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The Girl from His Town

By Mark Van Vorst
Illustrations by M. G. Ketter

"Your father never went near his purchase for a year or more, and when he had turned the mine he was managing over to the original company, with me as manager in his place, at a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year, he said to me one day, 'Ruggles, you'll be sorry to know that the fun is all over, I've struck oil! But the oil is copper. The whole blooming business that he'd bought of that Englishman was rich with ore. Well, that's the story of Blairtown,' Ruggles said. 'You were born there and your mother died there.'"

Dan said: "Galorey told me what dad did later for the man that sold him the mine, and it was just like everything else he did, for dad was all right, just as good as they come." Ruggles agreed. He left his reminiscences abruptly. "Your dad and me had the fun in our time; now you are going to get the other kind; you're going to make the dust fly that he dug up."

And the rich young man said musingly: "I'll bet it isn't half as good as my dad." And Ruggles agreed: "Not by a jugful." And followed: "What's on tonight? 'Mandalay'?" Dan's fury at Prince Poniatowsky came back. "I guess you thought I was a little loose in the lid, didn't you, Josh, going so often to the same play?"

"You wouldn't have been the first rich man that had the same disease," Ruggles answered.

"There is nothing the matter with 'Mandalay,' but I'm not gone on any actress living, Josh; you are in the wrong pew."

Dan altered his indolent pose and set forward. "But I am thinking of getting married," he said.

"I hope it's to the right girl, Dan." And with young assurance Blair answered: "It will be if I marry her. I know what I want all right."

"I hope she knows what she wants, Dan."

"How do you mean?"

"You or your money. You have the darnedest handicap, my boy."

Blair flushed. "I'll get to hate the whole thing," he said ferociously. "It meets me everywhere—bonds—stocks—figures—dividends—coupons—deeds—its too much!" he said suddenly, with resentment. "It's too much for me. Why, sometimes I feel a hundred years old, and like a hunk of gold."

Ruggles, in answer to this, said: "Why, that reminds me of what a man remarked about your father once. It was the same English chap your father bought the claim of. Speaking of Blair, he said to me: 'You know there's all kinds of metal here, and when you cut into them some's bullion and some's coated with aluminum, and there's others that when you cut down, cut a clean yellow all along the line.' If, as you say, you feel like a hunk of metal, it ain't bad if it is that kind."

"It's got to stop coming in between me and the woman I marry, all right though." Dan did not pursue his subject further, for his feelings about the actress were too unreal to give him the sincere heartiness with which he would have liked to answer Ruggles.

He went over to the window, and, with his hands in his pockets, stood looking out at the fog. Ruggles, at the table, opened the cover of the book of "Mandalay" and took out the four checks made out to Lady Galorey and which he had forgotten. He hurriedly thrust them into his pocket.

"Come away, Dannie," he said cheerfully, "let's do something wild. I feel up to do most anything with this miserable fog down on me. If it had any nerve it would take some form or shape, so a man could choke it back." Ruggles blew his nose violently.

"There's nothing to do," said Dan in a bored tone.

"Why don't you see who your telegram is from?" Ruggles asked. It proved to be a suggestion from Gordon Galorey that Dan should meet him at five o'clock at the club.

"What will you do, Rug?"

"Sleep," said the Westerner serenely; "I'm nearly as happy in London as I am in Philadelphia. It's four o'clock now and I can't sleep more than four hours anyway. Let's have a real wild time, Dannie."

Dan looked at him doubtfully, but Ruggles' eyes were keen.

Dan was puzzled as he sat down to the table, reflecting that it was perfectly possible that old Ruggles had fallen a prey to the charms of an actress. She wouldn't come, of course. He wrote a formal invitation without thinking very much of what he said or how, folded and addressed his note.

"What did you say?" Ruggles asked eagerly.

"Why, that two boys from home wanted to give her a supper."

"Well," said Ruggles, "if the answer comes while you are at the club I'll open it and give the orders. Think she'll come?"

"I do not," responded Dan rather brutally. "She's got others to take her out to supper, you bet your life."

"Well, there's none of them as rich as you are, I reckon, Dan."

And the boy turned on him violently.

"See here, Josh, if you speak to me again of my money, when there's a woman in the question—"

He did not finish his threat, but snatched up his coat and hat and gloves and went out of the door, slamming it after him.

