



The REAL AGATHA

BY EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON
 PICTURES BY WEIL WALTERS FREY CAMPBELL ALESHIRE WILSON

We spent the evening of that day each according to his fancy—Vincent playing tag and blind-man's buff with four of the girls, while the fifth played on the piano, and I in the next room reading Edmund Burke's speeches aloud, while my adored Agatha Sixth did fancy-work. She really did everything very well. Finally Vincent and I took our leave, and when we were in our own rooms and Vincent had wrapped himself in my favorite bathrobe and appropriated my armchair, I was almost tempted to tell him all about it. Just as I was about to begin he spoke.

"Arch, my boy," he said—a disrespectful method of address, by-the-way, but I let him proceed—"Arch, my boy, do you know I like that girl, Agatha First? She's a true sport, and that plump little one with the blue eyes is a pace-setter."

"Agatha Third, you mean?" I asked.

"I've discovered that Miss Mason's eyes are gray, as gray as stars," he said, only half aloud, and disappeared into his room.

"Poppycock!" I shouted as the door closed behind him. Vincent's vagaries are hard to follow at times—stars certainly are not gray. That I knew to be absurd.

My new knowledge, while it robbed the affair of its piquant mystery—for I had decided that Agatha Sixth was in truth the real Honorable Agatha—made my game even more exciting, now that the stakes were assured. I read with Agatha Sixth, walked with her, talked with her, and played chess with her all the first week; and as nearly as I could make out Vincent's program ran something like this: Before breakfast he took a horseback ride with Agatha Fifth; after breakfast he played golf with Agatha First; tennis with Agatha Third; and took

but when it comes to the secretary, let her alone. To say nothing of what is due her, think of the time you're wasting. We have only six weeks—think of it—six weeks to make a try for twenty millions of dollars!"

"You forgot to say that a wife goes along with the filthy lucre," he said, and somehow I felt uncomfortable. Vincent has a faculty for making one feel uncomfortable. It makes me quite angry—he's no better than the rest of us, but he's so confoundedly innocent about some things.

I was going to explain to him that he needn't speak as if he thought that I were the sort of a man to marry a girl merely for her money—when his face lighted and he spoke more rationally.

"Gad," he said, "what a rare lark it would be to toss up a coin and take a chance at it. Six to one only—you'd have a good show to win out!"

"How foolish you are, Vincent!" I responded. "Suppose you took a chance at it, as you say, and just proposed to any one of them, when you had made no attempt to win her—wouldn't she know you were fortune-hunting? And if it should happen to be the real Agatha she'd refuse you on that account because it would defeat the object of her father's will; and if it were not the real Agatha she'd refuse you, too, because she'd know she had no fortune to give you."

"Of course," said Vincent, sighing, "you're right about that. But I tell you, Archibald, I'm not flirting with Miss Marsh. She's an awfully sensible little girl, and I go to her for advice about the course I'm pursuing with the Agathas. I need encouragement, you know. It's all such a beastly mess. One doesn't know with which one of the attractive young ladies to fall in love. It's so difficult to decide with that twenty millions hovering in the background. Just think, Arch, what the governor would say if his penniless younger son should bring that amount into the family. And the daughter of a baroness, too, it would be such a match! I can just see how tickled he'd be to have his youngest so well provided for. The dear old governor!"

And Vincent's eyes moistened. "So you see," he went on hurriedly, "Miss Marsh's attitude toward me is entirely friendly. She is merely the confidante of my difficulties of the heart, and her taste, I find, is excellent."

"It is also changeable," I said dryly. "If the course you have been pursuing is through advice of hers."

Vincent smiled. "And then you know," he went on, ignoring my thrust, "she's writing a very interesting book, the history of the barons of Wyckhoff, and I'm helping her. I'm awfully interested in genealogy, y' know."

