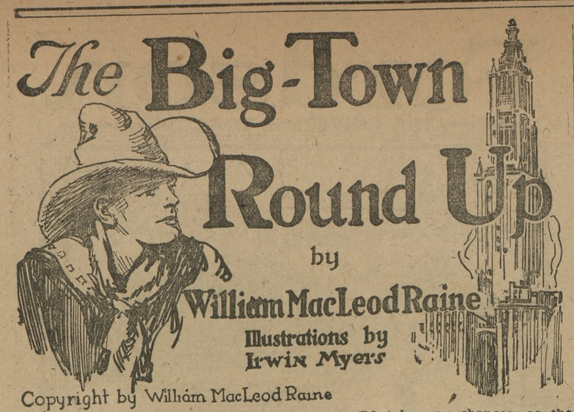

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SYNOPSIS

FOREWORD.—Motoring through Arizona, a party of easterners, father and daughter and a male companion, stop to witness a cattle round up. The girl leaves the car and is attacked by a wild steer. A masterpiece of riding on the part of one of the cowboys saves her life.

CHAPTER I.—Clay Lindsay, range-rider on an Arizona ranch, announces his intention to visit the "big town," New York.

CHAPTER II.—On the train Lindsay becomes interested in a young woman, Kitty Mason, on her way to New York to become a motion-picture actress. She is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

CHAPTER III.—On his first day in New York Lindsay is splashed with water by a janitor. That individual the range-rider punishes summarily and leaves tied to a fire hydrant. A young woman who sees the occurrence invites Clay into her house and hides him from the police.

CHAPTER IV.—Clay's "rescuer" introduces herself as Beatrice Whitford. Lindsay meets her father, Colin Whitford, and is invited to visit them again. He meets Kitty Mason by accident. She has been disappointed in her stage aspirations, and to support herself is selling cigarettes in a cabaret. Clay visits her there.

CHAPTER V.—Kitty is insulted by a customer. Clay punishes the annoyer. After a lively mixup Lindsay escapes. Outside, he is attacked by Jerry Durand and a companion and beaten insensible.

CHAPTER VI.—Lindsay's acquaintance with Beatrice Whitford ripens. Through her he is introduced into "society." His "side partner" on the Arizona ranch, Johnnie Green, comes to the "big town."

CHAPTER VII

Johnnie Green—Match-Maker.

Johnnie Green gave an upward jerk to the frying-pan and caught the flapjack as it descended.

"Fust and last call for breakfast in the dining-cyar. Come and get it, old-timer," he sang out to Clay.

That young man emerged from his bedroom glowing. He was one or two shades of tan lighter than when he had reached the city, but the paint of Arizona's untempered sun still distinguished him from the native-born, if there are any such among the inhabitants of upper New York.

"You're one sure-enough cook," he drawled to his satellite. "Best flapjacks ever made in this town."

The Runt beamed all over. If he had really been a puppy he would have wagged his tail. Since he couldn't do that he took it out in grinning. Any word of praise from Clay made the world a sunshiny one for him.

The two men were baching it. They had a little apartment in the Bronx and Johnnie looked after it for his friend. One of Johnnie's vices—according to the standard of the B-in-a-Box boys—was that he was as neat as an old maid. He liked to hang around a mess-wagon and cook doughnuts and pies. His talent came in handy now, for Clay was no housekeeper.

After the breakfast things were cleared away Johnnie rared forth to a certain house adjoining Riverside drive, where he earned ten dollars a week as outdoors man. His business was to do odd jobs about the place. He cut and watered the lawn. He made small repairs. Beatrice had a rose garden, and under her direction he dug, watered and fertilized.

Incidentally, the snub-nosed little puncher with the unfinished features adored his young mistress in the dumb, uncritical fashion a schoolboy does a Ty Cobb or an Eddie Collins. In his heart he had hopes that Clay would fall in love with and marry her. But her actions worried him. Sometimes he wondered if she really understood what a catch Clay was.

He tried to tell her his notions on the subject the morning Clay praised his flapjacks.

