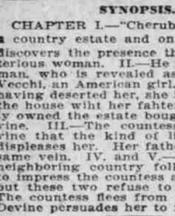


# Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Cherub Devine buys a country estate and on his first visit discovers the presence there of a mysterious woman. II.—He meets the woman, who is revealed as the Countess Vecchi, an American girl. Her husband having deserted her, she is remaining at the house with her father, who formerly owned the estate bought by Mr. Devine. III.—The countess informs Devine that the kind of life he has led displeases her. Her father talks in the same vein. IV. and V.—Devine invites neighboring country folk to a supper to impress the countess and her father, but these two refuse to attend. VI.—The countess flees from the house, but Devine persuades her to return.

CHAPTER VII.

**B**UT why should I stay here? Why do you want me to stay?"

The countess was asking Mr. Devine these questions with as much sincerity as if there could be no possible reason why he should object to her leaving Hewington Acres.

"Why—why, because you ought to, because I want you to stay. Don't you see? I want you to stay."

For the better part of the day the Cherub had been waiting for just this opportunity. Now that it had come he stood staring at her with a blank, baffled look in his blue eyes.

The countess glanced curiously at him with a slight laugh.

He had found her in her favorite retreat, a rustic summer house perched on a little point of rocks which jutted out into the sound and marked the eastern boundary of the estate.

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Devine," she said, "I'm sure, but I don't feel that I can accept such a favor from—well, from a stranger, you know."

"We'll get acquainted then."

But the countess firmly held to the point. Hewington Acres was no longer her home; therefore she must leave it at once.

"Perhaps it is mine, but I don't want the place," urged the Cherub. "I just bought it for a joke. I'll tell you what I'm going to do—I'm going to sell it back to your father. I'll let it go cheap for the sake of getting rid of it."

The countess shook her head at this proposal. "Father could not buy it back," she said.

"Or I may rent it to him."

"No; we must go away somewhere and get another home—a home of our own."

"I believe it's just because I am here that you're in such a hurry to

go. If I should clear out now and you come back until"—

"No, no!" protested the countess. "I shouldn't feel like staying a minute after you had gone—not a minute. While you are here I am, in a way, your guest, but if you were not here I should not have even that standing."

"Then I'll stay," declared the Cherub. "I'll stay here a week, a month, any time."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" quickly replied the countess. "I have seen stock speculators before. They are just as much slaves of the market as the wretched men who haunt the gambling halls of Monte Carlo are slaves of the roulette wheel. No; you will be back in Wall street tomorrow morning, eager for the game. It is all you live for—speculation, speculation!"

The Cherub was dumb before this outburst. It had been so unexpected. "Of course I have no right to say such things to you," she continued more soberly. "I did not intend to say them either. You have been very kind to us, and I—I admire you in many ways. But you should not have tried to make me believe too much. I am not a silly schoolgirl, you know. I—I have had one experience with a man who was"—she hesitated at the confession—"who was a gambler."

She had turned to hide the sudden flush that crept into her cheeks. Suppressed emotion was gently shaking her shoulders.

As in a flash Cherub Devine knew exactly what he wanted to do now, and it was only by clapping his hands resolutely behind his back that he kept from taking her in his arms and otherwise making a spectacle of himself. He saw it all. Even if she did despise him he was in love with the Countess Vecchi.

The revelation came with stunning abruptness, like the glimpses of flooded roadway when the lightning had illuminated their way last night. Yes, he loved her.

If she should know! He was fairly appalled at his own audacity. Suppose she should be at this moment making the discovery which he had just made! Would she shrink away from him in terror or would she laugh scornfully at him? She was sticking a long silver hatpin through the top of her hat and listlessly watching the dingy sails of a coasting schooner that was crawling up the sound. He breathed more freely. She did not know, then.



**Anty Drudge Lectures to the Woman's Club.**

"My dear women, these pictures speak for themselves. Mrs. A uses Fels-Naptha soap in her washing. Mrs. B still sticks to the old, hard-rubbing, boiling, back-breaking way. Which do you want to look like when Monday's work is done? Think it over."

Why did your grandmother boil dirty clothes? To soften and loosen the dirt. That's the only way she knew. Now Fels-Naptha soap will do the loosening better in cold or lukewarm water. Fels-Naptha is an invention, same as the telephone or sewing machine.

The up-to-date woman uses Fels-Naptha because it saves her the trouble of boiling clothes or heating water and makes hard-rubbing unnecessary. Then her clothes are fresher and cleaner than if washed in the old-fashioned, boiling way. Here's the way to do your white things with Fels-Naptha: Soap, roll and let soak a short time in cold or lukewarm water, then rub lightly, rinse and hang on the line. Try it once.

Be sure to follow directions on the red and green wrapper.

