

# GREEN FANCY

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "GRAUSTARK," "THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND," "THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK," ETC.

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(Continued From Last Friday)

"My brother is unable to be with us tonight, Mr. Barnes," explained Mrs. Collier. "Mr. O'Dowd may have told you that he is an invalid. Quite rarely is he well enough to leave his room. He has begged me to present his apologies and regrets to you. Another time, perhaps, you will give him an opportunity that might have ruined everything!"

While he was trying to invent a pretext for drawing her apart from the others she calmly ordered Van Dyke to relinquish his place on the couch beside her to Barnes.

"Come and sit beside me, Mr. Barnes," she called out gayly. "I will not bite you or scratch you or harm you in any way. Ask Mr. O'Dowd, and he will tell you that I am quite docile. I don't bite, do I, Mr. O'Dowd?"

"You do," said O'Dowd promptly. "You do more than that. You devour. Behind I have to look in a mirror to convince myself that you haven't swallowed me whole. That's another way of telling you, Barnes, that she'll absorb you entirely."

For a few minutes she chided him for his unseemly aversion. He was beginning to think that he had been mistaken in her motive, and that after all she was merely satisfying her vanity. Suddenly, and as she smiled into his eyes, she said, lowering her voice slightly:

"Do not appear surprised at anything I may say to you. Smile as if we were uttering the silliest nonsense. So much depends upon it, Mr. Barnes."

## CHAPTER X.

The Prisoner of Green Fancy, and the Lament of Peter the Chauffeur.  
He envied Mr. Rushcroft. The barn-stormer would have risen to the occasion without so much as the blinking

of an eye. He did his best, however, and, despite his eagerness, managed to come off fairly well. Anyone out of earshot would have thought that he was uttering some trifling inanity instead of these words:

"You may trust me. I have suspected that something was wrong here."

"It is impossible to explain now," she said. "These people are not my friends. I have no one to turn to in my predicament."

"Yes, you have," he broke in, and laughed rather boisterously for him. He felt that they were being watched in turn by every person in the room.

"Tonight—not an hour ago—I began to feel that I could call upon you for help. I began to relax. Something whispered to me that I was no longer utterly alone. Oh, you will never know what it is to have your heart lighten as mine—but I must control myself. We are not to waste words."

"You have only to command me, Miss Cameron. No more than a dozen words are necessary. Tell me how I can be of service to you."

"I shall try to communicate with you in some way—tomorrow. I beg of you, I implore you, do not desert me. If I can only be sure that you will—"

"You may depend on me, no matter what happens," said he, and, looking into her eyes, was bound forever.

"I have been thinking," she said. "Yesterday I made the discovery that I—that I am actually a prisoner here, Mr. Barnes, I—Smile! Say something silly!"

Together they laughed over the meaningless remark he made in response to her command.

"I am constantly watched. If I venture outside the house I am almost immediately joined by one of these men. You saw what happened yesterday. I am distracted."

"I will ask the authorities to step in and—"

"No! You are to do nothing of the kind. The authorities would never find me if they came here to search." (It was hard for him to smile at that!) "It must be some other way. If I could steal out of the house—but that is impossible," she broke off with a catch in her voice.

"Suppose that I were to steal into the house," he said, a reckless light in his eyes.

"Oh, you could never succeed!"

"Well, I could try, couldn't I?" There was nothing funny in the remark, but they both leaned back and laughed heartily. "Leave it to me. Tell me where—"

"The place is guarded day and night. The stealthiest burglar in the world could not come within a stone's throw

of the house."

"If it's as bad as all that, we cannot afford to make any slips. You think you are in no immediate peril?"

"I am in no peril at all unless I bring it upon myself," she said significantly.

"Then a delay of a day or so will not matter," he said, frowning. "Leave it to me. I will find a way."

"Be careful!" De Soto came lounging up behind them.

"Forgive me for interrupting, but I am under command from royal headquarters. Peter, the king of chauffeurs, sends in word that the car is in an amiable mood and champing to be off. So seldom is it in good humor that he—"

"I'll be off at once," exclaimed Barnes, arising. "By Jove, it is half-past ten. I had no idea—good night, Miss Cameron."

