THE MASTER MIND

Novelized by Marvin Dana, Author of "Within the Law," From the Successful Play by Daniel D. Carter

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The day of doom, then, was near at

it took all the lover's strength of will to hide from his bride the shock he had sustained, but somehow he car-



Lovers They Were.

ried the effort through to success, and Lucene had no suspicion that all was not well with the man she so worshiped. But, at once on his return from the wedding journey, Wainwright summoned Marshall, the Pinkerton agent, and directed the detective to mor every resource in an endeavor to discover the mysterious foe.

Nevertheless he was happy in his Hie, happy beyond aught that he had ever conceived as possible, for the lovebetween him and his wife was a perfect love. The vengeance that threatened him was not one to make a brave man weaken, for it was undeserved. He had no sin on his conscience. He could hold fast to his happiness undismayed.

hurden of guilt drained her forces. Sue had pleaded with Andrew In valu for the privilege of open confession, of the whole truth concerning her past tile, to her husband. Such camber had been the hadinet of her innocence, and that instinct was never slain, though choked to silence by the specious a phistries of the Master Mind. He succeeded, however, in convincing hor superficially that perfect frankness to her husband would repel, would drive

the lover from her arms.

If Walnwright was the one most bappy in wholesome wise it was the Master Mind himself who found an unboly happiness in the bizarre alfuation that he had contrived so cumingby for the ultimate accomplishment of his revenue. Thus far in truth his success had been unequivocal. There had been no failure anywhere in the processes he had evolved for the con summation of his revenge against the more he hated.

in the drawing room of the Wainwright manalon Blount was pacing to and fro somewhat nervously, brooding over many things and wondering origitily as to when he should be permilited to return to the tranquil pleas ures of Larsinge, Wyo., where he knew not fear and where he was respected of all men. Mrs. Bloomt and Lucene. set near each other by the windows, looking out over the fast durkening such as he. There was something nonlandscape. But presently Mrs. Blount turned to her husband.

"My goodness, John!" she exclaimed representative "I do wish son-in-law would harry up. Why, I'm so horribey bringry I'm fading away to a larity thus secured bade fair now to ahadow."

Blaunt halted.

monded. "Hungry, mother" she cried. "Well, I guess yes! Why, I ain't had a moothful since din-lunch. And I didn't think much of that if you ask me so there! Queer old soup!"

You had some fried smelts hesides the soup," the husband reminded her. Lucene, also, turned toward the two and smiled demurely.

"And you had three lamb chops, brended. "And some creamed potatoes," Blount

added.

Lucene nodded assent. "Yes, and some fruit salad." "And three pieces of punkin pie,"

"And a pot of chocolate," declared dainty face and demure manner, was the mistress of the house, laughing inclined to think that he might make outright.

"Dearle me!" Mrs. Blount said huffily, facing the young wife. "To hear you talk anybody 'd think you begrudged me enough food to keep body and skirt together.

Parker, whom Andrew had brought on to the new establishment, appeared with the announcement that dinner was served. Mrs. Blount bolted in the direction

of the dining room. But the westerner turned courteously to his hostess. "Come on, Lucene," he said kindly. The distressed girl, however, refused

with a shake of the head. "You go, please," she directed. "I prefer to wait for Cortland. He's in himself before his putative sister in a the library talking politics with his remarkably bad light. He had been campaign secretary, but he must come forced to pretend financial distress to

"With Mr. Marshall, eh? And does him from exposure and disgrace. Nat urally, to save the possibility of barhe think he's going to be elected?" Lucene forgot her trouble for a mo- ing the whole hateful truth to her hus-

ment in her interest over the political band, Mrs. Wainwright had yielded to fortunes of the man she loved, as his demands and supplied him repeat-Blount had hoped she might. "He's not sure," she replied animat- knowledge. The fact increased her

edly. "Mistress of the executive mansion eern in the matter was dissatisfaction at Allany!" Blount said half banter over the effect these transactions must ingly. "Hum! Pretty soft for you if have in making her hostile to himself

he pulls it off, eb, daughter?"

Lucene laughed happily, "Go to dinner," she repeated, "I think I'll go and hurry Cortland up." Blount went his way obediently since he saw that such was her pref- ance to him since even the money inerence. The dilatory husband made volved did not remain with him, but his appearance to be greeted with an was invariably turned over to Andrew by that taskmaster's orders, "Devilexclamation of pleasure by his wife. "I was waiting for you, Cortland," ish poor pickings, I call it!" was the she said fondly. "I couldn't bear the thief's unspoken comment, with a idea of going in without you, for I was sneer. Anyhow, he decided he must worried. You must not work so hard, make the effort to enlist Lucene's as-You'll get sick."

