The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

by Harry King Tootle

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter learning of his real character. Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper. Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society, and promises to help him put through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears they are on intimate terms, having met previously in a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the refurnishing of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News. Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the publication of his paper. Gloria realizes she is not being received by the best society and is unhappy. She takes up settlement work. Kerr and his lieutenants decide to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet them at Gilbert's office. Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while waiting to be called into the conference. Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight to a finish. The Belmont News appears with a bitter attack on Kerr. Gloria calls Wright a coward and refuses to listen to any explanation from him.

CHAPTER XVI.

The unexpected and sensational manner in which the visit of Joe Wright to Judge Gilbert's office was terminated was not without effect upon every one in the room. Pity for Gloria was the dominating emotion, for everyone present realized her unhappy position. The dramatic revelation of her love affair, the knowledge that she had been sacrificed, stirred every heart. Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Hayes, not well versed in politics, harbored no slight resentment against the publisher of the News, since they regarded the article as too severe. Were not their husbands interested on the same side as David Kerr? And they were honest men. But their husbands knew the full measure of the bitter cup that both the boss and his daughter, for the father's misdeeds, were called upon to drain.

The first thing to do was to get Gloria away from the office. For several days she had been staying with Mrs. Hayes, and thither she was now taken. By Dr. Hayes' order she was put at once to bed, and under the influence of an opiate, she was soon asleep. Dr. Hayes came downstairs and announced to Kerr, who was savagely pacing back and forth in the drawing-room, that his daughter was suffering from a great nervous shock. He also told that she would probably sleep for several hours.

"It ain't no use for me to stay here then," the boss declared. "If you want me you can git me by telephone at my office or Gilbert's or at the club rooms."

"Even if she asks for you," said the doctor, "I think it best for you to stay away until her nerves are quieter."

As there was nothing further the two men could do, they walked downtown together, leaving Mrs. Hayes to watch over Gloria.

It was nine o'clock before the girl opened her eyes. Dr. Hayes had been home to dinner and then gone out again. His wife was sitting in Gloria's room reading by a light which was carefully shaded so as not to annoy the sleeper. She had turned several pages of her book with a feeling that her patient was now fully awake before she looked up to see if her belief was justified. Gloria was gazing vacantly at the ceiling.

"Is there anything you want, dear?" she asked, going over to the bed.

As Mrs. Hayes looked down at the girl, she seemed to her like a lily that had been beaten by the wind and bruised by the rain and left all forlorn to die. In the girl's face she read the story of the last few hours.

"Is there anything you want, dear?" she repeated.

"Nothing."

Gloria looked up at her with a pathetic little smile of appreciation for her kindness. She threw one hand out on top of the cover, and Mrs. Hayes took it in hers. It was some time, however, before Gloria spoke.

"You heard everything?"

"Yes."

"And you understand?"

"I think I do, Gloria."

"Then there isn't anything much for me to tell you."

For a long time she preserved silence, Mrs. Hayes holding her hand and saying nothing.

"It isn't as if he had died," she began slowly, almost as if just talking aloud to herself. "I think I could have stood that. In time everything would have come to be just a beautiful dream, Paris and Belmont and all. In my heart I could always have cherished the memory of a strong, brave man, the man I thought he was. You know, Mrs. Hayes, he seemed to me to be very much like my father."

For a time she thought it over to herself. Mrs. Hayes did not press her, and continued to show her sympathy by holding her hand.

"Yes, it would have been a lot better had he died before I ever knew. What would have been a beautiful dream is now only a hideous nightmare. And I believed in him so! You who have seen just a little of him can't know how I loved him. It wasn't exactly love when we were abroad in the same party. Yes, it was; only I didn't know it. It wasn't until he had gone away and no word came from him that I knew how much he was to me. And then I met him here. Heaven seemed to open for me that night."

She turned her head for a minute, and the tears began to flow. When she began again her eyes were still blurred with tears.