This was true. Incongruous as it may seem, Vincent's one serious hobby—I don't consider his paint-dabbling serious—which had to do with research and scholarship, was his love for things ancient in general, and family trees in particular. It had been Baroness Wyckhoff's wish that some review of the lives of the barons of that name should be made, since the last one had died, and Mrs. Armistead had given her secretary this work to do. I eyed Vincent searchingly as he spoke, but his face was so thoroughly unconscious that my suspicions were disarmed completely.

"Yes," he said, "there are a lot of very interesting old books in that library."

"Yes," I said, "that's why you and Miss Marsh spend so much time there. I suppose. I'm glad to hear it. I really couldn't see what you thought was so attractive—A sharp blow in the chest interrupted my speech."

"Shut up," Vincent hissed in my ear; "don't you see Miss Marsh?"

As he spoke that young person tripped lightly up the wide stone steps of the veranda and was about to pass on when Vincent stopped her.

"Good morning," he said, his hat in his hand. "Are you beginning work so early?" and he looked at the papers carried under her arm.

"Yes," she said, "I have a new idea about that last chapter we wrote."

"I'm sorry I can't be with you this morning," he answered, and she passed into the house. She wore a white frock and a natty little blue apron, and I must admit looked very fresh and dainty, but Wilfred's tone was so cool and conventional that I mentally freed him again from my accusation that he was in the midst of a warm flirtation, though you will agree with me that appearances had been very much against him.

But that evening when he and I were having our nightly bedroom colloquy I was obliged to admit that Vincent, considering his methods, had accomplished a great deal. With some embarrassment he related to me the tale of his horseback ride in the morning, and I must say it completely unsettled my belief in the discovery I had made as to the identity of the real Honorable Agatha Wyckhoff. Neither Vincent nor I knew what to make of it.

"Do you know, Arch," he said, striding up and down my room, "I've been through a horrible experience to-day? It was an awful shock to me, and a lesson."

"I'm glad it was a lesson," said I.

There are so few lessons in Vincent's life.

"Yes," he said, "I felt like a beastly cad. And I don't see what I've done to deserve it. Of course, I've held her hand a couple of times—"

"That bad habit of yours again," I murmured.

"And I've looked at her a lot—she's got the most soul-moving eyes y' know."

I didn't know, but I nodded. The boy was very much in earnest.

"But I never thought," he went on—"I never thought she—"

He stopped and the words seemed to stick in his throat.

"Great heaven, man," I cried in my impatience, "get it out. What didn't you think she'd do?"

"I never thought she'd really care for me," he muttered, shamefacedly, and turned his back on me.

"What do you mean?" I demanded, impatiently. He is most exasperating.

"Why, this," He ceased his restless walk and stood on the hearth rug, facing me. "We'd been out about an hour this morning, Agatha Fifth and I, and we'd been getting up into the hilly country, when suddenly we came out of the woods and saw below us the grandest stretch of country you can imagine."

Here he broke off and went into a rhapsody over the sky-line and the grazing sheep, and said something about Utopia and Eden and other things like that, until he got through at last and came to the interesting part. They can't help going on like that, these artist fellows, and Vincent never loses an opportunity to get in a bit of description.

"Well," he continued, "I was just enjoying that view and saying nothing, when she stopped switching the tops of the barebells with her crop and, turning those warm hazel eyes of hers on me, she said in a low voice, as if what she said didn't matter at all, 'I love you!'"

"What!" I shouted. "She didn't?"

"She did," asserted Vincent ruefully, but with firmness—"She did. Just like that, out of a clear sky. Simply folded her hands and looked at me and told me she loved me."

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" I ejaculated. Nothing else seemed adequate. "What under the sun did you do?"

"Why, I told her simply that I didn't love her, and couldn't marry her, and I was very sorry, but I thought we'd better get on our horses and go home."

"Quite right, if you don't really care," I said, "but oh, Vincent!" as a thought struck me, "just think, she might have been the Honorable Agatha—the real and only honorable!"

"She was!" said Vincent.

