The REAL AGATHA

BY EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON

PICTURES BY WEHL WALTERS FREY CAMPBELL ALESHIRE WILSON

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I sat down on the stool. "Sit down," I said, with quiet authority, "and we'll talk it over." He sat down. In moments like this he forgets his independence and remembers that at one time he used to obey me habitually. I wanted to comfort him, but I knew my duty better. "Vincent," I said, appealingly, "don't you see it won't do? She's no match for you—a girl with no family and no money, and of her station in life. Give it up, I implore you. Think of your father. There has never been a mesalliance in the family; it would break his heart."

Vincent raised his head. "Mrs. Armistead says her family is perfectly respectable," he said. "I asked her."

"Perfectly respectable!" I repeated, contemptuously. "Think of a Vincent marrying a girl who has nothing in her favor but the fact that her family was 'perfectly respectable!'"

Vincent sighed pathetically and I delivered one more blow. "Think," I said; "your brother Edmund is over 40, unmarried, and a sufferer from rheumatism of the heart, as you know. Suppose he should die—wouldn't you make a more creditable heir to the title if you hadn't tied yourself up to a wife of obscure origin—a penniless American girl? And if you don't come into the title you're only a younger son, and you know yourself your propensity for getting into debt, and the foreign office for a boy of your age is not a paying business. No, Vincent, you're not cut out for making money, and it's certain you can't depend on your father forever. Can't you see how rash and foolish you are to consider such a thing?"

I leaned over and put my hand on Vincent's shoulder. He turned his head, and when I felt his smooth cheek against my hand I knew that the battle was won.

"I'm awfully sorry, Arch," he said, "that I was such a beast last night. I'll never forgive myself for trying to strike you. Only, you see, I lost my head, and I didn't know quite what I was doing." "Of course," I said, "I understand—" But he would not let me stem the tide of his remorse. "And then, you know, what you said was very hard to bear, and you see, after all, it wasn't true. She told me it wasn't. Did you hear her?"

"Yes," I assented, "and I believe she told you the truth."

"Of course; but then you're always right, Archibald, always right. When I go away from here and never see her any more"—his lips quivered uncontrollably—"I may be able to forget her."

"Of course you will," I assured him, cheerily, though there was a lump in my throat. "Men have died, but not for love. Many have been as hard hit as you and have recovered."

"Oh, yes," agreed my patient, but without enthusiasm; but at any rate I had gained my point, and Vincent had agreed with me that marriage with the secretary was too rash and foolish for him to contemplate.

"By-the-by, Arch," he said, carelessly, as we still sat before the fire trying to make believe that the incident of the secretary was closed, "I have something to tell you. The secretary told me outright which one of the six girls really is the daughter of Fletcher Boyd."

I looked at him in utter astonishment. "What!" I said, excitedly; "do you mean to say she deliberately gave away the secret? Which one is it, for Heaven's sake? And why did she do it?"

"It's Agatha Sixth. You were right all along. As for the reason, I don't know what she did it for, unless—unless—" he hesitated. "She's such an honorable little thing I think she felt that the marriage would displease my family, so she wanted to turn me from what she saw was coming and used the disclosure of the Honorable Agatha's identity for bait. Come on to bed," he added, with a little return of his old spirit; "you'd better get rested for your last try for the twenty millions. If you make up for past neglect you ought to win Agatha Sixth hands down."

"Then you don't mean to try?"

His face clouded again. "I don't mean to try," he said, and we went up to our rooms in silence.

And so we came to the last four days of our stay at Castle Wyckhoff, and I began subtly and by degrees to win back my former place in the regard of Agatha Sixth, and with every inch of ground I gained in my pursuit of the Honorable Agatha I thought of Vincent with a fresh pity.

The evening before the last day of our stay we all spent together in the music room. We were very jolly, and yet underneath it all I think the girls were a little saddened by our approaching departure, and Wilfred and I felt a certain regret that the end of our delightful visit had come, though of course I had fully determined to propose to Agatha Sixth on the morrow. I was rather surprised, therefore, when Vincent suddenly complained of headache and, excusing himself, went up to his room. When I went up to my own room I rapped on his door, but he made no answer and I concluded that he must be asleep. The next morning, much to my astonishment, he did not saunter in and out of my room as he was accustomed to do of a morning, but as it was late I did not stop to investigate. But when ten o'clock came, and still no Vincent, I went up to his room, for I thought he should be up and doing on this, his last day at Castle Wyckhoff, when he was to leave for London on the 4:15 train that afternoon. I say "he" not "we," for I felt more confident of my success with Agatha Sixth that day than I had done the evening before, and although I had not yet had the opportunity to put the great question, I felt that it was very possible that in the guise of accepted lover I might not have to take the 4:15 that afternoon.

