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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
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...the Register, U. S. Land Office at Clayton, N. M. Sept. 7, 1911. Notice is hereby given that William H. Wells of Broncho Texas, who on Dec. 31, 1908, made Homestead Entry, No. 06611 for ... section 25, Township 12S, Range 37 E. N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described before T. D. Cooley, U. S. Commissioner, at Scott N. M. on the 14 day of November 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Edward E. Travis of Scott N. M.
Elisha F. Rodgers, of Broncho Tex.
Charles E. Layman, " "
Hershel Fields, " "

T. C. Tillotson,
Register.

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NOVELIZED BY [illegible] D. NESBIT

"It is like dis," the Count said, as though addressing a jury. "In life dere are many things vich seem intouchible of explanation, but vich ven ve know vat dey are, do not seem so much."

Mr. Medders bowed assent and Harry looked at the Count with unalloyed admiration for his assurance and his control of the situation.

"You haff been sending," the Count continued, "vich excites natural suspicion and distrust. Ve haff all been dis. Und, as usual, ven suspicion is aroused, id iss like a swarm of bees—it lighds varever id pleases. Und also somebody gets stung."

He chuckled to himself, but his chuckle did not raise an echo.

"Id vould be easy for me," he said, "to allow you to continue mit der impressions you haff received. But I cannot allow it. Even at der expense of a wrong impression of myself, I must giff you my explanation—vich you can believe or not believe, as you like. Mr. Swifton iss a man dat you know—a man you vill always know throughout hiss life. Me—I am a stranger. I haff been teaching Mr. Swifton some Cherman—but I resign now as his tutor."

"No, no! I won't have that!" Harry bluffed.

"Unless you accept my resignation, I cannot say vat I vish to say," the Count decided.

Accepting Harry's silence as a confirmation of the alleged resignation, he went, checking off his points as he made them, upon his fingers.

"First, vat do we haff? Ve haff Cheneral Blanes coming here in a great rage, saying his wife is here. He iss assured dot she iss not, und he goes away."

"Verily, I told him she had not been here. I saw not her nor any other woman—not even that one who—"

Lucy's father patted her hand and ceased speaking. The Count bowed to her and went on:

"Later, Cheneral Blanes returns. He iss sure hiss vife iss here. He has heard from der milliner store dot she iss supposed to haff called up from here on der telesphemen. Der rest you all know—or think you know. He demands his vife. He iss again convinced she iss not here, und as he starts oud, he hears a sneeze. Such a sneeze is von dot iss echoed in hiss heart. He beliefs it iss hiss own vife's sneeze. Der door iss opened, und instead off hiss vife, oud comes der milliner! Amazement!"

With a sense of the dramatic unities, the Count paused. The others nodded mutely in confirmation of his summing up of the evidence.

"Vell, den," he resumed. "Vat iss der natural deductions you draw. Darefore, und consequently, our first conclusion iss dot things look plack for Mr. Swifton. Iss it not so?"

They agreed, silently.

"But vy should it be so?" the Count asked, pleasantly. "Iss Mr. Swifton der only man in der house? Iss he der only man in der vorld dot flirts? May I ask vy I, a poor, unknown, unnoticed Cherman—though id iss not so in my own country, I assure you!—iss dare any reason vy I should be neglected in your suspicions?"

Lucy and Carolyn looked at each other triumphantly. Here was a ray of hope for Harry, after all.

"But," the Count went on, "I must beg you not to suspect me as you do Mr. Swifton. I know you vill not, for peoples do not giff dush violent [illegible] opinions to strangeness as dey do to their own kind. I vill tell you how dis vomen happens to be in dis room. I paid her dere!"

"You did!" Carolyn exclaimed. "Why, I thought Harry—"

"Of course, dis position," the Count interrupted her. "Ve vomen always get der blamed all dis trouble to say vat we hot our own selves, iss it not so? Now, vy did I send dis vomen? She comes here to see chanel, a hat she has sent to a wrong address. I [illegible] "Yes, sir. I do not [illegible] dat I half stated. Vy should I? I am in dis country by dat purpose. Ladies dat mit me—a gallant chentleman vill at least by polite enough to respond. Beauty vas alter a vomans mit me. So! I meet dis lady here—dis milliner. I engage her in conversations. Ve hear some vos coming. She cannot get out. I tell her to hide in dat room a moment. She hiden. But dere is no chance for her to get out. Und at last, ven it seems dat dere vill be a chance, der explosion comes—und you know der rest."

