The Chestertown Transcript.

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SUPERVISORS' NOTICE
—OF—
Appointment of Registrars of Elections.

At a meeting of the Election Supervisors for Kent County held Tuesday, June 19, 1923, the following Registrars of Voters were appointed:

First District First precinct—Samuel S. Hurlock, Dem., Millington; Paul C. Price, Rep., Millington.

First District, second precinct—Elmer S. Jarman, Dem., Galena; Theodore Derpsey, Rep., Galena.

Second District, first precinct—C. S. Hague, Dem., Kennedyville; Lewis C. Price, Rep., Kennedyville.

Second District, second precinct—Jos. W. Howard, Dem., Kennedyville; Ralph Geary, Rep., Kennedyville.

Third District, first precinct—O. Dobson, Dem., Worton; George B. Rasin, Rep., Worton.

Third District, second precinct—Harvey B. More, Dem., Betterton; G. Ray Crew, Rep., Betterton.

Fourth District, first precinct—John E. Barnes, Dem., Chas. N. Satterfield, Rep., Chestertown.

Fourth District, N Second Precinct—Wm. T. Hicks, Dem., Chestertown; M. Wilur Thomas, Rep., Chestertown.

Fourth District, second precinct—Wm. F. Malin, Dem., Chestertown; John C. Davis, Rep., Chestertown.

Fifth District, first precinct—John C. Wilson, Dem., Rock Hall; Wm. E. Leary, Rep., Rock Hall.

Fifth District, Second Precinct—John Kelley Dem., Rock Hall; Abner Brydon, Rep., Rock Hall.

Sixth District—Archibald Ramage, Dem., Fairlee; H. P. Jones, Rep., Fairlee.

Seventh District — W. Raymond Startt, Dem., Chestertown; John T. M. Vickers, Rep., Chestertown.

The above officials are hereby notified to appear at the office of the supervisors in Chestertown at 10 a. m. Tuesday, July 10, 1923, and be sworn into office.

C. FRANK CROW, Prest.,
J. HYDIE THOMPSON,
THOMAS W. TREW,
Supervisors of Elestions of Kent Co.
Charles J. Reiche, Clerk.

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The JOY of LIVING

By SIDNEY GOWING
Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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"I don't care what happens!" announced Alexander. And he kissed her again.



He Kissed Her Again.

CHAPTER XXI

A New Partnership.

"It rains all the time in this country," said Billy, discontentedly, "except when you want it to."

He addressed the remark to the dry and unresponsive soil. Billy's attitude at the moment was unusual. He was close to the footpath along which he had wheeled the Sphinx, after the encounter with the motorcycle thieves on the night of the burglary.

That event was now many days old, yet no rain had fallen in the meantime and here and there the track of the Sphinx's tires was faintly visible in the dried mud—to anyone who had unusually good eyes.

"If they've got a Scotland Yard sharp down here now," reflected Billy, "and he goes over the ground, it's just possible he might see what that fool inspector at Stanhoe never tumbled to. That there were two motorcycles, and not one, at the place where Jack the Climber got ditched. If they were to track up the Sphinx now it would be mighty awkward. They'd soon connect her with Aimee and me. But I guess it's an outside chance."

The slight impression of a tire mark, a little to the right of the path, caught his eye. It had passed over a soft mole hill, and was clearly defined. Billy paused, and inspected it with a new interest. The fashion of his countenance changed; he went down on hands and knees, and looked very closely indeed.

"Snakes!" exclaimed Billy. He rose, and quartered the ground carefully for a considerable distance in either direction. The ground was too hard to show any continuous track. But mole hills were plentiful, and some way farther on he found another one, also showing the print of a tire.

"It's the same. And not the Sphinx's tire, by a mile!" said Billy, knitting his brow. "This one was steel-studded."

With growing perplexity he made a close examination of the soil, and presently discovered other traces. There were a few footprints and, faint though they were, they bore some very marked characteristics.

Billy stood up straight and gave a liquid whistle. The furrows in his brow deepened. He carried his investigations still farther afield, but toward the healthy common the soil was light, wind-blown sand that shifted with every fresh breeze. There were no tracks left. The seeker was at a loss.

Billy stopped and reflected rapidly.

"It came this way, whatever it was," he said. "But why on earth did it—and how? Let's start from the beginning."

He struck across country and, breaking through a hedge, came out into the blind lane where Jack the Climber's machine had crashed on the fateful night; the spot where he had recovered the emeralds, and made acquaintance with Calamity Kate's resourcefulness.

The muddy lane still showed slight traces, very much mixed up and trampled, of the place where the thieves' machine had fallen; the ruts were now dried and hard. Billy also recognized what were evidently the hoof marks of the Stanhoe police.

