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I. O. U.

By CORONA REMINGTON

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"I tell you, son," Mr. Losmond continued, "if you don't stop fooling around that Blake girl you'll marry her sure; then I'll disinherit you."

"But, father, I'm not in love with Miss Blake, and wouldn't marry her if she were the only girl in the world."

"Well, that may be all right, but there's something I want you to do for me. I want you to go to California to your Uncle Will Bennett's and stay on his ranch for awhile and learn something of country life. I wrote to him about it, and he said he'd be glad to have you."

Jack thought a moment. His father was evidently set upon his going, and, anyhow, a trip to California would not be so bad; so why not? After brief mental calculation he replied:

"I'll be ready next Wednesday."

"Good! That's settled. I'll write to your uncle and tell him when to expect you."

A few days of bustling preparations and Jack found himself ready for the trip. When Wednesday morning arrived he boarded the through sleeper for San Francisco, and seated himself with a light heart as he idly watched the hurrying, scurrying crowds outside waving goodbyes to the slowly moving train. He sat immersed in thought for a few moments, but his attention was soon distracted by the gruff voice of the Pullman conductor speaking to the passenger in the opposite seat:

"Well, lady, you can't stay here unless you have got the money to pay for it—you'll have to go in the day coach."

"But day coaches don't go all the way to San Francisco, and I'm alone, and I'd have to stop at hotels on the way," the passenger protested.

Beneath a peevish little frown that gave a new expression of much perplexity. The young man promptly sided with the distressed little creature across the aisle, and, drawing a card from his pocket, touched the conductor on the arm.

"Please give this to the young lady," he said, "and ask her to permit me to lend her the necessary money—it would be a pleasure."

Without waiting for the message to be repeated, the girl glanced at the card and addressed Jack directly:

"It's so good of you to offer, Mr. Losmond, I—I don't know what to do about it, but I guess I'll have to accept. Here's my card. I'll return it as soon as I reach San Francisco."

As she smiled her thanks two fascinating dimples appeared, then disappeared so rapidly that Jack could not be sure that he had seen them after all. He hoped she would smile again. After the conductor had gone he wanted to talk to his fair neighbor, but Miss Westell seemed to consider the matter closed, for she soon buried herself in a book and the morning passed uneventfully. When luncheon was announced, he decided to wait until the girl should arise, in the hope of being able to offer to escort her to the dinner, but Edith Westell showed no signs of moving. Suddenly it occurred to him that possibly she had no money to pay for her meal, since he had only handed to the conductor enough to pay for her Pullman fare. He addressed her in his most engaging tones:

"Beg pardon, Miss Westell, but won't you take lunch with me? I'd be charmed if you would."

She puckered up her forehead for a second, as if debating, then:

"Since I'm nearly starved and it's my only chance of getting something to eat, I guess I'd better accept your kindness, though it does seem dreadfully unconventional; but I'm ravenously hungry."

"Let's forget conventions until we reach San Francisco," he suggested.

"But I think it would be better for me to borrow more money, and pay for my own lunch," she replied.

"I'm afraid I can't lend you any more," he returned with mock seriousness.

The girl looked up and caught the twinkle in his dark eyes and smiled despite her attempt at being dignified.

"Well," she said, "I'll have to accept this time. Let's go at once, please; I'm famished."

Mr. Losmond ordered the meal and watched the girl sitting opposite him with fascinated interest. Her face wore an expression of eager anticipation.

"You seem to be interested in things," he remarked.

"Having had nothing to eat since last night, and possessing an abnormally good appetite, I naturally am."

"Too bad," he sympathized. "I never dreamed but what you'd have your breakfast."

"No. I—I'm running away, and that's how I came to be short of money." She blushed at her own confession.

"You seem remarkably calm for one who is running away," he laughed.

"But I really am, all the same. My parents believe I'm safe and sound in New York."

"I should think they'd have missed you by now and be wiring all over creation," he put in.

"Oh, no. I took care they shouldn't get alarmed so soon, by telling them that I was tired of everything and was going to bury myself at a friend's house for a whole week, and didn't want them to try to find me or to communicate with me in any way. At the end of that time I promised to let them hear from me, and they agreed, because they say that I've never gotten into any mischief; so I'm a 'trusty' and they let me do as I like as a rule—about things that aren't very important," she ended a little bitterly.

"I admit I'm puzzled to know why you're running away from such lenient parents," he said.

Miss Westell blushed at this and looked out of the window. Finally she spoke:

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this, but I guess it's because you lent me the money I needed. I'm running away because my mother and father want me to—to marry a man I don't want to marry, and I know that if they keep on talking and he keeps on talking to me, I'll marry him in spite of myself."

"I think you were perfectly justified in running away," he assured her, his dark eyes big with interest, while beneath the table he gripped his napkin as if it were some one's neck.

"Do you really mean it? It's so good to hear you say it," she confessed.

During the rest of the trip they were almost constantly together, reading to each other or exchanging anecdotes of their past lives, and when at last the day of arrival came, Jack and Edith left the train together, he carrying her bag and guiding her through the crowd. With a thrill he realized how very "husbandly" he must look. He glanced hastily around for his uncle, soon to see him and his daughter looking eagerly about.

