

THE

REAL LORD

HARRO

TAN

THE REAL

1089

Hardhe

al zz

-

Stene, Boards.

lobby of the De la Pax.

with the eye of a connoiss

ed into the frank open counte

"I leave you in charge?" he sho and fied past Mr. Wall to the str

ault. It was swinging open Little beads of perspiration

rew glasgy.

f Martin Wall. And then

the



Copyright, 1914, the Bebbe-Merrill Company

some nors! She recalled these facts without the semblance of a thrill, Mr. Minot, after a lonesome if abun-dant breakfast, was at this moment Thacker's claim on him was not such strolling across the hotel courtyard tothat he must wreck his life's happi-ness to serve him. Even Thacker must

ward yesterday morning's New York papers. As he walked the pert prom-ises of Mr. Trimmer filled his mind. What was the proposition Mr. Trim-The red glow of a cigar near by drew closer as the smoker dragged his chair across the veranda floor. Minot saw behind the glow the keen face of a man eager for talk.

"Some scene, isn't it?" said the live of Jephson pursue when it was re-stranger. "Sort of makes the musical realed? For in the sensible light of morning Dick Minot realized that while comedies look cheap. All it needs is seven stately chorns ladies walking be remained in San Marco as the out from behind that paim down to the left and it would have Broadway lash ed to the mast." "Yes," replied Minot absently. "This

smile his slow British smile on her

is the real thing." A promise was a promise.

"Twe been sitting here thinking," the other went on. "It doesn't seem to me this place has been advertised right Why, there are hundreds of people up perity that goes with it. They we buttonhole and the atmosphere of pros-"I promise.". They we be addock, jaunty, with a gardenia in his buttonhole and the atmosphere of pros-"I promise.". north whose windows look out on sun- "I haven't seen you since we left col-

set over the brewery-people with lege, have I?" said Paddock. "Well, money, too-who'd take the first train Dick, for a couple of years I tried to for here if they realized the picture make good doing fiction. I turned light came into her eyes, we're looking at now. Get some good them out by the yard-nice quiet little "Please-have you a p hustler to tell 'em about it"- He tea table yarns, with snappy dialogue. paused. "I hate to talk about myself. Once I got \$80 for a story. It was bard

but say ever hear of Bunker's ink eraser? Nothing ever written Bunker ple, you know." "I know," said Minot gravely. but say-ever hear of Bunker's ink work-and I always yearn for the purthe paper. If the words Bunker has

"Well, I've struck it, Dick. I've erased were put side by side"- . "Selling it?" Minot inquired wearily.

"Remember Mrs. on every desk between New York and over his shoulder. the rolling Oregon. After that I land- Bruce, the wittlest hostess in San ed Helot's bottled sauces. And then Marco ?"

Patterson's lime juice. Puckered every "Of course I do." mouth in America. Advertising is my "Well, I write her repartee for her."

"Her what?" "Her repartee - her dialogue - the "So I gather." "Sure as you sit here. Have a cigar. Trimmer is my name-never mind the jokes - Heary Trimmer, advertising specialist. Is your business flabby? Dees it need a tonic? Try Trimmer. Quoting from my letterhead." He leaned closer. "Excuse a personal ques-tion, but didn't I see you talking with Miss Cynthia Meyrick a while back?"

Mr. Trimmer came even closer. "Engaged to Lord Harrowby, I an-

I'm a pioneer. There'll be others, but I was the first. Consider the situation. "I believe so"_ Here's Mrs. Bruce, loaded with dia-