"Nonsense," be answered gayly, "I'm this resolve he looked up to behold as strong as an ox." He stooped and Parker in the doorway. raised her to his side, drew her close and the lips of the two met in a ten- the announcement. der caress.

"But even oxen get sick sometimes, I suppose." Lucene said, with a pout to be within miles of this neighbor "Anyhow, we must go in to dinner, hood and certainly none aware of his You must have food for work, like the identity as Waiter Blount. But bebeasts of the field, you dear, big, silly fore he could determine an unswer to man;" the wife said, with a huge con- the waiting servant Andrew himself tent in her voice.

"Oh, you adorable, lovely little woman!" be said affectionately.

Of a sudden he released her, put her from him, to her hurt surprise. "That poem," he muttered, and picked up a is really not of the least importance, book from the nearby table, with which he returned to Lucene. "Do you know, I've found some verses here that might have been written for you and me. Somehow it seems that one takes to poetry naturally when in love, Listen, dearest, to this stanza;

"I have led her home, my love, My only friend; Thora is none like her-none!"

A kiss made sweet caesura in the bythm of the verse.

Then be road on: "And never so warmly ran my blood, And sweetly on and on-

The soft palm of the girl on his lips cought the reading to an end.

"Oh, please, please—you mustn't— you mustn't?" The low voice was pleading. "Why not?" Wainwright demanded.

greatly surprised by this insistence, a attile grieved. "Oh, if you only knew! If you only know!" The words came walling. As

It was otherwise with Lucene. The she uttered them, Lucene sprang from blin and furned her face aside. "See here, dearest," Walnwright exden dejection. "You're not not wor with your commendation, sir," Anclaimed, in much distress over her sud-

ying over anything, are you?" There's nothing the matter-nothing whatever. Only sometimes I-I'm so happy that I just know it can't possihty last?

Watnwright smiled gently. "You mean you're so happy that

you're troubled?" "Yes," she said, but she did not yet fift her even to his. 'And that's all?"

"Yes, that's all," Still the eyes re mained downcast,

CHAPTER IX.

The Advent of Greegan. ALTER sought the library Immediately after dinner, to smoke and to brood over various personal concerns of his own. He found, Indeed, that his moods were fickle to such an extent that he hardly knew from hone to hour whether he were glad or wreiched. Alwave, at the back of his thought, there was the haunting dread of the de-

fectives that sought his trail. On account of them he was grateful for this refuge. But, on the other hand, he experienced a growing alarm over this intimate relation with Watawright, the renowned for of criminals strons to Walter in the fact that be the thief, was here posing openly, if not boldly, as the brother in-law of the most effective district attorney New York had ever possessed, whose popumake the man the chief executive of drew answered, with a manner of hathe state. This association with Wain-blund servillity. "You really hungry, mother?" he dec wright kept the youth in a constant remor of apprehension lest the worst zer?" the visitor exclaimed angrity. befail. He expostulated in vain with "And, anyhow, why am I tucked up Andrew, who treated him and his are here in the attle. What's the game, guments with a galling contempt. His ch?" He stood for a moment, blinkoffset to the disdain of the Master lay has thoughtfully at the butler of the in the patent admiration accorded him bousehold, and a sudden recollection by Helen Walnwright, the great man's assailed him. "Wainwright's just got sister, who, to be sure, was merely a married-what?" schoolgirl of sixteen, on her vacation,

first foolish maidenly dreaming.

"Yes, sir," Andrew replied, still in his ret the betress to a tidy fortune and assumed character. "Mr. Wainwright remarkably pretty, if not especially was married about six months ago. ourdened with brains. With something sir, of her brother's power of idealisation, "Some class to him!" the caller dethough with a less worthy subject, she clared, with much respect, if little ad-

That's going some, believe mel" He

was able to see in Walter excellence miration, "Married and nominated

ensorgh to make him the here of her for governor all in the same month.