She was among the rose-bushes, gloved and hatted, clipping American Beauties for the dining room, a dainty but very self-reliant little personality.

"Miss Beatrice, I been thinkin' about you and Clay," he told her, leaning on his spade.

"What have you been thinking about us?" the girl asked, snipping off a big rose.

"How you're the best-lookin' couple that a man would see anywheres."

Into her clear cheeks the color flowed. "If I thought nonsense like that I wouldn't say it," she said quietly. "We're not a couple. He's a man. I'm a woman. I like him and want to stay friends with him if you'll let me."

"Sure. I know that, but—" Johnnie groped helplessly to try to explain what he had meant. "Clay he likes you a heap," he finished inadequately.

The eyes of the girl began to dance. There was no use taking offense at this simple soul. "Does he? I'm sure I'm gratified," she murmured, busy with her scissors among the roses.

"Yep. I never knowed Clay to look at a girl before. He sure thinks a heap of you."

She gave a queer little bubbling laugh. "You're flattering me."

"Honest, I ain't." Johnnie whispered a secret across the rose bushes. "Say, if you work it right I believe you can get him."

The girl sparkled. Here was a new slant on matrimonial desirability. Clearly the view of the little cow-puncher was that Clay had only to crook his fingers to summon any girl in the world that he desired.

"What would you advise me to do?" she dimpled.

"Sho! I dunno." He shyly unburdened himself of the warning he had been leading up to. "But I'd tie a can to that dude fellow that hangs around—the Bromfield guy. O' course I know he ain't one, two, three with you while Clay's on earth, but I don't reckon I'd take any chances, as the old sayin' is. Better get shet of the dude."

Miss Whitford bit her lip to keep from exploding in a sudden gale of mirth. But the sight of her self-appointed chaperon set her off into peals of laughter in spite of herself. Every time she looked at Johnnie she went off into renewed chirrups. He was so homely and so deadly earnest. The little waif was staring at her in perplexed surprise, mouth open and chin fallen. He could see no occasion for gayety at his suggestion. There was nothing subtle about the Runt. In his social code wealth did not figure. A forty-dollar-a-month bronco buster was free to offer advice to the daughter of a millionaire about her matrimonial prospects if it seemed best.

"Clay ain't one o' the common run of cowpunchers, ma'am. You bet you, by jollies, he ain't. Clay he owns a half-interest in the B-in-a-Box. O' course it ain't what he's got, but what he is that counts. He's the best darned pilgrim ever I did see."

"He's all right, Johnnie," the girl admitted with an odd smile. "Do you want me to tell him that I'll be glad to drop our family friends to meet his approval? I don't suppose he asked you to speak to me about it, did he?"

The little range-rider missed the irony of this. "No, ma'am, I jest butted in. Mebbe I hadn' ought to of spoke."

"You needn't feel bad, Johnnie. There's no harm done—if you don't say anything about it to Mr. Lindsay. But I don't think you were intended for a match-maker. That takes quite a little finesse, doesn't it?"

The word "finesse" was not in Johnnie's dictionary, but he acquiesced in her verdict.

"I reckon, ma'am, you're right."

* * * * * *

Clay was waiting for lunch at a rotisserie on Sixth avenue, and in order to lose no time—of which he had more just now than he knew what to do with—was meanwhile reading a newspaper propped against a water-bottle. From the personal column there popped out at him three lines that caught his attention:

"If this meets the eye of C. L. of Arizona please write me, Box M-21, The Herald. Am in trouble.
Kitty M."

He read it again. There could be no doubt in the world. It was addressed to him, and from Kitty. He remembered that on the bus he had casually mentioned to her that he usually read the Herald.

After he had eaten, Clay walked down Broadway and left a note at the office of the Herald for Kitty.

The thought of her was in his mind all day. He had worried a good deal over her disappearance. It was not alone that he felt responsible for the loss of her place as cigarette girl. One disturbing phase of the situation was that Jerry Durand must have seen her. What more likely than that he had arranged to have her spirited away? Lindsay had read that hundreds of girls disappeared every year in the city. If they ever came to the surface again it was as dwellers in that underworld in the current of which they had been caught.

