

THE GIRL from HIS TOWN

By MARIE VAN VORST
Illustrations by M. G. KETTNER

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SYNOPSIS.

Dan Blair, the 22-year-old son of the fifty-million-dollar copper king of Blacktown, Mass., is a guest in the English home of Lady Galorey. Dan's father had been courteous to Lord Galorey during his visit to the United States and the courtesy is now being returned to the young man. The youth has an ideal girl in mind. He meets Letty Lane, a widow of Breakwater, a beautiful widow, who is attracted by his immense fortune and takes a liking to her. When Dan was a boy, a girl sang a solo at a church, and he had never forgotten her. The girl was Lily Lane, a widow and a London theater where one Letty Lane is the star. Dan recognizes her as the girl from his town, and going behind the scenes introduces himself and she remembers him. He learns that Prince Ponolowicz, a friend of Dan's, is in love with Letty. Dan and Ruggles determine to protect the westerner from Lily and other fortune hunters. Young Blair goes to see Lily; he can talk of nothing but Letty and thus anger the Dutchess. The westerner finds Letty in a hard work, but she loves Ruggles and Dan invite her to supper. She asks Dan to build a home for disappointed the African people. Dan visits Lily, and later announces his engagement to the dutchess. Letty refuses to sing for an entertainment given by Lily. Galorey tells Dan that all Lily cares for is his money, and it is disclosed that he and the dutchess have been mutually in love for years. Letty goes at an aristocratic funeral, Dan escorting her home. Dan confronts Galorey and Lily together. Later he informs Letty that his engagement with Lily is broken, asks the singer to marry him, and they become engaged. Ruggles thinks the westerner should not marry a public-spirited woman and endeavors to give him up. She runs away, fearing she is not good enough for Dan.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"You say she's gone?" he questioned.
"I say," said the boy, "that you've been meddling in my affairs with the woman I love. I don't know what you have said to her, but it's only your age that keeps me from striking you. Don't you know," he cried, "that you are spoiling my life? Don't you know that?" A torrent of feeling coming to his lips, his eyes suffused, the tears rolled down his face. He walked away into his own room, remained there a few moments, and when he came out again he carried in his hand his valise, which he put down with a bang on the table. More calmly, but still in great anger, he said to his father's friend:

"Now, can you tell me what you've done or not?"

"Dan," said Ruggles with difficulty, "if you will sit down a moment we can."

The boy laughed in his face. "Sit down!" he cried. "Why, I think you must have lost your reason. I have chartered a motor car out there and the damned thing has burst a tire and they are fixing it up for me. It will be ready in about two minutes and then I am going to follow wherever she has gone. She crossed to Paris, but I can get there before she can even with this damned accident. But, before I go, I want you to tell me what you said."

"Why," said Ruggles quietly, "I told her you were poor, and she turned you down."

His words were faint.

"God!" said the boy under his breath. "That's the way you think about truth. Lie to a woman to save my precious soul! But I expect," he said; "you think she is so immoral and so bad that she will hurt me. Well," he said, with great emphasis, "she has never done anything in her life that comes up to what you've done. Never! And nothing has ever hurt me so."

His lips trembled. "I have lost my respect for you, for my father's friend, and as far as she is concerned, I don't care what she marries me for. She has got to marry me, and if she doesn't—he had no idea, in his passion, what he was saying or how—"why, I think I'll kill you first and then blow my own brains out!" And with these mad words he grabbed up his valise and bolted from the room, and Ruggles could hear his running feet tearing down the corridor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

White and Coral.

Spring in Paris, which comes in a fashion so divine that even the most calloused and indifferent are impressed by its beauty, awakened no answering response in the heart of the young man who, from his hotel window, looked out on the desecrated gardens of the Tuilleries—off the distant spires of churches whose names he did not know—on the square block of old palaces. He had missed the boat across the channel taken by Letty Lane, and the delay had made him lose what little trace of her he had. In the early hours of the morning he had flung himself in at the St. James, taken the indifferent room they could give him in the crowded season, and excited as he was he slept

and did not waken until noon. Blair thought it would be a matter of a few hours only to find the whereabouts of the celebrated actress, but it was not such an easy job. He had not guessed that she might be traveling incognito, and at none of the hotels could he hear news of her, nor did he pass her in the crowded, noisy, rustling, crying streets, though he searched motors for her with eager eyes, and haunted restaurants and cafes, and went everywhere that he thought she might be likely to be.