When I reached Vincent's room I knocked twice, and, receiving no answer, entered, and was somewhat alarmed to find that he was not there, though his bed had been slept in. Anxious, without knowing why, I tore downstairs and called for Mrs. Armistead. That good lady met me at the foot of the stairs in answer to my summons, with an air as anxious as my own.

"Have you see Lord Vincent?" I asked her.

"Have you seen my secretary?" she replied, without answering my question. "She's not in her room, though her bed has been slept in. But she hasn't had her breakfast, and I can't find her anywhere."

"You don't mean it!" I ejaculated, and a sickening fear turned me cold.

"Perhaps this has something to do with it," said Mrs. Armistead. "I found it on the front hall table underneath the mail bag."

Her anxiety was apparently sincere, and yet somehow it rang false to me. With impatient fingers I seized the folded paper she drew from her reticule. It read as follows:

"Dear Old Arch: Sorry to deceive you so, but I've gone and done it—that rash, foolish thing you told me not to do; at least, by the time you get this note the deed will be done. And I so dreaded your reproaches that I never so much as asked you to be the best man. But I couldn't help it, Arch, honest I couldn't. Not to save my soul. She shouldn't have had eyes like stars and hair like autumn leaves. As for the money, hang the stuffy old millions, I say! Every pound of it is so many glass beads to me in comparison to what I have this day gained. I wish you joy of them and of the Honorable Agatha. Dear old boy, forgive me if you can; and if you want to do me one last favor come down to the station in time to meet the eleven-seventeen for London and hear my last injunctions. VINCENT."

"When did you find this?" I gasped. But I didn't wait to hear her reply, for a glance at the hall clock told me that it was five minutes of eleven. Bareheaded I rushed around to the stables and fortunately found Christopher just putting the mare into the dogcart. "Get in," I yelled, "and drive like sin!"

"Sin, sir? Where, sir?" asked Christopher.

"The station!" I cried, jumping up beside him; and we flew down the winding drive at a pace that I would not think of attempting in cold blood.

Through Mrs. Armistead's criminal delay in handing me the note many valuable minutes had been wasted, yet I thought I should still be in time perhaps to save Vincent from carrying out the last fatal step of his incredible folly. It might not be too late to part them, for in spite of what he had said in his note I could not believe that the worst had actually happened. As we approached the last strip of woods before we reached the station I caught sight of a puff of white smoke down the track. A moment later, when we drew up at the platform, the great locomotive thundered into the station, and there, at the other end of the platform, I saw them. There was Vincent, clad in the things he had worn on the train when we had first come through the fields of Wye, and with him was a remarkably pretty girl with beautiful wavy red hair, in a gray tailor suit and a smart black hat. Of course it was the secretary.

I waved at them frantically and they waved in return, and I could see Vincent smiling happily at me as they entered one of the carriages. As I came up with their carriage Vincent opened the window wide and thrust his head out. "Oh, Vincent!" was all I said; "am I too late?"

"Not at all," he said, genially; "you're just in time to congratulate me. But what I wanted of you, Arch"—and he leaned toward me and lowered his voice—"was to ask you to break it to my father."

"Then it's true?" I said, not quite able to believe it, even yet.

"Yes, it's true," he said aloud, and with a radiant smile he drew back a little so that I could see the erstwhile Miss Marsh. "It's true that I've married the secretary."

"But it's not," said that lady, much to my surprise, and thrusting out her pretty head. "It's not true a bit. He hasn't married the secretary at all. I was only 'playing' secretary. He's married no one but the Honorable Agatha, the first, last, and only honorable!"

And for proof of her astonishing words she snatched off her glove and displayed to my marveling gaze the big emerald cross of the Wyckhoff ring, winking in the sunshine.