"Young fellow"-Mr. Trimmer's tone monds and money, but tongue tied in was exultant-"I can't keep in any company, with a wit developed in a longer. I got a proposition in tow so small town. Bright, but struggling. big it's bursting my brain cells, and it young author comes to her-offers to takes some strain to do that. No; I make her conversation the sensation of about it." Harrowby put in. "Martin

can't tell you the exact nature of it, but I will say this-tomorrow night "You did that?" marine was this time I'll throw a bomb in this ho-"Yes; I ask posterity to remember it tel so loud it'll be beard round the was I who invented the graft. Mrs. world." Bruce fell on my fair young neck. An anarchist?" Now she gives me in advance a list of "Not on your life-advertiser. And I've got something to advertise this hot February, take it from me. Maybe you're a friend of Miss Meyrick. Weil, "Not on your life-advertiser. And and give her her cues. If I'm not there she has to manage it herself I'm sorry. For when I spring my little surprise I reckon this Harrowby wedurprise ding is going to shrivel up and fade away." It's a great life, only a bit of a strain on me. I have to remember not to be clever in company. If I forget and spring a good one she jumps on me "You mean to say you-you're going to stop the wedding?" "I mean to say nothing. Watch me. proper afterward for not giving it to Watch Henry Trimmer. Just a tip,

Suddenly a faince is thrown was - fair hand beckons. I dash within." "Thanks for dashing." Miss Meyrick freeted him on the balcony. "I was finding it dreadfully dui. But I'm afraid the Spanish romance is a little comment, a man walked slowly, his eyes on the ground. He was a tall, blond Englishman, not unlike Lord Harrowby in appearance. His gray afraid the Spanish romance is a little eyes when he raised them for a moarraid the spanish romance is a little lacking. There s no moonlight, no lat tice, no mantilla, no Spanish beauty." "No matter." Minot answered. "I never did care for Spanish types. They fash like a skyrocket, then tumble in the dark. Now, the hone grown However, it was not his appearance ed and weary, and he had a long, drooping mustache that hung like a weeping willow above a particularly cheerless stream. However, it was not his appearance that excited comment and caused Miss Meyrick to pale. Hung over his shoul-ders was a pair of sundwich boards such as the outcasts of a great city over an and down the streets and on

"And nothing but tea." she interrupted "Will you have a cup?" "Thanks. Was it really very dull?" "Yes. This book was to blame." She "Yes. This book was to blame." She eld up a novel. "What's the matter with h?" "Oh, it's one of those books in which "What's the matter with h?"

he hero and heroine are forever 'gaz.' nderstand perfectly. But the reader oesn't. I've reached one of those gas is matches now." She was interrupted by the shrift

triumphant cry of a yacht's siren at her back. She turned her head. "The Lileth," she said.

"Exactly," said Minot. "The bride-groom cometn." Another silence. "Tou'll want to go to meet him,"

mer had in towy How would in altert the approaching wedding? And what course of action should the representa-the spin of action should the representastreet "

HARROWBY With a little gasp and a murmured apology Miss Meyrick turned quickly and entered the elevator. Lord Har-nowby stood like a man of stome, gas-ing at the sandwich boards. It was at this point, that the hotel detective sufficiently recovered himself to lay easer hands ou the audacions andwich man also prose him aloient-ly from the scene. In the background Mr. Minot per-ceived Henry Trimmer, pulling excit-ediy on a big black cigar, a triumphant look on his face. "But-you know Lord Harrowby. Meet him with me." "It seems hardly the thing"-"But I'm not sentimental. And sure-Mr. Trimmer's bomb was thrown.

There was suppressed excitement in the hotel next day when Lord Harrow-by refused to meet the claimant to his ly Allan's not." "Then I must be," said Minot. "Real-

ly-I'd rather not"-They went together to the street. At title. the parting of the ways Minot turned

"I promised Lord Harrowby in New York," he told her, "that you would have your lamp trimmed and burp-

ing." She looked up at him. A mischievous

"Please-have you a match?" she asked. It was too much. Minot turned and

fied down the street. He did not once look back, though it seemed to him that he felt every step the girl took across that narrow pier to her fiance's side.

As he dressed for dinner that night his telephone rang, and Miss Meyrick's voice sounded over the wire. "Harrowby remembers you very pleasantly. Won't you join us at din-

"Are you sure an outsider"- he be

"Nonsense. Mr. Martin Wall is to be there.'

"Ah, thank you! I'll be delighted." Minot replied. In the lobby Harrowby seized his

tell you, old man. I remarked that it was essentially soft. It is." "This is a new one on me," said Mi not dazed. A delighted smile spread over Mr. Padioox's handsome face. "Thanks. That's the beauty of it book hands with Wall, unaccountably The shock hands with Wall, unaccountably the splash." Along the splash "Minot smiled. He genial and beaming. "The Hudson Mr. Wall, is a bit chilly in February." "My dear fellow." said Wall. "can you ever forgive me? A thousand apologies. It was all a mistake, a borrible mistake."

