Noted Welshman, Kin of Lloyd George, Coming

Arthur Walwyn Evans to Lecture at Redpath Tent.

"No one can imagine an Englishman having so much fun in him as Evans has," an editor recently wrote of Arthur Walwyn Evans, who lectures here on the first night of Redpath Week. "He just seems to bubble over with it. And yet, with all of his fun, he gives you a lot to think about."

Mr. Evans is not an Englishman proper, but a Welshman. He is, in fact, related to that famous Welshman Lloyd George, and seems to have inherited the same brand of Welsh wit and oratorical fire.

During the twenty-four years he lived in Great Britain Mr. Evans met Gladstone, Queen Victoria, King Edward, Asquith, Balfour, Joseph Chamberlain, Ruskin, Rudyard Kipling, Lord Roberts, Kitchener, General

ARTHUR WALWYN EVANS

Booth of the Salvation Army, and many other great men and women of England.

Mr. Evans from childhood, in England, saw history in the making. He studied social and political conditions from first-hand observation.

Then came his trip to America and the resolve to make this country his home. On this side of the ocean, also, he has acquired a wide knowledge of men and affairs. The great lecture which he will give here, "What America Means to Me," has been immensely popular everywhere.

There is a double-barreled viewpoint to "What America Means to Me" that is universally liked.

ADVERTISING APPLICABLE TO MANY FARM PRODUCTS

(By K. R. Zent, College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky.)

Elbert Hubbard has been quoted as saying: "Advertising is the education of the public, as to who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer in the way of skill, talent, or commodity. The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer the world in the way of commodity or service."

The bulk of farm products are marketed through well-established channels, especially in the case of such staple commodities as wheat, cotton and wool. These products reach the final consumer in an entirely different form. Although the use of bread and clothing could not be increased materially by the individual producer advertising the merits of the raw products, quite definite results in this respect are being obtained through the efforts of large scale cooperative marketing associations. A farmer's membership in one of these organizations represents his part in securing a broader market for his products.

Tremendous strides have been made in increasing the consumption of certain farm products that might be termed semi-luxuries. Examples of this class of products include citrus fruits, raisins, prunes, cranberries and dairy products. New uses have been developed and new markets opened for these products by the use of advertising media of all descriptions. This, again, has been the result of producers' organizations rather than individual farmers.

In spite of these limitations, practically every farmer at some time or other possesses products that could be sold more advantageously by investing in some form of advertising. It may be only a breeding animal that he desires to keep no longer. Through some sort of public notice he may be brought in contact with another farmer who is looking for exactly the same thing and would be willing to pay a good price for it.

Probably the farmer who is in a position to profit most by advertising is the specialized farmer who has for sale certain varieties, grades and brands, the demand for which can be expanded profitably by good advertising. Fruits, vegetables, honey, eggs, poultry, selected seed of staple crops and purebred livestock for examples of this class of products. The advertising appeal is based upon quality more than any other factor. Such points as well-graded fresh fruits and vegetables, sterile fresh eggs, high-yielding seed, and high-producing animals might be stressed. If the market is not too competitive, merely advertising the fact that you have a supply of a certain product for sale will reduce greatly sales effort and selling costs.

AN ORDINANCE

An ordinance creating an indebtedness of twenty five thousand dollars and the issuing of bonds as evidence thereof.

The City Council of the City of Carlisle, Kentucky, do ordain as follows:

Whereas the City of Carlisle, Ky. at the General Election held on the 8th of November, 1927, it being the regular election day, was authorized by the voters of said city to make an appropriation of Twenty Five Thousand Dollars and to incur an indebtedness to that extent, the same to be raised and evidenced by the issuing of bonds for the purpose of improving the Water Works System of Carlisle, by adding thereto a Filtering System, a notice of said election having been previously given by the City Council specifying the amount of indebtedness proposed to be created and the purpose of same and the amount necessary to be raised annually by taxation for the interest and sinking fund as provided by law, and,

