

# LADY LARKSPUR

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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## CHAPTER IV—Continued.

As they resumed their talk Alice, it seemed, was relating something of moment for Arrowsmith's benefit, referring now and then to Mrs. Farnsworth as though for corroboration. The scene in the box was almost as interesting as any in the play, and the audience watched with deep absorption. Alice, the least self-conscious of mortals, was, I knew, utterly unaware of the curious gaze of the house; whatever she was saying with an occasional gesture of her gloved hand or a shrug of her shoulders possessed her completely. I thought she might be telling Arrowsmith of her adventures at Barton; but the length of her narrative was against this, and Arrowsmith's attitude was more that of a critic appealed to for an opinion than of a polite listener to a story. He nodded his head several times, and finally, as Alice, with a slight dip of the head and an outward movement of her arms, settled back in her chair, he patted his hands approvingly.

In my absorption I had forgotten Montani's existence, but as the third act began I saw that he had gone. Whether I should put myself in Alice's way as she left the theater was still an undetermined question when the play ended. With Montani hanging about I felt a certain obligation to warn her that he had been watching her. I was among the first to leave, and in the foyer I met Forsythe, the house manager, who knew me as a friend of Seales's.

"You notice that we're still turning 'em away," he remarked. "We don't have to worry about this piece; everybody who sees it sends his friends the next day. Seales hasn't looked in for some time; hope he's writing a new play?"

"He's West visiting his folks. Don't know when he'll be back," I answered. "I must write him that Sir Cecil Arrowsmith enjoyed 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' just as much as common mortals."

Forsythe had paused at the box-office, and in my uncertainty I struck to him as the crowd began to surge by.

Arrowsmith's approach was advertised by the peculiar type of tall hat that he affected, and the departing audience made way for him, or hung back to stare. At his left were Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth, and they must pass quite close to me. "Who Killed Cock Robin?" was a satisfying play that sent audiences away with lightened hearts and smiling faces, and the trio were no exception to the rule.

Listening inattentively to Forsythe, I was planning to join Alice when the trio should reach me. She saw me; there was a fleeting flash of recognition in her eyes, and then she turned toward Arrowsmith. She drew nearer; her gaze met mine squarely, but now without a sign to indicate that she had ever seen me before. She passed on, talking with greatest animation to Arrowsmith.

"Well, remember me to Seales if you write him," I heard Forsythe saying. I clutched his arm as he opened the office door.

"Who are those women?" I demanded.

"You may search me! I see you have a good eye. That girl's rather nice to look at."

"Crowding my way to the open, I blocked the path of orderly, sane citizens awaiting their machines until a policeman pushed me aside. Alice I saw for a bewildering instant, framed in the window of a big limousine that rolled away uptown.

I had been snubbed! No snub had ever been delivered more deliberately, with a neat calculation of effect than that administered to me by Alice, Bashford, a girl with whom, until a moment before, I had believed myself on terms of cordial comradeship. She had cut me! Alice who had asked me at the very beginning of our acquaintance to call her by her first name—Alice had cut me without the quiver of a lash.

I walked to the Thackeray and settled myself in a dark corner of the reading room, thoroughly bristled in spirit. In my resentment I meditated flying to Ohio to join Seales, always my chief resource in trouble. Affairs at Barton might go to the devil. If Alice and her companion wanted to get rid of me, I would not be sorry to be relieved of the responsibility I had assumed in trying to protect them. With rising fury I reflected that by the time they had shaken off Montani and got rid of the prisoner in the tool house they would think better of me.

"Telephone call, sir."

I followed the boy to the booth in a rage that any one should disturb my gloomy reflections.

"Mr. Singleton? Oh! This is Alice speaking."

I clutched the chair for support. Not only was it Alice speaking, but in the kindest voice imaginable. My anger passed, but my amazement at Alice and all her ways blinded me. If she had suddenly stepped through the wall, my surprise could not have been greater.

"You told me the Thackeray was your usual refuge in town, so I thought I'd try it. Are you very, very cross? I'm sorry, really I am—Bob?"

The "Bob" was added indignantly, propitiating. Huddled in the booth, I doubted my senses—wondering indeed whether Alice hadn't a double—even, whether I hadn't dreamed everything that had occurred at Barton.

"I wanted to speak to you ever so much at the theater, but I couldn't very well without introducing you to St. Cecil, and I wasn't ready to do

that. It might have caused snaph-outings."

"If anything could have multiplied the existing complications, I was anxious to know what they were; but her roles were so gentle, so wholly amiable, that I restrained an impulse to demand explanations."

"Are you on earth or are you peaking from paradise?" I asked.