The Count removed his eyeglass and swung it nonchalantly by its cord. He awaited the verdict. He did not look at Harry at all. Smilingly, he studied the wall.

"Dost thou realize that thou has endangered the name of this woman?" Medders asked, in quiet tones.

"Not so," the Count defended himself. "I vas protecting it. Der Cheneral, und all der rest off you, by making her come out—you put her in danger."

"Well," Harry said, after seeming to think the matter over very seriously, "I confess that I am surprised by what you have told us. But I think we should make allowances for you. You are unfamiliar with our ways of things and of conduct. What seems right to you may seem utterly wrong to us. I am not defending you, but I am not condemning you. I only ask you, next time you chat with a milliner, not to hide her around here."

This concluding remark of his, accompanied with a sunny smile, broke the tension, but Carolyn almost spoiled everything by saying:

"It sounds reasonable enough, but how does it happen that Harry was so determined no one should go into that room?"

"I haff no answer," the Count replied. "I haff told as much as I should tell."

"It looks to me as if he knew what you had done, and was trying to help you out," Carolyn declared.

"It ill becomes me to offer advice in the house where I am a guest," said Mr. Medders, "but I might suggest to thee that we ask Harry to tell us his side of this story later. It is unfortunate, truly, but I do not doubt that he will explain all to us. Daughter, we will remain here, as we planned, and now let us try to forget this unpleasantness, and make ourselves welcome."

"Thank you, Mr. Medders," Harry said. "I can see that you and Lucy still have a faint suspicion of me—but I can clear that up readily enough."

"I've got more than a faint one," Carolyn told him.

"Oh, well, I don't have to explain everything to you, sis," Harry said, easily. "But arguments are bad on an empty stomach. I happen to know that there's to be a pretty good dinner tonight, so we'll all get ready and eat it."

"You vill excuse me," the Count said. "I must—"

"No, sir!" Harry said, heartily. "I want you to show the folks that you're not half as black as you have painted yourself."

CHAPTER X.

It was a quiet dinner they ate that evening. After much persuasion, the Count had remained. But even his [illegible] attempts at witty sallies [illegible] failed.

[illegible] interested in "getting Carolyn [illegible] and she in turn had given [illegible] of matters to Lucy. [illegible] with Harry, had with Mr. [illegible] Harry would not [illegible] the Count's [illegible] but he [illegible] would make [illegible] At this time, he said, he thought everything would be to tarnish a woman's name—and Medders partly understood. The good old man was fond of Harry. And he had lived long enough to know that appearances were often deceitful. He was willing to give Harry the benefit of the doubt.

"My Boy," the General said, "I Couldn't Help Coming Back to Assure You That I Am Deeply Sorry."

But it was a quiet dinner. After they had left the table Harry succeeded in getting Lucy to come and talk with him in the reception room, and there he begged her to be patient until he felt that the time had arrived for him to make a clean breast of everything to her. At last he coaxed back the smiles to her face, but only after giving his word of honor that so far as he was concerned, the presence of Daphne in his house was not a reflection upon him.

Meanwhile the Count, endeavoring to keep his promise to get Harry out of the scrape, slipped out into the lawn, and by throwing pebbles against the window of the room where Mrs. Blanes was attracted her attention.

She opened the window, and in an almost hysterical voice, begged him to get her out.

"I vill, if you only be quiet," the Count said. "Your husband chust vent in. I saw him ven I come out."

"But what can I do?" she asked.

"Trust me!"

"I did," she sighed, "and lost my hat."

"Yes, und I let you haff my ring, too,"

"Bother your old ring!" she answered. "I'll give it back to you. I hate the sight of it!"

"Giff it to me, den," the Count whispered, eagerly.

"I will," she hesitated, "when I get out of here."

The Count swiftly disappeared from view as the front door opened and Harry and the General came down the steps. The General's arm was across Harry's shoulders.

To be continued

PRE-HISTORIC MAN.

Doctor Henri-Martin, grandson of the great historian, made an announcement at the weekly meeting at the Academy of Science of exceptional importance to the study of pre-historic man. At the foot of a hill in the department of the Charante the doctor dug up the skull of a man of the Quaternary Epoch, showing marked divergences from the four or five similar specimens already extant, notably a very pronounced protuberance at the base of the forehead. The teeth, which are very strong, are worn right down to the crown, and add to the belief that their owner was herbivorous. Beside the skull were found a few broken instruments and some other bones, all of the same period, and the digging is being continued with the greatest care in the hope of finding the complete skeleton.

—Santa Fe New Mexican.