

The REAL AGATHA

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PICTURES BY WELL WALTERS FREY CAMPBELL ALESHIRE WILSON

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SYNOPSIS.

Lord Wilfred Vincent and Archibald Terhune are introduced at the opening of the story. In England, the latter relating the tale. The pair on an outing miss their train and seeking recreation meet "the Honorable Agatha Wyckhoff." Her hand is much sought after, because of her wealth. On visiting the Wyckhoff castle they are introduced to two other girls, both known as Agatha Wyckhoff. At dinner three other Agatha Wyckhoffs are introduced and the plot revealed. The deceased step-father, in an eccentric moment, made his will so that the real Agatha, heiress to his fortune and the castle at Wye, England, might wed her affinity. Thus Mrs. Armistead, chaperon, was in duty bound to keep the real Agatha's identity unknown and suitors were invited to tryout for the hand of the heiress. An attempt by Terhune to gather a crew from the chaperon fails. Vincent shows liking for the chaperon's secretary, Miss Marsh. Terhune finds old books containing picture of a former Baroness Wyckhoff, which is exactly like Agatha Sixth, whom he is courting. Vincent entertains them all and while riding with Agatha Fifth she confesses her love for him and also that she is the real heiress. He spurns her proposal.

CHAPTER IV.

For some days after that I was in a quandary. Here, in the face of my discovery in the library, was Vincent's positive information that Agatha Fifth was the heiress. Reluctantly I determined that the likeness between Agatha Sixth and the picture of the baroness was accidental, and began to devote myself to the unfortunate Agatha Fifth. She seemed much inclined to discourage me, but I persevered and we soon became great friends. I found she was only 18, and drew my own conclusions from this fact. At 18 one's convictions are never very deep-rooted, neither are one's love affairs, and I thought it likely that the girl would soon forget her ill-prospered attachment for Vincent's handsome face, and might begin to think of someone else. Surely this was a very natural belief! So the first two weeks of our stay at the castle sped by and I saw to my satisfaction that I was gaining ground with the Honorable Agatha every day, while poor Vincent wasted his time flirting with each Agatha in turn (he had taken up Agatha Sixth since my desertion) or in assisting Miss Marsh to write up a lot of old dead barons who were much better left to a decent and dignified obscurity.

One day, toward the close of the two weeks, I met Vincent hurrying through the hall toward the stairs. He had on an old velvet coat covered with paint daubs, his luncheon basket was over his shoulder, and I guessed that he was going on one of his sketching tours in search of fresh woods and pastures new.

"Where are you going, Wilfred?" I asked, as he stopped, "and where's Agatha Second?" She usually accompanied him on his sketching expeditions.

"Painting," he replied, concisely, ignoring my second question; "and where may you be going?"

"For a walk with Agatha Fifth," I answered, smiling at him—a little pityingly, perhaps. He had lost such a chance!

Vincent chuckled and his eyes looked wicked. "Wish you luck, Arch," he said. "I've been watching your charitable efforts to cut me out and be a father to my little friend, Agatha Fifth, with great admiration—but I forgot to tell you"—he lowered his voice, for we could see Agatha Second on the veranda talking to Agatha Fifth—"I forgot to tell you that what Agatha Fifth told me isn't true!"

"Isn't true?" I repeated in consternation.

"No; she confessed to me about a week ago that she only said she was the real Honorable Agatha to make me marry her. She thought, the foolish little girl, that she only had to tell me she was the heiress to make me love her. And she said she was sorry and wouldn't do it again and cried like a child, and I forgave her and comforted her. She'll get over it all right!" and laughing hilariously the young rascal ran upstairs.

I was really vexed with Wilfred about this. I thought it was very unkind of him to keep me in the dark for so long about Agatha Fifth's confession. What a lot of time I'd been wasting! I resolved that I would return to Agatha Sixth at the first opportunity, and I felt glad, even justified, that I had not told him about that album which had betrayed the secret to me. At this moment Agatha Second appeared in the doorway.

"Hallo, Mr. Terhune," she said, "where's Lord Wilfred?"

"He went upstairs," I said; "I don't know for what." I could hear him in

the distance singing at the top of his lusty young voice—

"Gentlemen rankers all are we-e-e—" till an ear-splitting shout from Agatha Second drowned the song completely.

"O-h-h, Freddy," shrieked the young lady, with a lung power that equaled Vincent's.

I shivered with indignation at the liberty. "Freddy!" indeed!

At the third shout he heard her and stopped singing to rend the air with an answering cry.

"For goodness' sake, what are you so long about?" she called. "Do hurry up!"

"Coming!" roared Vincent, clattering down the two flights of stairs like a wild horse, and I hurried out to

pecially lovely that evening. The girls all wore shimmering white gowns, similar in design, with silver ornaments, but Agatha Sixth's gown was cream-colored with ornaments of gold, and well did it become her dark beauty.