"Oh, well, in a very nice house, Constance and I, and we're just about leaving a little supper. I wish you were here, but that can't be arranged. No, really it can't. We shall be motoring back to Barton tomorrow and hope you can join us. Let us have luncheon and motor up to evening."

When I suggested that I call for them she laughed gently.

"That would be telling things! And we mustn't spoil everything when everything is going so beautifully."

Remembering the mail I had looked up in the tool house and the explanations I should have to make sooner or later to the unfortunates. Tormenting I wasn't wholly convinced of the general beauty of the prospect.

"Montani was in the theater," I suggested.

Her tongue rippled merrily over the wire. "Oh, he tried to follow us in a taxi! We had a great time throwing him off in the park. I'm not sure he isn't sitting on the curb right now, watching the house—amercifully."

"You have the fun with you; Montani jumped right out of his seat."

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"pressed by the fineness, the charm of Mrs. Farnsworth. When she dropped she indulged quite as amiably as Alice, she appeared to be a very sensible person. The humor danced in her eyes now, but her glance was more than an appeal; it was a command.

"If you know that our troubles are not at all the troubles you're thinking about, but very different—"

"Please pardon me," I muttered humbly, and wished that Alice were not so besetting in a sailor hat. It may have been the hat or only Mrs. Farnsworth's pleading tone that brought me to a friendlier attitude toward the universe and its visible inhabitants. The crowd thinned out, but we lingered, talking of all manner of things.

"We must come in again very soon," said Alice. "And next time we shall run away, which was very naughty. I suggest when you begin a story you just have to keep it going or it will die on your hands. That's the way with our story, you know. Of course it's unkind to mystify you; but you are in the story just as we are."

My mystification was certainly deep enough without this suggestion that I was a mere character in a tale whose gravest apprehensions as to the conclusion. She looked at her watch and continued: "I'm so absurd—really I am, in ever so many ways, that no one would ever put me in a book. Everyone would say no such person ever existed! It's incredible! And so I have to pretend I'm in a story all the time. It's the only way I can keep happy. And so many people are in my story now, not only Montani and the poor fellow locked up at Barton—oh, what if he should escape! Constance, it would be splendid if he should escape!"

"You didn't finish your enumeration of characters," I suggested. "Is my part an important one or am I only a lay figure?"

"My dear boy," cried Mrs. Farnsworth, "you are the hero! You have been the hero from the hour the story began. If you should desert us now, whatever should we do?"

"If I'm the hero," I replied in her own key, "I shall begin making love to Alice at once."

Alice, far from being disturbed by my declaration, nodded her head approvingly.

"Oh, we had expected that! But you needn't be in a hurry. In a story like this one, that runs right on from day to day, we must leave a lot to chance. And there are ever so many chances—"

"Not all on the side of failure, I hope?"

"We must be going," she laughed. I wished she hadn't that characteristic little turn of the head that was so beguiling!

Folly rode with us all the way to Barton. If anything sensible was uttered on the drive, I can't recall it. Our talk, chiefly of knights and ladies, and wild flights from imaginary enemies, had the effect of spurring Flynn to perilous spurts of speed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Telephone Call, Sir."

This she received with more laughter; Montani amused her immensely, she said. She wasn't in the least afraid of him. Returning to the matter of the luncheon, she suggested the Tyingham.

"You know, I want very much to see Mr. Bashford's old home and the place all our veteran retainers came from. At one?—yes, Good night!"

Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth reached the Tyingham on time to the minute. As I had spent the morning on a bench in the park, analyzing my problems, I found their good humor a trifling farrago.

"You don't seem a bit glad to see us," Alice complained as she drew off her gloves. "How can any one be anything but happy after seeing that delicious 'Cock Robin'? It is so deliciously droll!"

"I haven't," I remarked with an attempt at severity, "quite your knack of ignoring disagreeable facts. There was Montani right in front of me, jumping like a jack-in-the-box every time you flourished your fan. There's that fellow we've got locked up at Barton—"

"Just hear the man, Constance!" she interrupted with her adorable laugh. "We were thinking that he was only beginning to see things our way, and here he cometh like a melancholy Jacques! We'll have none of it!"

"We must confess," said Mrs. Farnsworth conciliatingly, "that Mr. Singleton is passing through a severe trial. We precipitated ourselves upon him without warning, and immediately involved him in a mesh of mystery. His imagination must have time to adjust itself."

"They were spoiling my appetite; I was perfectly aware of that. I had ordered the best luncheon I knew how to compose, and they were doing full justice to it; but I was acting, I know, like a resentful boy."

"I love you that way," said Alice as I stared vacantly at my plate. "But you really are not making yourself disagreeable to us—really he is not, Constance?"