Whereas, for the purpose of raising money for the improving of said Water Works System by adding a Filtering System to be done in accordance with the provisions of the Kentucky Statutes governing same,

Therefore, be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Carlisle, Ky., that there be issued by the City of Carlisle, Ky., fifty (50) bonds in denominations of Five Hundred Dollars, each bond bearing date of July 16th, 1928, and bearing interest thereon from date and evidenced by coupons attached thereto, at the rate of four and one half (4½) per cent per annum payable semiannually on the 16th day of January, and on the 16th day of July of each year, and said bonds to become due and payable twenty (20) years after said date, and the same together with the interest, to be payable at the office of the Treasurer of said City, in Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky.

Said bonds shall be signed by the Mayor of the City of Carlisle, Kentucky, and attested by the Clerk of said city under the City's seal, and the coupons attached to said bonds shall be signed and attested in like manner, saving the seal.

Said name of said Mayor and Clerk shall be lithographed or engraved upon the coupons attached to said bonds, and said bonds shall be numbered from No. 1 to No. 50 inclusive.

It is ordained that the said issuing of such bonds shall be for the purpose of improving the Water Works System of Carlisle, Ky., by adding thereto a Filtering System of water works, and to provide for the payment of the indebtedness incurred thereby for said city.

It is further ordained by the City Council of the City of Carlisle, Ky., that there shall be levied and collected on each One Hundred Dollars worth of real and personal property within the City an amount sufficient to provide for the payment of the semiannual interest on said bonds, and to create a sinking fund for the payment of said bonds at maturity. Said levy to be made each year at the time other taxes are levied for general purposes until the maturity of said bonds, and said taxes when collected shall be kept in the Treasury as a separate fund for such purposes. Said levy to be twenty five cents (25c) on the One Hundred Dollars.

It is further provided that the City shall have the power to loan at interest the funds in said sinking fund, provided such loans shall be called in and available to meet the warrants drawn on same for interest on bonds as the same mature. Said bonds to be sold and disposed of at not less than par value thereof, with accrued interest and the proceeds shall be used and expended in improving the Water Works System of Carlisle, Ky., by adding a Filtering System as aforesaid and shall be kept in separate funds by the Treasurer of the City of Carlisle, Ky, for the purpose and known as the Water Works Fund.

Citizens of Carlisle, Ky, who purchase any of said bonds shall be exempt from the payment of city taxes thereon.

Said bonds or any part of same may be redeemed at maturity or any interest paying date five years from date of said bond at the option of the City of Carlisle, Ky.

Said bonds shall be offered for sale at public outcry at the City building in Carlisle, Ky., by the Mayor after due advertisement in two issues in some weekly newspaper published in Carlisle, Ky.

The interest on said bonds for the current year shall be paid from the 25c levy for the Water Works Fund for the current year.

The City of Carlisle, Ky., reserves the right to offer said bonds in such lots and quantities as it may deem expedient and at the option of said City of Carlisle, Ky., and also the right to reject any and all bids.

Said bonds to be delivered and paid for immediately upon the acceptance of the bid or bids by the said mayor. This June——1928.

City Clerk
Mayor

BOND SALE

Water works bonds of the City of Carlisle, Kentucky.

Pursuant to an ordinance adopted by the City of Carlisle, Ky. on the 18th day of June 1928, I will on the 9th day of July, 1928, at 7:30 O'clock P. M. at the City Building, in Carlisle, Ky., offer for sale to the highest and best bidder (50) fifty bonds, or a lesser quantity if deemed expedient to do so, of the City of Carlisle, Kentucky, of the denominations of Five Hundred Dollars ($500.00) each.

Said bonds are issued in accordance with an ordinance adopted by said City Council on 18th day of June, 1928, under the laws of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, being issued by the City of Carlisle, Kentucky, for the purpose of improving the Water Works System of Carlisle, Ky. by adding thereto a Filtering System, and to provide for the payment of the indebtedness incurred thereby.

