DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD



CHAPTER VII-Continued -12-

"What," Lakington asked curiously, "does he think you are?"

"A charming young girl," answered Irma demurely, "whose father lost his life in the war, and who at present ekes out a precarious existence in a government office. At least, that's what he told Lady Frumpley-she's the woman of unassallable virtue. She was profoundly sentimental and scents a romance, in addition to being a snob and scenting a future duke, to say nothing of a future duchess. By the mercy of Allah she's on a committee with his mother for distributing brown paper underclothes to destitute Belgians, and so Freddle wangled an invite for her. Volla tout."

"Splendid," said Lakington slowly. "Splendid, Young Landley comes of age in about a week, doesn't he?"

"Monday, to be exact; and so I go down with my dear aunt on Saturday. Lakington nodded his head as if satisfied, and then glanced at his

watch. "What about bed?" he remarked,

"Not yet," said Peterson, halting suddenly in his walk. "I must see the Yank before I go to Paris. We'll

have him down here now. Give him an injection, Henry-and, by God, we'll make the fool sign. Then I can actually take it over to the meeting with me."

He strode to the door, followed by Lakington; and the girl in the chair stood up and stretched her arms above her head. For a moment or two Hugh watched her; then he, too, stood upright and eased his cramped limbs.

"Make the fool sign." The words echoed through his brain, and he otared thoughtfully at the grey light which showed the approach of dawn. What was the best thing to do? "Make" with Peterson generally implied torture, if other means failed, and Hugh had no intention of watching any man tortured. At the same time something of the nature of the diabolical plot conceived by Peterson

suffering will again have you in its grip. It renders you quite unfit for

business." For a while there was silence, and the millionaire stared round the room like a trapped animal.

ers left much to the imagination; and "I refuse !" he cried at last. "It's finally more farm laborers. Never had an outrage against humanity. You can such a tit-bit of gossip for the local do what you like." alehouse been seen in the neighbor-

"Then we'll start with a little more thumbscrew," remarked Peterson, strolling over to the desk and opening a drawer. "An astonishingly effective implement, as you can see if you look at your thumb." He stood in front of the quivering man, balancing the instrument in his hands. "It was under its influence you gave us the first signature, which we so regrettably lost, I think we'll try it again. . . ."

The American gave a strangled cry of terror, and then the unexpected happened. There was a crash as a pane of glass splintered and fell to the floor close beside Lakington; and with an oath he sprang aside and looked up. "Peep-bo," came a well-known voice from the skylight. "Clip him one over

the jaw, Potts, my boy; but don't you

sign."

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which He Goes to Paris for a Night, ONE.

Drummond had acted on the spur of the moment. It would have been manparently without thought. He gave one ifestly impossible for any man, certainly one of his caliber, to have last glance at the face convulsed with watched the American being tortured rage, and then with a smile he looked without doing something to try to help down at the crowd below. him. At the same time the last thing

he had wanted to do was to give away "there's a pal of yours up here-dear his presence on the roof. The informa- old Henry. And he's very annoyed at tion he had obtained that night was of such vital importance that it was him, or would you like me to be more absolutely essential for him to get away with it somehow ; and, at the moment, his chances of so doing did not appear particularly bright. It looked rived. So-er---' as if it was only a question of time

before they must get him.

aument's indecision Dramanond took | away ! Yolcks !" There was another interlude for further hllarity. "Give a running jump, and caught the ridge of the sloping roof on the side nearest | it up, you two old dears, and take to knitting. Well, au revoir, Doubtless the road. From where he was he could not see The Larches, and so he did we shall meet again quite soon. And, not know what luck the American had above all, Carl, don't do anything in had. But he realized that it was long Paris which you would be ashamed of odds against his getting through, and my knowing." With a friendly wave he turned on that his chief hope lay in himself. It occurred to him that far too few unhis heel and strolled off, followed by the other three. The humor of the biased people knew where he was; it situation was irresistible; the absolute further occurred to him that it was a state of affairs which was likely to powerlessness of the whole assembled

continue unless he remedied it himself. gang to lift a finger to stop them in And so, just as Peterson came strolling front of the audience, which as yet around a corner of the house followed showed no signs of departing, tickled by several men and a long ladder, him to death. In fact, the last thing Hugh commenced to sing. He shouted, Hugh saw, before a corner of the house hid them from sight, was the he roared at the top of his very powerful voice, and all the time he watched majesty of the law moistening his inthe men below with a wary eye. delible pencil in the time-honored It was just as two laborers came in method, and advancing on Peterson

to investigate the hideous din that with his notebook at the ready. Peterson's party discovered the ladder "One brief interlude, my dear old was too short by several yards. warriors," announced Hugh, "and then Then with great rapidity the audiwe must get gay. Where's Toby?" ence grew. A passing milkman; two