RIGH BER

His Eyes Fell Upon the Door of a Huge Safety Vault.

fat figure of a man suffering a cruel. ahuman agony. He was still standing thus when the

all man came ronning back. Appre-"It was very kind of you." The small eyes of the clerk darted every-

The drowsiness of a Florida midday was in the air. Mr. Minot lay down

case.



fing!

"Hardly a scratch," said the ciers, pointing to the smiling child at his side, "It was lucky, wasn't it?" He was behind the counter now, studying the trays upprotected on the show-

CHAPTER VI

Chain Lightning's Collar, R. TOM STACY of the Manhattan club, half dozing on the veranda of his establishment, was rejoiced to see his old fend Martin Wall crossing the pave-

ent toward him. "Well, Martin"- he began. And then a look of concern came into his face. "Good heavens, man, what alls you?" Mr. Wall sank like a wet rag to the

"Tom," he said, "a terrible thing has just happened. I was left alone in Ostby & Blake's jeweiry shop." "Alone?" cried Mr. Stacy. "Youlone?"

"Absolutely alone." Mr. Stacy leaned over. "Are you leaving town-in a hurry?"

ie asked. Gloomily Mr. Wall shook his head. Gloomily Mr. Wall shook his head. "He put me on my honor," he com-plained—"left me in charge of the shop. Can you beat it? Of course aft-er that I-well. you know somehow I couldn't do it. I tried, but I couldn't." Mr. Stacy threw back his head, and has raucous laughter smote the lazy nmer afternoon.

"I can't help it," he gasped. "The funniest thing I ever-you-the best tone thief in America alone in charge

stone ther in worth of the stuff" Cheeks burning, eyes popping, Mr.⁴ Minot, hiding behind the curtains in a his-the brown of Miss Meyrick's eyes, the sincerity of Mr. Trimmer's voice when he spoke of his proposition, the fishy look of Lord Harrowby reroom overhead, watched them disapgroup.

among the English nobility, whose sparklers aren't what they were be-fore the steel business in Pittsburgh turned out a good thing." "Gaain Lightaing's collar?" mused Minot. "I presume Lady Evelyn was the mother of the present Lord Har-monder". rowby ?" "So 'tis' rumored," smiled Paddock,

though I take it his lordship favors his father in looks." They walked along for a moment in illence. The story of this necklace of sublace. The story of this neckiace of diamonds could bring but one thing to Minot's thoughts-Martin Wall droop-ing on the steps of the Manhattan stah while old Staty roared with joy. He considered. Snown are seen — Paddock? No, he would wait. The whir of a motor behind them

caused the two young men to turn. Then Mr. Minot saw her coming up the path toward him-coming up that fantastic avenue of paims-tall, fair, white, a lovely figure in a lovely set-

Ab, yes-Lord Harrowby! He walk-ed at her side, nonchalant, distinguish-ed, almost as tall as a popular illustrator thinks a man in evening clothes should be. Truly, they made a hand-some couple. They were to wed. Mr. Minot himself had sworn they were to mad to wed.

"It was very kind of you." The small eyes of the clerk darted every-where, then came back to Martin Wall. "The obliged—why, what's the matter, sir?" Martin Wall passed his hand across his eyes as a man banishing a terrible draam. ""It was lucky, wasn't it?" He was behind the counter now, studying

n to dinner Mr. Bruce prightened per-peptibly. Note save a blind and deaf man could have failed to. Cocktails consumed, the party turned to. Cocctails consumed, the party turned toward the diaing room. Except for the Meyricks, Martin Wall, Lord Harrowby and Pad-dock, Dick Minot knew none of them. There were a couple of colorless men





"A man!" Reverent acpose feminine voices out of the excit "He leaped out at me there-by th

tree-pinio med my arms-snatched necklace! I couldn't see his face. happened in the shadow." "No matter," Harrowby repli

"Don't give it another thought, child."