At the end of the third day, unsuccessful and in despair, having hardly slept and scarcely eaten, the unhappy young lover found himself taking a slight luncheon in the little restaurant known as the Perouse down on the Quais. His head on his hand, for the present moment the joy of life gone from him, he looked out through the windows at the Seine, at the bridge and the lines of flowering trees. He was the only occupant of the upper room where, of late, he had ordered his luncheon.

The tide of life rolled slowly in this quieter part of the city, and as Blair sat there under the window there passed a piper playing a shrill, sweet tune. It was so different from any of the loud metropolitan clamors, with which his ears were full, that he got up, walked to the window and leaned out. It was a pastoral that met his eyes. A man piping, followed by little pattering goats; the primitive, unlooked-for picture caught his tired attention, and, just then, opposite the Quais, two women passed—flower sellers, their baskets bright with crocuses and girofles. The bright picture touched him and something of the spring-like beauty that the day wore and that dwelt in the May light soothed him as nothing had for many hours.

He paid his bill, took courage, picked up his hat and gloves and stick and walked out briskly, crossing the bridge to the Rue de Rivoli, determined that night should not fall until he found the woman he sought. Nor did it, though the afternoon wore on and Dan, pursuing his old trails, wan-

want. He's a lunatic and ought to be shut up."

"It may have been a lie, all right," she said with forced indifference; "I've had time to think it over. You are too young. You don't know what you want." She stopped his protestations: "Well, then, I am too old and I don't want to be tied down."

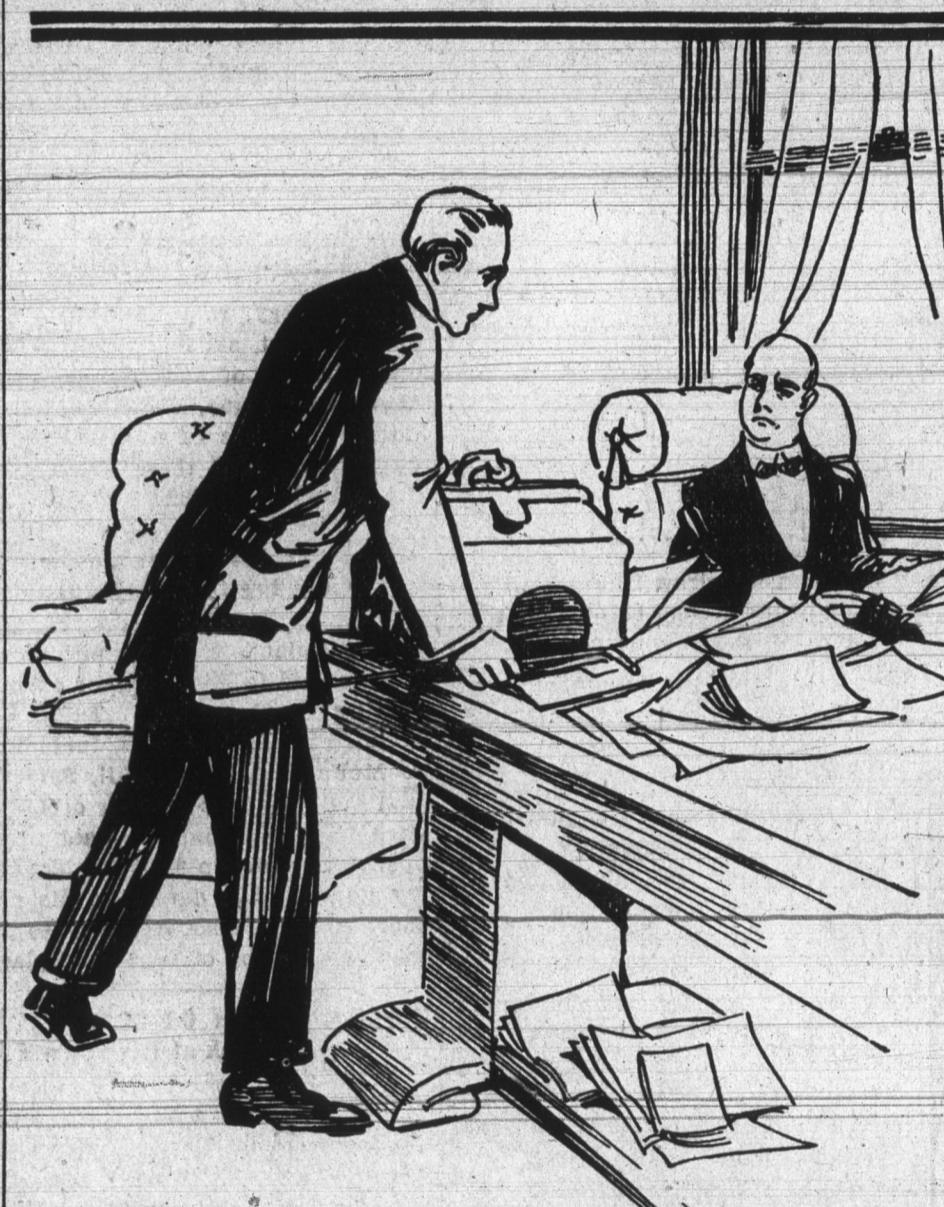
When he pressed her to tell him whether or not she had ceased to care for him, she shook her head slowly, marking on the ground fine tracery with the end of her coral parasol. He had been obliged to take her back to the red motor, but before they were in earshot of her servants, he said:

"Now, you know just what you have done to me, you and Ruggles between you. For my father's sake and the thing I believed in I've kept pretty straight as things go." He nodded at her with boyish egotism, throwing all the blame on her. "I want you to understand that from now, right now, I'm going to the dogs just as fast as I can get there, and it won't be a very gratifying result to anybody that ever cared."

She saw the determination on his fine young face, worn by his sleepless nights, already matured and changed, and she believed him.

"Paris," he nodded toward the gate of the woods which opened upon Paris, "is the place to begin in—right here. A man" he went on, and his lips trembled, "can only feel like this once in his life. You know all the talk there is about young love and first love. Well, that's what I've got for you, and I'm going to turn it now—right now—into what older people warn men from, and do their best to prevent. I have seen enough of Paris," he went on, "these days I have been looking for you, to know where to go and what to do, and I am setting off for it now."

She touched his arm.
"No," she murmured. "No, boy, you are not going to do any such thing!" This much from her was enough for him. He caught her hand and cried: "Then you marry me. What do we care for anybody else in the world?"



"Why," Said Ruggles Quietly, "I Told Her You Were Poor, and She Turned You Down."

dered from worldly meeting place to worldly meeting place. Finally, toward six o'clock, he saw the lengthening shadows steal into the woods of the Bois de Boulogne, and in one of the smaller alleys, where the green-trunked trees of the forests were full of purple shadows and yellow sun discs, flickering down, he picked up a small iron chair and sat himself down, with a long sigh, to rest.

While he sat there watching the end of the alley as it gave out into the broader road, a beautiful red motor rolled up to the conjunction of the two ways and Letty Lane, in a summer frock, got out alone. She had a flowing white veil around her head and a flowing white scarf around her shoulders. As the day on the Thames, she was all in white—like a dove. But this time her costume was made vivid and picturesque by the coral parasol she carried, a pair of coral-colored kid shoes, around her neck and falling on their long chain, she wore his coral beads. He saw that he observed her face before she did him. All this Dan saw before he dashed into the road, came up to her with something like a cry on his lips, bareheaded, for his hat and his stick and his gloves were by his chair in the woods.

Letty Lane's hands went to her heart and her face took on a deadly pallor. She did not seem glad to see him. Out of his passionate description of the hours that he had been through, of how he had looked for her, of what he thought and wanted and felt, the actress made what she could, listening to him as they both stood there under the shadows of the green trees. Scanning her face for some sign that she loved him, for it was all he cared for, Dan saw no such indication there. He finished with:

"You know what Ruggles told you was a lie. Of course, I've got money enough to give you everything you

Go back and get your hat and stick and gloves," she commanded, keeping down the tears.

"No, no, you come with me, Letty. I'm not going to let you run to your motor and escape me again."