He pressed her hand reassuringly and left her.

She had arisen and was standing, straight and slim by the corner of the fireplace, a confident smile on her lips.

"If you are to be long in the neighborhood, Mr. Barnes," said his hostess, "you must let us have you again."

"My stay is short, I fear. You have only to reveal the faintest sign that I may come, however, and I'll hop into my seven-league boots before you can utter Jack Robinson's Christian name. Good night, Mrs. Van Dyke. I have you all to thank for a most delightful evening."

The car was waiting at the back of the house. O'Dowd walked out with Barnes, their arms linked—as on a former occasion, Barnes recalled.

"I'll ride out to the gate with you," said the Irishman. "It's a winding, devious route the road takes through the trees."

They came in time, after many "hair pins" and right angles, to the gate opening upon the highway. Peter got down from the seat to release the padlocked chain and throw open the gate.

O'Dowd leaned closer to Barnes and lowered his voice.

"See here, Barnes, I'm no fool, and for that reason I've got sense enough to know that you're not either. I don't know what's in your mind, nor what you're trying to get into it if it isn't already there. But I'll say this to you, man to man: Don't let your imagination get the better of your common sense. That's all. Take the tip from me."

"I am not imagining anything, O'Dowd," said Barnes quietly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I'm giving you the tip for selfish reasons. If you make a bally fool of yourself, I'll have to see you through the worst of it—and it's a job I don't relish. Ponder that, will ye, on the way home?"

Barnes did ponder it on the way home. There was but one construction to put upon the remark: it was O'Dowd's way of letting him know that he could be depended upon for support if the worst came to pass.

O'Dowd evidently had not been deceived by the acting that masked the conversation on the couch. He knew that Miss Cameron had appealed to Barnes, and that the latter had promised to do everything in his power to help her.

Suspecting that this was the situation, and doubtless sacrificing his own private interests, he had uttered the vague but timely warning to Barnes. The significance of this warning grew under reflection. Barnes was not slow to appreciate the position in which O'Dowd voluntarily placed himself. A word or a sign from him would be sufficient to bring disaster upon the Irishman who had risked his own safety in a few irretrievable words. The more he thought of it, the more fully convinced was he that there was nothing to fear from O'Dowd.

Peter drove slowly, carefully over the road down the mountain. Responding to a sudden impulse, Barnes lowered one of the side seats in the tonneau and moved closer to the driver.

"How long have you been driving for Mr. Curtis?"

"Ever since he come up here, more'n two years ago. Guess I'm going to get the G. E. 'fore long, though. Seems that he's gettin' a new car an' wants an expert machinist to take hold of it from the start. I was good enough to fiddle around with this second-hand pile o' junk an' the one he had last year, but I ain't qualified to handle this here machine he's expectin', so he says. I guess they's been some influence used against me, if the truth was known. This new secretary he's got caln't stummick me."

"Why don't you see Mr. Curtis and demand—"

"See him?" snorted Peter. "Might as well try to see Napoleon Bonaparte. Didn't you know he was a sick man?"

"Certainly. But he isn't so ill that he can't attend to business, is he?"

"He sure is. Paralyzed, they say."

"What has Mr. Loeb against you, if I may ask?"

"Well, it's like this. I ain't in the habit o' bein' ordered aroun' as if I was jest nobody at all, so when he starts in to cuss me about somethin' a week or so ago, I ups and tells him I'll smash his head if he don't take it back. He takes it back all right, but the first thing I know I get a call-down from Mrs. Collier. Course I couldn't tell her what I told the sheeny, seein' as she's a female, so I took it like a lamb. Then they gits a feller up here to wash the car. My gosh, mister, the durned ole rattle-trap ain't with a bucket o' water all told. So I sends word in to Mr. Curtis that if she has to be washed, I'll wash her. Then's when I hears about the new car. Next day Mrs. Collier sends fer me an' I go in. She says she guesses she'll try the new washer on the new

machine when it comes, an' if I keer to stay on as washer in his place she'll be glad to have me. I says I'd like to have a word with Mr. Curtis, if she don't mind, an' she says Mr. Curtis ain't able to see no one. So I guess I'm goin' to be let out."