No need of adding ammonia to the water for washing dishes or housecleaning—just make a suds of Fels-Naptha.

"There, you'll forgive me, will you not?" she said, turning so quickly toward him that he started guiltily. "I didn't mean to lecture you—really I didn't. And now I must say goodby."

"You—must—say—goodby?" He repeated the words dully.

"Why, yes, I have decided to go to town tonight. I shall ask you to let Timmins drive me to the station this time. You will not go until morning, I suppose."

"But I can't let you go away in this fashion. I don't want you to go at all. There's no need for it."

"You said that before. We've settled all that, you know."

"We hadn't settled it, though," eagerly protested the Cherub. "You said you wouldn't think of staying after I went back because there wouldn't be any host. And then I said I'd stay. Well, I meant it. You can wait a day or two until we make some arrangements. You haven't any particular place to go to, have you?"

"There are lots of hotels in New York," suggested the countess.

"Hotels! Do you suppose we're going to let you run off to New York alone?"

"Yes; your father and I. We have had a little talk about you."

"You and my father?"

"Yes."

"Why, you—you surprise me, Mr. Devine. I had no idea that my father ever consulted you."

The Cherub smiled complacently. "He has, though. You're thinking of what he said last night when we came back from the village. But he didn't know how things stood then. We had an understanding this morning, and we agreed that we would try to make you see how foolish it was to run away. Hasn't he said anything about it?"

"Nothing that has influenced my plans."

"But you can see how I feel about it, can't you?" Mr. Devine flushed at his unfortunate wording of this appeal. What he was trying to do most was to conceal his real feelings. But he plunged boldly ahead with his argument. "That's why I am going to stay here until you have promised to be reasonable," was his closing declaration.

"Indeed!" A man with such deep knowledge of womankind as the Cherub thought he possessed would have detected a note of challenge in her tone. Mr. Devine, however, thought that he was managing the affair very cleverly, when she continued, "I suppose I may have time to think it over, if I am to reconsider?"

"Of course, all the time you want," he assented readily.

The countess looked up quickly and replied:

"This is Monday, isn't it? Well, by Wednesday night I shall probably be able to tell you exactly what I mean to do—that is, providing I am still here."

"But you can wait two days, can't you?"

"Yes; I can if you can."

Then the Cherub understood. She meant to take him at his word and hold him to it. Although he thought of many things which might happen to P., Z. and N. if for two whole days his watchful eyes should be taken from it, he did not flinch.

"I'm game," he said.

The clanging of a big gong announced the daily openings of the New York Stock Exchange. During five years there had never been a morning when Cherub Devine was not to be found within earshot of that gong when it rang in Wall street's brief but tumultuous day. He was to be found waiting with calm confidence whatever crisis, big or little, might arise, and generally there was something of the sort.

Yet here he was at opening hour on this post-holiday Tuesday morning only vaguely conscious that he was miles away from it all. If he remembered it was only the troublesome thought of a moment. What did he care if a thousand gongs were ringing to open a thousand stock exchanges? They might stay open forever or close for good and all; he was helping the Countess Vecchi toss bits of sweet crackers to a pair of white swans.

Perhaps it was the clear, crisp September air, perhaps it was something else, which caused the Cherub to feel within him a new glow and thrill of more existence. He himself did not entirely understand the origin of this feeling, but he had no inclination to analyze it. He was glad he was there. Especially he was glad that the countess was there too. Beyond that nothing was to be desired.

Thus it happened that the advent of a red headed boy on a bicycle seemed almost an impertinence. The boy dropped

his wheel on the lawn, pulled a thin, black book from his pocket and held out a yellow envelope to Mr. Devine.

"Message for you," announced the boy.

"Walk your man, you take that precious message back to the house, chuck it on the porch and get Eppings to sign. Here's a dollar."

He of the red hair grinned expansively and retired. For another delicious period they threw pieces of sweet crackers to the swans. Then the boy came back on his bicycle. "Prepaid reply message," was his second announcement.

"Want to earn another dollar?" asked Mr. Devine.

"Yep."

"Here it is, then. Chuck this message where you put the other one and tell whoever sent it that I'm very busy or sick abed or gone fishing—anything you think best—and sign it yourself."

"You don't seem greatly interested in your telegrams, Mr. Devine," observed the countess. "I thought that telegrams always meant something important."

"Not this kind. I'll read them Thursday morning. Isn't there some place we can go where that boy can't find us again?"

"There's the garden. And you have not seen the dahlia yet."

An hour later, when they returned to the house, they found the red haired boy perched on the horse block.

"Three more!" he announced, producing his book. "And they all want rush answers."

"Good!" said Mr. Devine. "Give me your book a minute."

On the receipt blank he wrote "Refused" opposite his name.

"Guess that'll do the trick," observed the boy.