"Go; I'll wait here," she promised. "I give you my word."

As he snatched up the inanimate objects from the leaf-strewn ground where he had thrown them in despair, he thought how things can change in a quarter of an hour.

Jubilant to have overcome the fate which had tried to keep her hidden from him in Paris, he could hardly believe his eyes that she was before him again, and, as the motor rolled into the Avenue des Acacias, he asked her the question uppermost in his mind:

"Are you alone in Paris, Letty?"

"Don't you count?"

"No—no—honestly, you know what I mean."

"You haven't any right to ask me that."

"I have—I have. You gave me a right. You're engaged to me, aren't you? Gosh, you haven't forgotten me."

"Don't make me conspicuous in the Bois, Dan," she said; "I only let you come with me because you were so terribly desperate, so ridiculous."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

White Heron in New Jersey. Local naturalists and bird lovers are interested in a number of white heron which are making their headquarters at Avis' Pond, Woodstock, N. J., about a mile from town. The birds were first noticed about a week ago. These are the birds from which albatrosses are obtained. Extinction of the species is feared because the albatross can be obtained only when the bird is raising its young, and its death at the hands of the hunter also means starvation of the young heron.

PORTS OF ARGENTINA

Southern Republic Adds to Harbor Facilities.

Plan Docks for New Dreadnoughts—Extension of Railway Lines to All Parts of the Country Being Rapidly Pushed.

Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic.—In 1911 the Argentine government devoted much attention to the opening of new ports on the rivers and on the coast of the Atlantic or to amplifying those at present in existence in order to provide for the increased maritime trade with neighboring and foreign countries. Among these may be mentioned the work of enlarging the port of Mar del Plata, known as, "The Brighton of Argentina," which is now being carried out, while the Port Argentine Great Central Railways company has obtained a concession from the government to construct and work an Atlantic port in the bay of Samborombon, about 100 miles from the city of Buenos Aires, and a system of railways, comprising about 640 miles of lines, connecting the port with the principal railways of the republic.

The first section of the harbor works, now in course of construction under the direction of Engineer Jean Sillard, is to be completed in eight years and will have a capacity sufficient to accommodate sea-going vessels to an aggregate of not less than 60,000 tons. The harbor concession is granted for ninety-nine years from April 2, 1910, and all lands for a distance of nine miles of foreshore on the bay reclaimed from the sea below the highest water mark have been granted in perpetuity subject to a small strip which reverts to the government after ninety-nine years.

The lines of this company, from the port of Samborombon, will connect with those of the Great Southern railway, the Western railway and the Pacific. The Northeastern Railway company has been authorized to construct and exploit for the term of thirty years the mole at the port of Goya. The government has also recently approved the project for the amplification, dredging, etc., of the port of Gualeguaychú.

With the building this year in the United States of the two "dreadnoughts" named Moreno and Rivadavia, docks will have to be provided for their repair and overhaul; therefore arrangements have been made by the government for constructing such docks at the military port near Bahia Blanca. For the smaller class of naval vessels the British engineers and shipbuilders, Messrs. Vickers & Schneider, are about to establish the necessary work shops and docks at

LEADER OF MEXICAN REBELS



GENERAL OROZCO.

THIS is the latest photograph of Gen. Pascual Orozco, the most aggressive of all the Mexican generals who aided Madero last year. He has now issued a manifesto denouncing President Madero as a "Gringo lover" and proclaiming Gen. Genovino Trevino as temporary president. He has taken the field against the Madero government.

Rio Santiago, near the port of La Plata.

Hope for the future progress of the republic is in the extension of railways with their branches throughout the principal parts of the territory, thereby enabling the products of the soil to be conveyed rapidly to home ports and thence to the foreign markets. Much has already been done in this respect. In fact, Argentina, with only

7,000,000 inhabitants, has railways in operation over a combined length of more than 31,000 kilometers (19,225 miles) and congress has recently sanctioned new railway concessions to the present British companies, several private individuals, as well as those to be constructed by the state, having a combined extent of nearly 10,000 kilometers (6,200 miles), estimated to cost more than \$80,000,000 in gold.

USED BLOW TO STOP DIVORCE

Wealthy Woman, Who Would Not Withdraw Suit, Says Husband Attacked Her.