I was speechless. This was the end of it, then. I saw the millions taking unto themselves wings, and my pan of milk spilled. The real Honorable Agatha had been discovered, the secret was out, but she had avowed herself as loving Vincent and he had spurned her. After such a performance there was no chance for either of us.

"How do you know she was?" I asked, weakly.

"She told me so herself," he answered.

"But after you refused her, I suppose?"

"Of course," said Vincent, resignedly.

"But, Wilfred, my boy," I cried, springing up, and knocking off my glasses in my excitement, "couldn't you change your mind, couldn't you fix it up? If she really cared I should think you could!"

Though this event would have proved the deathblow to my own hopes, still my interest in Vincent's welfare is so genuine that I couldn't help this anxious expostulation. But again he misunderstood.

"You don't mean that, I know, Arch," he said. "Of course I wouldn't marry the girl when I really don't care for her. But wasn't it the deuce of a position to be in?"

"Oh, Wilfred, Wilfred!" I mourned, "twenty millions right in your grasp, and you threw them away. I wish I'd had your chance. Your poor father, how disappointed he'd be if he knew."

"He'd be more disappointed in me if I had changed my mind and said I would marry her just for the sake of the money," said the young man, crossly, and turning on his heel he left the room. Vincent's getting more quick tempered every day lately, and he used to be so good natured. I'm sure it was only natural and very disinterested in me to bewail for him the result of the unfortunate affair that morning.

(To be continued.)

Bert Barber, of Elton, says: "I have only taken four doses of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done." Sold by Lamborn Drug Co.

Ute Independent: The Oto Leader with Prof. Healey proprietor, came out in so changed a form and presented so much neater appearance last week than usual that we had to look twice to be sure it was the Leader. Its new editor may not be onto his job yet but he certainly has made a good start.

Schleswig Leader: A new band has recently been started in Schleswig with a membership of fourteen. The boys practice continually and Geo. Gregg of Denison, gives them one lesson each week. All hope they will continue practicing, and it won't be long before they will favor us with some good band music.

VAIL ITEMS.

Margaret Champion visited her sister, Mrs. J. P. Dougherty here the first of the week.

Mrs. J. P. D. Cranny spent Saturday in Denison visiting her sister, Mrs. Van Vleet.

William and Freda Brust and Fae Ratchford visited a couple of days here on their way to Lake View.

John Holland made a business trip to Arion Monday.

Miss Margaret Short went to Omaha Sunday for a week's visit with relatives.

Geo. Dieter, wife and daughter, May left Sunday for West Point, Neb., for a week's visit with Mrs. Dieter's relatives.

Mrs. Chas. Suiter and son Oris visited in Denison a part of this week.

Mrs. J. M. Glynn and Miss Clara McAndrew and Marian Langan made a business trip to Denison Tuesday.

Mrs. D. Tempest and daughter Violet are visiting friends in Denison this week.

Mrs. Jenkins and Margaret Regan left for Lake View Tuesday for a couple of weeks' visit with Mrs. T. F. Ratchford and family.

John Curry, of Seward, Neb., visited here Tuesday evening between trains.

F. F. Jorgenson returned to Buxton, after an extended visit at home. Alma Kruger, of Omaha, Neb., is visiting at the Bartley Mitchell home.

John Odien and family, of Arcadia, were Sunday visitors here.

Willie Fitzsimmons, of South Omaha, arrived here Monday for a visit among relatives and friends.

Kate Fremel returned home from Denison, after a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Leahy.

P. J. Monahan, of Council Bluffs, visited his mother here the first of the week.

A. J. Adams made a business trip to Omaha Monday.

John McCormick Jr. was a Denison caller Friday.

Maurice O'Conner and wife were called to Denison Thursday by the sudden illness of Mr. O'Conner's niece.

Mrs. John Powers visited a couple of days in Denison with her sister, Mrs. O'Conner.

The Chas. Weisbrod children, of Des Moines, are at the John Kral home for the summer.

