THE BURGLAR BRIDEGROOM

By CALLY RYLAND

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

WITH his overcoat thrown over his arm and his hat and gloves in his hand "Bobby" Tunstall stood waiting for his bride. The room in which he exercised his patience was blazing with electric lights, which repeated themselves in myriad reflections in the gorgeous display of gold, silver and cut-glass gifts strewn about the apartment in careless profusion. Bobby revolved slowly and looked about him.

"Whew!" he said, under his breath: "A small fortune in themselves."

He looked up quickly as a step sounded in the hall outside, but it was only a maid, bringing in "Miss Laura's" hand bag to wait beside his own, and he turned again to his survey of the costly wedding compliments.

A magnificent necklace of pearls and diamonds lay in an open case before him, and he picked it up and stared at it.

"Not less than twenty thousand," he said, and sighed.

It was long since he had held the equivalent of such a sum in his hand. His mind rapidly reviewed the past few months. How distinctly he remembered the first evening Jack Tarleton had brought him to this very room, to call upon Miss Bridges. How long ago it seemed, and yet how short the time since he had realized that he was desperately in love. How sickening the qualm of conscience when he discovered that he was his old friend's successful rival: how elated he had been when the adored one promptly accepted him.

Bobby was a generous soul, as his rapidly dwindling funds showed in the radiant days that followed, and the few crisply folded bills which he was now fingering nervously in his pocket were the sole means for a wedding journey.

"Not a very brilliant prospect for a lavish honeymoon," he murmured, and again his eye fell on the glittering necklace.

Which of the Three Tricky Sisters suddenly extinguished the electric lights! Only for two seconds, but when they flashed up again with a little sizzle of renewed energy Bobby found the diamond necklace in his hand—how, he could not tell.

A light step on the stair, and the necklace slipped into his pocket and its case into a convenient wastebasket, while Bobby turned with a smile to greet his bride, who stood blushing in the doorway.

Following a prevalent fad Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Tunstall refused to divulge to family or friends the plan for their wedding journey, and so it was not until they were discussing their first dinner in their cozy little home—one of the wedding presents—that they were made acquainted with the loss of the necklace.

Bobby turned white, as Laura's sister, Agnes, told with dramatic effect the tragic tale, and Laura said giving his hand a little surreptitious squeeze under the table: "I really believe you feel the loss more keenly than I do, darling."

"I am sure I do," said Bobby.

All that evening the necklace hung about his neck like the Ancient Mariner's albatross, and at night it was securely tucked away into his sponge bag, for, he argued, that would be the last place a burglar would ever think of searching for valuables.

Although, through skillful management, he had been able to bring the necklace home without pledging a pearl for the purpose which had impelled him to purloin it, his heart sank at the futile devices of his brain for returning it to its rightful owner.

At first he thought of making a joke of the whole affair with his wife, but when he learned from Agnes the enormous excitement the matter had created, and was told that detectives were at work on the case, he gave up that scheme. As for going to Mr. Bridges, he preferred to imagine rather than experience a father-in-law's wrath. All night he was tormented by dreadful dreams, in which sponge bags played leading parts, and a necklace of millstones hung about his neck.

But the newspaper by his plate at breakfast brought him the first easy moment he had known for weeks, for in a prominent place he read this advertisement:

$3,000 REWARD

The above reward will be paid, and no questions asked, for the return of the necklace taken on the night of January 19, from the residence of R. C. Bridges, to that address, or to 50 Broadway.

"No questions asked!" The phrase shone from the page rosy with the light of hope. Laura was amazed at the change in her husband's appearance when she came tripping down to breakfast.

"There, dearest!" she exclaimed. "I knew that tonic was just what you needed. You look even better than you did before our marriage."

"I have certainly found a wonderful relief," said Bobby, solemnly.

Mr. Bridges sat in his private office, immersed in a pile of correspondence when the glazed door opened suddenly and his son-in-law walked in with a breezy "Good morning, father."

"Have you heard about the necklace?" was almost the first question asked of the young man after the preliminary greetings.

"Agnes has told us," was the answer. "But you are offering too large a reward—$1,250 will bring it."

Mr. Bridges swung around in his swivel chair in amazement.

"What do you know about it?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," Tunstall coolly replied. "It's a little secret—but it's all in the family. Write me a check to bearer for $1,250, and I guarantee that the necklace shall be produced—and save you $1,750!"

Still wondering, the broker complied, but with such an expression of inquiry that, when Bobby had pocketed the check, he proceeded, in a graver manner than his father-in-law ever had known him to assume, to make the mutely demanded explanation, having assured himself that the door was securely closed.