"I can tell you, and I could tell Mrs. Gilbert, that it's going to hurt me a lot. It's going to hurt to think how I was deceived. I thought I was building my house of life upon a rock, and when the rains came I awoke to find the foundation was only shifting sand."

"We all have our troubles, dear," Mrs. Hayes told her. "Yours may seem hard to bear, but you must know that life can't all be painted in rainbow hues. I've taken you with me into Belmont's unhappiest homes, and what you have seen should teach you to bear your own trials with resignation and fortitude as a Christian should. Perhaps it's not well to think how much better off we are than other people, but when we do think of it we see that God has shown us abundant kindness compared to that given to others, and then our crosses are lighter."

"But I loved him so!" cried Gloria, burying her face in the pillow.

Mrs. Hayes could only clasp the girl's hand. The attempt to comfort her was unprofitable. Her grief was too new, her wounds too fresh for comfort. Longer and longer grew the intervals between her sobs. Finally Mrs. Hayes thought she had fallen asleep, but Gloria was only thinking. It came to her that she was still young. Love would never be hers, she was sure of that; but long years stretched out before her. She couldn't be a coward and shirk those years. Once she had built her house of love and life upon the quaking sands, now she would build her house of life upon the firm rock of service. In ministering to the unfortunate, she might find surcease for her own sorrow.

"Mrs. Hayes?"

"What, Gloria?"

"I'm not going to let anything that happened today spoil my life."

"Of course not, dear. Rain today means sunshine tomorrow for us."

"I don't know about the sunshine, but I do know that I want to go along just as if nothing had happened. Tomorrow let's do just what we planned to do, and the next day and the next. I want to keep busy. Can't you understand?"

Mrs. Hayes did understand, and admired the girl for her bravery.

"All right, Gloria. I think that is best. We weren't put into this world to have only the good things of life and shirk the bad things. We must take them as they come, the bad with the good. You are doing just what Mr. Wright would have you do if he were the man you thought him and he had died before your wedding day. Perhaps all will come out as you once had planned."

The daughter of David Kerr shook her head.

"That can never be."

She said no more, and after a time seemed to fall asleep. Mrs. Hayes unclasped her hand, turned out the light, and left the room.

Through the windows streamed the moonlight. The girl, assured that she was alone, turned on her side and watched the beams creep slowly across the room.

What a flood of memories the moonlight brought!

Those first nights on shipboard had been under a silver moon that shed its rays upon a silver sea. Those nights in France a month later had been under a moon no less gorgeous. Then had come the Rhine and there, too, had been moonlight.

She tried to think of him as he had been and not as he was. In him she had found every good trait a man should have. She was chagrined to think how easily it now appeared she had been won. How much she would have been spared, she pondered, had she not been so eager for his love as to show him so soon that she cared for him.

Every familiar gesture which was at all a part of him she knew would call him to mind when another man might make it. The way he held his cigar when he smoked, the odd manner in which he would lock his hands together whenever a knotty problem bothered him, these little things and a host of others would come back to plague her.

All the dear, dead past crowded into her mind. It was not of the man whom that afternoon she had spurned that she thought, but of the man whom in her heart she cherished—her ideal.

With a mighty sob she began again to weep. There had come to her the realization that love was done. Far across the room the moonbeams crept before Gloria fell into a fitful slumber.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I've forgotten what we'd planned for this afternoon," Gloria remarked to Mrs. Hayes the morning after the stormy scene in Judge Gilbert's office. Yesterday was carefully ignored by both as they talked.

"This was the day Mrs. Wallace asked us to help her at the mission," Mrs. Hayes explained.

She did not say further that she had telephoned earlier in the morning and had Mrs. Wallace, the matron, make plans whereby the whole afternoon would be taken up. She believed Gloria's peace of mind would be all the greater were she engaged in some work which would make her feel that through her the pain of the sufferer was alleviated and the bruised heart of the unhappy bound up.

It was just two o'clock when they reached the mission. They had not been there long before Mrs. Wallace suggested that they call on a poor girl who was ill in a room over Mike Noonan's saloon. The sick woman was known to her, but she told nothing of her story. It wasn't much different from any one of half a hundred she might have told.