Mr. Ruggles' profound and happy snore was cut short by the page boy, who fetched in a note, with the Savoy stamping on the back. Ruggles opened it not without emotion.

"Dear boy," it ran, "I haven't yet thanked you for the primroses; they were perfectly sweet. There is not one of them in any of my rooms, and I'll tell you why tonight. I am crazy to accept for supper—here she had evidently struck out her intended refusal, and closed with, 'I'm coming, but don't come after me at the Gaiety, please. I'll meet you at the Carlton after the theater. Who's the other boy? L. L.'"

The "other boy" read the note with much difficulty, for it was badly written. "He'll have to stop sending her flowers and going every night to the theater unless he wants a row with the duchess," he said dryly. And with a certain interest in his role, Ruggles rang for the head waiter, and with the man's help ordered his first midnight supper for an actress.

CHAPTER XI.

Ruggles Gives a Dinner.

The bright tide of worldly London flows after and around midnight into the various restaurants and supper rooms, and as well through the corridors and halls of the Carlton. At one of the small tables bearing a great expensive bunch of orchids and soft ferns, Josh Ruggles, in a new evening dress, sat waiting for his party. Dan had dined with Lord Galorey, and the two men had gone out together afterward, and Ruggles had not seen the boy to give him Letty Lane's note.

"Got it with you?" Blair asked when he came in, and Ruggles responded that he didn't carry love letters around in his dress clothes.

They could tell by the interest in the room when the actress was coming, and both men rose as Letty Lane floated in at flood tide with a crowd of last arrivals.

She was not dressed this evening with the intention that her dark simplicity of attire should be conspicuous. The cloak which Dan took from her shed the perfume of orris and revealed the woman in a blaze of sparkling paillettes. She seemed made out of sparkle, and her blond head from which a bright ornament shook was the most brilliant thing about her, though her dress from hem to throat glistened with discs of gold like moonshine on a starry sea. The actress' look of surprise when she saw Ruggles indicated that she had not expected a boy of his age.

"The other boy?" she asked. "Well this is the nicest supper party ever! And you are awfully good to invite me."

Ruggles patted his shirt front and adjusted his cravat.

"My idea," he told her, "all the blame on me, Miss Lane. Charge it up to me! Dan here had cold feet from the first. He said you wouldn't come."

She laughed deliciously.

"He did? Hasn't much faith, has he?"

Miss Lane drew her long gloves off, touched the orchids with her little hands, on which the ever present rings flashed, and went on talking to Ruggles, to whom she seemed to want to address her conversation.

"I'm simply crazy over these flowers."

The older man showed his pleasure. "My choice again! Waked up myself and chose the bunch, blame me again; ditto dinner; mine from start to finish—hope you'll like it. I would have added some Montana peas and some chocolate soda water, only I thought you might not understand the joke."

Miss Lane beamed on him. Although he was unconscious of it, she was not fully at ease; he was not the

kind of man she had expected to see. Accustomed to young fellows like the boy and their mad devotion, accustomed to men with whom she could be herself, the big, bluff, middle-aged gentleman with his painfully correct tie, his ruffled iron-gray hair, and his deference to her, though an unusual diversion, was a little embarrassing.

"Oh, I know your dinner is ripping, Mr. Ruggles. I'm on a diet of milk and eggs myself, and I expect your order didn't take in those." But at his fallen countenance she hurried to say "Oh, I wouldn't have told you that if I hadn't been intending to break through."

And with childlike anticipation she clapped her hands and said: "We're going to have lots of fun." Just think, they don't know what that means here in London. They say 'heaps of sport, you know.' She imitated the accent maliciously. "It's just we Americans who know what 'lots of fun' is, isn't it?"

Near her Dan Blair's young eyes were drinking in the spectacle of delicate beauty beautifully gowned, of soft skin, glorious hair, and he gazed like a child at a pantomime. Under his breath he exclaimed now, with effusion, "You bet your life we are going to have lots of fun!" And turning to him, Miss Lane said:

"Six chocolate sodas running?"

"Oh, don't," he begged, "not that kind of jag."

She shook with laughter.

"Are you from Blairtown, Mr. Ruggles? I don't think I ever saw you there."

And the Westerner returned: "Well, from what Dan tells me, you're not much of a fixture yourself, Miss Lane. You were just about born and then kidnaped."