"Who is the guy?"

was a noticeable apprehensiveness in his voice when next he spoke. "Say, o, what's that big building off across here on the bill? Ain't no jail 'round ere, as ever I heard."

himself a safe position in the world

and secure a satisfactory living with-

at work by marrying this bread and

outter miss. Unfortunately, however,

be soon found that the carrying out of

his design was beset with difficulties,

for somehow latterly it seemed that

he was never to see Helen for a mo-

ment alone, much less given oppor

runity for an elopement even were the

As he meditated now, it was clear

to him that he must appeal directly to

Lucene for aid in the execution of his

purpose. Under this necessity he was

irritated by the fact that airendy, un-

der Andrew's compulsion, he had set

her and beg her to help him in saving

edly with money without her husband's

self contempt. But Walter's sole con-

and so an obstacle, not a help, in his

Walter scowled as he reflected on

the fact that this financial intriguing

with Lucene was altogether an annoy-

sistance in his wooing of Helen. With

"A gentleman to see you, sir," was

Walter was astonished and alarmed,

Pardon me, sir," he said in tones

of the utmost respect; "but perhaps

you had better leave the matter to me.

I think I know the man's business. It

sir." He gave a low order to Parker.

"Oh, all right, if you say so," Wal-

ter returned, grumplly, concealing the

relief he felt in learning that this was

probably another of his tyrant's con-

trivances rather than a pursuer on his

ed, as Parker disappeared after the

low spoken command from his em-

Andrew regarded the young man

with wintery eyes, through narrow

"That," he said gently, but with an

inflection that was convincing, "Is one question too many." Then, he turned

lowly, and went out of the room, un-

mindful of the scowling thief, who

cringed helpless under his domination.

Andrew, after leaving the library, as-

ended directly to his own room at

the top of the house and there found

the caller whom Parker had tust guid-

"My eye!" the somewhat rough ap-

penring individuals remarked amiably.

as the Master Mind entered. "This is

"Mr. Wainwright will be pleased

some swell inint, hey?

"Who is the guy?" he ask-

for he knew of no acquaintance likely

appeared.

own trull.

od thither.

ployer.

plan to possess Helen.

preliminary arrangements made,

'No, sir," Andrew said. "That is the owhattan Asylum For the Insane, unler the direction of the celebrated Dr. orbes." Abruptly a change came into he manner of his address, and he poke to the stockily built man facing him with an incisive directness that aused the sharpened features of his istener to express a new, suspicious dertness. "You are from Chicago,

"What's that to you!" the fellow marled, his small eyes lowering. Andrew wasted not time.

"Your name is Creezan," he said offly. "You were sent here by Mr. Whiteomb."

"Well, now, Mr. Know stall," was the insolent retort, "maybe I was, and maybe I wasn't. What's the answer?" "You were to inquire for Walter Blount, but another person was to give ou a sign." Andrew set the fleigers

of his right hand to the familiar symbol of protection against the evil eye. The heavy face of the visitor relaxed instantly, and he breathed a sigh of re-

"So you're the guy!" he growled. "I'm the man, yes," Andrew cor rected.

Creegan went close and spoke in a whisper, his face lighted now with a glow of avarice. "Listen!" he said rapidly. "The boss said this was a pipe, that there'd be ten thousand in the hand for me, and

even if I was pinched they wouldn't

do anything to me. That gets my nanny. Say, is it on the level?" "It is."

"Just the same," Creegan insisted lolently, "you got to show me. I tell you I ain't a bit stuck on it. Yep, you got to show me. If it's such a pipe why did you send all the way to Chiengo for me when New York's full of smooth propositions just askin' for the

Andrew made no answer in words, out went to his burens, from which he took out a japanned tin box, which he unlocked with a key from his ring. He brought forth a photograph, which he passed to the curious Creegun.

A single glance sufficed the man. He stared at Andrew in stark amazement. "Well, I'll be - I' be gasped. 'Maggie-Maggle Flint!" He regarded the photograph again, astounded. he demanded currly, looking up again, "how did that come here?"

Andrew put forth bis hand, possessed himself of the photograph and restored it to the box, which he carefully locked and replaced in the drawer before answering; then at last be turned to the impatiently waiting Creegan, whose thick lips were twitching from pervous excitement.

"Now suppose," he said evenly, "for example, that you planned to steal some valuable jewels you have heard spoken of?"

Croegan's eyes grew furtive. 'Like the Walnwright sparklers,

"And let us suppose further." Andrew continued imperturbably, "that you were apprehended in the act." The supposition appeared to discon-

cert Creegan, if one might judge by the thick furrows in his forehead and the savage tightening of his lips. "Say, you," he grunted. "Just' you

parade the kind of talk I know. Get tlint?"