Mrs. Farnsworth affirmed this. I knew that I was merely being rude, and the consciousness of this was not uplifting. At the luncheon hour the influx of shoppers gives the Tyingham a cheery tone, and all about us were people apparently conversing sanely and happily. The appearance of Uncle Bash's ghost in the familiar dining room would have been a welcome diversion. I was speculating as to just what he would say about his widow and the whole mess at Barton when Mrs. Farnsworth addressed me pleadingly.

"If you knew that we want you to play with us only a few days longer—three days, shall we say, Alice?—if you knew that then we'll entangle everything, wouldn't you be nice—very nice?"

In spite of myself I couldn't resist this appeal. I was more and more im-

pressed by the fineness, the charm of Mrs. Farnsworth. When she dropped she indulged quite as amiably as Alice, she appeared to be a very sensible person. The humor danced in her eyes now, but her glance was more than an appeal; it was a command.

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## EAGLE TAKES RIDE ON SALMON'S BACK

This Voracious Tale Is Vouched For by Every Man Aboard the Roosevelt.

Seattle, Wash.—Every man aboard the schooner Roosevelt, from the master to the cook, in from a recent voyage, said they would take an oath that they saw a huge bald eagle take a wild ride on a salmon's back in the stretch of water between Cape Mudge and Seymour Narrows, Gulf of Georgia. And they brought the eagle to Seattle to prove it.

The Roosevelt was on its way to Seattle from the fishing banks in Hecate strait. Shortly after passing Seymour Narrows members of the crew said they noticed a bald eagle flying

close to the water, near the vessel. As they watched the big bird skimming near the surface, a spring salmon, estimated to weigh about twenty pounds, leaped clear of the swift-moving current. Quick as a flash the eagle drove his sharp talons into the fish's back.

There was a great splash as the big springer dived, taking the eagle beneath the surface. All hands rushed to the rail to watch the struggle. Three times, they said, the fish and the bird disappeared in the water while the Roosevelt steered a course close behind them.

Finally the eagle loosened its hold on the salmon and flopped over on the surface of the water completely exhausted. It had put up a game fight but had lost its prey. The crew of the Roosevelt pulled the bird aboard with a boat hook. The eagle was nearly drowned, but on deck it soon recovered and showed fight.

While the battle between the bird and the fish was in progress two other eagles, the Roosevelt's men said, flew around the vicinity screaming loudly. Capt. Barney Pederson presented the captured eagle to one of the local public parks.

Former Circus Animal Trainer Did It in Bravado but Was Bitten.

Cumberland, Md.—Charles W. Miller, a former circus animal trainer, was badly injured by a bear at the zoo of John W. Snyder the other day, after he had locked himself in the cage to show a Pittsburgh party that the animal was afraid of him.

As soon as the bear heard the lock on the cage door click he pounced on Miller, knocking him down twice, biting him through the knee and the muscles of one arm to the bone.

Doctor Mitchell, who was a member of the party watching the attack, engaged the bear's attention from outside of the cage. This, aided by the use of a club that Miller had got hold of, prevented the animal from tearing his trainer to shreds.

The bear was secured by Snyder at Connettsville, where it had been on exhibition several years.

Two Suitors Forced Girl to Pick One as Husband

Miss Margaret Corcoran of Minneapolis, Minn., was forced to make her choice between two sweethearts, and was married at once to Howard Rebeck, Donald Walp and Rebeck visited her home, each armed with a marriage license. Margaret fainted. Her parents favored Donald. As the men glared at each other the girl recovered, picked up Walp's license, tearing it to shreds.

Then she fainted again. When she finally recovered her parents assented to her choice and the ceremony was performed.

Mad Dog Broke Up Church Party.

Dunbar, Pa.—Snapping in all directions, a mad dog raced into a crowd of persons in attendance at an entertainment in the First Presbyterian church. In disrupting the party, the dog savagely bit Earl Anderson of that city. Before he was shot the dog bit several other dogs and a number of residents.

Explosion Soda Fountain Killed Boy.

Salina, Kan.—When an open air soda fountain he was charging exploded, Carl Ross, twenty-two years old, was hurled high in the air and killed.

## WOMAN SLAYS HER AVENGER

Shoots Man Who Had Killed Two Others Who Had Attacked Her Honor.

## ARGUES OVER MOTOR

First Husband Ambushed and Killed Six Years Ago—Her Ranch Foreman and His Father Were Shot by Wilson.

Winfield, Kan.—A year and a half after he had shot two men to death on the main street of Tahlequah, Okla., to avenge his wife's honor, Homer S. Wilson, himself, was shot and killed on a lonely country road near Winfield, Kan., by Mrs. Wilson. He is the fourth man, intimately acquainted with his pretty dark-haired wife, who has perished.