"Having his breakfast with your commercial travelers, a gentleman of girl," chuckled Algy. "We thought slightly inebriated aspect, whose trous-



With Her Hands on His Coat and Her Big Eyes Misty With Her Fears for Him, She Begged Him to Give It

we'd better leave someone on guard, and she seemed to love him best." "Repulsive hound!" cried Hugh. Incidentally, boys, how did you manage to roll up this morning?"

"We all bedded down at your girl's place last night," said Peter, "and then this morning, who should come and sing carols outside but our one

He left the room, and went along the passage to inspect the American. Unfortunately Jerningham was only too right: The effects of last night's injection had worn off completely, and the wretched man was sitting motionless in a chair, staring dazedly in front of him,

Thoughtfully Hugh stood in front of the millionaire, trying in vain to catch some gleam of sense in the vacant eyes.

"What luck?" Jerningham looked up as he came back into the other room "Dam' all, as they say in the vernacular. Have you blighters finished the beer?"

"Probably," remarked Peter Darrall, "What's the program now?" Hugh examined the head on his glass with a professional eye before replying.

"Two things," he murmured at length, "fairly leap to the eye. The first is to get Potts away to a place of safety; the second is to get over to Paris."

"Well, let's get gay over the first, ns a kick-off," said Jerningham, rising. "There's a car outside the door; there is England at our disposal. We'll take him away; you pad the hoof to Victoria and catch the boattrain."

"It sounds too easy," remarked Hugh. "Have a look out of the window, Ted, and you'll see a man frightfully busy doing nothing not far from the door. You will also see a racing car just across the street. Put a wet compress on your head, and connect the two."

A gloomy silence settled on the assembly, to be broken by Jerry Seymour suddenly waking up with a

start. "I've got the 'stomach-ache,' " he an-

nounced proudly. His listeners gazed at him un-

moved. "You shouldn't eat so fast," remarked Algy severely. "And you certainly oughtn't to drink that beer." To avert the disaster he immediately consumed it himself, but Jerry was too engrossed with his brainstorm to notice.

"I've got the 'stomach-ache,' " he repeated, "and she ought to be ready by now. In fact I know she is. My last crash wasn't a bad one. What about it?"

"You mean . . . ?" said Hugh, staring at him.

"I mean," answered Jerry, "that I'll go off to the airdrome now, and get her ready. Bring Potts along in half an hour, and I'll take him to the governor's place in Norfolk. Then I'll take you over to Paris."

"Great!-simply great!" With a report like a gun Hugh hit the speaker on the back, inadvertently knocking him down. "Off you get, Jerry. By the way, how many will she hold?" "Two beside me," spluttered the

proud proprietor of the Stomach-ache, "And I wish you'd reserve your endearments for people of your own



WORTH FAR MORE THAN GOLD

Value of Good Credit Must Never Be Forgotten by the Community or Its Citizens,

The following little story has aroused much interest among Kansas merchants and credit men. It was recently published in the bulletin of the Pittsburgh, Kan., Merchants' association

"I buy your groceries, your dry goods, your home-everything you use or need.

"I am not money; I am its superior. I buy many times more than all the gold in the world. With me money may be bought.

"I am the very basis upon which the business life of the world has been built, more so in modern times than ever before.

"I am founded upon honesty, and built upon faith in mankind, and woe unto the man or woman who wilfully abuses me.

"I have given men the means to become rich, means which nothing else could place within their reach.

"I am, when rightly used, the greatest means of prosperity and happiness, but when abused, I have brought misery into the lives of men and women.

"I am confidence placed in a man's ability and reliability to meet his future obligations.

"I am greater than industry and capital, for I demand industry and capital of others on the strength of ability and disposition to make my promises good.

"I am good credit." -From the Nation's Business.

GET AFTER THAT BACK YARD

One Unsightly, Neglected Place Will Spoil the Appearance of Other-

wise Well-Kept Street. Street. Back yards are something big city dwellers long for and small town dwellers long to get rid of. But back yards are a geographical condition; the yearning is about as close as a cityite ever gets to one, while the small townite finds it hard to dispense with for want of something to take its place.