"Suppose you get pinched, collared," Andrew amended tranquilly. "And, furthermore, let us suppose that the owner of the jewels was of an old and honorable family and at this particular time a nominee for high office. Now, do you think he would risk scandal by prosecuting you if it so chanced that you recognized in his wife some one you had known in very different circumstances, some one named, let us given him."

say, Maggle Flint?" A silence fell, in which Andrew stood immobile, impassive, regarding his new tool with a calm yet plereing scrutiny, and Creegan rested agape, his widened eyes fast on the other, striving dumbly to digest the bewildering fact that the girl with whom he had wandered fondly in the streets of Chleago years before was become in very truth the mistress of this mansion. At last he shook his head incredulously,

"No," he muttered. "It can't be Maggie-the wife of that swell guy, Wainwright

"But it is!" Andrew retorted sharply, and the words carried conviction. "Gee! Maggie!" he mumbled confusedly, "Well, I'm a son of a gun!"

"I am to understand, then," the Master Mind suggested sunvely, "that you know the indy?

Creegan's dull face lightened instant-Something of the bestiality bred out of evil years fell from him. "Do I? Why, I knew her from 'way

back. Guess she come from pretty good stock, though her old man was down and our when I knew 'em. She had durn poor partin's. Maggle had. Any other skirt with her looks would have gone to the had Heketty split; but not bert Worked in factories and then got a job after her father died as nurse girl. Kept stratgleter'n a string all the "Say, don't you get frash, old geetime. I got footbab over that kid myself. I'd just about made up my mind to marry her when she was caught with the goods and sent to stir. Never could see why she did it. It wa'n't like her to steal. I triod to find her when she come out, but there wa'n't nothin' doin'. And I was dippy over her, Geel" he concluded sheepishly. "Can you see me bein' divry over a skirt?"

Andrew then said: "And, if you should be caught, for a further defense you might perhaps say that robbery was not your intent, but that histend you were here for a meet-

ing with the lady-at her request." Once ngain Creegan gaped sheer On his part, Waiter, drawn by her nodded toward the window, and there tmazement. Then, swiftly, the light of

understanding twinkled in his little eyes.

"I'm wise, 'bo-I'm wise!" he chuckled, with a villainous smirk. "Now, where do they keep the sparklers?" Forthwith Andrew entered into a detailed explanation concerning the plan of the house, with particular reference to the library, in an alcove of which

the safe was set.

"And now," he concluded, "as to the time tonight when you should start operations, I have only to make a suggestion. This room of mine, as you perceive, is situated in the cupcla of the house, with windows on each side. In its way it's a sort of beacon at night. The lodgekeeper says that when I put out my light he is sure that every one else in the house is sleening."

"I got ye, Steve I got ye!" Creegan declared. Then, in another moment, he spoke with a half shamed eager-"Say, she didn't send for me, did she?"

"That is a leading question," was the answer, with a noncommittal smile.



"That's a leading question."

'I shall put out my light tonight probably about 2 o'clock."

'Yes, yes!" Creegan agreed, hastily. "I got all that. But about her, now! Do you think there's a chance of her skippin' out with me? What?"

"A true lover should never be discouraged," came the cryptic reply. As spoke. Andrew opened the door, and motioned that his visitor should leave the room. "Till 2 o'clock," he said.

CHAPTER X.

"Family Affairs." A S Creegan, the thief, went out of the door opened for him by Parker, Walter sought Andrew and addressed him locularly.

"That guy's my visitor. I'm hep.

What?" "He asked for you-yes," Andrew onceded. "He will call again, later, to verify certain information I have

"Being some more of that stuff that's one of my business, ch?" "Your powers of discernment show a

decided improvement, Walter," the Master Mind said dryly. "Come into the library a minute,"

the thief suggested. "I've got something for you, you know." Then, when they were alone together in the room, Walter took a sheaf of banknotes from his pocket, and gave them to Andrew. "There's four hundred more I got

from sister Lucene. Say, she's sure easy. Same old story. Told her I had to have it-was in trouble. And you ce they're marked, like the others, Walnwright is getting wise, that's a cinch. Did you notice, he only began narking the money two weeks ago? Say, Andrew, what's the lay, anyhow? Put me next."

"It doesn't concern you, Walter," was he sharp answer.