Darien, Conn.—Charging that her husband had attacked her because she refused to withdraw an action for divorce, Mrs. William A. Gracey, a wealthy woman, appeared in police court. Her face was badly bruised. Gracey denied the charge. He has been engaged in the real estate business in New York.

Mrs. Gracey sued for divorce in August, alleging cruelty and intemperance. She also sued to set aside a deed whereby she had conveyed to her husband a half interest in real estate valued at \$15,000. She said Gracey had visited her in the hope of effecting a reconciliation and had struck her when she refused to accept his overtures.

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Chief among the results was the finding for the first time of bones of the prehistoric man, of the age before the glacial period. An estimate of the age of the bones is not less than 10,000 years. Several archaeological discoveries made by Professor Bingham and later triangulated by Mr. Hendrickson and found to be 22,793 feet, and not 21,703, as on recent maps.

The report read by President Hadley to the corporation on the two most important discoveries, those of the finding of human bones and new ruins of Incan cities, follows:

Macchu Pichu, a city probably built by the megalithic race, who preceded the Incas. The ruins are on an almost inaccessible ridge 2,000 feet above the Urubamba river. They are of great beauty and magnificence, and include palaces, baths, temples and 150 houses. Carefully cut blocks of white granite, some of them 12 feet long, were used in construction of the walls. Other discoveries were:

The temple of Yuracrumi, the center of the Inca religious cult; after the fall of Cuzco, containing a carved monolith 182 feet in circumference.

Vitcos, the palace and capital of Manco Capac, the last Inca, probably built after his retreat before Pizarro's conquering army.

Vilcapampa, a purely Inca town, now completely buried in the dense jungle of the Rio Pampacocha but containing characteristic Inca pottery and bronze implements.

Got In the Wrong Home

"It's Me, Dearie," Failed to Assure Mrs. Roseman When Patrick Murphy Took Off Shoes.

New York—Having spent the night merrily with companions, Patrick Murphy started for his home, at No. 87 Eldert street, Williamsburg. All dwellings looked alike to Murphy at that hour, and he picked the one around the corner at No. 562 Hamburg avenue as his own. The house is occupied by Henry P. Roseman, and as Murphy's key unlatched the front door he walked in. Making his way softly through the darkness, he went to the bedroom occupied by Roseman. Murphy was taking off his shoes when Mrs. Roseman was awakened and asked who it was. Murphy, who was in excellent humor, replied: "It's me, dearie. I met some of the boys."

Mrs. Roseman screamed, and her husband, leaping from bed, grappled with the intruder. Murphy, who thought there was another man in his room, struggled until the shrieks of Mrs. Roseman brought Policeman Walsh. At the station house a charge of unlawful trespass was made against Murphy. Later he satisfied Magistrate Hylan that he had entered Roseman's house by mistake and was let go under a suspension of sentence.

Convict Offer Reward. Austin, Tex.—Governor Colquitt has received a letter signed by thirty state penitentiary convicts, offering a reward of \$250 for the capture of two of their fellow prisoners who had escaped from the Wynne convict farm. Each convict subscribed from \$1 to \$10. They wrote they are well treated, and that the escape of the two convicts was an outrage.

A number of other primitive towns in the coastal desert provinces, two of which were marked by volcanic boulders covered with pictograph, including drawings of jaguars, llamas and dancing men.

Human bones were found by Professor Bingham near Cuzco, embedded under 75 feet of gravel, interstratified with the gravel beds, and with bones of several lower animals.

WILL NOT PROMISE TO OBEY

Miss Moss, a Suffragist, Changed All the Plans of Her Wedding to Avoid the Pledge.

Richmond—"Wilt thou obey and serve him?" will be stricken from the marriage vows which Miss Bessie Skelton Moss, a pretty and attractive school teacher, will take when she becomes the bride of Albert Edward Chamberlain of New York, a son of the late Prof. William B. Chamberlain, who taught in Oberlin college and the Chicago Theological seminary. Mrs. James W. Moss of 105 East Clay street, an aunt of the bride-to-be, admitted that the wedding plans had been changed because Bishop R. A. Gibson refused to allow the Episcopal ceremony to be changed to suit the wishes of the prospective bride, who is a suffragist and has been prominent in the work of the Virginia