Rose Barrett and Marcella Dean were Denison visitors Wednesday.

Mr. Watland and wife, of New Sharon, are visiting the Stuck and Vail families.

Mary and Annie Gallagher left Tuesday morning for a week's visit at Presho, South Dakota.

A new cement walk was put in at the Kate Etzel place occupied by John Maloney.

Dan Scanlon and wife were in Sioux City Wednesday to see Mrs. Scanlon's sister, Mrs. Mike Harrington, who underwent a serious operation at St. Joseph's hospital.

Mrs. Will Mitchell and children and Agnes Clausen visited in Denison Tuesday.

Mary and Kate Kelly visited friends here Saturday.

Mrs. Pierce, of Omaha, arrived here Tuesday for a few days' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Farley.

James Duffy and wife Sundayed in Denison.

Mary Roche departed for Ireland Sunday evening.

John Murphy, Earl Duran and Ella Kennedy visited in Carroll Sunday.

Margaret Powers and nephew Earl Kenser, of Chicago, are visiting at the John McGovern home.

Kate Hassett, of Denison, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Pat Lane.

Joe Monahan, of Denison, spent Sunday here.

A number of our people attended the races at West Side Friday and Saturday.

The Misses Mary and Lizzie Welsh returned from the east Sunday.

Evelyn Fitch of Carroll, spent Sunday at home.

The Miss Hamiltons, of Jefferson, are visiting friends and relatives here.

John Magill and wife were in Omaha Friday on business.

Just Like Finding Noney

To get rid of your old iron for cash. I am paying \$5.50 per ton for old iron. Other metal at right prices.

KAPLIN'S

At new N. W. Passenger Depot.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 637 E. St., Washington, D. C.

BUCK GROVE LOCAL.

Dr. Wright of Denison transacted business here a couple of days last week.

Mrs. George Harvey has been enjoying a visit from two sisters-in-law from Indianola, during the past week. They returned home Saturday.

While June Slater was plowing corn last week he almost drove into a large swam of bees which had settled on the ground. He sent for our local bee man who soon removed them to other quarters.

Doctor Bonney and son Sidney drove over to Dunlap Thursday, and had a pleasant visit with Mr. Miles, a brother bee man, who is located in that vicinity.

Albert Stegeman and wife are the happy parents of a baby boy, who arrived one day last week. It is hard to tell who is the proudest, Albert or Grandpa Stegeman.

Mrs. J. C. Richter and two children, of Manilla, visited with the campers at the Slater cottage Wednesday.

Cal. Carpenter carries off the palm for one of our smartest farmers, for he harvested his wheat July 9th. Who can beat that record?

The Q. P. C. club, of Manilla, visited friends at the cottage in the grove Thursday.

Maggie Finnigan returned to her home in Omaha Tuesday.

Two of our Buck Grove ladies went to the woods for gooseberries last Saturday and after picking what they wished determined to find a nice shady place and rest awhile. While wandering about they came to an ideal place where the grass was thick and the shade abundant, under one tree a hammock was hung, a number of sofa cushions and fans lay on the grass while half hidden in tufts of grass in a cool place was a pitcher of water and a glass, while a couple of books were also on some cushions and in the hammock. Not a soul was in sight and the two ladies thought this certainly an ideal place. They did not trespass, but contented themselves under a shady tree not far away and after a while Mrs. Cicero Morgan appeared on the scene and proved to be one of the goddesses of the sylvan spot. She was soon followed by her husband and he in turn by Miss Prosser and we proceeded to get acquainted, to find that we had invaded one of the retreats of the Manilla campers. We had a very pleasant visit and the ladies of Manilla are certainly to be congratulated that they have such a lovely place in which to rest and recreate. Cicero Morgan and wife are to go home Tuesday as Mr. Morgan's two weeks vacation has expired. Some others will take their places however, so the little party will not grow smaller. Judging from the company these ladies have from Manilla, they are capital entertainers.

