



Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER II.

MR. DEVINE ventured on little excursions out around the lawn, but keeping the lighted doorway in sight. He shuddered to think what would happen to him if he should lose it or some one should turn off the light.

He marveled at the increased bulk of the cottage.

"Looks as big as the Madison Square Garden," he commented. "Wonder how she'd show off if she was all lighted up?"

Then, getting a new angle, he perceived four yellow rectangles in an upper story. They were windows which faced the rear.

"That's where the help stays, eh?"

No, now that he remembered, the servants' quarters were in another wing. A few steps more brought it in view, and there were more lighted windows. He returned to cast a perplexed gaze at the four yellow rectangles. He could make out a shadow on one. It was the silhouette of a



HE HAD A GLIMPSE OF A SLENDER, BIG EYED YOUNG WOMAN.

man's head, a man with a beard and eyeglasses. He seemed to be reading. Then another shadow flitted across the shade, a slighter, more graceful shape, evidently a woman's.

"Nothing ghostly about that," remarked the Cherub. "Am I in a boarding house or what?"

Flinding a lawn seat, he swung it around, lighted a fresh cigar and leaned back to make a comfortable survey and reflect upon his discovery at leisure. Instead of one there were two persons for whom he could not account. Perhaps there were more—four, five, six, a dozen. Why not? Room was not lacking. True, he had been given to understand, both by Balkins and by Timmins, that he had bought a house tenanted only by servants. But persons who read books in the library, dropped lace handkerchiefs and occupied rooms in the main portion of the house could not be servants.

The Cherub wondered and speculated and made wild guesses as to the identity of the persons in those upper rooms. Having no starting point, no clew to follow, he arrived nowhere.

"Give it up," he said. "Guess I'll go to bed."

Why he should rise at the unearthly hour of 6, however, he explained in quite a different way. He accused a few twittering sparrows of waking him. Perhaps, too, it was the sparrows which drove him out to make a circuit of the grounds. Quite incidentally he glanced up at the windows he had watched the night before. The closed shutters revealed nothing.

Flinding a bench under a tree, he sat down and began to wonder how long it would be before he might call for his breakfast without seeming unreasonable. He was aroused by a crunch-crunch of footsteps on the gravel. Some one was walking down one of the intersecting paths.

During the brief instant that he stared he had a glimpse of a slender, big eyed young woman whose hair hung in a thick, dark braid over one shoulder. Across the hollow of her left arm was a sheaf of freshly cut flowers, in her right hand a pair of shears. And then she saw him.

"Oh!"

Down fell the roses. The shears clattered on the stones.

By the time he could scramble to his feet she had gathered up her flowers and the shears. She stood quite still, eyeing him with apprehensive expectation.

"Eh?" said the Cherub.

"I—I said nothing," replied the young woman.

"But you squeaked, didn't you?"

"Possibly."

"Well, I was scared out of a year's growth. Next time you feel like squeaking you might send me the word, so I can brace myself. Live here, do you?"

"Why—er—that is—not exactly."

"Neither do I, thank the Lord! I just own the place. But don't mind me. Go ahead with your posy picking."

"You—you don't object to—"

"Great Scott, no! Cut 'em all if you like."

Only after she was out of sight did Mr. Devine realize that here was another person whose presence at Howington Acres was not fully accounted for. She could not be one of the servants. He was sure of that. But when you find a person about the grounds of a private house, apparently quite at home, and they reply when asked if they live there, "Not exactly," what is one to infer? She couldn't be a guest. Who was there for her to visit? Nor a boarder.

"Strikes me I ought to take a census," commented the Cherub.

Going back to the house, he rang a bell until Eppings appeared, heavy eyed and lugubrious.

"Breakfast ready yet?"

"Breakfast, sir? It's rather early, sir, but—"

"Early! It's the middle of the forenoon. Go stir things up in the kitchen."

As Eppings departed the hall clock chimed 7. The Cherub grinned. He had not breakfasted at 7 for years. In less than an hour, though, breakfast was an accomplished fact, and Mr. Devine, now soothed by one of his black cigars, set out for a more extended tour of the grounds. He discovered the path leading to the sound and had spent some time on the porch of the boathouse watching the steamers and coasting vessels crawl past when Timmins came down, evidently in search of him.

"Maybe I didn't mention last night, sir," began Timmins suavely, "anything about the Howingtons?"

"I guess you didn't, Timmins."

"The fact is, sir, they haven't gone."

"Haven't gone! Why, where are they?"

"Back at the house, sir. It's all on account of the old lady, sir. Mr. Howington's sister, who has took so bad she couldn't be moved. Perhaps I"—

"It's all right. There's Mr. Howington and his sick sister, is there? That all?"

"And the Countess Vecchi, sir."

"The which?" Mr. Devine grabbed the cigar from between his teeth and turned quickly on Timmins.