We had reached the very end of the dinner, and had just made the last change of places, which left me with my favorite Agatha Sixth on my right and Agatha Third on my left.

Suddenly, as the talk died down and a certain contented silence fell upon us, Vincent rose to his feet, and bowing to us formally, began to speak: "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, making the last word pointedly singular, while the girls all laughed, "I think you are all with me when I propose a vote of thanks to—to—er—our hostess"—(I felt that he had nearly said "Agatha Fourth!")—"our hostess, for giving us so delightful an entertainment." He bowed to Agatha Fourth and went on:

"If all progressive tea parties are termed mad I hope I may attend many such. But as I look around me, gentlemen and ladies fair, across the red glow of the candle that turns the roses to redder gold, and as I gaze upon the youth and beauty here assembled, the like of which I have never before looked upon—he made a courtly inclination of his head that included every maid at the table, and they all

orable, without a doubt. There can be no two ways about it!"

"How keen you are!" he said; "and I tell you what it is, Arch'bald"—Vincent always calls me "Ach'bald" with the "I" left out and the emphasis on "bald" when he's particularly affectionate or sleepy; he was the latter just now—"I'm just as keen about marrying this heiress as you are; the only difference is that I insist upon being in love with her into the bargain, and you don't. For I'm hard up, fearfully hard up, you know, and the governor's so awfully good, I hate to ask him for another month's allowance just now. I'm 'way behind as it is, and I owe Jack Gordon for that prize polo pony of his. I offered him £100 for her the day of the Hurlingham games and he sold her to me on the spot. Jack's as hard up as I am—poor fellow. And then, you know, it's all perfectly fair. If we only had the time, that's all. It's pretty quick work to expect a man to find out the heiress, learn to love her and teach her to love him, all in six weeks, and propose on the last day of—"

"But that's just it," I interrupted, "you're not expected to find out the heiress first. That's just what old Fletcher Boyd wanted to prevent when he made the will."

"Nevertheless, you yourself mean to find out first, don't you, Arch?" was Vincent's facetious response. I was disgusted and made no answer.

"Of course," he went on, "I wouldn't propose to any girl I didn't love, but I'd like the chance to learn to love this particular lady, the Honorable Agatha. I feel that there would be no trouble about her learning to love me!" Vincent has few really serious faults, but I don't attempt to deny that he is conceited.

"The trouble is," he said, "they're all so attractive I could love one as well as another. I wish, though, I could just naturally fall in love with one of them, and I'd propose to her on the last day and take my chances. Who knows? I'm sometimes lucky. I might win the prize!"

"So you might," I said, "but as it is, we haven't even discovered the heiress as yet—"

"And I can't fall in love with any of 'em," finished Vincent, "because I'm madly in love with the whole six, and there you are!" and he shook his head hopelessly. "Come, let's to bed," he added.

"Not just yet, Freddy," I said. I never call him that, as I have before stated, but his hair was all ruffled up and his face flushed and I felt warm toward him because he was so dense. "Surely with a rival as unobtrusive as he is," I thought, "I am not heavily handicapped." For I had made up my mind that Agatha Third was indeed the real and only Agatha. That involuntary rising of hers was proof positive.

"I say, Vincent," I called after him, "was that a master stroke of yours, giving the toast that way? Did you intend to try to surprise one of them into betraying herself?"

Vincent laughed sleepily. "Good old Arch'bald," he drawled, "you're always looking for master strokes, but 'pon my honor I never thought of such a thing." And I might have known that he wouldn't.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRAGEDY OF TURF RECALLED.

Owner's Sudden Death Just as His Horse Won a Great Race.

Half an hour before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas of 1883 Prince Bathyan, who bred St. Simon and who was one of the most popular racing men of any time, was talking with Lord Cadogan in the luncheon room of the Jockey club stand at Newmarket when he suddenly reeled and fell, says the Westminster Gazette.

He was carried to Weatherby's office and doctors were summoned; but the prince was beyond all human aid, and just before the bell rang for the race for which his colt Galliard, brother of St. Simon, was first favorite, he breathed his last.

A few minutes later "the clear blue sky rang with cheers and shouts as the horses came thundering along, which rose into a roar as Galliard won by a head;" while behind the drawn blinds of Weatherby's office Galliard's owner, who had been looking forward so eagerly to this moment, was lying dead. It was owing to the death of his owner that Galopin's great son could not run in the Derby of 1884, which he would almost certainly have won.