"Though possessed of an ample income," he said, "I have always spent it as it came—and not infrequently before it came. It was during such a state of temporary lack of funds that I was introduced to your household. I assure you most sincerely that I had no idea at that time of Tarleton's feelings toward Laura, and certainly had no intention of becoming his rival, and it was therefore without compunction that I accepted from him a loan sufficient to enable me to maintain a proper appearance in the social circle in which you move."

A soft whistle was the father-in-law's only comment.

"Well," continued Tunstall, "when Jack found that Laura preferred me he turned rusty, dunned me for the debt, which now aggregates $1,250, and even at my bachelor dinner hinted that I might be served with a legal process on my honeymoon. That was one reason for concealing our whereabouts, and it was that threat hanging over me—together with an opportunity that fate itself must have cheated—that induced me to take temporary charge of one of my wife's ornaments, which I now feel much pleasure in transferring to you. I need hardly say that, for the sake of the reputation of the family and the feelings of your daughter, it would be well not to tell how you have recovered it, especially to my wife."

"What is that about your wife?" inquired Laura, entering the office unannounced.

"I was merely saying that you would be delighted to know that your father has recovered your necklace," said Bobby, with great presence of mind.

"Oh! how lovely!" exclaimed Laura, as her husband held it up. "You know I scarcely got a good look at it on our wedding day. But don't go, Bobby," she added, as he turned to leave. "I came in to ask papa to turn the management of my affairs over to you—just wait while he has the papers made out."

"You might charge that $1,250 to the dowry," whispered Bobby to his father-in-law.

Iona Fitly Known as "Island of Ghosts"

Iona, the green and grassy island of the Inner Hebrides, is an isle of ghosts. It is holy ground. Fifty-three kings are buried there—kings of Scotland, Norway, France and Ireland. It was on this lone strip of moor and beach, lying at the foot of the Ross of Mull, that St. Columba landed in 563 and founded the monastery, the ruins of which bear his name to this day, says Pierre Van Paassen, in the Atlanta Constitution. That monastery was destined to become the heart and center of Celtic Christianity and a place of pilgrimage to which people came by long and painful ways from all over Europe—coming that they might die on its holy ground. Their bones are everywhere. Kings and princes, chieftains of great Highland clans, southern barons, and merchants of wealth—they all came to this lone island of the Western seas to die. It is their ghosts who haunt Iona today, their ghosts and the wraiths of the monks who were slain when the Norse sea-rovers sailed into the Sound of Iona, and sacked the holy places. That is why no man of Iona will, even today, walk of nights by the Reilig Diran. But why are the spirits restless? The natives say it is because of the dark work done in the day of the Reformation, when 360 of the sacred crosses of Iona were torn off the graves of the dead and cast into the sea.

Why They Take

Rev. Calvin C. Menry of New York, who recently gave a quart of his blood to a sinking parishioner, is opposed to sensationalism in religion.

"Deliver me," he said at a Bronx luncheon, "from the new creeds that spring up nowadays like mushrooms. I was bidding a friend bon voyage on the Cunard pier the other afternoon, and I said to him by way of a joke:

"'Maybe you'll bring a new creed back with you, but be careful if you do—you know how hard it is to get things through the custom house nowadays.'

"'Oh,' said my friend, 'there'd be no difficulty about that. These new creeds never have any duties attached to them.'"

How It Was

"Our moving picture show, the Oriental Grotto, has an orchestra of 41 men," said the landlord of the tavern.

"Is it possible?" returned the young traveling salesman.

"Yep! The same one works alone every night for forty nights, and on the forty-first another man is added for one night.—Kansas City Star.

Order Of Publication

No. 5685 Equity.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting in Equity.

Laura V. Bachman, plaintiff.

vs.

Alfred C. Bachman, Ephraim Bachman, Sarah A. Cover, Ida L. Schaeffer, William J. Zacharias, Franklin T. Bachman, Louise Sullivan, Wade Stonesifer, Elmer Stonesifer, Bertie Forney, Walter Stonesifer, Ernest Stonesifer, Lillie E. Houck, John D. Bachman, Howard S. Bachman, Amelia Blauser, William H. Flickinger, Edna Moore, Oscar Bachman, Celia Bell and Charles Sullivan, defendants.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of the real estate of which Jonas Bachman, late of Carroll County, died, seized and possessed.