The two women felt not the slightest fear in walking through such a tough quarter of the town. Mrs. Hayes was an experienced settlement worker, and knew many of the persons whom they passed. They for their part knew her and respected her for the kindly charity she dispensed so unostentatiously. As for Gloria, she could fear nothing since she was almost in total ignorance of what dangers might beset their path. Then, too, she was busy with her own thoughts.

Mrs. Hayes had been told in what room the sick woman lay, and without a word to anyone, in fact they saw no one, they went in the door on the side street and climbed the dark, uncarpeted stairs to the third floor. At a door just at the foot of the flight of steps which led to the fourth story, Mrs. Hayes knocked gently. There was no answer. She decided that if there was no response to the next knock she would open the door to see if the girl were asleep. A second and louder knock, however, aroused her and she called to them to enter.

Gloria and Mrs. Hayes walked into the room, and as the latter went to the bedside to explain how they happened to call, the daughter of David Kerr stood stock still and gazed about her with undisguised curiosity.

Two Windows Looking Out Over the Roofs of Neighboring Houses.

The occupant of the room, a frail little creature with uncertain, golden hair, was known to her companions as Little Ella. Upon the blotter at the police station she was always booked as Luella Windermere. She had found the name in a novel and, liking it, had taken it for her own. In the unkindly daylight, without the paint that mocked the cheek that once had bloomed a healthier hue, the pallor of her face was heightened by the dark circles under her eyes. Yet the ravages of a life too harsh for one so weak had not been so great as to blot entirely from her face the traces of a simpering sweetness.

If Little Ella's room could be summed up in one word, that word would be—sham. It was not a poverty that honestly confessed itself to be such, that room. Instead it was a poverty that slunk away into corners and hid behind the rankest imitations of better things. Everything seemed to have been purchased at the cheapest booths at Vanity Fair. There were few things of substance, but many things of vain and empty show. Had Gloria been more skilled in reading the world aright, every bauble, every useless ornament would have preached a sermon. As it was, there was for her in large part only the interest of novelty.

To the right of Gloria were two windows looking out over the roofs of neighboring houses. Between them was a scarred maple dresser. It was littered among other things with postcard photographs, business cards, a calendar with a picture in many colors and a bottle of Florida water. Directly in front of her was the sick girl's bed, a cheap iron affair with massive tarnished brass trimmings. Beyond it was a frail-looking trunk painted in imitation of leather. The only things which boldly confessed themselves to be just as represented were two wooden kitchen chairs.

Looking close beside her, Gloria saw a battered maple washstand and beyond it a door which led into a closet under the stairs. She glanced curiously at the walls, which boasted some cheap prints, most of them showing by the advertising matter upon them from which whisky house they had emanated. Some of the girl's waists and skirts hung upon nails, but the clothes which she had taken off the night before on retiring were upon a chair beside her trunk.

"I heard you were sick," Mrs. Hayes said sympathetically, "and I want to know if I can do anything to help you."

Little Ella viewed them with cold antagonism. They were not of her world and she both feared and hated them.

"Naw," she growled. Then against her real wishes something out of her old life made her add grudgingly, "Much obliged."

Mrs. Hayes had worked too long among such people not to understand, and she ignored the girl's unfriendly manner by asking: "How do you feel today?"

"Rotten."

"No wonder; it's so close in here. I think it would be better for you if you'd let me open a window. It's mild out. May I?"

"Go as fer as yuh like; I don't feel like fightin'."

A nod from Mrs. Hayes sent Gloria to open a window.

"There now," exclaimed the younger visitor. "You'll feel better."

"Gloria," Mrs. Hayes asked, so the sick woman could not hear, "do you mind staying with her while I go to the mission for a few minutes? I want Mrs. Wallace to come over if she can; and the doctor, too, as soon as I can find him."

"Certainly, I'll stay," was the prompt response. "What's the matter with her?"