"Oh, the devil?" the thief exclaimed. n exasperation. "You make me sick. Well, anyhow, that makes forty-six hundred I've got from ber, and given to you in the last month." "You shall be reimbursed, sir, to

norrow," Andrew promised, gravely, "Oh, there's no haste," Walter reolned carelessty.

"Really, you are improving greatly, the butler said commendingly. "Environment has worked wonders in you. It's rather a pity that you cannot reusin here to complete your sadly neglected education in the niceties of breeding. You go tomorrow."
"Tomorrow!" Walter repeated the

word with an inflection of incredulous

now for a mouth. There is such a thing as abusing hospitality." "But-but where am I going?" "Wherever you please." Andrew turned curtly toward Parker as the

servant entered the room "Mrs. Wainwright wishes to see Andrew.

Walter interposed excitedly:

"I say, Parker; just tell my sister I'd like to see her for a minute first, will to send Mr. Marshall bere." he faced Andrew eagerly. "Look bere," he urged desperately, "I don't want to quit just yet. I've come across for you. Now I want you to come across for me, Won't you? I want to marry

Helen." The Master Mind contemplated his puppet with a supercillous stare,

You grow ambitious, Walter. Wainwright's sister-a child!" "The kid's dippy over me," the

young man contended warmly. "Anyhow, she's sixteen. Of course I know Wainwright would be sore on the game. But I believe the kid would slip out to the parson with me at the drop of the bat if only Lucene would pass the word. Now, I want you to speak on my side to Lucene. Be a good pal, won't you, Andy?" He ciap. ped Andrew familiarly on the shoul-

The Master Mind started back as one would retreat from some noxious poliution.

"If you please!" he said. His tone was dangerous. Walter cringed abjectly. "I'm sorry,

I forgot," he stammered. Without another look toward him the Master Mind went out of the room.

Lucene entered. "You wished to speak to me?" she in-

quired indifferently. "I want to speak to you about Helen."

"It is absolutely useless, Walter," Lucene declared promptly, with weariness in her voice. "The idea is absurd. Helen is only a child." "She's old enough to know what she's doing, anyhow," Walter argued.

Lucene shook her head emphatically, "That's just it," she said, resolutely, "She isn't." She welcomed the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Blount, which put an end to this intolerable tete-a-rete.

Mrs. Blount spoke to Luceue with a half serious pinyfulness: "He's such a mughty boy! Has be been worrying you, dearle?" Suddenly her greedy eyes fell on a brucelet that the young wife was wearing for the first time. "Oh, what a lovely bracelet!" she exclaimed, and now her tones were wheedlingly soft and sweet. She placed a hand on the ornament caressingly, but the slender, skilled fingers

were busy. Lucene, however, was in no mood to be putient under the Impositions of this woman. She drew ber arm away quickly.

"No, you shan't have it." she declared spiritedly. "Why, dearie!" Mrs. Blount cooed

placatingly, the heavy lids drooping low over her big, slumbrous eyes. "I only wanted to"-

Lucene was ruthlessly frank. "No, I tell you. You've taken almost everything I have already."

The husband fairly glared at his wife. "You told me she gave 'em to you!" he growled bitteriy.

"And you did, didn't you, dearie?" the wife persisted, alarmed. But any hope of help from the girl

as an ally was dissipated on the instant. "I did not!" Lucepe exclaimed with

a veltemence rave in her. The cold voice of Andrew sounded dominant through the room:

"Mrs. Blount!" All turned to face the speaker where he stood just within the doorway, but

the woman be addressed turned much more slowly than did the others. Blount, nevertheless, made bold to hope of happiness, speak up manfully in behalf of his

erring spouse

"Oh, that'll be all right," he declared, with an effort toward assurance. "She'll give them back, of course." Andrew, however, made no answer. For that matter, he was no longer giving attention to the woman or her husband. He was, instead, listening to the dialogue between Walter and Lu-

this opportunity to continue his pleading with the girl. "Say, if you'll do this for me," he was urging, "I'll never bother you

cene, for the young man had seized

again. Come on now! Won't you?" "No," was the steadfast answer, "I will not. During the last month you have made my life miserable by forcing me to get money for you from my husband to save you from disgrace, and incidentally myself. But you may threaten me as much as you like-you shau't have Helen. No, no!"

"Why not, I'd like to know?" Walter demanded blusteringly.

The reply was explicit: "Because you're not fit." The contemptuous words caused the thief's fury to pass all bounds.