War is Evil

War suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated. Civil wars strike deepest of all into the manners of the people. They vitiate their politics; they corrupt their morals; they pervert even the natural taste and relish of equity and justice. By teaching us to consider our fellow creatures in a hostile light, the whole body of our nation becomes gradually less dear to us. The very names of affection and kindred, which were the bond of charity while we agreed, become new incentives to hatred and rage when the communion of our country is dissolved.—Edmund Burke.

AWFUL GRAVEL ATTACKS.

Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Years of Suffering.

F. A. Rippey, Depot Ave., Gallatin, Tenn., says: "Fifteen years ago kidney disease attacked me. The pain in my back was so agonizing I finally had to give up work. Then came terrible attacks of gravel with acute pain and passages of blood. In all I passed 25 stones, some as large as a bean.

Nine years of this ran me down to a state of continual weakness and I thought I never would be better until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The improvement was rapid, and since using four boxes I am cured and have never had any return of the trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.



Small Urchin (to major, who has been thrown from horse into pond)—Hi, mister, as you 'ppens to be in the water, would you mind looking for Willie's whistle?

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

In the Museum. Englishman (in British museum)—This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero.

American Tourist—Pshaw! that's nothing. Why, in one of our American museums we have the lead pencil which Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the ark.

The Intelligent Witness. "What was he doing when you saw him?" asked the judge of the witness. "Well, sir, yer honor, ef I don't disremember, he wuz a-raisin' of the devil an' a-doin' of nothin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

MY OWN FAMILY USE PE-RU-NA.



HON. GEORGE W. HONEY. Hon. George W. Honey, National Chaplain U. V. U., ex-Chaplain Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry, ex-Treasurer State of Wisconsin, and ex-Quartermaster General State of Texas G. A. R., writes from 1700 First St., N. E., Washington, D. C., as follows:

"I cannot too highly recommend your preparation for the relief of catarrhal troubles in their various forms. Some members of my own family have used it with most gratifying results. When other remedies failed, Peruna proved most efficacious and I cheerfully certify to its curative excellence."

Mr. Fred L. Hebard, for nine years a leading photographer of Kansas City, Mo., located at the northeast corner of 12th and Grand Aves., cheerfully gives the following testimony: "It is a proven fact that Peruna will cure catarrh and la grippe, and as a tonic it has no equal. Druggists have tried to make me take something else 'just as good,' but Peruna is good enough for me."

Pe-ru-na in Tablet Form.

For two years Dr. Hartman and his assistants have incessantly labored to create Peruna in tablet form, and their strenuous labors have just been crowned with success. People who object to liquid medicines can now secure Peruna tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna.



AGATHA SIXTH.

join Agatha Fifth, my hands over my ears. Young people are so noisy nowadays.

Several evenings later Agatha Fourth had arranged to give a progressive dinner party. She was to be the hostess and the rest of us were her guests. It was an evening-dress affair, and I must say as we sat down to dinner I never saw a prettier group of girls.

Then the fun began. Agatha Fourth's idea in having a progressive dinner party was for each of the girls to move up one place with each course so that they could all have turns sitting by us. It was delightful; really, I don't know that I ever attended a jollier dinner party. Vincent kept quoting from the Mad Tea Party in "Alice in Wonderland," and the girls laughed at every single thing he said. Mrs. Armistead, I am ashamed to say, was not present; her head ached and she had dined in her room. I am not naturally noisy or riotous, but the laughter and jokes of those six girls were so infectious that I was obliged to join in with them. Vincent sat at one end of the table and I at the other, with three girls on each side of us. The secretary, of course, was not present.

Agatha Fourth had decorated the table with some of the yellow roses and wild fern that grew near the castle. Agatha Sixth and I had found them many times in our wanderings and, by the way, she was looking es-

sighed—I heard them—"as I look upon this noble room, this exquisite table, and think of the graciousness of such hospitality, I am inspired to propose a toast in which I feel confident you will all join me." At this climax Vincent raised his glass above his head. "To the real Agatha!" he cried—"to the real Honorable Agatha!"

There was an instant of dead silence, and then to my surprise my left-hand neighbor, Agatha Third, rose to her feet, and, with quivering lips, started to say something. But she had hardly time to rise before the other five girls sprang to their feet, and raising their glasses, Agatha Third with the rest, they cried with one voice: "To the Honorable Agatha!" and although it seemed to me that Agatha Third had very nearly let the cat out of the bag by rising, as if to acknowledge the courtesy, yet by the promptness of the other girls the day was partially retrieved, and Vincent and I were still somewhat at a loss as to the identity of our fair and wealthy hostess.

I asked Vincent afterward what he made of Agatha Third's behavior.

"It looked to me," said that young person, "as if those girls had themselves so much in command that they would never betray the secret they're guarding, no matter what you did." "But didn't you see Agatha Third get up before the others did?" I said, excitedly. "She gave herself away. I tell you, Wilfred, she's the real hon-