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**SYNOPSIS.**

**CHAPTER I.** Harry Swifton is spinning along in his auto, his thoughts dwelling in happy anticipation of a coming visit from his fiancée, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress, who nursed him when he was injured in an auto accident out in the country. The hat takes out of his surroundings by these pleasant thoughts he crashes into another auto containing a German count and a beautiful woman. The woman's hat is ruined. Absent-mindedly Harry thrusts the remnants of the hat in his pocket and makes his escape.

**CHAPTER II.** Carolyn, Harry's sister, arrives to play hostess. Soerates Primer, a distant relative of Lucy's, arrives with a hat intended as a gift to Lucy. Harry is trailed to his home by the German count and the lady of the damaged hat.

**CHAPTER III.** Who, it develops, is Mrs. General Blazes. She is in distraction lest her husband should hear of her escapade. She declares that her milliner told her a duplicate of the ruined hat had been delivered to Harry's house. Responding to her demands for the hat Harry insists that he knows nothing about it. Lucy Medders and her father arrive and the Count is sequestered in the library and Mrs. Blazes in Harry's bedroom.

**CHAPTER IV.** Lucy professes enthusiasm regarding the room in which Mrs. Blazes is hidden and Harry is forced to do some fancy lying.

**CHAPTER V.** The milliner arrives to trace the duplicate hat. She proves to be Madame Duffington whom Harry had shown considerable attention to in the past and the situation becomes more complicated. She agrees to make another hat providing Harry will take her to dinner. Lucy and Carolyn call Harry and Daphne is hustled into the room occupied by the Count. The Count and Daphne it seems had carried on a flirtation before and greeted each other warmly.

**CHAPTER VI.** The Count asks Daphne why she had left him standing on a corner waiting for her one evening, she explains that she met a dear friend and had accompanied him to dinner. The Count had given her a ring on a former occasion and demanded the return. Daphne explains that she had given it to General Blazes, at that the Count was in a state of mind bordering on insanity as he had given Mrs. Blazes a duplicate of the ring that he had lost. Daphne explains that the Count exclaims bitter words and Daphne refuses to stay in the same room with him, as she enters the room that Mrs. Blazes is concealed in.

**CHAPTER VII.** Harry and Lucy enter the room, accompanied by Mr. Medders, who was busy looking around the house and before Harry could stop him had opened the door of the library. The Count was concealed. Exclamations followed and the Count played the role of Harry's German tutor. Harry is forced to tell what he has learned and the Count assists him, the deception proves a success.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

Harry felt that there was nothing he could do which would sufficiently show his gratitude to the Count. Everything was straightening out nicely. To get rid of the Count would be simple. As his German tutor, what could be more natural than for the Count to put on his hat and walk away? And then there was the quick manner in which the Count had rallied to his support. Evidently, in spite of his grievance, the Count was a man who would not stand or sit idly by and see a fellow man suffer because of a mistake, or a combination of mistakes.

With a quiet wink to the Count, Harry said to Lucy and her father: "I want to take you around the grounds a bit, now. Count von Fitz will excuse us, I know."

"Most certainly," the Count replied, grandly. "And I will pursue my studies."

But more noise was heard from the hallway, and Harry flinched. He could not imagine what further trouble fate had in store for him, but he had experienced so much in this brief time, and his nerves were on such a wire edge, that he knew any unusual noise meant trouble, and any unusual silence might mean worse.

"What can it be?" Lucy asked in alarm.

"Let us go and see," Medders said. They were saved the effort, for Carolyn came running in, her eyes big with alarm, and her face white with fright. She rushed to Harry and clung to him.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried. "That terrible old General!"

"Gott!" the Count exclaimed, turning toward the library. "He has discovered me!"

"What is it, Carolyn? What about the General?" asked Harry.

"There, there, my girl," soothed Mr. Medders. "Calm thyself."

"Do tell us what has frightened thee," Lucy begged, taking Carolyn's hand in hers and patting it.

"General Blazes," Carolyn said, straightening herself up and catching her breath. "General Blazes is coming, and he swears he will do desperate things, Harry. Oh, I am so afraid."

The deep voice of the General boomed from the hall.

"Where is she?" he shouted.

"Where is she? I want my wife, I tell you!"

He stormed into the den and confronted them. He stalked up to Harry, brandishing his cane.

"Where is my wife?" he clamored. "You scoundrel! Where is my wife?" Harry waited until the General had run out of breath; this procedure also allowing him to collect his wits. Then he asked:

"Why, General, what in the world is wrong?"

"Everything's wrong! You're a scam doundrel; I'm a fam dool! My wife is a ficked wirt—I mean a wicked flirt!"

"It's coming in bunches," Harry thought to himself. He determined that, even though the General had reason to believe his wife was in the house, he would affect to misunderstand him and thus disarm him.

"Why, General," he said, "you're excited."

"You bet I'm excited!" the General yelled, shaking his cane in the air, while Lucy and Carolyn shuddered and held each other tight, behind Mr. Medders, and the Count stood ready



"My Wife Is In There."

to jump into the library if the fury of the General should be directed at him.

"You bet I'm excited. I'm as loozy as a crane—I mean crazy as a loon. I want my wife, I tell you. Where is she?"

"Well, General," Harry replied stiffly, "I'm not running a guessing contest, you know."

"None of you nam donsense! You know where my wife is."

Mr. Medders stepped forward with his hand raised to calm the General, and, speaking to Harry, asked:

"Knowest thou aught of his wife, Harry?"

"I don't know what can be the matter with him," Harry evaded.

The Count sidled toward the door into the hall, saying meekly:

"I think I am going, now."

The General stopped him with a flourish of his cane, and shouted:

"You stay right here! You may know something of this."

Lucy now found a chance to ask something.

"What is it the man sayeth of thee, Harry?" she asked.

Before Harry could reply to her the General demanded:

"Has my wife been here today?"

"I can answer for him," Lucy replied, gently. "No strange woman has been here."

The General looked puzzled. He took off his hat, tucked his cane under his arm, and mopped his brow.

"That's remarkable," he said. "My wife telephoned from this house not half an hour ago. They told me so at the millinery store down the street. I stopped there to inquire for her."

"They must have been mistaken," Harry said. "It is just possible that they had the number mixed. I don't believe they even know who we are here. We don't deal with them."

"Well, Harry," the General said, slowly, looking from one to the other of the faces before him, and realizing that he had been in error. "I'm sorry I made such an ass of myself. You don't know what it is to be worried about a wife—yet. You'll pardon me, won't you?"

"Why, certainly, General," Harry said, grasping his outstretched hand. "Let bygones be bygones and all that. I know how you feel. I've been worried once or twice myself—but not about a wife."

"Well, my boy, your time will come," sagely promised the General. "I trust the ladies will pardon me, and you gentlemen, also."

Lucy and Carolyn, Mr. Medders and the Count cheerfully forgave him and he started out, when—Oh, luckless fate!—from the room where Daphne and Mrs. Blazes waited, came a

(Continued on page 6.)

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