend asked you to plend for him? Does he expect me to take him up on your account and have him here?" "I was jesting when I said be would come tomorrow," said Penelope, ignor-

ing the thrust and harrying to her subject. "I couldn't go to sleep touight if neglected to tell you what I think of the outrage this morning. You and Cecil had no right to order Tompkins to shoot at Mr. Shaw. He is not a trespasser. Some one killed his dog to-When he pursued the coward a second shot was fired at him. He was wounded. Do you call that fair fighting? Ambushed, shot from behind a ree. I don't care what you and Cecil think about it, L-consider it despicable. Thank God, Cecil was not really to blame. It is about the only thing I

can say to my brother's credit." young sister-in-law with wide eyes. It

"Penelope Drake!" was all she could say. Then the fury in her soul began annoyed in spite of herself. Her husto search for an outlet. "How dare band still was sitting in the big chair,

Evelyn, you owe reparation to Mr. come to resent

and me by your disgraceful affair with will become of her? What will every this ruffian. Don't look shocked. You one say when this becomes known?" meet him secretly, I know. How much she cried, with fresh selfahness. "I further you have gone with him I don't -I should not have let her go like know. It is enough that you"-know. It is enough that you"-"Stop! You shall not say such things

to me!

"You came in here to have it out with me. Well, we'll have it out. You think because you're English, and all laugh came from her lips. that, that you are better than I. You show it in your every action; you turn



"You'd starve if it were not for me." up your nose at me because I am an American, Well, what if I am? Where would you be if it were not for me? And where would be be? You'd starve If it were not for me. You bang to me like a leech-you sponge on me-you

gorge yourself"-"That is enough, Evelyn. You have said all that is necessary. I deserve it, too, for meddling in your affairs. It may satisfy you to know that I have erything. always despised you, Having confessed, I can only add that we cannot live another hour under the same roof. You need not order me to go. I shall do so of my own accord-gladly." Pedelope turned to the door. She was as cold as ice.

done anything to please me. You may go in the morning." "I shall go tonight!"

"As you like. It is near morning. Where do you expect to go at this hour of the night?"

"I am not afraid of the night. Tomorrow I shall send over from the vil-row valley road. She knew she would lage for my trunks." She paused near the door and then came back to Cecil's The last half mile, however, was steep, side. "Goodby, Cecil. I'll write. Good- rugged and unfamiliar to ber. She had "G'night," be muttered thickly,

nelope Drake went swiftly from the whose side Shaw had built his big room. The big hall clock struck the home. To climb that hill was no easy half hour after II. Some one-a wo- task in daylight; at midnight, with the man—was laughing in the billiard room stars obscured by clouds and treetops, below. The click of the balls came to there was something perilously uncercolor was high, her breathing heavy.

There came a knock at the door, but teeth. She did not hesitate. It was Only the key not in her nature. The room in which and courage eventually would bring she had found so much delight was her to the end made the journey posfingers she threw the small things she baven; care would make the road a most cherished into a hog-her purse, friend; a stout heart was her best ally. her jewels, her little treasures. Somehow it seemed to her as if she were how it seemed to her as if she were burrying to catch a night train, that No power could have made her turn arms she dragged the two huge trunks from the closet. Half an bonr later they were full and locked. Then she looked about with a dry, mirthless

"I wonder where I am to go," she murmured, haif sloud. A momentary feeling of indecision attacked her. The click of the balls had ceased, the clock had struck 12. It was dark and still, and the wind was crying in the trees.

"She won't go," Lady Bazelburst was saying to herself as she sat, narrow eyed and hateful, in her window tooking out into the night. "Life is 100 ensy here." The light from the porch lanterns cast a feeble glow out seyond the porte cochere and down the frive. As she stared across the circle e figure of a woman suddenly cut s diametric line through it and lost itself in the wall of blackness that formed the circumference. Lady Evelyn carted and stared unbellevingly into the darkness, atriving to penetrate it with her gaze. "It was she-Penelope," she cried, coming to her feet. "She's really gone-she meant it."