Her gay expression faded. And she repeated his word, "Kidnaped? That's a good word for it, Mr. Ruggles."

She picked up between her fingers a strand of the green fern, and looked at its delicate tracery as it lay on the palm of her hand.

"I sang one day after a missionary sermon in the Presbyterian Church."



"He Took Me Every Night to See You Dance Until I Balked, Miss Lane."

She interrupted herself with a short laugh. "But I guess you're not thinking of writing my biography, are you?"

And it was Dan's voice that urged her. "Say, do go on. I was there that day with my father, and you sang simply out of sight."

"Yes," she accepted, "out of sight of Blairtown and everybody I ever knew. I went away the next day." She lifted her glass of champagne to her lips.

"Here's one thing I oughtn't to do," she said, "but I'm going to just the same. I'm going to do everything I want this evening. Remember, I let you drink six glasses of chocolate soda once." She drained her glass and her friends drank with her. "I like this soup awfully. What is it?"—just touching it with her spoon.

"Why," Ruggles hastened to tell her, "it ain't a party soup, it's Scotch broth. But somehow it sounded good on the bill of fare. I fixed the rest of the dinner up for you and Dan, but I let myself go on the soup, it's my favorite."

She did not eat it, however, although she said it was splendid and that she was crazy about it.

"Did you come East then?" Dan returned to what she had been saying.

"Yes, that week; went to Paris and all over the place."

She instantly fell into a sort of melancholy. It was easy to be seen that she did not want to talk about her past and yet that it fascinated her.

"Just think of it!" he exclaimed. "I never heard a word about you until I heard you sing the other night."

The actress laughed and told him that he had made up for lost time, and that he was a regular "sitter" now at the Gaiety.

Ruggles said, "He took me every night to see you dance until I balked, Miss Lane."

"Still, it's a perfectly great show, Mr. Ruggles, don't you think so? I like it better than any part I ever had. I am interested about it for the sake of the man who wrote it, too. It's his first opera; he's an invalid and has a wife and five kids to look after."

And Ruggles replied, "Oh, gracious! I feel better than ever, having gone ten times, although I wasn't very sore about it before! Ain't you going to eat anything?"

She only picked at her food, drinking what they poured in her glass, and every time she spoke to Dan a look of charming kindness crossed her face, an expression of good fellowship which Ruggles noted with interest.

"I wish you could have seen this same author today at the rehearsal of the play," Letty Lane went on. "He's too ill to walk and they had to carry



Prince Poniatowsky Making His Way Toward Their Table Across the Room.

him in a chair. We all went round to his apartments after the theater. He lives in three rooms with his whole family and he's had so many debts and so much trouble and such a poor contract that he hasn't made much out of 'Mandalay,' but I guess he will out of this new piece. He hugged and kissed me until I thought he would break my neck."

London had gone mad over Letty Lane, whose traits and contour were the admiration of the world at large and well-known even to the newsboys, and whose likeness was nearly as familiar as that of the Madonnas of old. Her face was oval and perfectly formed, with the reddest of mouths—the most delicious and softest of mouths—the line of her brows clear and straight, and her gray eyes large and as innocent and appealing as a child's; under their long lashes they opened up like flowers. It was said that no man could withstand their appeal; that she had but to look to make a man her slave; and as more than once she turned to Dan, smiling and gracious, Ruggles watched her, mutely thinking of what he had heard this day, for after her letter came accepting their invitation he had taken pains to find out the things he wanted to know. It had not been difficult. As her face and form were public, on every post-card and in every photographer's shop, so the actress' reputation was the property of the public.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Changing Around.

Florence Times.

The boot is on the other leg now. Last summer a lot of people who had doubts of the fitness of Mr. Blease for the position of governor, were called on to prove what they had against him or shut up. They shut up and Mr. Blease is governor, and the doubts of these people have been justified. Now the investigating committee has determined to call on Mr. Blease to substantiate his charge against a number of gentlemen who have been executing a public trust, and against whom he has made charges.

Tired of Show Life.

A young girl, apparently about 10 years of age, who claimed that she ran away from her home and joined the carnival which was here the past week while it was showing in Atlanta, where she was a school girl, had grown tired of the life and had wired her married sister in Macon, Ga., to send her the money to go to her, as she did not want to go to the home of her father in Atlanta. The sister in Macon wired the necessary funds here to Policeman Sowell with instructions for him to purchase the railroad ticket and not to give her the money. The officer followed the instructions and placed the young girl on the train to make her way to her sister.—Kershaw Era.