"I can't say until I see the doctor, because I'm not sure. I want Doctor Hayes to see her. If I can't get him I'll get Doctor Norton. You're not afraid to stay?"

Gloria smiled. What was there to fear? The girl surely could not become so ill in the short space of time Mrs. Hayes should be away as to render her inexperienced nurse absolutely helpless.

"Of course I'm not afraid," she replied. Then impulsively, "Besides, I want to do some good in the world. I've been too selfish."

"No, dear, not that," her companion gently remonstrated. "Thoughtless, perhaps, because you didn't know, but not selfish." Then she turned to Little Ella and said in the same quiet tone: "I think you'd be happier where there'd be some one to take care of you."

"I'm not sick. I'm just tired."

The ignorant fear sickness and disguise it as long as they can, shirking the fight and thereby making it all the harder. Understanding this, Mrs Hayes answered lightly:

"If that's the case, I hope you'll entertain my friend for me until I return. She's interested in the work at the mission."

"You're on," Little Ella replied with an air of resignation as Mrs. Hayes left the room. She rolled over on her side and closed her eyes. Already she began to feel bored.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ingenious Spiders.

The Royal society in London was recently entertained by a distinguished traveler with an account of a spider living in Australia which makes its habitation along the seashore, in the crevices of the rocks, between high and low water mark.

But when the tide is in their homes are covered with water. Instead of deserting them, however, the spiders solve the difficulty by means of closely woven sheets of silk, which they stretch over the entrances, behind which they manage to retain sufficient air to keep them alive during the time they remain submerged.—The Sunday Magazine.

OVERWORK BRINGS OLD AGE

A Human Being Was Meant to Labor On and On Without the Proper Rest.

Industry's a fine thing, but a virtue may easily run to seed and become a fault. And don't work too fast. Don't rush. Take things quietly and steadily. It is the mean and petty traits of character very often that bring lines and wrinkles to the most open face—the small spites, the petty jealousies. They have a knack of steadily and surely eating up all that is sound and wholesome in the character. And as moral ills react physically, premature age comes on with all its undesirable signs. Keep your temper under control. A burst of passion often does one incalculable harm. It jars the nerves and upsets the whole constitution. Very hysterical people are frequently quite prostrate for days after an outburst of temper.

Wrinkles are often caused by facial contortion—mannerisms, like constantly lifting the eyebrows, when talking, frowning when in thought, twisting the mouth up and that sort of thing. Try to cultivate the reposeful face. It need not be wooden or expressionless. Not a bit of it. But talk with your mouth, not with every muscle of your face.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

His Order.

The proprietor of a certain restaurant had leased the reverse side of his bill of fare to a carriage manufacturer, who prints advertisements thereon. The other day a customer in a great hurry ran into the restaurant, sat at the table, was handed a bill wrong side up by the waiter.

The customer on his pince-nez, curled his moustache with a left hand, and shouted in a voice of thunder:

"Bring me a filleted fly, a landau on toast, two victorias devilled, and a fried dog-cart! Got any wheelbarrow stew?"

The poor waiter fled.

GENERAL DANIEL SICKLES DEAD

IS THE LAST OF THE FAMOUS GETTYSBURG GENERALS.

Career of Dead Soldier Was Marked Unconventional and Turbulent Incidents to End.

New York.—General Daniel E. Sickles died at his home Sunday night.

General Sickles' death was due to cerebral hemorrhage and paralysis. Besides Mrs. Sickles, their son, Stanton, and the general's negro servant, who had attended him for years, were at the bedside.

General Daniel Edgar Sickles was the last of the great commanders who fought the battle of Gettysburg. For a decade he was a fighter by profession—all his life he was a fighter by nature.

Born in New York city in 1825, General Sickles, at the age of 22, fought the whigs as a democrat in the New York legislature. It was he who secured for his city its great Central park. At this time his military career began as major of the Twelfth regiment, National Guard, New York.

Before he was 32 years old, Major Sickles had served as secretary of legation at London under Minister James Buchanan; he had won a state senatorship through a bitter campaign, and he was seated in the Thirty-fifth congress at Washington.