Said bonds are dated July 16th, 1928, and payable (20) years after date at the office of the Treasurer of the City of Carlisle, Kentucky, with interest at the rate of four and one half per cent per annum, payable semiannually upon the presentation and surrender of the proper coupons for the same with the option reserved in the said City to redeem said bonds or any part thereof at the maturity of any interest coupon, after five (5) years from date of said bonds.

The proceeds of the sale of said bonds shall be paid to the Treasurer of the City of Carlisle to be held as a Water Works Fund. The bonds will be offered in ($5000.00) Five Thousand Dollar Lots and then as a whole, the best bid or bids to obtain. The council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

The bonds will not be sold for less than par and the accrued interest thereon. Said bonds are to be delivered and paid for immediately upon the acceptance of the bid, or bids, by the Mayor.

RECOMMENDS SOWING ALFALFA IN SUMMER

The Agricultural Experiment Station recommends summer seeding of alfalfa, especially for the inexperienced grower, says a revived circular on the growing of this legume crop. The circular deals in a practical way with all phases of growing alfalfa, such as soil requirements, cost of preparing the land, seeding practices, preparation of the seed bed, date of seeding method of seeding, varieties and strains, inoculation, cutting and curing alfalfa hay, care of the alfalfa field, rotations including alfalfa, feeding value of alfalfa, alfalfa and soil improvement, and pasturing alfalfa. Farmers interested in sowing alfalfa this summer should see their county agent or write to the Station for a copy of this circular.

BRYAN'S DAUGHTER WINS

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan, defeated Congressman W. J. Sears recently in a primary in the Fourth Florida congressional district for the Democratic nomination. Her election in November is considered a certainty. Many old followers of Mr. Bryan will be pleased to learn that his daughter has been so honored.

DOES EUROPE NEED AMERICA?

Anna D. Olesen, Redpath Lecturer, Makes Answer.

Famous First Woman Candidate for U. S. Senatorship to Discuss European Situation.

Anna Dickie Olesen, of Minnesota, first woman candidate for U. S. senatorship, will speak here on the sixth afternoon of Redpath Week on "What Does Europe Think of Us?" Mrs. Olesen has just returned from Europe, and has made a graphic first-hand analysis of the changing attitude of the European powers toward America.

Mrs. Olesen made a spectacular record in political circles with her intensive campaign for senatorship. According to a leading national magazine she is said to have "broken all

ANNA DICKIE OLESEN

records, male and female, for political speaking."

Josephus Daniels, Ex-Secretary of the Navy, writing of Mrs. Olesen in the San Francisco Examiner, said, "She has quickness of intellect, a vivacious black-haired little woman with plenty of stamina and spirit. She does not attract merely by a pleasing personality, but by clean-cut presentation of live issues and an appeal to the moral conscience."

Shark fishing is one of Florida's industrial projects.

The ancient Egyptians knew how to make glass in blue, yellow, red, green, violet and black.

KNOW Your South and be a Partner ... in its Growth ...

CINCINNATI where the South begins

CINCINNATI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

What the "OLD RELIABLE" means to the Cincinnati Territory ...

THE OLD RELIABLE L&N LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.

WANTED AUTOMOBILES
We pay the very best price for late model used cars
Drive to our Showrooms
Open Sundays and Evenings
BURTON MOTOR SALES
Norwood 6460
4940-42 Montgomery Rd., Norwood
Cincinnati, Ohio

666
Cures Malaria and quickly relieves Biliousness, Headaches and Dizziness due to temporary Constipation. Aids in eliminating Toxins and is highly esteemed for producing copious watery evacuations.

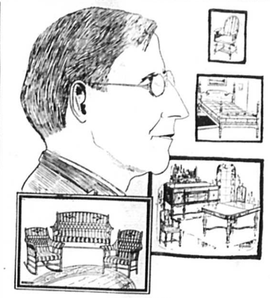
Main Street Garage
W. F. GAUNCE, Prop.
ERSKINE STUDEBAKER DODGE
Goodrich Tires

CURTAINS
House Cleaning Days are busy days. We can be of much help to you. We launder curtains, stretching them to measure, at the following prices per pair:
Lace 50c Net 50c
Ruffled 50c Scrim 35c
For Prompt and Courteous Service Call
THE C. C. COLE CO., Agent
Peerless Laundry & Dry Cleaning Co.

