THE BAMBERG HERALD, BAMBERG, S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1921.

Suddenly there came to her ears the lapping of a paddle in the lake. She flung up her head, peeped out and saw a canoe taking its leisurely way toward Ithaca. She bent over and looked down.

"Daddy," she cried, "there's some one rowin' on the lake. I'm goin' to holler like h-l. And when he comes, I'll tell 'im how you banged Ede, and if she's croaked you'll both get jailed. . . . Here's where I holler!"

She sent out a quick birdlike trill, and the man in the canoe held his paddle suspended in the air as he studied the forest. This didn't interest Tonnibel as much as did the fact that Devon and Reggie Brown jumped to their feet and raced away toward the boulevard. Tonnibel from her perch saw them disappear toward Ithaca before she slid to the ground.

The man in the canoe, too, made but a short pause before he dipped his paddle and shot away. On the deck of the boat Tonnibel picked up Gussie-Piglet and, dripping wet, went swiftly down the cabin steps. There she found her mother on the bunk, her face discolored by her husband's blows. She looked as if she were dead, and for a moment the forlorn child of the wilderness uttered heartbroken little cries for help.

The cabin was cluttered in the struggle Uriah Devon had had with his wife. In despair Tony looked around. The old clothes daddy had brought home were strewn over the cabin floor. Tonnibel heaped them together, then began to examine them.

They needed nothing but pressing. This she'd do to save her mother the work; and perhaps the fact that he had something ready to sell would make Uriah less brutal when he came back. In running her fingers over a coat, searching for small rents, Tony felt something between the lining and outside, a book it seemed like, which she hastily pulled out. It was small and much worn. There wasn't any money in it, in fact nothing but a picture, wrapped up in paper.

She looked at the picture curiously. A baby's face smiled up at her, and



The coquettish smile which Mrs. Curtis always used in the presence of the eminent doctor left her face, and her lips drew down at the corners. "What's he done now?" she cried.

"He isn't going to college at all," said the doctor. "He won't pass any of his examinations if he doesn't go to class and get his hours in. . . ." He paused a moment and then went on, "Another thing I dislike to speak of, but I must. Reginald has no idea of mine and thine. I'm very much afraid he takes what doesn't belong to him."

Mrs. Curtis uttered a squeal. "Goodness gracious, you accuse him

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of stealing," she screamed. "I'm afraid he does, Sarah" he answered gently. "Constantly I'm missing money and things. It will hurt you to know that some one almost stripped my wardrobe of clothes, and now I find there isn't much left for poor Paul. Paul is very much distressed! I suppose if Reginald did take them, he thought they were of no value !"

"Were they?" queried Mrs. Curtis, leaning over the table, still very angry.

"Whether they were or not, Sarah," replied Doctor Pendlehaven, ignoring his young cousin's appeal, "they didn't belong to him. And they were valuable to Paul in that they held something he prized highly. It hasn't been my habit to interfere between you and your children, Sarah, but I do wish you'd ask the boy if he did take Paul's clothes. If he's sold them, I'll pay whatever the amount is."

"How perfectly disgusting," snapped Mrs. Curtis. "If the child did sell them, thinking they were no good, you'd certainly not want them back from a second-hand shop."

Doctor Pendlehaven rose from the table.

"Ask him about the suits, Sarah," he said, walking toward the door. "Perhaps if you tell him Paul will give him a hundred dollars for them and the contents of their pockets, he'll look them up."

Mrs. Curtis rose with dignity, her damp handkerchief clenched in her hand.

"I'll not insult my only son," she said distinctly.

With a gesture of despair, Doctor Pendlehaven went out of the room.



She Looked at the Picture Curiously.

her own lips curved a bit in answer to the laughing challenge in the little one's eyes.

Then she turned it over.

On the back was written:

"My baby, Caroline Pendlehaven, aged six months. If this picture is ever lost the finder will receive a money reward by returning it to Dr. Paul Pendlehaven, Pendlehaven Place, Ithaca, N. Y."

Money was what Edie needed. Money, food and a doctor. If she could find this Paul Pendlehaven, perhaps in exchange for the picture he would give her a bottle of medicine for her mother.

Hastily changing her wet clothes, she slipped the baby's pictured face into her blouse, turned down the lamp and crept from the canal boat and with Gussie in her arms was soon lost in the forest.

CHAPTER IV.

The Pendlehavens.

In all of Tompkins county no family had more prestige than Pendlehavens'. John and Paul Pendlehaven had chosen medicine and surgery as their vocation when they were in college. John was a bachelor, and Paul a widower. At the time this story opens the latter was an invalid, his infirmity brought about by the death of his young wife, who had died at the birth of their daughter, and the disappearance of the little girl when she was but a year old. Pendlehaven place comprised a whole city block, on which stood a house, almost a mansion. In the family were John, Paul, and Mrs. ond cousin to the Pendlehaven broth-

For a moment after he'd gone, and the sound of his footsteps had been lost in the corridor, the mother stared at her daughter.