He had an engagement that afternoon to walk with Beatrice Whitford. They crossed to Morningside park and moved through it to the northern end where the remains of Fort Laight, built to protect the approach to the city during the War of 1812, can still be seen and traced.

Beatrice had read the story of the earthworks. In the midst of the telling of it she stopped to turn upon him with swift accusation, "You're not listening."

"That's right, I wasn't," he admitted.

"Have you heard something about your cigarette girl?"

Clay was amazed at the accuracy of her center shot.

"Yes." He showed her the newspaper.

She read. The golden head nodded triumphantly. "I told you she could look out for herself. You see when she had lost you she knew enough to advertise."

Was there or was there not a faint note of malice in the girl's voice?

Was There or Was There Not a Faint Note of Malice in the Girl's Voice?

Clay did not know. But it would have neither surprised nor displeased him. He had long since discovered that his imperious little friend was far from an angel.

At his rooms he found a note awaiting him.

"Come tonight after eleven. I am locked in the west rear room of the second story. Climb up over the back porch. Don't make any noise. The window will be unbolted. A friend is mailing this. For God's sake, don't fail me."

The note was signed "Kitty." Below were given the house and street number. Was it genuine? Or did it lead to a trap? He could not tell. It might be a plant or it might be a wail of real distress. There was only one way to find out unless he went to the police. That way was to go through with the adventure. He decided to play a lone hand except for such help as Johnnie could give him.

Clay took a downtown car and rode to the cross-street mentioned in the letter for a preliminary tour of investigation. The street designated was one of plain brownstone fronts with iron-grilled doors. The blank faces of the houses invited no confidence. It struck him that there was something sinister about the neighborhood, but perhaps the thought was born of the fear. Number 121 had windows barred with ornamental grilles. This might be to keep burglars out. It would serve equally well to keep prisoners in.

The cattleman did not linger in that street lined with houses of sinister faces. He did not care to call attention to his presence by staying too long. Besides, he had some arrangements to make for the night at his rooms.

These were simple and few. He oiled and loaded his revolver carefully, leaving the hammer on the one chamber left empty to prevent accidents, after the custom of all careful gunmen. He changed into the wrinkled suit he had worn when he reached the city, and substituted for his shoes a pair of felt-soled gymnasium ones.

The bowlegged little puncher watched his friend, just as a faithful dog does his master. He asked no questions. In good time he knew he would be told all it was necessary for him to know.

As they rode from the Bronx, Clay outlined the situation and told his plans so far as he had any.

"So I'm goin' to take a whirl at it, Johnnie. Mebbe they're lyin' low up in that house to get me. Mebbe the note's the real thing. You can search me which it is. The only way to find out is to go through with the thing. Yore job is to stick around in front of the hacienda and wait for me. If I don't show up inside of thirty minutes, get the police busy right away breakin' into the place. Do you get me, Johnnie?"

"Lemme go with you into the house, Clay," the little man pleaded.

"Nothin' doin', old-timer. This is my job, and I don't reckon I'll let anybody else tackle it. Much obliged, just the same. You're one sure-enough white man, Johnnie."

The little fellow knew that the matter was settled. Clay had decided and what he said was final. But Johnnie worried about it all the way. At the last moment, when they separated at the street corner, he added one last word.

"Don't you be too venturesome, son. If them guys got you it sure would break me all up."

Clay smiled cheerfully. "They're not goin' to get me, Johnnie. Don't forget to remember not to forget yore part. Keep under cover for thirty minutes; then if I haven't shown up, holler yore head off for the cops."

They were passing an alley as Clay finished speaking. He slipped into its friendly darkness and was presently lost to sight. It ran into an inner court which was the center of tortuous passages. The cattleman stopped to get his bearings, selected the likeliest exit, and brought up in the shelter of a small porch. This, he felt sure, must be the rear of the house he wanted.

A strip of lattice work ran up the side of the entrance. Very carefully, testing every slat with his weight before trusting himself to it, he climbed up and edged forward noiselessly upon the roof. On hands and knees he crawled to the window and tried to peer in.