An idea was taking root in Barnes' brain, but it was too soon to consider it fixed.

"You say Mr. Loeb is new at his job?"

"Well, he's new up here. Mr. Curtis was down to New York all last winter bein' treated, you see. He didn't come up here till about five weeks ago. Loeb was workin' fer him most of the winter, gittin' up a book er somethin', I hear. Mr. Curtis' mind is all right, I guess, even if his body ain't."

"I see. Mr. Loeb came up with him from New York."

"Kerect. Him and Mr. O'Dowd and Mr. De Soto brought him up 'bout the last o' March. They was up here visitin' last spring an' the fall before. Mr. Curtis is very fond of both of 'em."

"It seems to me that I have heard that his son married O'Dowd's sister."

"That's right. She's a widder now. Her husband was killed in the war between Turkey an' them other countries four er five years ago."

"Really?"

"Yep. Him and Mr. O'Dowd—his own brother-in-law, y' know—was fightin' on the side of the Boogarians and 'twing Ashley Curtis was killed."

"Was this son Mr. Curtis' only child?"

(To Be Continued)

**POLICE TRAIL BOMB**  
**PLOTTERS WHO TRY TO**  
**TERRORIZE NATION**  
**Record of Explosions.**  
Washington: Home of A. Mitchell

Palmer, attorney general, wrecked by a bomb; unidentified man killed. New York: Home of Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., bombed; special policeman killed.

Cleveland: Home of Mayor Harry L. Davis, damaged by bomb.

Philadelphia: Rectory of Catholic Church of Our Lady of Victory and home of Louis Jagielki, a jeweler, bombed. Two under arrest.

Pittsburg: Two bomb explosions. Six houses damaged.

Boston: Homes of the State Representative Leland W. Powers in Newtonville and Justice Albert F. Hayden, in Roxbury, damaged by bombs.

Patterson, N. J.: Two-family house wrecked by bomb.

Washington, June 3.—Washington police inspectors today believed they had identified the man who was blown to pieces last night in an effort to kill Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer with a bomb as an anarchist of Philadelphia. They also said they were confident the nation-wide plot against the lives of government officials and prominent business men had been laid in that city.

A bloodstained conductor's identification check, found in front of Mr. Palmer's residence early today, showed that the anarchist arrived in Washington at 10:30 o'clock last night from Philadelphia. He went directly from the union station to the Palmer home and only a few minutes before the explosion he was

seen alighting from a street car a few blocks away by C. S. Briggs, of Marion, S. C.

The police would not reveal the identity of the man, but they felt confident their investigation since last midnight would lead quickly to the apprehension of his associates who, they believe, were responsible for the May day bomb plot in which many infernal machines addressed to government officials, members of congress and business men were placed in the mails.

Attorney General Palmer did not go to his office today and his associates refused to disclose where he and Mrs. Palmer, who left their home after the explosion last night, had taken up their new residence.

All available men of the bureau of investigation have been assigned to the case.

**POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Treasurer of Abbeville County and will abide the result of the Democratic primary election.

J. E. JONES.

We wish to announce GEORGE C. DOUGLAS as a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Abbeville County, in the approaching primary election. Mr. Douglas agrees to abide by the rules of the Democratic Primary.

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- 227 1-2 ACRES**—11 miles from Abbeville. This is a splendid piece of property. A lot of saw timber on this place. Price, \$17.50 per acre.
- 100 1-2 ACRES**—12 miles from Abbeville. Good residence and out buildings. Well atered and plenty wood and timber. Price, \$30.00 per acre.
- 189 1-4 ACRES**—10 miles from Abbeville. A splendid farm but no improvements, about 50 or 60 acres bottom lands. Price, \$18.00 per acre.
- 541 ACRES**—1-2 mile from Hester, one mile from Calhoun Falls. 15 horse farm being operated on the place. Lies well, is well watered and has an abundance of wood and timber. Price, \$40.00 per acre.

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