For many minutes she peered out into the night, expecting to see the studow returning. A touch of auxious tope possessing her, she left the win dow and hurried down the corridor to Penelope's room. What she found there was most convincing. It was not s trick of the lanterns. The shadow had been real. It must be confessed that the pervish heart of Lady Bazel hurst bent rather rapidly as she hastened back to the window to peer ans founly out loto the somber park with its hooting owls and chattering night bugs. The mournful yelp of a distant dog floated across the binck valley. Lady Bazelhurst was staring at her The watcher studdered as she recalled stories of panthers that had infested | ically to ber heart. the great hills. A small feeling of shame and regret began to develop

with annoying insistence. An hour drugged itself by before she arose petulantly, half terrified, half his face in his hands. His small, de-Phone 856 "I don't mean to hurt you. I am fected figure appealed to her pity for

only tening you that your way of freat- the first time in the two years of their ing this affair is a mistake. It can be association. She realized what her temper had compelled her to say to less; you don't understand what a nar- him and to his sister. She saw the inrow escape from murder you have had, suits that at least one of them had

Shaw. He is"—
"I understand why you take his side.
You chespen and degrade yourself and you bring shame upon your brother
"Where can the peor thing go? What

Even as she reproached herself a light broke in upon her understanding; a thought whirled into her brain, and a moment later a shrill, angry, hysterical

"She knew where she could go! How simple I am. Shaw will welcome her gladly. She's with him by this timehis doors have opened to her. The little wretch! And I've been trying so bard to pity ber." She laughed again so shrilly that his lordship stirred and then looked up at her stupefied, un-

"Hullof" he gronted. "What time

In It ?" "Oh, you're awake, are you?" scorn fully.

"Certainty. Have 1 been dozing? What's there to laugh at, my dear?" he mumbled, arising very unsteadily.

Where's Pen?" "She's gone. She's left the house," she sald, recurring dread and anxiety in her voice. A glance at the dark ness outside brought back the grow-

ing shudders, "What-what d'ye mean?" demanded be, bracing up with a splendid er-

"She's left the house, that's all. We quarreled. I don't know where she's rone. Yes, I do know. She's gone to Shaw's for the night. She's with him. saw her going," she cried, striving between fear and anger.

"You've-you've turned her out?" gasped Lord Bazelhurst numbly. "In night? Good Lord! Why-why did you let her go?" He turned and rushed toward the door, tears spring ng to his eyes. He was sobering now and the tears were wrenched from his hurt pride. "How long ago?"

"An hour or more. She went of her wn accord. You'll find her at Shaw's." aid ber ladyship harshly. She hated to admit that she was to blame. But as her husband left the room, banging the door after him, she caught her brenth several times in a futile effort o stay the sobs and then broke down and cried, a very much abused young woman. She bated everybody and ev-

CHAPTER VI.

In Which Dan Cupid Trespasses. ADY BAZELHURST was right. Penelope was making her way through the blackest of nights toward the home of Randolph "It is the first time you have ever Shaw. In deciding upon this step, after long deliberation, she had said to berself: "Randolph Shaw is the only real man I've seen since coming to the mountains. I can trust him to help me tonight."

It was fully three miles to Shaw's place, most of the way over the narencounter but few tortuous places. by" Re looked up with a hazy smile. ventured no nearer to his home than Without another word or so much above and to the south of the road, al-Renwood's deserted cottage, lying as a glance at Lady Bazelhurst, Pe- most at the base of the long hill on

Only the knowledge that patience sible. Time would lend her to the Strength of limb and strength of pur With her own strong young back willingly. Her anxious eyes were set ahead in the blackness. Her runaway feet were eager in obedience

> Why couldn't I have put it off until orning?" she was saying to herself as she passed down the graveled drive and advanced to meet the wall of trees that frowned blackly in her face. What will be think? What will be say? Ob, he'll think I'm such a alliy, romantic fool! No, he won't. He'll uderstand. He'll belp me on to Plattaburg tomorrow. But will be think I've done this for effect? Won't he think I'm actually throwing myself at his head? No, I can't turn back. I'd rather die than go back to that house. It won't matter what he thinks. I'll be away from all of it tomorrow. I'll be out of his life, and I won't care what he thinks. England! Joodness! What's that?" She had urned a bend in the drive, and just head there was a light. A sigh of relief followed the question. It came from the lantern which hung to a stake in the road where the new stone gate posts were being built by worknen from town. Bazelhurst Villa was a quarter of a mile, through the park.

chind her; the forest was ahead. At the gate she stopped between the balf finished stone posts and looked shend with the first shiver of dismay. Her limbs seemed ready to collapse The flush of anger and excitement left her face. A white, desolate look came in its stead. Her eyes grew wide, and she blinked her lashes with an awed uncertainty that boded ill for the stabillty of her adventure. An owl booted in mournful cadence close by, and she felt her hair was going straight on and. The tense flagers of one hand gripped the handle of the traveling bag, while the other went spasmod-

"Oh!" she gasped, moving over quickly to the stake on which the lantern hung. The wind was rushing through the treetops with increased fervor, the air was cool and wet with the signs of rain, a swirl of dust flew up into her face the wish of leaves sounded like

Continued on Page 6.)

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