Louisa saw Jack first and sped toward him, her face rippling with smiles, but to his astonishment she rushed straight up to Miss Westell and threw her arms around her, bubbling greetings and welcome. Losmond held his breath in amazement.

"You old dear, whatever brought you here?" Louisa asked excitedly, and went on without waiting for an answer. "And here's Cousin Jack. Why didn't you tell us you were going to bring Edith with you? I didn't even know you knew her."

"Is he your cousin?" Edith inquired.

"What a surprise."

Then turning to Mr. Losmond she explained: "Louisa and I went to college together, and were the very chums of chums."

Now Jack began to understand. Louisa towed Edith away and seated her in the back of the waiting machine, leaving Mr. Bennett to take care of his nephew.

"I didn't know you knew the little Westell girl. She's a great favorite with us," Bennett said as they settled themselves on the front seat of the car.

"Sure! We've known each other for ages. Haven't we, Edith?" he called daintily over his shoulder.

"I should say so, Jack," she smiled, with a gurgle of ill-suppressed laughter.

"In fact, we're—the man went on, his heart thumping.

"Jack, how dare you!" the girl exclaimed.

"All right, dear, we'll keep it till later if you'd rather."

"This is too wonderful! I'm simply knocked off my feet," said Louisa breathlessly.

"I am, too," said Edith.

"I am, too," said Jack, blissfully.

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PAN-AMERICANISM.

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John Barrett, the unique, the irrepressible, the lovable, finally has retired from the directorship of the Pan-American Union after 25 years devoted to the public service, 14 of them spent in the upbuilding of the Pan-American Union. He is succeeded by the capable Dr. L. S. Rowe, a former assistant secretary of the Treasury, later in charge of Latin American affairs for many years. Mr. Barrett resigned for the reason, which he frankly states, that if he remained much longer at his present post he would find himself "in danger of going eventually from the beautiful Pan-American Union, which he loves with the affection of a parent for its favorite child, to the lowly poorhouse." Mr. Barrett says that after spending a month with his aged mother at the family homestead in Grafton, Vt., and a brief trip to Panama to assist in the inauguration there of the new Pan-American College of Commerce, he will establish connections in large American and possibly some Latin American cities as a general counsellor and adviser in Pan-American and other international affairs, based on his long official experience.

An entirely separate and civil project of international character, however, to which he will contribute his spare time and which will most appeal to public interest, will be the carrying to early completion of the organization, already initiated by him, of a great popular and practical "League of American Nations and Peoples," which will probably be known either as the "League of the Americas," or the "Pan-American League." Its purpose will be to organize effectively for Pan-American progress, prosperity and peace that large and rapidly growing number of men and women in North, Central and South America who realize the immense possibilities for the good of the Americas which will result from their economic, social and intellectual co-operation, free from political, governmental or official control. This league will in no sense be a special agency of the United States for advantage over the other American countries or antagonistic to Europe or Asia. Mr. Barrett says, but a natural and logical co-operative effort of Western Hemisphere peoples, from Canada to Chile, for Western Hemisphere good.

A new and important feature will be the active participation of Canadians, who heretofore have been treated to a degree as outside of the Pan-American family. It will not rival in any way or clash with the work and prerogatives of the Pan-American Union, as a great international office which is strictly official and hence limited in its popular activities. It will co-operate with and enlarge upon the work of the powerful Pan-American Society of United States, whose headquarters are in New York city and of which Mr. Barrett had the honor to be the founder several years ago.

Read the Guide-Advocate "Wants."



Chatham, Ont.—"For many years I suffered with stomach trouble and I tried many remedies but they seemed to be a failure—my stomach seemed to be getting worse instead of better. One day I came in possession of a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and took it. My stomach seemed completely cured. I had great faith in this medicine and hope my sufferer a trial. Once tried, you will never be without it."—C. TITUS, Jr., 28 Duke St.

New Whitehorse, P. E. I.—"I suffered three years with bronchial asthma. I was so weak I could hardly walk three steps at a time. I could not sleep so would get up and stay up the rest of the night. One day a friend advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery so I sent to my druggist for a bottle and when I had taken half of it I felt a great deal better. When I used the bottle I sent for two more, and when I finished the third bottle I was completely cured. It is over two years since I first took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I have not been troubled a day with asthma since."—ALEX. McLEOD.

Hamilton, Ont.—"I have suffered with rheumatism for the last five years and have only taken three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Anuric (anti-uric-acid) Tablets and three bottles of Golden Medical Discovery and am nearly cured. I also had that dread disease, Spanish Influenza, leaving me in a terrible condition. Any one who has had it know what an awful condition it leaves one in. I am sure if it had not been for Dr. Pierce's medicines and advice I certainly would have died."

"I want to recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to any sufferer with kidney trouble or to anyone run down after having the 'flu'. Also try Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for constipation."—MRS. ESTELLE LA GRANDY, 64 1/2 James St. North.

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