John Dee is still quite ill and is under the doctor's care. If he doesn't soon improve he may go to the hospital for a couple of weeks soon.

Rev. Father Coffey, of Manilla, was calling on friends here Tuesday.

Mr. Finnegan, from Omaha, visited his brother, our mayor, for a few days last week.

Ben Quathamer, wife and children are expected home this week from a trip to Nebraska.

The well at Mrs. George Harvey's went dry last week during the excessive warm weather, without any apparent cause. She will have it dug deeper and if that does not do will have to have another one drilled. This is bad weather to be deprived of water supply.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Meara and Leo drove over to Dow City Sunday.

Mrs. J. P. Welsh was somewhat under the weather Sunday, but is better at this writing.

At this writing Mr. Dee is able to sit out doors under the trees, which is good news to his many friends. Mr. Dee is one of the old settlers of this part of the country.

Mrs. Lute Peterson has been enjoying a visit from her mother, Mrs. Mary Nelson, who stopped here on her way home from Murdo, South Dakota, where she was visiting another daughter, Mrs. Nelson left for her home at Irwin Saturday.

Mr. Weiss has just completed one of the finest barns in this part of the country and last Saturday had a housewarming to celebrate the event. Friends, young and old gathered from far and near and merriment ran high. In fact joy was unconfined. Quite a delegation of friends and relatives came down from Manning Saturday morning to help in the celebration, but your scribe did not learn their names. They returned to their homes Sunday evening.

Grace Griffin went to Dow City Monday for a short visit.

"E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.,—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. In the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received all the gold in Georgia could not buy. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly, C. N. Corneil, Roding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906."

Sold by Lamborn Drug Co.

AGATHA SECOND.

AGATHA SECOND OUT STRETCHING. In the afternoon Agatha Fourth played Chopin to him by the hour. Agatha Sixth had not approached, fearing me, as was natural. In the evening he played games with them all or retired into the library with Agatha Fifth, who seemed to have lost her head over him completely.

This program he repeated day after day with reckless lack of generalship and yet every now and then, to my surprise and disgust, I caught him deep in his unfortunate flirtation with Mrs. Armistead's secretary. It wasn't fair to the poor girl, and I told Vincent so plainly. We were sitting on the low stone balustrade of the castle—Vincent in riding clothes and looking as fine a lad as any in old England. He was waiting for Agatha Fifth to go riding with him, although it was later than usual, all of us having breakfasted. For myself, I wore my tennis things, which become me greatly, if I do say it, for I intended to play a set with those tennis fanatics, Agatha Second and Agatha Third, as the aristocratic Agatha Sixth was a late riser and had not yet come downstairs.

"No, Vincent," I said, "it won't do. Flirt with all the Agathas, if you must."

"What is it?" he said, without the slightest interest, and I changed my mind again.

"Nothing," I said. "I've forgotten what it was."

Vincent rose, and, stretching himself mightily, went toward his own room. At the door he turned and smiled one of the smiles he does not often give to men, and I felt that this one was not meant for me.

"I've made a discovery, too, Arch," he said.

I stared at him in amazement, wondering what was coming.

"What's that?" I asked.

"I've discovered that Miss Mason's eyes are gray, as gray as stars," he said, only half aloud, and disappeared into his room.

"Poppycock!" I shouted as the door closed behind him. Vincent's vagaries are hard to follow at times—stars certainly are not gray. That I knew to be absurd.

My new knowledge, while it robbed the affair of its piquant mystery—for I had decided that Agatha Sixth was in truth the real Honorable Agatha—made my game even more exciting, now that the stakes were assured. I read with Agatha Sixth, walked with her, talked with her, and played chess with her all the first week; and as nearly as I could make out Vincent's program ran something like this: Before breakfast he took a horseback ride with Agatha Fifth; after breakfast he played golf with Agatha First; tennis with Agatha Third; and took

A New Orleans woman was thin. Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food. She took Scott's Emulsion. Result: She gained a pound a day in weight.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00