At this moment the train began to move, and I was filled with a sudden and justifiable rage that Vincent should have so deceived me. To think that he had been in the secret all the time and had helped to make a fool of me! But one look at his face proved to me that I had done him an injustice. He was as stricken with amazement as I was, and I knew that then, and not until then, had he become acquainted with the truth. Gathering my wits quickly, for the train was moving faster, I ran after their carriage till I caught up with the window again. "Good-by!" I shouted, and "God bless you!" And Vincent, reaching out his big hand, had just time to catch mine in his strong grasp before I dropped back, outstripped, and he had withdrawn his radiant face from my view.

Afterward I learned many things. First, that they had been married very early that morning, before the rest of us were up, in the little chapel at Wye, with Mrs. Armistead, who was in the secret, as witness. That explained her delay in giving me the note. Dreading my interference, they had not wished me to know until the whole thing was well over and Mrs. Armistead back at Castle Wyckhoff. Second, that it had been the Honorable Agatha's own idea to play the part of secretary to her aunt, thus improving upon her father's plan, and making it still more difficult for the competing suitors to discover her identity. Third, that her reason for telling Vincent that Agatha Sixth was the real Honorable Agatha was only to prove him once more and to the uttermost. And Vincent had stood the trial without faltering and had even proved himself equal to disregarding my wishes. Yet I really think that on that night when he had agreed with me that it was best to give her up he meant to do so, but his love for the girl proved stronger than his love for gold or his feeling for his friend. And it was thus that the boy won—because he had loved truly and faithfully.

And I also learned afterward that the six Agathas, shortly after the elopement of Vincent and the secretary-that-was, had all gone to their homes in America. Later some of them married certain suitors who had once been guests at Castle Wyckhoff. Among these were Agatha First and young Brancepeth, who, I am happy to say, has led a reformed life since his marriage. And it also came to pass that Vincent and his bride took possession of Castle Wyckhoff as their country seat when they came back from their honeymoon. And there I often visited them.

But on that eventful day when the train had pulled out of the station none of these things was known to me, and I stood on the platform dizzy with the unexpected turn events had taken.

And so it was that Vincent got ahead of me, just as he has always done. And so it was, also, that I returned to London, still an eligible bachelor, still the prey of match-making mammas and smiling debutantes.

There was but one comforting thought in the mixture of disappointment and chagrin that made the sum of my feelings as I drove slowly back to the castle. This much had been given me: At least I had not made the fatal mistake of proposing to the wrong Agatha, and I hugged myself as I thought how near I had come to putting the question to Agatha Sixth that very morning. That, at least, I had managed to avoid. From that folly the innate caution and unerring instinct of Archibald Terhune had preserved him. Thank Heaven!

THE END.

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In Good Luck.

"About two years ago my father came here from Mason City, Iowa, on a visit" says O. L. Scott, Duffield Mich. "While here he was taken sick with diarrhoea and cramps. I gave him several doses of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and it cured him." This remedy always cures. It is for sale by Ph. A. Schlumberger.

BUILDING PROPOSALS.

Sealed bids will be received for the building of a parsonage for the First Presbyterian church in accordance with plans and specifications prepared by E. L. Barber, Architect.

Sealed bids to be sent to J. F. Glenn, Secretary, and marked, "Bids for building of parsonage."

Plans may be seen at the office of the Architect or J. F. Glenn on or after August 1st, and bids will be received up to 2 p. m., August 15, 1908, right to reject any and all bids being reserved.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Church.

J. F. GLENN,
32-2t. Secretary.

PROPOSALS TO BUY PARSONAGE

Sealed bids will be received for the building now occupied as a parsonage and situated on part of the Presbyterian Church property, said bids to be for the building. Said building to be moved off of the Church property within fifteen days after successful bidder is notified of the acceptance of his bid.

Also bids the successful bidder to move the building into the street and place it there to be occupied by the Pastor until the new parsonage is completed (without rent.) the building to be moved off of the church property within fifteen days after the successful bidder is notified of the acceptance of his bid.

Sealed bids to be received by J. F. Glenn. secretary of the Board of Trustees, up to 2 p. m., August 15, 1908, and shall be marked, "Bid for old parsonage," right being reserved to reject any and all bids.

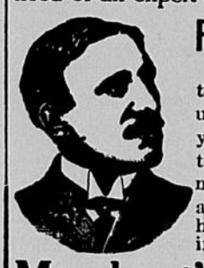
By order of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Church.