"A herd of steers wouldn't have made more mess," said Billy. "And Panke found nothing after all, or he'd have— Well, I can't blow much, either. I've been here twice since, but never got wise to it till now."

He turned back down the lane toward the highway, his eyes noting the smallest details of the ground.

"Here's my track; pretty near washed out. And here's the other's. That cycle was a big Indian, by what little I saw of it. And likely it was half crippled when it got away. And here it got on the high road, and headed straight on past Jervaulx again. That's mighty queer. I always reckoned they'd have gone the other way. Something must have turned them."

He passed along the wider lane in the direction of Jervaulx, his eyes scanning the ground and the ditch. A little distance short of the gate through which Billy had wheeled the Sphinx when dodging the police, he stooped quickly and picked up a scrap of metal. It was the broken end of an exhaust silencer.

"I was right!" ejaculated Billy. "Here they crashed again—or the engine gave out for good. And they came the very way I did myself. And one of the two was lame—dead lame. One sure thing—they couldn't have got far that night. And if they weren't able to ride the thing, what did they do with it?"

He hurried to the far end of the field, where the last of the tracks had failed. He hesitated, and glanced towards the distant crag-pits.

"What should I have done myself—if I hadn't known the ground?" he thought. "I'll try here first."

Less than a hundred yards to the right was a clump of brushwood, growing alone, a little oasis on the bare field.

The bushes masked a narrow clay pit, twenty feet deep, that had been delved in times past to bring up the heavy marl subsoil and spread it over the sandy field. It was now completely cloaked with brambles. Billy pulled them apart, and saw something gleaming dimly at the bottom of the pit.

It was the buckled frame of a big twin Indian motorcycle.

With a whoop of triumph Billy clambered down the steep side of the pit and disappeared through the brambles. He remained below some time.

When at last he emerged and stood on the brink, Billy's face was rather pale, and his eyes troubled.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" he said. "Who'd have expected this? Now—if I can pick up the other track, I'll have the game in my hands!"

He hurried in the direction of the distant crag-pits, then suddenly pulled up short and glanced at his wristwatch.

"Aimee!" he exclaimed.

He had an appointment with Aimee at five, and an urgent one. It was already past the hour. Billy set off at a run, and in ten minutes reached the rendezvous. Aimee was there already, in a rough serge walking-cloak and a Snooks hat trimmed with calico violets. In spite of the costume she looked vividly lovely.

"Mr. Chauffeur," said Aimee, severely, "I don't know if you think I want to waste my afternoon off like this. You're late."

"I'm sorry," panted Billy. "Came as quick as I could."

"What are you looking excited about?" she said, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Oh—just seeing you," blurted Billy.

"That isn't true. I've never seen you look excited before. You've found out something. What is it?"

Billy paused.

"It's true. I have found out something," he said quietly, "but there's more to do, and I haven't quite all the cards in my hands. It's the most amazing stunt yet. I'll tell you about it the moment I've got it set."

Aimee looked at him wistfully.

"I don't think you ought to have any secrets from your partner," she said. "I always tell you everything."

"Give me till tonight," pleaded Billy. "I hate to talk about it now. It's ugly.



Billy Stared Before Him Gloomily.

By tonight we shall have either won or lost—but we'll win! Will you trust me?"

Aimee seated herself on the turf beneath the sweetbriars.

"All right then," she said happily. "Let's forget our troubles for a bit. Sit down—you look so tall, towering up there, that I can hardly see you—and I'll tell my news. It's much more interesting than yours. Do you know that Alexander has got himself engaged to my dear fat Georgie, and they're idiotically happy?"

"Has he?" cried Billy, dropping beside her. "Good for him! She's a real trump of a girl, that. And the parson's as white as they make them—he's a fine fellow."

"Yes. Georgie will exactly suit him. I shouldn't have, a bit."

"You!" exclaimed Billy.

"Exactly. Aunt Erythea's idea is that Alexander's marrying me. You're not very bright today, Billy. They'll have a funny tangle to straighten out, when the crash comes."

"Gee! They will. We'll have to help them somehow."

"Of course we shall. But I wonder how we'll do it. And that's not all—the Vicomte has suddenly become betrothed, as he calls it, to Alexander's sister—Cold Lambe."

"She'll tone him down," said Billy.

"Not a bit. He'll tone her up," replied Aimee confidently, "and a jolly good thing, too. So there they all are. I oughtn't to have mentioned it to you, Billy—I know how it depresses you. It's horrible—all this sentiment."

Billy stared before him gloomily, and was silent.