A back yard in some seasons of the yea'r is not exactly an object of beauty. Paintless fences are in a more or less acute state of unrepair, tin cans, old shoes and worn out brooms have somehow eluded the garbage can. Why not get busy and give the back yard a thorough house-cleaning? The exercise will do you good, and the neighbors will rise up and acclaim you. -Montreal Family Herald.

"Peterson," he called out affably, All Up.

my concert. Would you just speak to explicit? He is so annoyed that there might be an accident at any moment, and I see that the police have ar-

Even at that distance he could see Peterson's eyes of fury, and he chuck-He watched Lakington dart from the led softly to himself. But when the

voice grew a little tense, "just wait while I talk to Peterson, who is at present deep in converse with the village constable and several farm laborers." It is doubtful whether any action in Hugh Drummond's life ever cost him such an effort of will as the turning of his back on the man standing two yards below him, but he did it ap-

hood ; it would furnish a topic of con-

versation for weaks to come. And still

Hugh sang and Peterson cursed; and

still the audience grew. Then, at last,

there came the police with notebook

all complete, and the singer stopped

The next moment the laugh froze on

his lips. Standing by the skylight, with

his revolver raised, was Lakington, and

Hugh knew by the expression of his

face that his finger was trembling on

the trigger. Out of view of the crowd

below he did not know of its existence,

and, in a flash, Hugh realized his dan-

"Good morrow, Henry," he said

quietly. "I wouldn't fire if I were you,

We are observed, as they say in melo-

drama. If you don't believe me," his

singing to laugh.

ger.

was beginning to take a definite shape In his mind, though many of the most important links were still missing. And with this knowledge had come the realization that he was no longer a free agent. The thing had ceased to be a mere sporting gamble with himself and a few other chosen spirits matched against a gang of criminals; it had become-if his surmise was correct-a national affair. England herself-her very existence-was threatened by one of the vilest plots ever dreamed of in the brain of man. light, apparently bewildered by the And then, with a sudden rage at his own impotence, he realized that even now he had nothing definite to go on. He must know more: somehow or other he must get to Paris; he must attend that meeting at the Ritz. Then a sound from the room below brought him back to his vantage point. The American was sitting in a chair, and Lakington, with a hypodermic syringe in his hand, was holding his arm.

He made the injection, and Hugh watched the millionaire. He was still undecided as to how to act, but for the moment, at any rate, there was nothing to be done. And he was very curious to hear what Peterson had to say to the wretched man, who, up to date, had figured so largely in every round.

After a while the American ceased staring vacantly in front of him, and passed his hand dazedly over his forehead. Then he half rose from his chair and stared at the two men sitting facing him. His eyes came round to the girl, and with a groan he sank back again, plucking feebly with his hands at his dressing gown.

"Better, Mr. Potts?" said Peterson, coavely.

"I-I-" stammered the other. "Where am I?"

"At The Elms, Godalming, If you wish to know."

"I thought-I thought-" He rose swaying. "What do you want with me? D-n you!"

"Tush, tush," murmured Peterson. "There is a lady present, Mr. Potts.

And our wants are so simple. Just your signature to a little agreement. by which in return for certain services you promise to join us in our-erlabors in the near future."

"I remember," cried the millionaire. "Now I remember, You swine-you flithy swine, I refuse . . . absolutely.

"The trouble is, my friend, that you Are altogether too big an employer of laber to be allowed to refuse, as 1 pointed out to you before. You must be in with us, otherwise you might wreck the scheme. Therefore I require your signature."

"And when you've got it," cried the American. "what good will it be to you. I shall repudiate it."

"Oh! no. Mr. Potts," said Peterson with a thoughtful smile; "I can assure son, you won't. The distressing mal-ady from which you have been - It find-become quite light, and after "Right under your baily noses. Stoled go and have a look at the bird."

son, and then occurred one of those strokes of luck on which the incor- ly at its normal rate. rigible soldier always depended. The girl left the room as well.

She kissed her hand toward him, and then she smiled.

"You intrigue me, ugly one," she remarked, looking up, "intrigue me vastly. I am now going out to get a really good view of the Kill."

And the next moment Potts was alone. He was staring up at the sky-



"I Am Now Going Over to Get a Really Good View of the Kill."

sudden turn of events, and then he heard the voice of the man above speaking clearly and insistently.

"Go out of the room. Turn to the right. Open the front door. You'li see a house, through some trees. Go to It. When you get there, stand on the lawn and call 'Phyllis,' Do you get me?" The American nodded dazedly; then he made a great effort to pull himself

together, as the voice continued : "Go'at once. It's your only chance. Tell her I'm on the root here."