Produce Taken In Exchange For Merchandise The Same As Cash.
Your produce is just like money with us.
Sexton's Cash Store

Blue Grass Produce & Transfer Co.
Wholesale and Retail
Phone 21 Market St.

Dorsey Bros. & Fisher
If It's Building Material We Have It
Call 46-J



SAM T. HOWE

One of the most up to date furniture stores in this section of the country can be found in the furniture store owned by Sam T. Howe.

Mr. Howe was born in Flemingsburg 25 years before he moved to Carlisle and established his store, which has shown a considerable and steady growth since its doors were opened to the public. Mr. Howe, specializes in only one thing, and that is FURNITURE. For five years he gained considerable business acumen and experience in the wholesale commission business.

Mr. Howe is a Mason, Shriner, Knight Templar and Knight of Pythias. The slogan of his firm is "SATISFIED CUSTOMERS."

The Simmons and Iron Metal Beds as well as the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets are two of the famous trade marked brands he handles.

It Always Has—
turned warm. Sweltering days will come soon and then folk will begin to "live out on the porch" a large part of the time.
Comfortable and suitable Porch Furniture will add greatly to your summer comfort. We will be glad to meet your requirements in this line.
Our prices are always as low as is consistent with reasonable profit.
Sam T. Howe & Co.
Incorporated

Sam T. Howe & Co.
Incorporated
Furnture
For every room in the house
Satisfied Customers Our Hobby

Genuine Malta Double Shovel Plows
Five-Shovel Adjustable Shovel Plows
Three-Shovel Rastus Plows
New Idea Tobacco Setters
Latest Improved Cream Separators
Prompt Service, Good Quality, Right Price
Day Phone 36 Night Phone 206 or 383
CURRY & CAMERON

What You Want, We Have It
If it is
COATS
and you are hard to fit come to us. Just now we are offering some wonderful values—
20 to 50 percent off
The City Store

Salt Rising Bread
Baked Fresh Two Times On Saturday
8c a loaf 3 for 23c
Carlisle Bakery

$10 IN PRIZES
1st Prize $5; 2nd $3; 3rd $2
For the most attractive booklet made from this series of cartoons
Everyone eligible except employees of the Mercury and their families.
WATCH EACH WEEK

DINSMORE'S FOLLY

By Crittenden Marriott

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

W.N.U. SERVICE

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Of course I oughtn't to have caught his arm! I know that perfectly well. But I wanted to get out and I didn't have time to think up any other way to stop him. And he needn't have gotten so mad. He didn't run into anybody. He came near it, of course; but a miss is as good as a mile. I don't think our chauffeur could have been very brave, for he turned quite white and didn't speak for a minute—not till he had brought the car up to the curb.

"Get out!" he grated.

"What?"

"Get out! You wanted to get out, didn't you? Well, then, get! And thank your stars you don't have to be carried."

"You—you—you—" I sputtered. I was so mad I couldn't talk. So I got instead.

Josephine followed more slowly. She handed the man a banknote. "I'm sorry," she said.

The man took the money. "Thank you, miss," he said. "No harm done after all. But if you'll excuse me saying so, you'd better keep an eye on the other young lady, Miss." He started before I could find my voice. And he didn't give Josephine any change.

Josephine seemed to understand how I felt, for she caught my arm hurriedly. "We came very fast, didn't we?" she asked. "But why did you stop a block from home, Edie?"

The question brought me back to earth. "Good gracious!" I exclaimed. Can't you see? . . . Look?" I pointed.

A block away, in front of our house, the street was black with people. "Our dear neighbors have read the papers," I went on, "and have come to stare. I knew they would. Maybe we can get in without being noticed—much. We couldn't have if we'd arrived in a taxi."