The blind was down, but he could see that the room was dark. What danger lurked behind the drawn blind he could not guess, but after a moment, to make sure that the revolver beneath his belt was ready for instant use, he put his hand gently on the sash.

His motions were soundless as the fall of snowflakes. The window moved slowly, almost imperceptibly, under the pressure of his hands. Warily he lifted one leg into the room. His head followed, then the rest of his body. He waited, every nerve tensed.

There came to him a sound that sent cold finger-tips playing a tattoo up and down his spine. It was the intake of some one's cautious breathing.

His hand crept to the butt of the revolver. He crouched, poised for either attack or retreat.

A bath of light flooded the room and swallowed the darkness. Instantly Clay's revolver leaped to the air.

To Be Continued

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters testamentary on the personal estate of
M. MARION MALCOLM,
late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 13th day of December, 1922, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 13th day of June, 1922.

NELLIE ALLEN MALCOLM,
july15-4t. Executrix

CHESTERTOWN PROOF

Should Convince Every Chestertown Reader

The frank statement of a neighbor, telling the merits of a remedy,
Bids you pause and believe.
The same endorsement
By some stranger far away
Commands no belief at all.
Here's a Chestertown case. Ask your neighbor.
A Chestertown citizen testifies.
Read and be convinced.

Enoch Pleasanton, W. High st., says: "I was in a bad condition with kidney complaint and my back gave out and ached so I couldn't get around. There was no let up to the constant aching and every move I made caused me to suffer. My kidneys were disordered and very irregular in action. Doan's Kidney Pills soon brought relief from the distressing ailments. My back is now well and strong and my kidneys don't trouble me. I give the credit to Doan's and advise anyone having kidney trouble to try them.

Price 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Pleasanton had. Foster-Milburn

FERTILIZERS
(For all crops)
Large stock in our warehouses at Betterton, for immediate use. No delay. Wagons loaded as soon as they arrive.

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS
Just received a carload of Southern Cypress, which includes Fencing, Gate Slats, Siding, Rab. Boards, Dressed Lumber, etc. If you want Cypress we have it.
Our store opens at 7 a. m. and closes at 8 p. m.
TURNER & SON,
Betterton, Md.

FOR YOUR
Present Needs
We have quite a variety of useful articles, such as:
ALUMINUM PERCOLATOR COFFEE POTS.
ALUMINUM SAUCE PANS & POTS.
PYREX COOKING UTENSILS.
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POCKET & TABLE CUTLERY.
COOK STOVE OR RANGE.
WOOD & COAL HEATERS.
GUNS AND AMMUNITION.
In fact, you can find an abundant supply of articles usually carried in a hardware store.
ALSO CIGARS & TOBACCO.
The Graham & Thomas Hardware Company
Parks Bldg.,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

THE
Mutual Fire Insurance
Company
OF KENT COUNTY, MD
INSURES PROPERTY AGAINST FIRE AND LIGHTNING
ALL POLICY HOLDERS PARTICIPATE IN THE COMPANY'S PROFITS.
Conservation and caution its motto. Nearly three million dollars' worth of property insured.
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EBEN F. PERKINS, Sec.-Treas.

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FAIRLEE, MD.
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A full line of Sweet Orr Pants and Shirts in khaki.
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Shoes for the Whole Family. Lion Brand shoes for Men and Boys.
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Heavy China Matting Rug, 9x12, for $4.00.
Assortment of Aluminum Ware—25-year guarantee.
10 quart Bucket $1.56
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10-quart Berlin Kettle $1.56
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Large Baker $1.56
We are headquarters for Diamond and Goodyear Tires and Tubes. Get our prices.
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Kellogg Corn Flakes ....3 for 25c
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Octagon Soap ....5½c bar
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Large Can Baked Beans 10c
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Eggs wanted at Baltimore's highest quotation in trade.