He of the red hair was correct. No more messages were sent up from the village.

(To be Continued.)

**TO BEDECK HIS OWN GRAVE.**

Jersey Veteran Says He Wants to See How It Will Look.

"If I am alive next Memorial day I intend to decorate my own grave, float a flag above it and have my picture taken," declares James Townsend, of School street, Milltown, N. J., a member of the G. A. R., who is now making his own funeral arrangements. "It will be the only way I can see how I will look at my own grave."

Mr. Townsend recently purchased from Undertaker Hubbard of New Brunswick, N. J., a metallic coffin. Mr. Townsend some years ago bought a grave in Van Liew cemetery, in New Brunswick, and has made a practice of decorating his grave every Memorial day since. His wife is buried in Van Liew cemetery, and on the tombstone is his own inscription, together with that of his wife. The only vacant detail is the date of his death.

The Florin.

The florin, one of the most famous of modern coins, originated in Florence. Some say that it gave the name to the city, while others assert that it was first so called because it had on it a flower de luce, from the Italian florine, or flower, for the same reason that an English silver piece is called a crown or certain gold pieces in France indifferently a napoleon or a louis or the ten dollar gold piece in America an eagle. Two countries, Austria and Holland, have retained the florin as a unit of monetary value, taking it at a time when it was very universal in Europe, its usage having been rendered general by the financial supremacy of the little states of northern Italy and the imperfect coinage system of the other countries of the continent.

A Regular Tom Boy

was Susie—climbing trees and fences jumping ditches, whittling, always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. But laws! Her mother just applied Buckle's Arnica Salve and cured her quick. Heals everything healable—boils, ulcers, eczema, old sores, corns or piles. Try it, 25 cents at all druggists.

**WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION**

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.



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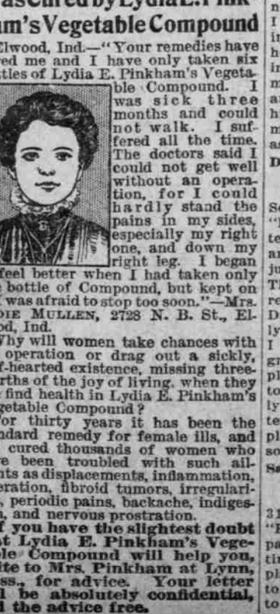
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**FREE OF CHARGE**

to all calling between now and May 31. Many of you who have been taking medicines and so-called treatments for months will be absolutely cured by a few applications of electricity—properly applied. Very chronic cases will require somewhat longer time, but it makes no difference, you will be treated free until you can say I am cured.

**REMEMBER**

Under no circumstances will Dr. Bartz accept a professional fee from any patient applying between now and May 31.

Among the diseases successfully treated by Dr. Bartz are diseases of the Nerves, Blood, Skin, Stomach, Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, including Rheumatism, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gall Stones, Paralysis, Weak Nerves, Epilepsy, Catarrh, Goitre, Asthma, Eczema, Scrofula and Diseases peculiar to both men and women.

**READ WHAT THE CURED SAY**

Electricity Finally Cured Him.

Mr. Charles E. Norris, who resides at 2939 Fifth avenue, Rock Island, says: "For the last 25 years I had great trouble with pain and weakness in my back, some days I could not do a thing, and to get rid of it, I have tried almost everything, both internally and externally. Finally I heard of the work Dr. Bartz was doing with electricity and made up my mind to try his methods. Today I am pleased to say that just three of his treatments removed all pains and my back is now as strong and good as ever."

**Discouraged Ladies Read This Testimony.**

Mrs. A. Pizzuto, residing at 1511 Second avenue, Rock Island, says: "For the past three years I suffered terribly with headaches, nervousness and a general worn out feeling. I just thought life was not worth living. Thoroughly discouraged I was finally recommended by a lady friend to see Dr. Bartz. I did so and I am certainly glad of it for in a very short time I began to get well. The headaches gradually left me and now I am simply feeling fine and don't feel lost to the world as before. I am certainly enthusiastic about Dr. Bartz's system of treatment because it's so pleasant to take and makes one feel so good and besides it's lasting."

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Mr. E. H. Corbin, who resides at 216 Fifth street, Rock Island, says: "For the past seven years I suffered pains in the small of my back. At times it was very severe. I had tried plasters, etc., but it did not seem to remove it, so finally I concluded to see Dr. Bartz about his electrical

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The equipment in Dr. Bartz's offices is an elaborate one, every instrument known to science of any value for the diagnosis and cure of disease is to be found there. One of the doctor's great secrets in curing so many diseases is due to his expert knowledge of the human body, very frequently, by the aid of his wonderful instruments, he is able to diagnose a case, describing and locating every ache and pain without asking the patient a single question.

**Dr. N. B. Bartz & Co.**

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