Josephine looked at me, admiringly, I thought. "I never would have thought of that!" she murmured.

We were close to the house now and could see the people who were waiting. They did not look like neighbors, unless neighbors include everybody in New York. They seemed angry, too. I dropped my veil and motioned to Josephine to do the same.

"I don't know one of them," I whispered. "But some of them may know us."

Decidedly, the waiting people were angry—very angry. They were humming like bees. I could not understand it at first. "What the matter?" I asked a woman in a shawl who stood waiting.

She glared at me.

"What's the matter?" she echoed. "What's the matter, is it? It's ruin and destruction, that's the matter, so it is. That thafe of the world Dinsmore has stolen every cent I had laid up for me old age, that's what's the matter."

"Mr. Dinsmore? Stolen? It's not true," I gasped.

"Not true, is it? It's me that wishes to God it wasn't true! He's stolen all me savings and run away with them." She thrust a newspaper beneath my nose.

It was another and apparently a later paper than the one I had bought on the steamer. That had been chiefly headlines and text that repeated the headlines; this I saw at a glance contained columns of detail. I snatched it from the woman's hands and ran my eye down it.

It was awful. The paper seemed to have thrown restraint to the winds. According to it, Father had done everything—wrecked railroads, robbed banks, gambled in stocks, ruined thousands of widows and children—and had then disappeared. But he would be found soon; the railroads and ferries were all watched and—

I read no more. At least Father wasn't in jail. I turned on the woman. "I don't believe a word of it," I cried. "Father—"

Josephine clutched my arm abruptly and I stopped. It was the first time in all her life that Josephine had done anything abruptly; and I stopped and turned to see what was the matter. I thought that perhaps she had seen Father approaching. I couldn't imagine her clutching me for any less startling cause.

"What's the matter?" I gasped.

Josephine hesitated. "Don't you think— Don't you think—" she began. "That—that—"

I didn't know what she meant. But the woman was speaking and I turned back to her. "Father—" I began again.

But she did not allow me to finish. "An' what does your father know?" she broke in. "It is himself that knows more than the grand jury that indicted Dinsmore? It is himself that knows where Dinsmore got the money to build the foine house yonder all for himself and his two daughters? The hussies! It's tearing their clothes off'n their backs I'd like to be, so I would, I'd—"

"You—you," I spluttered. And again Josephine clutched my arm.

I knew what she meant now, but was too furious to listen. No one could call Father names in my presence without my speaking up. "You—you—" I raved. "You—"

"Whist!" The Irishwoman turned away. "Yonder they come. An' I hope they've got him." She turned toward the house.

My eyes followed hers, and for the first time that morning I really looked at the house. Then I gasped. I scarcely recognized it. The upper windows were all blanked by blinds that were pulled down to the very bottom; and the lower windows and the door were hidden behind the flat wooden frames that we always put up when we went away from town in the summer. Father had said nothing about putting them up; he had let us think that he was going to live at home while we were gone. And he must have set the servants to work on them as soon as we started for the boat.

But at the moment I had no time to think of that. The small door in the big entrance frame was open and through it three men were coming. Two were policemen, and one was—was—Thank Heaven, it wasn't Father! It was Harker, the caretaker who always lived in the house while we were away. He peered out and then dodged back and closed the door.

The two policemen came down to the pavement and to the patrol wagon that was waiting at the curb. As the second one climbed in he turned and spoke to a man who questioned him.

"Naw!" he said gruffly. "There won't be nothin' doin'. Dinsmore ain't here; and it's a safe bet he won't be. His daughters have sailed for somewhere; and there's nobody here but a caretaker. There's no use waitin'."

He spoke to the one man, but his big voice boomed over the street so that everybody heard it. Then he jumped into the wagon and it clattered away.