"Oh, I ain't eh?" he stormed. "Well, I'd have you know I'm just as fit for Helen as you are for Wainwright, See? And, if you don't help me, why, my fine lady, I'll Just"-Andrew's voice broke off the half

spoken threat. "That will do, Walter," he commanded. "Lucene is right."

The young man protested. "But I only want to marry Helen." "It is impossible," Andrew retorted, Walter flored again.

"So, that's the game, is it?" he sneer ed, "well I don't go tomorrow!" the thief cried, wrathfully. Andrew turned blandly toward

Blount. "When you go out will you be so good as to send Parker here as your son will wish to give some orders about his packing. By the way," he "Yes. You and the Blounts have added carelessly, "you and Mrs. Blount been the guests of the Walnwrights also will be leaving tomorrow. Have you by any chance an objection to

> "Objection? No!" Blount said vigorously. "Lord, we'll be tickled to death to go home."

Blount led her from the room. But before the pair had quite reached the door the Master Mind called again to

"Oh, Blount! And tell Parket also Lucene sank down wearily in a chair. But Walter approached Andrew ag-

"Now, look here?" he excluded truesiently. "I don't scare worth a cent,

and I'm advising you that you'd better go light too. I know a thing or two." He grinned evilly.

Andrew regarded his rebellions tool with undiaguised disgust.

"Very well, Walter. When Mr. Marshall comes we are going to allow you to combile in him at your pleasure." "Aw, let bim come!" Walter declaimed valuantly, "What do I care for him? Where does be get off, anyhow?"

Then Andrew replied in a whisper, "Mr. Marsball is a detective-in the Pinkerton service."

Walter was unable to control a start, and a vigarette fell from fingers that trembled. Andrew stooped and picted it up, and as he returned it to the young man he added in his most subservient manner:

"Pardon me, sir. Was it my awa. wardness, or are you perhaps a little nervous, sir?" Again, he changed his tone and spoke now as the Master Mind, turning toward the watching girl, "I think that it is possible Walter will, after all, decide to depart before morning." He faced his victim and lashed the thief with scornful eye. "I said, 'Walter.' I should have all.

The thief's hand caught at his top mentor's arm in agonized appeal.
"No. no. Andrew!" be cried leadly. I'll do anything you say," "It may be too late."

Walter's face was white with terror. "Don't give me up, Andrew," he berged. "On, for God's sake don't gire me up! Luvene!" he called in despair.

Her heart was moved. "Let him go, Andrew," she interceded. "I don't want any trouble, for my

own sake." The Master Mind made no direct answer to her plea, Instead, he mused and spoke to Parker, who appeared in the doorway, following the message he had received from Blount.

"I think it was Mr. Walter who wanted you, Parker," Andrew sald in an expressionless voice. Walter assented with feverish haste,

"Yes, Parker, I'm going away in the morning early. I want you to help me pack." Lucene, left alone with Autres,

gazed at him with miserable erea. "Oh, those drendful people" she erled distractedly. "I can't understand how you"- She cherted her outburst with an effort out of resect for the man she esteemed so highly. Andrew walked to her and stood looking down commiseratingly at the

delicate face. In which just now the blue eyes shone a little more dimirprofoundly that the accessities of his vengeance must thus broke in sufering the girl whom he had come to cherish very fondly-more fondly thm any other living thing Sometime even there stirred in the man's beats suspicion that perhaps he was growing to lavish on her a love like that be led borne his brother. But always be crushed back the thought as something wickedly disloyal to that brother who was dead-dead at the hands of an esemy who must pay the penalty, though it were to wring this girl's best,

though it were to destroy her every "I'm sorry you have been annoyed, note sorry than I can say waste a thought on Walter. He's not worth it.

"It is all horrible," the girl exclaim-Sometimes I-give up-hope It is all so faise." Andrew viewed this emotion with



"I'm sorry," he stammered. ment of vengeance must be controled now, when the hour of victory and

(Continued next Saturday.) BAN ON SPOONING.

re No person shall sit in the kp of any person of the opposite sex in a litter.

-Extract from Milwaukse juney selle-

Other regulations are: Front and rear signs illuminated st. No standing on running heard or siting on doors. Inside lights at night.

Drivers must not engage in arrows sary conversation, or shout or their horns as a means of relicited More than 50 may be charged if mis is posted on conspicuous sign.
Special charges may be made for up

Special canta routes,

A welf made was can best as all loader at around

rooster at crowing.

quoth the husband.