"But how can I help"-"I shall telephone the police at one noounced Spencer Meyrick. "I beg you'll do nothing of the sor expostulated Lord Harrowby, would be a great inconvenience. T thing wasn't worth the publicity t

would result. I insist that the pol be kept out of this." Argument-loud on Mr. Meyric, part-ensued. Suggestions galore w offered by the guests. But in the

ery

Cla

are

Fac

fort

(Can

The

Baker

lowing

ence

Mr. C.

The

Illust

the

Clapp'

invitin

in Eas

S. Claj

is "Pu

been i

a scor

practi

havin

candy

well s

sides

liam

histor Bellev

Dicke

he spe

he st

had g

in his "Or

bough

and I

What

ing o

the

the i

ably exteri ront

St. C

instal

is giv windo show

which type,

Com

Clapp

grou

ount

er Mf

every

is .co

ign.

led 1

pany,

last

satis

fortal

iche

high.

feet (

is 3 1

store

know

Front

follow

rail,

coveri

return

plate

uary

laid

name

there

ble b

This

ive s

of Mi lighti

Hydro

ers-b

ticul

ways

hro

BHE

is fin

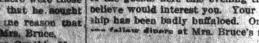
"On

Lord Harrowby had his way. It m agreed not to call in the police. Mr. Minot, looking up, saw a sne ing smile on the face of Martin Wa

In a flash he knew the truth. With Aunt Mary calling loudly smelling saits and the whole parnore or less in confusion, the rethin to the house started. Mr. Paddeen walked at Minot's side. "Rather looks as though Chain Light

sing's cellar had choked off our gay sty." he mumbled. "Serves her righ

dinner. Mrs. Bruce glittered, and he wrote the checks. He was a scraggly little man who sometimes sat for hours at a time in silence. There were those unkind exough to say that he sought makind exough to say that he sought had led him to marry Mrs. Bruce. When he beheld Miss Oynthin Mey-rick and knew that he was to take her





Gando

om New York who, when they died, uld be referred to as "prom

young fellow. Well, I guess I'll turn in. Get some of my best ideas in bed. "By the way," Paddock said, "you baven't told me what brought you south?" later."

And Mr. Trimmer strode into the cir-"Business, Jack." said Minot. "It's cle of light, a fine upstanding figure of a man, to pass triumphantly out of sight among the paims. Dazed, Dick Minot stared after him. There'll be no pleasure in this trip

for me," said Minot bitterly. oke his name. He turned. The slim white presence again, holding

woo the lady he adored? Hardly, that event he would have to go

"The check, Mr. Minot-\$25. Is that See you later, old man." At luncheon they brought Mr. Minot "Correct. It's spiendid, because I'm a telegram from a certain seventeenth tever going to cash it. I'm going to floor in New York, an explosive tele-

gram. It read; Nonsense. Nobody here to take your place. See it through. You've given you word. THACKER. "Really, Mr. Minot. I must say

od"--He came closer. Thacker and Jeph-on faded. New York was far away. Is was young, and the moon was Gloomily Mr. Minot considered. What was there to do but see it through? Even though Thacker should send an other to take his place, could he stay Fie

going to keep it-always. The first

"And the last, Mr. Minot. Really | ust go. Good night."

away-never see her again-never hear her voice. If he stayed as Jephson's representative he might know the glo He stood alone with the absurd check In his trembling fingers. Slowly the memory of Trimmer came back. A homb? What sort of a bomb? ry of her nearness for a week, might thrill at her smile even while he work-

ed to wed ber to Lord Harrowby. And Well, he had given his word. There perhaps- Who could say? Hard as he might work might he not be thwart no way out; he must protect old a's interests. But might be not wish the enumy success? He stared off in the direction the advertising wis-

"Trimmer, old boy," he muttered,

e's to your pitching arm!