The crowd seemed satisfied, for it began to disperse, drifting away by ones and twos till no one was left except Josephine and me and an officer, whom I had not noticed before, who stood watching at the corner of the alley just beyond the house. As soon as I saw him I guessed that he had been stationed there to arrest or follow anybody who came to the house, and I made up my mind that he should not see Josephine or me. If the papers and the police thought that Josephine and I had sailed for Japan I would not undeceive them. We could hide and wait till Father turned up. Perhaps I—even I—could do something toward clearing away the cloud that rested on Father's name.

I turned to Josephine. "Come!" I said, turning away from the house.

Josephine stared at me. "Come where?" she asked. "Aren't you going home?"

"No!" I said. "We can't." I explained why we couldn't. "We can't go home. We've got to go to Dinsmore's Folly."

Josephine looked so amazed that I did not wait for her to speak. "I don't wonder you're surprised," I said. "But we've got to go there. We've nowhere else to go. Perhaps you've forgotten"—I had forgotten, too, and the fact made me a little sarcastic—"perhaps you have forgotten that Aunt Candice carried the money and that you and I are nearly busted—unless we go to the office and give ourselves dead away."

Josephine considered this for a moment. "Then," she said, "we can't afford to take a taxi out to Dinsmore."

"That's nothing." I wasn't going to admit that I had forgotten anything. "We don't need any taxi. We'll go in the subway. Come on."

I started and Josephine followed. For three blocks she followed in silence. Then just at the subway entrance she halted. "I've been thinking," she began.

I stopped and faced her. I had great respect for the result of Josephine's thoughts—when she reached them. She was slow but she was sure—often painfully so. "Well?" I questioned.

Josephine opened her big eyes wider. "I believe Father is on board the steamer," she said. "I believe that was why he sent us on her. I believe he expected to meet us on her after she got to sea."

"Good Lord!" My eyes popped wide and my mouth fell open. "If—" But there was no time for "ifs" just then. "Come along," I cried, clutching Josephine's arm. "We'll talk all that over at Dinsmore."

CHAPTER V

"Oh! h—l," said the duchess, who till then had taken no part in the conversation.

Fred says that any story that is a story ought to start with some such expression as the above. I couldn't work anything of the kind in at the beginning of this story. But—if not at the beginning of a story, why not at the beginning of a chapter?

Not that there is any duchess in this chapter or even in this story. But the state of mind that the quotation connotes certainly does portray the feelings of pretty nearly everybody that appears in this chapter and of a lot of people who do not appear. At least, it portrays their feelings a little later when they heard of the events that took place in this chapter. And if eventually, why not now?

Anyway, it goes double for me!

Josephine and I started for Dinsmore's Folly on the subway; anon we took a trolley car; some more anon we walked; and finally we arrived, after traveling for two hours without stopping, except for ten minutes that Josephine insisted on spending in a drug store at the end of the subway, while I stood beside a trolley car and begged the conductor not to start till my sister could join me. The conductor wouldn't promise, but he did wait. And then, after Josephine had come, he waited for a good five minutes longer. Brute!

It was a stiff walk (in high-heeled shoes) beyond the terminus of the line. More than once before I sighted the high stone wall that surrounded the Dinsmore place did I wish that I had thrown prudence to the winds and had insisted on spending our last nickels for a taxi. But it was too late then; besides, Josephine would never have agreed. Josephine is really penurious sometimes. Besides, I consoled myself, it would never have done to let a be-gossip of a chauffeur (all chauffeurs are be-gossips) drive two women to Dinsmore's Folly, while the newspapers were ringing with Father's indictment. We'd have had a dozen reporters out to interview us in no time.

At last (it was really not very far except for high-heeled boots) we came in sight of the high stone wall that marked the place. I know that this wall had only one break, an opening about a hundred yards wide, through which the front of the house looked out upon the river; and I expected to have to walk about an eighth of a mile farther before we could get into the grounds. But as we drew near I saw a wide break in the century-old wall that had not been there when we left a month before.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Somebody's been knocking down my wall." Yes, I called it my wall; somehow I was beginning to feel very kindly toward Dinsmore's Folly.

Josephine looked at the break critically. "More likely it's fallen of itself," she observed. "It was pretty old and crumbly, you know."