Charles West, first husband of Mrs. Wilson, was shot and killed from ambush near Tahlequah six years ago. Then Frank Anthony and his father, William, fell at Wilson's hands because Wilson charged young Anthony, foreman of Mrs. Wilson's ranch, at Tahlequah, had been too friendly with Mrs. Wilson while her husband was in the army.

Were Returning From Cattle Buying Trip.

Mrs. Wilson killed her husband as they were returning from a cattle buying trip to Dexter, 22 miles east of Winfield. With the Wilsons at the time were Charles Ridgeway and Ed Glass, who have ranches near Dexter.

Wilson had been driving his automobile very fast, according to the story told by eye witnesses to the tragedy. When a stop was made for the trouble and Wilson left the car, Mrs. Wilson slid into the driver's seat, an instant she would drive. An argument followed and Mrs. Wilson suddenly shot twice with an automatic pistol she had taken from the flap of one of the seats.

After Wilson had been inducted into the service he complained to the draft officials that his wife had reported suf-

**CALOMEL**

Calomel salivates! It's mercury. Calomel acts like dynamite on a sluggish liver. When calomel comes into contact with your bile it crashes into it, causing cramping and nausea.

## Take "Dodson's Liver Tone" Instead!

"Dodson's Liver Tone" is a pleasant, vegetable liquid which starts your liver just as surely as calomel, but doesn't make you sick and can't be salivated.

Children and grown folks can take Dodson's Liver Tone, because it is perfectly harmless.

Calomel is a dangerous drug. It is mercury and attacks your bones. Take a dose of nasty calomel today and you will feel weak, sick and sore seated tomorrow. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone instead and you will make up for the great loss of time.

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Thickening the plot may thin the audience.

## WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

China has 200,000 square miles of coal fields.

Dr. Perry's "Ivory Soap" is not a "soap" or "suds" but a real "fat" fashioned from medicine which cleans out Worms or Tapeworms with a single dose.—Adv.

A book that remains shut is but a block.

Happy is the man who is too busy to find fault.

## "ASPIRIN"

WARNING! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 20 years and proved safe by millions. Name "Bayer" has same meaning as 14 Karat on gold.

Safety First! Accept only an "unbroken package" of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and for pain generally. Strictly American!

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacopolitain of Saltsville, Md.

CLERK MEANT TO GET EVEN PLAYING UP TO THE TEACHER

Of Course Congregation Could Get Away, But He Had the Minister in Tight Place.

Indianapolis Youngster Had a Pretty Shrewd Idea of What He Was Doing, After All.

John Arthur is a pupil in a Jeffersonville departmental school, and had to write an essay on Woodrow Wilson, among others. He evinced such a high regard for the president, especially in his management of the world war, as to express the view that he was even greater than Washington at the time. He said they made a fine showing in the little ways they had to handle, but could hardly, he thought, have got through the big one. His father, seeing the essay, ventured the opinion that the writer was too positive in his statement, although admiring Wilson himself. John Arthur showed he was perhaps something of a diplomat as well as an essayist.

"Oh, well," he remarked, "the teacher is a Democrat, anyhow."—Indianapolis News.

Seeking a Variation.

"Did you know people are talking about the way you misquoted the piece of poetry you introduced in your speech?"

"I did it on purpose," replied Senator Sorghum. "I thought it would be desirable to do something, however slight, to shift the argument."

Bathub Is Too Warm.

Philadelphia.—Before going upstairs to take a bath, Solomon Salkin, proprietor of a hardware store in Philadelphia, lighted an oil lamp and placed it in the store directly below the bathroom.

Later, Solomon, sitting in the bathroom, noticed that the water was becoming unusually warm. He turned on the cold water. It failed to reduce the temperature. Getting out to investigate, Solomon found flames arising through the floor beneath the tub. He suffered a \$4,000 loss before firemen extinguished the blaze.

Wasp Bored Holes Through Ear.

Springfield, Mass.—Rushing into the office of an ear specialist, Miss Lillian Beechly had a wasp which had penetrated her ear four times removed by the physician.

Pesthouse Is Stolen.

Connellsville, Pa.—The municipal pesthouse located in Mount Pleasant road has been stolen.

Authorities are erecting a large tent in which to house three smallpox patients.

The police, when notified of the smallpox victims, sent attendants to the pesthouse to place the building in order. When the attendants arrived all they could find was a few barrels. The building had vanished. It contained two large rooms and was fully furnished for a hospital.

**Comes already sweetened**

Its own sugar is developed in the baking. It solves your sugar problem among ready-to-eat cereals.

# Grape-Nuts

Order a package from the grocer. Its flavor appeals and there is no waste.

Made by Postum Cereal Co. Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.