"The Countess Vecchi, sir, as stayed to look after the aunt. The countess is the married daughter, sir. The count's been dead two years, sir, and—here Timmins coughed apologetically behind his hand—"the Howingtons wa'n't precisely sorry to lose him."

"Not a howling success, eh?"

"Hardly, sir. The countess left him two hours after the wedding."

"She must be a hummer," observed the Cherub, and then reflectively: "Countesses are hardly in my line. Guess you can hook up pretty soon and drive me back to the station. I don't want to disturb the old lady."

"Lord, sir, you won't see any of them! No sooner did they hear you were coming than they moved into the top floor of the east wing, and there they've shut themselves up like the house was quarantined. Besides, sir, there isn't another express you could get to the city until the 10:33 tonight."

"Oh, well, there's plenty of time then! Perhaps you'll be able to dig up some more reports before night."

Mr. Devine was thinking of the young person he had seen in the garden. It didn't matter who she was, of course, but it might be interesting to know.

The day passed, however, without further discoveries, although at any moment the Cherub was prepared to find himself confronted either by Mr. Howington or the countess or the young woman of the roses or some wholly unknown person.

He had seated himself for another solitary and stately meal when a bell rang somewhere, and Eppings excused himself to answer it. Then ensued out in the reception hall a whispered conversation, part of which Mr. Devine could hardly avoid hearing, although he was certain it was not intended for his ears.

"Is that—that dreadful man in there?" asked a voice.

Eppings reappeared to announce impressively, "The Countess Vecchi, sir."

"Oh, the devil!" Mr. Devine grabbed his napkin end from between the second and third buttons of his waistcoat and dropped it across his left knee. He had a vague notion that all countesses were large, stout women, who wore crowns of some sort, ermine trimmed robes and a multitude of rings.

Through the doorway stepped the big eyed, slender young person whom he had seen before breakfast in the garden. She wore neither crown nor ermine robes. The braid of dark hair had been transformed into a simple but effective setting for the long oval of her face.

"Hello! You?" he exclaimed. "Say, honest, you aren't the countess, are you?"

"No; I think that is all, except that during your stay," continued the countess, "we shall keep to our rooms."

(To Be Continued)

She bowed an admission of the fact, evidently much disconcerted by this greeting.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" continued Mr. Devine. "Say, have a seat, won't you?"

She walked resolutely to the opposite end of the table from Mr. Devine and nervously clasped and unclasped her fingers as she spoke.

"My father wishes me to say that the serious condition of my aunt makes it impossible for us to leave the house at present. Just as soon as she improves we will go away."

"Oh, that's all right! Stay as long as you like."

"But we don't want to stay at all. My father wishes you to understand that. It—it is very painful for him to accept a favor, even toleration, from you. He charged me not to apologize, however, as the circumstances are beyond our control. I am not apologizing, you see, only explaining."

"Oh, you're doing fine!" said Mr. Devine assuringly. "Anything else the old gentleman wants me to understand?"

"No; I think that is all, except that during your stay," continued the countess, "we shall keep to our rooms."

(To Be Continued)

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SECOND—Persons residing south of Cottonwood street may sprinkle from 6:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m. on Mondays and Thursdays. Persons residing between Cottonwood street and Bailey street may sprinkle from 6:30 to 7:30 p. m. on Tuesdays and Fridays. Persons residing north of Bailey may sprinkle from 6:30 to 7:30 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays. The above rule is in effect on and after March 28th, 1910.

THIRD—Sprinkling out of hours, sprinkling without a nozzle or spray, permitting waste of water by leaky, defective fixtures, sprinkling streets, sidewalks or roads or any wilful waste of water subjects the person guilty of same to having the water shut off and a charge of \$1.00 imposed for turning on again in addition to the repair of any defective or leaky fixture.

The water supply is now the property of the people of Globe and it is the desire of the City Council and of the Water Department that all the citizens of Globe co-operate with the City Government in promoting the economical use of City Water and of avoiding waste which entails useless expense on all and is a great injustice to those who use the water carefully and keep within the rules.

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Resene Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Wednesday. Odd Fellows hall. Barney Johnson, noble grand; E. L. Taylor, financial secretary.
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Local Union No. 1030 United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. Meets each Thursday at Union Labor hall at 7:30 p. m. William Hayes, president; C. D. Olds, treasurer; F. W. Tenbrook, financial secretary.

MINERS
Globe Miners' Union No. 60, W. F. M.—Meets every Tuesday at 7 p. m. M. H. Page, president; William Wills, secretary; J. R. Watson, special organizer.

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Globe Typographical Union, No. 367. Meets first Sunday in each month at 3 p. m. Harry H. Eads, president; Carl F. Holdsworth, secretary.

CLERKS
Store and Office Employees' Union. Meets 4th Wednesday night each month in Carpenter's hall, at 7:30 p. m. W. T. Wright, president; T. E. Collins, secretary.

BARBERS
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