"Well, the road through it didn't make itself," I objected. "About a million wagons seem to have been using it for the past month. Of course, I don't want to play dog-in-the-manger. If people really can save time by short-cutting through the place, and if they aren't afraid their autos will shy at the sight of the architectural monstrosity of the house, I don't object. But I do think that Perkins might have informed me. However, since the hole is there let's follow it and save ourselves some steps." I stepped through the break and Josephine followed.

The new road joined one of the old ones inside the place and cut across an angle of the grounds to the front of the house. It certainly did lesson the distance materially.

We were about halfway to the house when something happened. Behind us there came a rattle and a roar and a crush, all blended in one. I whirled around (Josephine turned, too, but she didn't whirl), and there, bulging through the break in the wall, came an automobile at furious speed. Down upon us it thundered and we had just time to leap aside (even Josephine leaped), when it flashed over the spot where we had stood. As it passed I saw (that is, I suppose I saw, though it seemed to me that I saw nothing) that it had only one occupant, a young man with a stern set face, who leaned over the wheel, wholly oblivious of us. Even in that fraction of a second I thought I recognized him, but I had not time to make sure; and a second later the inevitable happened. The machine reached the front of the house, heading straight for the gate and for the river beyond. Then the driver seemed to see his danger and attempted to swing sharply to the right into the main road. But he was too late. For one heartbreaking instant the machine balanced on two wheels; then it went over and over down the steep bank and its driver hurtled through the air and landed in the river. I saw the water fly high in air as he struck.

For a moment I stood paralyzed, too horrified even to shriek. Then I grabbed Josephine and ran toward the house, dragging her after me. But my knees were buckling under me and my heart was pounding so that I couldn't breathe, and before we got to the spot it was Josephine who was helping me instead of me helping her. In fact, if it hadn't been for Josephine I believe I should have fallen down and perished right there; certainly I shouldn't have arrived until long afterwards.

When we did get there it was all over. Several men had appeared from nowhere (I guessed that they had been passing on the outside road), and had pulled the driver out of the water and carried him to the house. Perkins was just showing them in. From what I could see the driver seemed to be conscious though badly hurt. I wished that I could have seen him closer. I couldn't help believing that I knew him.

Perkins did not follow the party far into the house, for he came back to the door just as Josephine and I staggered up. The affair seemed to have shocked him as much as it had us, for his face was white beneath its tan; and his eyes, when they met ours, were big with panic. The gash that served him for a mouth had dropped open, and he seemed absolutely unable to speak.

Not that I gave him much time. In point of fact I gave him none. Josephine afterward said that I jumped down his throat.

"Oh, the poor man!" I cried. "Was he badly hurt? Can we do anything? Where have they taken him? Have you a comfortable place for him?"

Perkins' eyes grew wider than ever. He thrust out his neck and drew it in again, just like a vulture. He swallowed his Adam's apple once or twice. Then he grunted. "He'll no suffer, miss," he said. "The doctor man is with him the noo."

"The doctor? Good gracious! Is there a doctor here? Oh! I'm so glad. How did you get one so quick? But I suppose he was passing when it occurred and came right in."

"Perkins nodded. "Yes, miss," he stuttered. "I jalouse that was the way of it, miss. He was passing and came right in."

"And does he think—"

"He canna say just yet, miss. But he misdoubts that the gentleman isn't hurt serious, though he's bunged up a muckle, ye ken."

I drew a breath of relief. "I'm glad," I said. "Do you know who he is?"

Perkins flushed and I wondered why. But he shook his head promptly enough. "No, miss," he said. "I dinna know at all. But, begging your pardon, miss, I thought you had started for Japan, miss."

This brought me back to earth again. I nodded ruefully. "So we did," I acknowledged. "But we came back. Of course you've seen the papers?"

"Yes, miss."

"Well, I'll talk with you about things after a while. Meanwhile, we'll go to our rooms. Be careful not to tell a soul that we're here—not a soul, mind you."