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For Young Men and Young Women in Separate Departments
ADMISSION.—Graduates from approved four-year High Schools admitted without conditions. Fifteen units required.
Fifty-sixth Year Begins September 18, 1922.
MODERN CURRICULUM.—Eight courses leading to the A. B. degree are offered. Grouped about one of the following subjects as majors: English, History and Political Science, Mathematics and Physics, Chemistry and Biology, Modern Languages, Latin and Greek, Education, Home Economics. Special courses in Speech, Voice and Piano. Unit of Reserve Officers' Training Corps is maintained by the Government.
LOCATION UNEXCELLED.—1000 feet above the sea in the highlands of Maryland. Pure air, pure water, charming scenery. One hour's run from Baltimore, two from Washington.
EQUIPMENT complete. Thirty acre campus; sixty acre college farm; modern buildings; comfortable living accommodations; laboratories; library of 15,000 volumes; gymnasium; power and heating plant. New athletic field, costing $50,000, ready for the coming season. New dormitory, costing $150,000, to be completed by September 1st.
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Prospectus for 1922-23 on application.

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A sizzling, blistering summer's day—pedestrians passing with wilted collars and torrid dispositions—the folks next door chasing the elusive, shady portion of their open porch—and you as cool as the proverbial cucumber behind your AEROLUX Shades.

Are you missing it! Is your porch too hot for rest—too public for comfort? AEROLUX will convert it into the coolest, airiest, most comfortable room in the home.

On such a porch mother can relax from the cares of a summer household. Baby is always ready for the refreshing daily nap—no need to coax, for the porch is airy and secluded. It's an ideal place for sister to entertain. And dad—it's his favorite location! He claims the most comfortable corner the very first day—and is secluded enough so that he can slip off his shoes without being arrested.

JOHN BARTEY
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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TO PREVENT IT
RIGHT NOW—while your feet are yet good and healthy—why not wear shoes that will keep them well? We know the correct shoe for your foot and fit you carefully. Little Pains and Aches do not necessarily indicate weak arches, but are often warning, that unless your feet are properly fitted, future troubles will be the penalty.
Our prices are usually lower and our shoes wear longer.
We have a large selection of all makes and can fit all feet.
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The Transcript $1.50 per annum.

"111" cigarettes
10¢
They are GOOD!

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of administration on the personal estate of
CHARLES E. FAULKNER.
late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 22nd day of January, 1923, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 18th day of July, 1922.

J. HARRY JARVIS,
j22-4t. Administrator.

LIME AND CEMENT
We have just received a car load of Palmer's Lump Lime in oak barrels; also hydrated lime and building lime in any quantity. Prices greatly reduced. Call and see us. Let us hear about your need of cement.
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It is better to be glad than sorry, therefore do not neglect to place insurance on your HAY and WHEAT as soon as in stack or barn with
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ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE PUBLIC
Mr. John Wethered Barroll, Counsellor-at-Law, announces that he has opened his office in the frame law office on Court Street, adjoining the Lyceum Theatre. All kinds of legal business will receive his prompt and close attention. When not in the office, a message can be left with his father, Hope H. Barroll, Esq., whose assistance is always at his command.
Phone No. 182. o8-tf

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Squibb's Pure Spices:
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The Best in Face Powder and Talcums.
Whitman's Candy.
Ice Cream and Soda Water.
THE STAM DRUG CO

TWO VALUABLE DWELLINGS
IN STILL POND
AT PRIVATE SALE.
The dwelling which Mrs. Margaret G. Harris occupied at the time of her death will be sold at private sale. The price of same is $4000.
The other dwelling adjoining the lands of Mrs. Elizabeth Jervis and occupied by Mr. Moore will be sold for $1600.
Terms will be made liberal. The houses can be inspected by any one interested in them applying to any of the heirs near Still Pond, or to
HOPE H. BARROLL, Trustee,
a15-m Chestertown, Maryland.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans Court for Kent County letters of administration on the personal estate of
JAMES W. POORE,
late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the first day of January, 1923, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 27th day of June, 1922.

WM. T. JONES,
july 1-4t. Administrator.

—The Transcript, $1.50 per year, in advance.

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