It was at this time that an event occurred which became the sensation of the day. Sickles had begun his second term as congressman in 1859 when the national capital was stirred by the news that the young representative from New York had shot and killed Philip Barton Key, the United States district attorney for the District of Columbia. Sickles declared that Key misled Mrs. Sickles, who was Therese Bagioli. The trial lasted twenty days, ending in the acquittal of Sickles on the ground of the "unwritten law." He then took his erring wife back.

"I am not aware of any statute or code of morals," said Sickles to his critics, "which makes it infamous to forgive a woman. I can now see in the almost universal denunciation with which she is followed to my threshold, the misery and peril from which I have rescued the mother of my daughter. I shall strive to prove to all that an erring wife and mother may be forgiven and redeemed."

Sickles raised the famous Excelsior brigade in New York, taking command of one of its regiments as colonel. His fighting spirit early won him his spurs. On the peninsula and at Antietam he distinguished himself as a soldier and a leader. At Chancellorsville he led a division. At Gettysburg he led the Third corps, lost a leg, and became a national hero. At 37 years of age he had risen from a colonel to a major general of volunteers.

After the war his fighting spirit led him into the regular army, and he became first a brigadier and then a major general. He continued active service until 1869, when he was appointed minister to Spain by President Grant.

At the court of Spain Sickles' vigorous personality made him a dominating figure. Four years of brilliant diplomacy brought him the epithet of "The Yankee King of Spain." Here he contracted his second marriage, with the beautiful and distinguished Senorita Creagh.

$1,600 in Prizes Offered.

Dallas, Tex.—In addition to the $1,600 in prizes offered by the congress, contestants may enter their hogs and baby beeves for exhibition in the open classes of the Fat Stock Show in competition for other prizes. Besides this, a price of 30 cents per pound has been guaranteed for the champion baby beef exhibited at the Stock Show this year at Fort Worth Texas.

Vinson Astor Takes Partner.

Staatsburg, N. Y.—William Vincent Astor, head of the family established in America a century and a quarter ago by John Jacob Astor, the German fur trader, and, perhaps, the wealthiest young man in the world, was married at noon Thursday to Miss Helen Dinsmore Huntington at the home of his bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Huntington.

A 3,000-Acre Hog Ranch.

Stockdale, Tex.—Frank Pierce of Stockdale and G. W. Platner of Omaha, Neb., have just put their 3,000-acre tract of sandy land, seven miles north of Stockdale, under an up-to-date hog-wire fence. They will stock it with Poland-China and Berkshire hogs to its full capacity.

Militiamen Are Implicated.

Trinidad, Colo.—The fire that destroyed the Ludlow tent colony on the night of April 20, causing the death of thirteen women and children, was started by militiamen or mine guards, or both, according to the verdict rendered by the coroner's jury Saturday.

Masonic Building Is Completed.

Joaquin, Tex.—The new Masonic temple and store building, which has been under way at Joaquin for some time, has just been completed, at a cost of $5,000, and soon will be occupied.

Strawberry Crop Damaged.

Alvin, Tex.—The heaviest rain that has fallen for several months fell Monday. The greatest damage is to the strawberry crop, coming just at the heaviest picking time.

FEELS LIKE A NEW WOMAN

As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Dispelled Backache, Headaches and Dizziness.

Piqua, Ohio.—"I would be very ungrateful if I failed to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the praise it deserves, for I have taken it at different times and it always relieved me when other medicines failed, and when I hear a woman complain I always recommend it. Last winter I was attacked with a severe case of organic weakness. I had backache, pains in my hips and over my kidneys, headache, dizziness, lassitude, had no energy, limbs ached and I was always tired. I was hardly able to do my housework. I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on one other occasion, and it had helped me so I took it again and it has built me up, until now I feel like a new woman. You have my hearty consent to use my name and testimonial in any way and I hope it will benefit suffering women."—Mrs. ORPHA TURNER, 431 S. Wayne St., Piqua, Ohio.

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