"Your rooms, miss?" Perkins shot out and drew back his head till I thought he was going to shoot it clear off his shoulders. It was perfectly fascinating. "You canna stay here the noo, miss."

"We've got to stay till—but that will come later. Now—"

But Perkins interrupted. He seemed to be awfully worried. "You dinna ken what you'll be letting yoursel' in for, miss," he protested. "I'll no be able to make you comfortable, miss. 'Tis fair against reason—"

"Nonsense," I interrupted. I had never supposed that Perkins was such an old grandmother. "We know exactly what the conditions are. And we don't expect much under the circumstances. Anyway, we've got to stay—"

"But, miss—"

The man's objections were growing wearisome and I cut them short. "That will do, Perkins," I said, sharply. "We stay. And, remember, say nothing about our being here. No one knows it but you; and if it gets out I shall know whom to hold responsible."

I thought this was a very mild rebuke, and I was surprised by the effect it had on Perkins. His eyes wobbled, and his color came and went. I wondered whether he actually resented my speaking as I had. If he did he could resent and be—. That is he could resent and be— Oh, well! He could resent it as much as he liked. I hate to speak sharply to anyone, particularly to anyone who can't well resent it. But Perkins certainly had been too persistent. But then, after all, probably he had only been so because he feared we would be uncomfortable. I would—

I was casting about for something to say that would let him down easy, when he beat me to it. His eyes narrowed into the craftiest look. Then—

"Vera well," he said. "If you maun have your way, you maun, miss. Would I be tellin' everybody that you're no here, miss? Is there no somebody that knows you're here, miss?"

"Nobody'll come, I tell you. Not a soul knows we are here and—"

Josephine interrupted. "Not a soul knows it yet, Perkins," she interrupted. "Plenty of people will know it very soon. Mr. James will be out to see us tomorrow, perhaps tonight. Let us know when he comes."

I gasped. Never before had I known Josephine to interrupt or even to speak curtly. For a moment I could not understand her idea; then, abruptly, I read a new and sinister meaning into Perkins' objections to our living in the house, and into his questions as to whether anyone knew we were there. For the first time I realized that we were two lone girls, neither of us twenty-one years of age; that we were supposed to be on our way to Japan, and that we were actually asking domicile at a lonely house far out in the suburbs of the wickedest city in the United States. Who knew what risks we might run if Perkins supposed that no one knew we were there! What did we know of Perkins, anyhow? Grandfather had trusted him, but— Once started, my suspicions grew by leaps and bounds.

However, there was neither time nor opportunity to speak or even to think at the moment. The men who had helped to carry the injured man into the house were coming out. I longed to go and speak to the one whom I guessed to be the doctor and to ask him if we could do anything to help. But of course I couldn't speak without telling him who we were. So we could only stand aside and let him think us mere gawping curiosity seekers. However, if they did not take the man away, I hoped to help later.

They showed no intention of taking him away. All of them except the doctor went straight to an automobile that I now noticed was standing in the road and climbed in, apparently washing their hands of the matter. The doctor stopped just outside the door and beckoned to Perkins, who hurried toward him. I could not hear what he said, but I did not doubt that he was giving instructions as to the care of the man. A moment later he turned away, hurried to the road and got into the automobile, which instantly sped away.

To Be Continued

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Answers to Presidents' Question Game Number 12

1. The Police Strike which was settled while he was Governor of Massachusetts.
2. Great Britain, in the Venezuelan dispute.
3. Benjamin Harrison. Caroline Lavinia Scott, the first Mrs. Harrison, died in the White House, 1892. Harrison married Mary Scott (Lord) Dimmick in 1896.
4. The Democratic Party.
5. Mrs. Harding managed the Marion Star, of which Harding was the editor.
6. Fillmore's.
7. Gen. Winfield Scott, beaten by Pierce, also a general officer in that war.
8. Pierce. His other two sons also died in childhood.
9. Wilson, born in Virginia, elected from New Jersey.
10. John C. Fremont in 1856.

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