CHAPTER V. Trimmer Throws His Bomb.

happened to be as a very se-rious minded girl that Moss Meyrick opened her eyes on Tuesday morning. She hay for

the watching moken of so

erly in the

Associated 間間間間 Bank al

8 C-

"The Lileth," she said

istook you for some one class st forgive us both." "Freely," said Minot. "And I want

to apologize for my suspicions of you. Lord Harrowby." "Thanks old chap." "I never doubted you would after I saw Miss Meyrick." "She is a ripper, isn't she?" said Har-owby enthusiastically. wby enthu

Martin Wall shot a quick, almost tile glance at Minot. "You've noticed that yourself, haven't you?" he said in Minot's ear.

he might work, might he not be thwart-ed? It was possible. So after much he sent Thacker a re-assuring message, promising to stay And at the end of a dull hour in the lobby he set out to explore the town. The Mermaid tea house stood on the water front, with a small second floor balcony that looked out on the harbor Passing that way at 4:30 that after-noon Minot heard a voice call to him. He glanced np. At which point the Meyrick family arrived, and they all went in to dinner. It was after dinner when they all stood together in the lobby a momen before separating that Henry Trimme made good his promise out of a clea

"Oh, Mr. Minot, won't you come into Cynthia Meyrick stood facing the partor?" Cynthia Meyrick smiled there, talking brightly, when sudde died on her lips. They all fu

"Splendid," Minot laughed. "I walk foriors through this old Pranish town stantly.

ing to meet his long lost brother. to the Man Here was news indeed-Lord Har-rowby's boon companion the ablest Things grew hazy. Mr. Minot slept. On leaving Lord Harrowby's rooms lewel thief in America! Just what did Mr. Martin Wall did not im that mean? set out for the Lileth, on which he liv-

Putting on coat and hat, he hurried ed in preference to the hotel. Instead. to the hotel office and there wrote a he took a brisk turn about the spacious egram:

Situation suspicious. tain H, is on the level? The courtyard of the Hotel de la Are you dead cer-Pax was fringed by a series of modish. An hour later, in his London office. shops, with doors opening both on the courtyard and on the narrow street outside. Among these, occupying a Mr. Jephson read this message care-fully three times.

outside. Affining these, occupying a corner room, was the very smart jewel shop of Ostby & Blake. Occasionally in the winter resorts of the south one may find jewelry shops whose stocks would bear favorable competition with Fifth avenue. Ostby & Blake conduct-ed such an establishment. The Villa Jasmine, Mrs. Bruce's winter home, stood in a park of paims and shrubbery some two blocks from the Hotel de la Pax. Mr. Minot walked He Beheld, Sparkling In Her Hair, the Perfect Diamanda. club men," a horsy girl from

thither that evening in the resplendent company of Jack Paddock.

"You'll enjoy Mrs. Bruce tonight," addock confided. "I've done her some ther good lines, if I do say it that houldn't." For a moment before the show win-dow of this shop Mr. Wall paused and

houldn't." "On what topics?" asked Minot. "International marriage jewels by the way, I don't suppose you know that Miss Cynthia Meyrick is to appear for the first time wearing the famou larrowby neg

with the eye of a connoisseur studied the brilliant display within. His whole manner changed. The str of boredom with which he had surveyed his fel-low travelers of the tobby disappeared. On the instant he was alert, alive, al-most eager. Jauntily he strolled into the store. A tail man was in charge. From outside came the shrill acroam of a child, interrupting. The tail man turned quickly to the window. "My God"- he moaned. "What is it?" Mr. Wall sought to "I didn't even know there was a necklace." Minot returned. "Ah, such ignorance! But then you don't wander much in feminine so-ciety, do you? Mrs. Bruce told me about it this morning. Chain Light-ping's college."

"What is it?" Mr. Wall sought to look over his shoulder. "Automobile"---"My little girl," cried the clerk in access He turned to Martin Wall. g's collar." "Chain Lightni ing's what?"