With a sign of polief he saw the millionaire leave the room; then he straightened himself up, and progeeded to reconnoiter his own position. There was a bare chasce that the American would get through, and if he did, every-

thing might yet be well. If he didn't -Hugh shrugged his shoulders grimly

room, followed more slowly by Peter- leader spoke, his voice was as suave as ever; the eternal cigar glowed even-"Are you up on the roof, Laking-

ton?" The words came clearly through the still summer air.

"Your turn, Henry," said Drummond. "Prompter's voice off-'yes, dear Peterson, I am here, even upon the roof, with a liver of hideous aspect."

With a mighty effort Lakington controlled himself, and his voice, when he answered, was calm.

"Yes, I'm here. What's the matter?" "Nothing," cried Peterson, "but we've got quite a large and appreciative audience down here, attracted by our friend's charming concert, and I've just sent for a large ladder by which he can come down and join us. So there is nothing that you can donothing." He repeated the word with a faint emphasis, and Hugh smiled genially.

"I'm interested in quite a number of things, Captain Drummond," said Lakington slowly, "but they all count as nothing beside one-getting even with you. And when I do . . ." He dropped the revolver into his coat pocket, and stood motionless, staring at the soldier. The next instant he opened a door

in the skylight which Hugh had failed to discover during the night, and, climbing down a ladder inside the room, disappeared from view.

"Hullo, old bean !" A cheerful shout from the ground made Hugh look down. There, ranged round Peterson, in an effective group, were Peter Darrell, Algy Longworth, and Jerry Seymour, "Bird's-nestin'?"

"Peter, old soul," cried Hugh joyfully, "I never thought the day would come when I should be pleased to see your face, but it has!"

"Ted and his pal, Hugh, have toddled off in your car," said Peter, "so that only leaves us four and Toby."

For a moment Hugh stared at him blankly, while he did some rapid mental arithmetic. He even neglected to descend at once by the ladder which had at last been placed in position. "Ted and us four and Toby" made six -and six was the strength of the party as it had arrived. Adding the pal made seven; so who the deuce was the pal?

The matter was settled just as he reached the ground. Lakington, wildeyed and almost incoherent, rushed from the house, and, drawing Peterson on done side, spoke rapidly in a whisper.

"fi's all right," muttesed Algy rapidly. "They're half-way to London by now, and going like h- if I know Ted.'

It was then that Hugh started to laugh. He laughed till the tears poured down his face and Peterson's livid face of fury made him laugh still more.

and only Potts. Then we heard your deafening din on the roof, and blew along."

TWO

"Go away," said Toby, looking up as the door opened and Hugh strolled in. "Your presence is unnecessary and uncalled for, and we're not

pleased. Are we, Miss Benton?" "Can you bear him, Phyllis?" remarked Hugh, with a grin. "I mean lying about the house all day?"

"What's the notion, old son?" Toby Sinclair stood up, looking slightly puzzled.

"I want you to stop here, Toby, said Hugh, "and not let Miss Benton out of your sight. Also keep your eye skinned on The Elms, and let me know by 'phone to Half Moon street anything that happens. Do you get me?"

"I get you," answered the other. With a resigned sigh he rose and walked to the door.

"I've got five minutes, little girl, whispered Hugh, taking her into his arms as the door closed. "Five minutes of heaven. . . By Jove: But you look great-simply great." The girl smilled at him.

"Tell me what's happened, boy, she said eagerly.

"Quite a crowded, night." With reminiscent smile he lit a cigarette. And then quite briefly he told her of the events of the past twelve hours. being, as is the manner of a man, more interested in watching the sweet colorwhich stained her cheeks from time to time, and noticing her quickened breathing when he told her of his fight with the gorilla, and his ascent of the murderous staircase.

When he had finished, and pliched the stramp of his eigarette into the grate, fulteringly she tried to dissuade him. With her hands on his coat and her bly eyes misty with her fears for him, she begged him to give it all up. And even as she spoke, she gloried in the fact that she knew it was quite useless. Which made her plend all the harder, as is the way of a woman with her man.

Then, quite suddenly, he bent and clased her:

"I must go, little girl," he whispered. I've got to be in Paris tonight. Take care of yourself." The next moment he was gone.

THREE.