As To Bank Examiner.

Florence Times.

The governor says that he does not think that any bank would allow Mr. Rhame to come into the bank and make an examination after the notice of his removal, but the same might apply to an appointment that the governor made to succeed Mr. Rhame, for we must admit that there is, at least, a question as to who is the bank examiner, and a bank would have to submit to examinations from both or from neither as their inclinations might lie. The courts are to decide the matter and the sooner they decide the better it will be for the State. The question is whether or not the governor has the right to remove a man who has done his duty as required by law just because he wants to do so. If the governor has such power it ought to be checked and there is no reason to believe that he has. He may not have to give the 'cause' for which he removes an official, but having given it, the removed official has the right to contest it, and in this case the bank examiner has the records on his side.

Teddy This and Teddy That.

Charleston Post.

Farmers pick up your ears, Teddy has a new plan in his platform called "The welfare of the Farmer." Farmer Teddy, Cowboy Teddy, Silk Hat Teddy, Col. Teddy, Dr. Teddy, Editor Teddy, take your choice.

ANOTHER BANK EXAMINER.

H. W. FRASER OF GEORGETOWN APPOINTED YESTERDAY.

B. J. Rhame, Who Was Dismissed, Will Refuse to Give Up Office, May Go to Court.

Columbia, April 8.—Hugh Wilson, Fraser of Georgetown was yesterday appointed State bank examiner by the governor to take the place of B. J. Rhame, who was recently dismissed. Mr. Fraser is cashier of the People's Bank of Georgetown and yesterday accepted the appointment. The bond required is \$15,000.

The following letter was sent yesterday to the Secretary of State from the governor's office: "The governor has this day appointed Hugh Wilson Fraser bank examiner to fill the unexpired term of B. J. Rhame, removed from office. Mr. Fraser's address is Georgetown."

The appointment of Mr. Fraser brings about an interesting situation, as Mr. Rhame, when the order of removal was issued, stated that he would not give up the office except upon the order of the court. It is understood that Mr. Rhame has employed W. F. Stevenson of Cheraw to defend his case. The matter will very probably be heard by the supreme court at the April term. Mr. Fraser did not make formal demand upon Mr. Rhame yesterday for the books and papers of the State bank examiner's office.

Mr. Rhame was appointed by Gov. Ansel on December 21, 1910, to fill out the unexpired term of Giles L. Wilson, who resigned to accept a position as national bank examiner. Mr. Wilson was appointed State bank examiner for a term of four years, and his term would have expired in 1914.

The act creating the office of State bank examiner provides that the governor may advise with the executive committee of the South Carolina Bankers' association. No announcement was made as to whether the executive committee was consulted with reference to the appointment of Mr. Fraser.

CHILD FOUND UNDER NEGRO HOUSE.

Little Black Baby Discovered During Frolic at Brick Yard Monday Night.

Monday night while a negro frolic was going on in one of the negro houses near the brick yard a little negro child only a few days old was discovered under the house is the information learned this morning through a telephone message from that place.

It seems that the little child was left under the house by some one while the frolic was going on and it was discovered when it began to cry. The child was well wrapped up and was taken in hand by negroes living in the vicinity. Efforts were made to discover its parents, but so far as is known unsuccessfully.

History Examination for the D. A. R. Medal.

For quite a number of years the home chapters of the D. A. R. and U. D. C. have offered medals for the best paper submitted by a student of the fourth year of the high school on the two periods known in United States history as the War of the Revolution and the War Between the Sections. The test for the medal offered by the Daughters of the American Revolution was held today. The questions were prepared by a committee of gentlemen not connected in any way with the schools. The pupils use numbers, not their names, in signing their papers. The ownership of the different papers is, therefore, entirely unknown. The announcement is made on the last evening of commencement.

The examination for the medal offered by the Daughters of the Confederacy will be held the first week in May.