"Chain Lightning's what?" "Ah, my boy"-Mr. Paddock lighted a cigarette-"you should go round more" in royal circles! List, commoner, while I relate. It seems that the flari of Raybrook is a giddy old sport with a gambling streak a yard wide. In his young days he loved the Lady Evelyn Hollowwar, Lady Evelyn hesitating. His sallow face was write now, his lips trembled. Doubtfully he young days he loved the Lady Sveryn Hollowway. Lady Evelyn had a horse entered in a Derby about that time-name, Chain Lightning. And the Barl of Raybrook wagered a diamond meck-lace against a kiss that Chain Light-ning would lose." For a moment Martin Wall stood, frozen to the spot. His eyes were unlieving. His little Cupid's bow mouth

was wide open. Mr. Wall's knees grew weak. He felt a strange prickly sensation all over him. He took a step and was staring Waan't that giving big odds?" in-

"Not if you believe ady Evelyn's beauty. at the finest display of black pears south of Maiden Lane. New York. Quickly he turned away. His eyes fell upon the door of a huge safety valit. It was swinging open! Lady Evelyn's be pened before Tan Well, it hap reland on Derby

Little beads of perspiration began to op out on the forehead of Martin Vall. His heart was hammering like hat of a youth who sees after a long ration his lady love. His eyes

boy, he referred to the pecklace there-after as Chain Lightning's collar. It got to be pretty well known in Eng-WW bo 25

land by that name. I believe it is o Then Mr. Wall shut his ins firmly

Who took this necklace from Mi Meyrick's hair?"-asked Minat hetly

olds the title of the ablest jewei then in America!

He watched keenly to catch Lord Harrowby's start of surprise. Alas, "Nonsense," said his lordship not "halantly. "You mustn't let your imagination carry you away, dear chip." "Imagination nothing: I know what I'm taiking about." And then Minos ided sarcastically, "Sorry to bore pop with this." His lordship laughed.

ter, an ex-ambasandor's wife and other, a number of names from on and Philadelphia with their re-Boston and Philadelphia with their re-spective bearers. And, last but not least, the two Bond dris from Omaha —blond, lovely, but inclined to be snob-blish even in that company, for their mother was a Van Reypan, and Van Reypans are rare birds in Omaha and elsewhere. Mr. Minot took in the elder of the Bond girls and found that Ownthis "Right-o, old fellow. I'm not inter od "

"But haven't you just lost"-- . "A diamond necklace? Yes." The had reached a particularly dark and secluded spot beneath the canopy of paim leaves. Harrowby turned sud-onaly and put his hands on Minot's shealders. "Mr. Minot." he said. "You

bere to see that nothing interfered h by marriage to Miss Meyrick. ty to your employers?" "Absolutely. That is why"-

Then," replied Harrowby quicko.

"Then," replied Harrowby quickly. "I ant going to ask you to take charge of this for me." Suddenly Minot felt something cold and glassy in his hand. Startled, he looked down. Even in the dark Chain Lightning's collar sparkled like the fa-mous toy that it was. "Your lordship!" the caught the eye of Mr. Martin Wall. Mr. Wall's eye happened to be coming away from the same locality.

away from the same locality. A half hour later Mrs. Bruce's dinnet party was scattered among the paime and flowers of her gorgeous lawn. Mr Minot had failen sgain to the elder girl from Omaha, and blithely for her he was displaying his Brondway ig-norance of horticulture. Suddenly out of the night came a screen. Instant "Tour lordship" "I cannot explain now. I can evily tell you it is quite necessary that you help me at this time if you wish to do your full duty by Mr. Jephson." "Who took this nerkiace from 20%. Meyrick's hair?" asked Minot hotly. "I did. I assure you it was the od!" of the night came a scream. Instant, ly when he heard it Mr. Minot knew who had uttered it.

aha beauty and sped over the lawn way to prevent our plans from got g awry. Please keep it until 1 ask is

Since the second And, turning, Lord Herrowby we And, turning, Lord Harbors, rapidly toward the house. "The brute!" Angrily Mr. Mis-stood turning the necklace over in hand, "So be frightened the girl mihia Meyrick felt wildly of her is to marry-the girl he is suon

hising hair. "Your necklace." she gas ing's collar! He took it! He

"I don't know! A man!

Bond girls and found that Oynthis Meyrick sat on his left. He glanced at her throat as they sat down. It was

bare of ornament. And then he held, sparking in her lovely hair,] perfect diamonds of Chain Lightnin collar. As he turned back to the ta