"Have you got him all right, Ted?" Hugh flung side question eagerly at Ted Jerningham, who was lounging in a chair at Half Moon street, with his feet on the mantelpiece.

"Fvz got him right enough," answered that worthy, "but he deesn't strike me as being Number One value. He's gone off the boll. Become quite gugga again."

"H-id" said Hugh, "I thought might get something out of him. I'll

size, you great, fat, hulking monstrosity.' He reached the door with a moment

to spare, and Hugh came back laughing.

"Verily-an upheaval in the grey matter," he cried, carefully refilling his glass. "Now, boys, what about Paris?" "Is it necessary to go at all?" asked

Peter.

"It wouldn't have been if the Yank had been sane," answered Drummond. "As it is, I guess I've got to. Now listen-all of you. Ted-off you go, and raise a complete waiter's outfit, dicky and all complete. Peteryou come with me to the airdrome, and afterward look up Mullings, at 13 Green street, Hoxton, and tell him to get in touch with at least fifty demobilized soldiers who are on for a scrap. Algy-you hold the fort here, and don't get drunk on my ale. Peter will join you, when he's finished with Mullings, and he's not to get drunk, either. Are you all on?"

Ten minutes later he was at the wheel of his car with Darrell and the millionaire behind. But Hugh seemed. in no great hurry to start. A whimsical smile was on his face, as out of the corner of his eye he watched the man who had been busy doing nothing feverishly trying to crank his car, which, after the manuer of the brutes, had seized that moment to jib. Still smiling, Hugh got out and valked up to the perspiring driver. "A warm day," he murmured, 'Don't hurry; we'll wait for you." Then, while the man, utterly taken aback, stared at him speechlessly, he strolled back to his own car.

"Hugh-you're mad, quite mad." said l'eter resignedly, as with a spluttering roar the other car started, but Hugh still smilled. On the way to the airdrame he stopped twice after a that the pursuer should have no they were clear of the traffic and spin- in the necessary elements. ning toward their destination, the gentleman in the car behind fully agreed with Darrell.

CTO HE CONTINUED.)

Great Minds Linked With Geneva Geneva and its lake early became the mecca of leaders in science and literature, Voltaire, Mme. de Stael, Georges Sand, Dumas, Daudet and Byron, Gibbon, Dickens, Ruskin, Frances Havergal, Sismondi, De Sausure, Amiel-a veritable parade of illustrious poets, novelists, essayists, philosophers and scientists - have linked their names forever with that fair city and its environs.

Seconded.

Correspondent opines that some lessons in efficiency are needed by our legislators-they make, he says, many unnecessary motions. Bo 80 Transcript

Oklahoma Club Members Feel at Home. Even at home, "the little piece of home" taken overseas by the Y. W. C. A. for our boys, comes in handy. Out in Oklahoma in building a clubhouse, Lock Sanders post, No. 59, of the Legion has decided that it will borrow the plans of the Y. W. C. A. hostess house. In camps and overseas it met such a need that now, back in their home town, Hugo, Okla., the boys are building one for themselves. So interested has the whole town become in the scheme that everyone is helping. Citizens are buying boards at one dollar aplece and painters and carpenters are donating a day's work. The plot has been given by the city. The structure will contain an auditorium with a seating capacity of 200, a reading and writing room

and an office, all on familiar lines. To meet the demands, the national board, Y. W. C. A., 600 Lexington avenue, New York city, offers to share with other Legion posts or communities a plan for a delightful clubhouse, Pictures are available .- Exchange.

The Garden Plot.

The range of choice in the location of a city garden must necessarily be somewhat limited. Good drainage, sunshine and a suitable soil should be kept in mind in selecting a site for the garlen. + Where fowls and stray stock are ikely to interfere ample protection must be provided by a good fence-a problem that must be carefully considered especially in the cultivation of vacant lots. If the soil is poor or very heavy, well rotted stable manure will block in the traffic to make quite sure help correct these conditions. Commercial fertilizers may also be used to chance of losing him, and, by the time furnish plant food where the soil lacks

Material for Stone House.

The stone house is very adaptable to all those regions where this material can be secured from the excavation of the cellar or from some neighboring road improvement. Sometimes an old stone wall serves as a source of supply. Because of the native character of this material it will always be in harmony with the landscape.

A Bad Night.

"I worked hard for this money," said the lone pedestrian

"So did I," growled the footput. "I've been standing around here for two hours in the rain warning for a boob like you to come along. There's no telling what the missus will say to me when she finds out I've get mg feet wet."-Birmingham Age-Merald.