The following questions were prepared by the committee for the examination held today:

1. Tell about the Laws of Navigation and Trade, and how these laws were evaded.
2. What were the Five Intolerable Acts?
3. Tell about The Mecklenburg Declaration.
4. Tell what you know of the invasion of Canada and the reasons assigned for the same.
5. Describe the first American flag.
6. Describe the battle of Princeton.
7. Mention several prominent volunteers from Europe who aided America in her struggle.
8. Tell about the siege and fall of Charleston.
9. Tell about the Battle of Cowpens.
10. Name and describe the three branches into which the Constitution divides the government.
11. Tell what you know of the two most noteworthy compromises made during the Constitutional Convention.

THE AIKEN SENSATION.

WARRANT ISSUED FOR NEW YORK SOCIETY MAN.

Frederick O. Beach Accused of Trying to Kill His Wife—Charge, Though Not Unexpected, Again Sets People to Talking of Mysterious Attack.

Aiken, April 8.—A warrant charging Frederick O. Beach, New York society man and member of the Aiken millionaire colony, with assault and battery with intent to kill his wife, Mrs. Camilla Beach, was sworn out here today.

This action grows out of the assault made upon Mrs. Beach on the night of February 26, when she was felled with a fence paling and her throat was slashed, in the yard of her winter home, which has been the season's sensation at the resort. It was claimed by the Beaches that Mrs. Beach had been called out to the gate by a negro man, who said he had a note for her; that she went to get it and that the negro then slashed her throat and made his escape in the darkness.

A gold-plated, diamond-studded pocket knife, the property of Beach, given by him to Mayor Gyles about three weeks ago, is held as mute evidence against him. Upon microscopic examination made by experts, first in Aiken, then in Augusta and lastly in Columbia, a quantity of human blood was found on the larger blade. This is one of the prosecution's main points. It is also said that a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Beach, overheard while the two were left in a room by a man concealed behind a bookcase for the purpose will be relied upon to some extent.

A warrant accusing Beach has been expected for more than a week past by those who have been in the secret that the detective employed by the city authorities was continuing his investigations. This detective, M. S. Baughan, who came here about three weeks ago, was one of the sleuths who succeeded in landing Abe Ruef behind the bars.

The warrant was sworn out by S. E. Holly, one of the rural policemen of this county before Magistrate Smoak, and Solicitor Gunter took steps at once to have the governor of South Carolina issue a requisition upon the governor of New York for Beach.

Beach left here two weeks ago with his wife for New York, giving it out before his departure that he intended to sail for Europe April 20 with W. K. Vanderbilt, whose guests he and Mrs. Beach were to be on their European trip. It was learned this afternoon, however, after Solicitor Gunter had left the city, that the Beaches sailed from New York for a European port last Wednesday.

Pearl Hampton, the negro woman who was also struck with the same fence paling that felled Mrs. Beach on the night of February 26, a few minutes before Mrs. Beach was struck down and who has stoutly refused to give the police any information of the events of that night, was also taken into custody, together with two maids from the home of Joseph Hariman, the valet of C. W. Dolan of Philadelphia and two maids employed at the Lyons home, adjoining that of the Beaches. All of these are held as witnesses and gave bond for their appearance at the June term of court of general sessions, which convenes here June 3.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE NOTES.

Committee Appointments.

Department of Industry—J. W. McKiever, Director.

New Industries. This committee has charge of securing new industries for Sumter. One of the first matters to be taken up will be the location of a canning factory. E. L. Witherspoon, Chairman; E. H. Moses, I. A. Riddell, Perry Moses, Jr., T. H. Sittall, H. D. Barnett and Bartow Walsh.

New Business. Is to canvass the city and make out a list of such business houses as are not represented in the city, work to locate them. Includes retail, wholesale, agencies, etc. In fact all business not included under New Industries. D. W. Cuttino, Chairman; J. H. Chandler, C. S. Anderson, A. D. Harby, C. H. Foster, H. R. Campbell and J. C. Cooper.

Manufacturing. To encourage and improve all established factories, such problems as questions of labor, skilled and unskilled, housing, labor, power rates, public service corporations in their relations to local factories, etc., and works with the traffic and freight rate committee in securing satisfactory rates and freight service for local factories. F. C. Manning, Chairman; William Bultman, E. W. Moise, S. K. Rowland, H. L. Witherspoon, J. J. Whilden and J. H. Archer.

The Atlanta Journal comments on the fact that "corn has gone up." Nevertheless, the corn made up in the Cohutta mountains will continue to go down.—Wilmington Star.

Send us your job work. Give us your job work.