J. F. GLENN,
32-2t;. Secreatry.

An Excellent Opportunity For the Sick

Consult This Able Specialist

Dr. Stockdale of Des Moines, Ia., will again visit our city regularly every four weeks and personally examine and treat any who are in need of an expert specialist.



Free Treatment

On the occasion of this visit, as is his usual custom once a year, the doctor will treat absolutely free, medicine excepted, all who call to see him at his office, in the

Merchant's Hotel,

From 10 a. m. to 6. p. m

Wednesday, Sept. 2nd.

Dr. Stockdale is a true specialist having gained his knowledge in the best Medical Colleges and Hospitals and through many years of hard study and experience in special practice. The doctor reserves the privilege of refusing to accept cases which he considers incurable. Bear in mind that Dr. Stockdale personally examines each case.

Diseases Successfully Treated

Chronic Catarrh, Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys; Dyspepsia, Constipation and Rheumatism.

Men who are suffering from nervous and Physical Weakness.

Also Blood and Skin Diseases. Consultation Free and Confidential.

If you cannot call on the doctor, write for free examination blank. Address

DR. B. A. STOCKDALE,

Utica Bldg. Des Moines, Iowa

ORIGINAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of Iowa in and for Crawford County.

FRED GRONAU, Plaintiff,
vs.
George Z. Silsbee, James J. Storrow and Dudley B. Fay, trustees under the will of Richard S. Fay, deceased, of Boston, Massachusetts; Richard S. Fay, William P. Fay, Catherine S. Fay, Elizabeth P. Fay, Elizabeth Parker, Katherine P. Everett, Elizabeth B. Fay, and Dudley B. Fay, and the heirs assigns of all said defendants, and of the said Richard S. Fay, of Boston, Massachusetts, unknown claimants of all of the North-half of the Northeast one-fourth (n½ ne¼) of Section twenty (20) lying north and east of the center of the Public Highway as now located and established across the said North half of the northeast one-fourth [n½ ne¼] of section twenty [20], Township eighty-five [85], North Range thirty-eight [38], West of the 5th P. M., Defendants.

AT THE SEPTEMBER TERM, 1908

ORIGINAL NOTICE

To the Defendants, George Z. Silsbee, James J. Storrow, and Dudley B. Fay, trustees under the will of Richard S. Fay, deceased, of Boston, Massachusetts; Richard S. Fay, William P. Fay, Catherine S. Fay, Elizabeth P. Fay, Elizabeth Parker, Katherine P. Everett, Elizabeth B. Fay and Dudley B. Fay, and the heirs and assigns of all said defendants, and of the said Richard S. Fay, deceased, of Boston Massachusetts, unknown claimants of all of the North half of the Northeast one-fourth (n½ ne¼) of Section twenty (20) lying north and east of the center of the Public Highway as now located and established across the said North Half of the Northeast one-fourth (n½ ne ¼) of Section Twenty (20), Township Eighty-five (85.) North, Range Thirty-eight (38.) West of the 5th P. M., Craword County, Iowa.

