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A CLEVER FRIEND
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By Florence Lillian Henderson

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"I've made the mistake of my life!" announced Gerald Dyke.

"Love spat with Clio Barrett, I suppose?" intimated his close friend, Will Hampden.

"Quite the reverse," declared Dyke.

"There's no more Clio Barrett for me. That dream is ended. It's her father who has come upon the scene as the indignant and immovable destroyer of my life's happiness!"

Will Hampden looked interested and sympathetic.

"You see, I made a bad break in supporting our mutual friend, Dodd, for mayor. The progressive element felt that two terms for one man, even as good a man as Mr. Barrett, was enough. They put up Dodd. I electioneered for him, as you know, Will—one little speech."

"But Barrett carried the day."

"Yes, but by so small a majority that he feels piqued. Somehow he heard of my campaigning effort. That settled it. Just as Clio and I became engaged, he ordered me from the house—Clio in tears, myself in despair."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Hampden.

"It's what he will do. He's an unforgiving, pig-headed man in his likes and dislikes. I'm blacklisted in his books and he'll carry Clio away, or hide her away, but he'll outwit me. She is practically under guard. I believe he has emissaries watching me. It has taken me a week to get a note to Clio and a reply."

"She's true blue."

"Yes, but terribly despondent."

"Want my advice?" inquired Hampden deliberately.

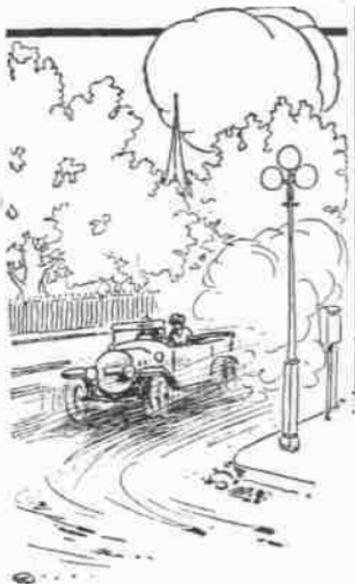
"What is it?"

"Run away with her."

Dyke had thought of that. So had Clio. He thought of it more than ever as he started off on a lonely,

meditative stroll. It was not so easy, however, he realized. He was satisfied that Mr. Barrett was keeping an eye on him. He knew that Clio was under the constant gaze of a trained chaperon. He had never yet passed the Barrett grounds but the gardener or the steward or the hostler was visible.

A bridge swung by steam power spanned the broad Vermillion river and the Barrett home was on the west side of the stream. From its



They Were Through the Town and Beyond It

center the Barrett home was in pretty clear view and Gerald had the doubtful consolation of posting himself there occasionally, to mournfully survey the spot where he had formerly been a welcome visitor.

On this especial day he strolled to the bridge. His heart fluttered as he made out in the distance a white-robed form among the distant flower beds. He had just written a note to Clio. He took it out of his pocket