The Bill alleges, as follows:

First: That Jonas Bachman, late of Carroll County, Maryland, deceased, departed this life in said County, intestate, in the month of February 1926, leaving surviving him his widow, the said Laura V. Bachman, the plaintiff in this cause, and the following brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, grandnephews, and grandnieces, who are the defendants in this case, namely: a brother, Alfred C. Bachman; a brother, Ephraim Bachman; a sister, Sarah A. Cover; a sister, Ida L. Schaeffer; all of whom reside in Carroll County, Maryland; a nephew, William J. Zacharias, son of Barbara A. Zacharias, a deceased sister of said intestate, who predeceased him, being the only child and heir of law of the said Barbara A. Zacharias, deceased; a nephew Franklin T. Bachman, son and only heir at law of John Bachman, deceased, who was a brother of and predeceased said intestate; a nephew Oscar Bachman, who is a son and only heir at law of David Bachman, a brother of said intestate and who predeceased him; the said intestate also had a brother by the name of William H. Bachman, who predeceased the said intestate, and left the following named children, his only heirs at law, namely: a son, John D. Bachman; a son, Howard S. Bachman; a daughter, Lillie E. Houck; a daughter, Emma V. Stonesifer; a daughter, Lizzie Flickinger; a daughter, Celia Bell; a daughter, Amelia Blauser and a daughter, Louise Sullivan.

That the said Emma V. Stonesifer departed this life before her said father and left surviving her as her children and only heirs of law; Wade Stonesifer, Elmer Stonesifer, Bertie Forney, Walter Stonesifer, Ernest Stonesifer, Charles Sullivan.

Said Lizzie Flickinger departed this life before said intestate and left surviving her two children: a son, William H. Flickinger, and a daughter, Edna Moore, her only heirs at law.

That all the said parties are adults above the age of twenty-one years, and all live in Carroll County, Maryland, excepting the said Celia Bell, Wade Stonesifer and Bertie Forney, who reside in the City of Baltimore, Maryland; Franklin T. Bachman and William Flickinger, who reside in Frederick County, Maryland; Elmer Stonesifer, who resides in Washington County, Maryland; and William J. Zacharias, Louise Sullivan, Charles Sullivan, Lillie E. Houck and Amelia Blauser, who resides in the State of Pennsylvania, and Oscar Bachman, who resides in the State of New Jersey, and Edna Moore who resides in the State of Michigan.

Second: That said Jonas Bachman, intestate, was at the time of his death seized and possessed of valuable real estate situate in Carroll County, Maryland, of the value of $12,000, as follows: a farm containing 134 acres and 19 square perches of land, more or less, which is described in the deed therefor from William Bachman and wife to the said Jonas Bachman, dated July 30th., 1888, and recorded among the Land Records of said Carroll County in Liber W. R. M. No. 68 Folio 451 etc., a certified copy of which deed is filed herewith as a part hereof and marked Exhibit A; and was also seized and possessed of a certain water right to said farm which is described in the deed therefor from William Bachman and wife to the said intestate, dated on October 17th., 1888, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. N. M. No. 68 Folio 453 etc., a certified copy of which deed is filed herewith as a part hereof and marked Exhibit B; and was also seized and possessed of a house and lot of land, situate in the City of Westminster, Maryland, which is described in the deed therefor from Frank W. Shriver and others to the said intestate, dated November 11th, 1895, and recorded among the Land Records of said Carroll County in Liber D. F. C. No. 81 Folio 428 etc., a certified copy of which deed is filed herewith as a part hereof and marked Exhibit C, together with an alley way adjoining said parcel which is described in the deed of conveyance from Ella E. Albaugh and husband to said intestate, dated on the 12th., of June, 1897, and recorded among the said Land Records in Liber B. F. C. No. 85 Folio 31, a certified copy of which deed is filed herewith as a part hereof and marked Exhibit D.

Third: That said real estate of which said intestate died, seized and possessed cannot be divided among the said widow and other heirs of law without loss and injury to them but it would be to the benefit and advantage of all parties interested to have said real estate sold under a decree of said Court and divide the proceeds of sale among the parties interested therein according to the respective interests.

To the end therefore:

(1) That the said defendants may be required to answer the premises.

(2) That the real estate mentioned in these proceedings may be sold under a decree of this Court.

(3) That the proceeds of sale may be distributed among the parties interested therein according to their respective interests.

(4) That your oratrix may have such other and further relief as her case may require.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting in Equity, this 26th day of March, 1926, that the plaintiff by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll County, Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before this 26th day of April, 1926, give notice to the said absent defendants, Oscar Bachman, William J. Zacharias, Louise Sullivan, Charles Sullivan, Ernest Stonesifer, Lillie E. Houck, Amelia Blauser, and Edna Moore, of the object and substance of this bill; and warn them to be and appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 17th day of May, 1926, to answer the premises and show cause, if any they may have, why a decree ought not to pass as prayed.