You and each of you are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the Clerk of District Court of Iowa, in and for Crawford County, a petition in equity by the Plaintiff, Fred Gronau, alleging that he is the absolute owner in fee of the following described real estate situated in Crawford County, Iowa, to-wit: All of the North Half of the Northeast One-fourth (n½ ne¼) of Section Twenty [20], lying north and east of the center of the Public Highway as now located and established across the said North Half of the Northeast One-fourth of Section Twenty (20,) Township Eighty-five (85). North, Range Thirty-eight (38). West of the 5th P. M., and that under color of title and claim of right, he and his grantors have been in the open, undisturbed, adverse and continuous possession thereof for more than ten years last past; that on or about the first day of May, 1860, by patent duly issued the title to said real estate was duly vested in one John Slidell and one Elisha Riggs, and that the title and interest so vested in the said John Slidell, passing through various mesne conveyances, finally vested in one Richard S Fay, of Boston, Massachusetts, and that the title and interest so vested in the said Elisha Riggs an undivided one tenth (1-10) of said real estate, passing through various mesne conveyances, finally vested in one Richard S. Fay of Boston, Massachusetts, and that an undivided two-fifths (2-5) of said real estate, the remaining title and interest so vested in the said Elisha Riggs, passing through various mesne conveyances, finally vested in this Plaintiff; that in the year 1882 the said Richard S. Fay of Boston, Massachusetts, died testate, leaving said real estate to three certain trustees, namely: George Z. Silsbee, James J. Storrow and Dudley B. Fay, in trust for his widow, his son and his brother and sisters; that subsequently and on or about the 12th day of September, 1882, the said George Z. Silsbee, James J. Storrow and Dudley B. Fay, the trustees under the will of the said Richard S. Fay, deceased, together with Elizzbeth B Fay, widow of the said Richard S. Fay, deceased, duly authorized and empowered, conveyed the title and interest to said real estate, to one L. E. Carlson, which title and interest so conveyed, passing through various mesne conveyances, finally vested in this Plaintiff; that the said George Z. Silsbee, James J. Storrow and Dudley B. Fay, were duly appointed as trustees under the will of the said Richard S. Fay, deceased, of Boston, Massachusetts; but because the last will and testament of the said Richard S. Fay, deceased, of Boston, Massachusetts, contained no express authority for such convenyance by the said trustees, the heirs and assigns of the said Richard S. Fay, deceased, have or claim to have, some lien upon, or interest in said real estate adverse to the title and estate of this Plaintiff, and that such claim constitutes a cloud upon the title of the Plaintiff; that the heirs and assigns of the said Richard S. Fay, deceased, are in part unknown claimants, and in part the defendants herein named, if living, and the heirs and assigns of said defendants as are dead; that the heirs and assigns of Richard S Fay, deceased, unknown claimants, and the defendants, William P. Fay, Catherine S. Fay, Elizabeth P. Fay, Elizabeth Parker, Katherine P. Everett, Elizabeth B. Fay Dudley B. Fay, and the heirs and assigns of such defendants as are not living, all unknown claimants, have all acquiesced in such conveyance, and all right, title, or interest in and to said real estate owned, held or claimed by said parties, has long since ceased, lapsed and determined; that the names and residence of all said unknown claimants are unknown to this Plaintiff, and that he has sought diligently to learn the same.

And that unless you and each of you appear thereto and defend on or before noon of the second day of the next term of said District Court to be held at Denison, Iowa, commencing on the 14th day of September, 1908, default will be entered against you and judgment and decree rendered thereon as prayed in said petition.

P. J. KLINKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Upon reading the petition in the above entitled cause of action, and inspecting the foregoing notice, the said notice is hereby approved and ordered published for four consecutive weeks in the Denison Review, a newspaper published and circulated in Crawford County, Iowa.

Dated this 25th day of July, 1908.

F. M. POWERS,
31-4 Judge 16th Judicial Dist. of Iowa.

ORIGINAL NOTICE.

STATE OF IOWA, Crawford County, } SS.

LAURA NOAKES, Plaintiff,
vs.
WILLIAM NOAKES, Defendant.

In the District Court of Crawford County, Iowa, at the September Term, A. D. 1908.

To William Noakes, Defendant:

You are hereby notified, that on or before the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1908, a petition will be filed by said plaintiff, Laura Noakes, in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Crawford County, Iowa, asking of you a Divorce from the bonds of matrimony now existing, on the grounds of non-support, cruel and inhuman treatment and drunkenness and also that she be awarded the the care and custody of Fayette Noakes, the minor son of said plaintiff and defendant, also that she be awarded all personal property, household and kitchen furniture owned by plaintiff and defendant, and for other equitable relief and costs And that unless you appear thereto and defend before noon of the second day of the next term of said Court, commencing at Denison, Iowa, the 14th day of September, A. D. 1908, default will be entered against you and judgment entered thereon.

Dated this 29th day of July, A. D. 1908.

T. V. WALKER, Attorney for Plaintiff. LAURA NOAKES, Plaintiff.

NOTICE IN PROBATE.

STATE OF IOWA, Crawford County, } SS—In Probate

In the matter of the estate of D. J. Butler, late of Crawford county, deceased.

Notice of Appointment Of Administrator.

To Whom It May Concern:

You are hereby notified that on the 15th day of July 1908 the undersigned was duly appointed Administrator of the above entitled estate and all creditors of said estate are notified to file their claims in the office of the Clerk of the District Court, in and for Crawford County, Iowa, within one year from the date of this notice, according to law, and have the same allowed and ordered paid by the said court, or stand forever barred therefrom.

Dated July 16th, 1908.

L. C. BUTLER, Administrator.

Conner & Lally, Attorneys for Administratrix. 30-3t

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