"The fact is," she burst out, "it's as Cousin John says, I haven't much influence over Reggie, but I don't believe he's as bad as people say. In a little town like this a person can't take a step sideways without old wags commenting on it. I hate Ithaca for just that reason."

"If Reggie'd behave himself," replied the lady's daughter in a bored tone, "he wouldn't have to be chattered about. My advice is, mamma, that you give him a good raking over. If you don't mind your P's and Q's you'll never have Cousin John for your third husband, I can tell you that. You're no nearer marrying him than you were ten years ago, as I can see." "I will, though, Miss Impudence," flashed back the woman. "Paul won't be much more than in his grave before Cousin John makes me his wife. I wish to heaven Paul would die, andand I don't notice with all your flirting and maneuvering you're getting your claws on Philip. . . . Ah, that shot told !"

Katherine's face had gone red at the words, then very white.

"How perfectly vile," she exclaimed, with a catch in her voice. Then she straightened up and laughed. "Well, I'm not forty-five years old and pretending I'm thirty-five, anyway, nor do I dye my hair, and flounce out with lace to prove I'm young. There's a shot for you, mother darling!"

The irate Mrs. Curtis rushed out of the room, followed by her daughter's mocking laugh.

For three years Katherine had been madly, passionately in love with Philip MacCauley, an intimate friend of the family. The young man's home adjoined hers, and during his orphaned boyhood he'd spent a great deal of his spare time at the Pendlehavens. But since he'd returned from France and had taken up the Salvation army work, a work which Katherine held in open contempt, the intimacy had about ceased.

(To be continued next week.)

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BAMBERG.

Notice is hereby given that the books of registration for registration Curtis and her two children, Katherine and Reginald. Mrs. Curtis was a sec-Bamberg, for the election to be held for mayor, aldermen and commission-

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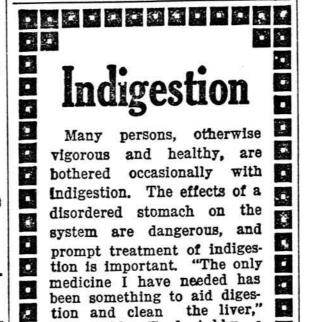
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writes Mr. Fred Ashby, a McKinney, Texas, farmer. "My medicine is Thedford's

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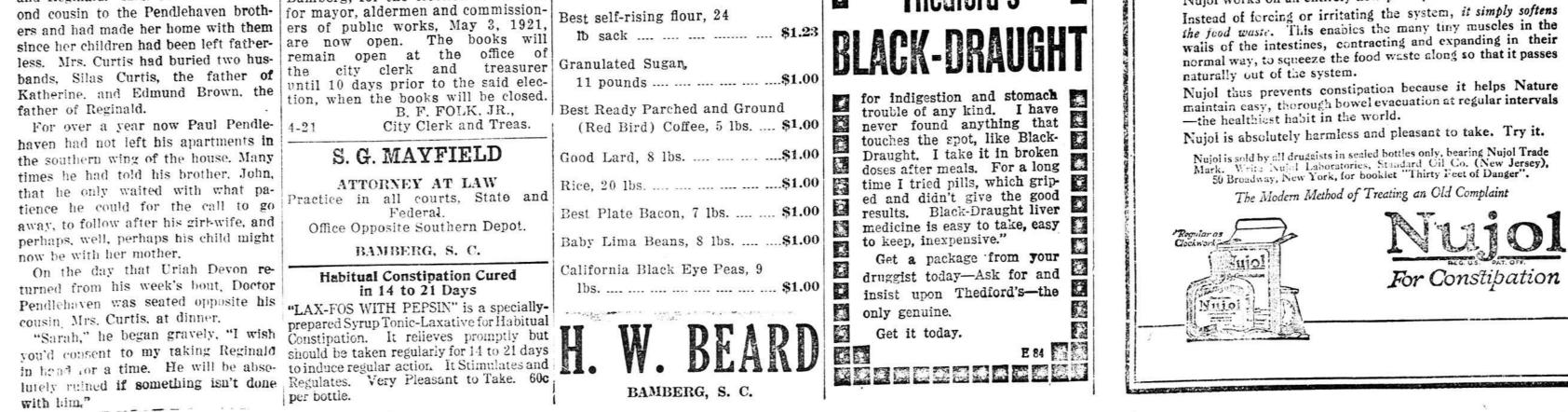
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