EDWIN M. MELLOR, JR.,
Clerk, etc.

True Copy test.

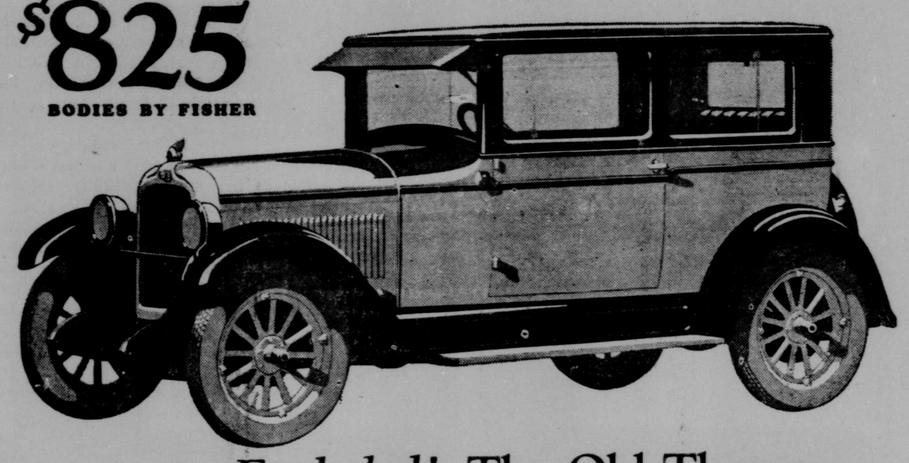
EDWIN M. MELLOR, JR.,
Clerk.

3-26-5t

COACH OR COUPE

$825

BODIES BY FISHER



Exploded! The Old Theory of Low-Cost Design

In developing and introducing the new Pontiac Six General Motors has completely shattered the theory that high quality could not be achieved in a low-cost Six.

From the day of its public presentation, the Pontiac Six has been making giant strides toward leadership in its field—because it is the living expression of quality in every aspect of motor car value.

With the Pontiac Six priced at $825, it is no longer necessary to accept the limitations of high-priced fours nor those that have hitherto characterized low-priced sixes.

In breath-taking performance, in striking beauty, in luxurious comfort, in staunch construction, the Pontiac Six is the vital embodiment of quality—yet it sells for a price so low that only General Motors could possibly achieve it.

Oakland Six, companion to the Pontiac Six—$975 to $1295 All prices at factory

EAST END GARAGE

Arthur V. Blizzard, Prop., Westminster, Md.

PONTIAC SIX

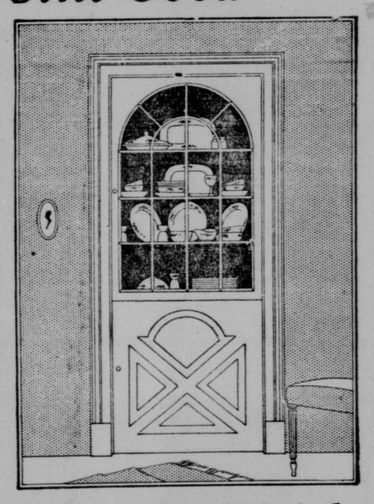
CHIEF OF THE SIXES

A Merchant

We know says that it's his job to please his customers. He is 100 per cent right. It's our job to please merchants by providing the kind of printing that is wanted. Try us and see what we can do.

We Make Good

Two Hundred Years Old and Still Good



IN the recently opened American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, hundreds of passersby stop every day to admire the original china closet from which the design illustrated here was taken. It is over 200 years old.

That old cabinet is faithfully reproduced in Curtis Woodwork for your home today. While especially adapted to the Colonial house, it will also look well in the home of English type, and it has also been tastefully used in Spanish houses.

This china closet is an example of the many beautiful designs which Curtis Woodwork offers home-builders, not only in cabinet work but also in stairs, trim, doors, windows, frames.

Design alone, however, is not all that Curtis Woodwork offers you. It has quality through and through in every detail of materials and construction. Yet Curtis Woodwork is no higher in price, even if it does give you better designs, material and workmanship, than ordinary millwork. In fact, it often costs considerably less when all expense items are taken into consideration.

1865 CURTIS

See that the woodwork you buy bears this trademark—the Curtis guarantee of quality

Come in and let us show you some Curtis designs and help you fit them into your building plans. Ask for the free booklet, "Curtis Woodwork," helpful and interesting to builders.

Lumber, Coal & Supply Co.,
Westminster, Md.

HAULING

Local and Long Distance

Also

TAXI SERVICE

Levi Barnes,

Phone 73-R. Westminster, Md.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2319-0116