"Isn't it!" insisted Aimee.

"Sickening!" said Billy, bitterly.

Aimee glanced at him and, looking away, stirred the grass with the point of his shoe. There was a long pause.

"What was it you were saying about things?" said Aimee.

"I told you," replied Billy, "that before tomorrow it will either be a complete crash—or all clear."

Aimee nodded.

"I see. That means, in the first case, that I'll be exploded—broken—done for—"

"No!" said Billy, sharply.

"It does, though. But in the second, if things go better—I shall just be back at Scroope, in a sort of mild disgrace—stood in the corner. That's nothing much. I'm used to it. And there you are! Well, the curtain's soon going to ring down. Our partnership—"

Billy turned to her quickly.

"Is finished," continued Aimee quietly, looking out across the park. "I shan't be able to ride the Sphinx for you, Billy. I'm sorry about that. It would have been fun."

Billy caught his breath.

"You mean," he said slowly, "that I shan't see you again?"

"I mean that. How can you? Our little holiday is over, Billy."

His fingers closed on the turf on either side of him, and dug deep.

"I understand. It's up to me. Tomorrow—we don't even know each other."

He let go the turf, and caught her hands.

"Aimee!"

"Billy!"

Before either of them knew how it happened, he had her in his arms.

"I can't let you go!" said Billy wildly. "You're the darling of the world. The loveliest, brightest thing that ever breathed. Aimee—do you think—you could try and love me?"

"Love you?" said Aimee, trembling. "Who could help loving you, Billy!"

He held her tight and kissed her.

"I was so frightened—" said Aimee, in a stifled voice.

"Frightened—!" He held her tighter.

"That you'd be frightened—"

"Me!"

"—of being sentimental," panted Aimee.

Billy felt stunned.

"If you knew what I've been through," he said a little hoarsely, "this past week—trying not to let you see it!"

He kissed her again—more than once. Then he sat back, his head in a whirl. There was the longest pause yet; a silence that seemed interminable.

They were recalled to earth by a staccato noise.

"Yap! Yap! Yap! Yap! Yipe-yipe!"

Aimee and Billy started violently. A small white Highland terrier, with its four legs braced, was barking at them excitedly, but not wholly with disapproval.

Aimee felt stricken as though by a sudden paralysis. Behind the terrier stood Lady Erythea, erect and rigid. The glare in her eyes was the glare of a destroying Gorgon.

CHAPTER XXII

Not Guilty.

The guilty pair arose to their feet. Aimee, from rosy red, had turned extremely pale. There was every excuse for it. Lady Erythea's expression was enough to unnerve the stoutest heart.

"And this," in a voice like the clashing of a motor's gear-box, "in the face of my express warning! You are discharged." She took a step towards Aimee. "And as for you—"

Billy interposed his large figure between them.

"Madam," he said, "if you have any comments to make, please make them to me. Or, better still—do not make them at all."

His voice was quiet and respectful. But his chin was lifted remarkably high, and his lips compressed dangerously.

Lady Erythea struggled for breath.

"Are you presuming," she said, in a strangled voice, "to dictate to me!"

Mr. William Spencer bowed.

"I hope—my lady—that it will not be necessary. What I do presume is to defend Miss—Snooks—against any reproaches whatever. This is her afternoon off."

Aimee looked at them both—especially at Lady Erythea. And for once the "sand," on which she had so often been complimented, deserted her. Aimee turned suddenly and fled.

The terrier, under the impression that it was all an extremely interesting game got up for his amusement, pursued her out of sight round the bushes, giving tongue excitedly.

Billy kept his eyes fixed on the intruder.

"If you require an explanation, Lady Erythea," he said quietly, "I guess I can give you one very briefly. I have just asked Miss Snooks to marry me."

Lady Erythea was mentally staggered. "You have asked her—to marry you?" she said, staring at Billy.

"And she has done me the great honor to consent."

Billy's grim expression relaxed into a very charming smile.

"I feel sure your ladyship will not throw any obstacles in the way of this humble romance," he said gently. "We shall be very happy to have our employer's approval."

His employer gazed at him dumbly. The announcement came as a shock. And it was difficult even for Lady Erythea to resist Billy's smile. As well attempt to resist a sunbeam. She melted imperceptibly. Her faculties were bemused. Billy, despite the smile, looked so extraordinarily dignified that Lady Erythea almost felt an impulse to apologize to her chauffeur.

She made an effort to recover her austerity.

"You have asked this girl to marry you—after an acquaintance of four days?" she said acidly. "Is that—an American custom?"

Billy's smile intensified.

"I haven't much experience, my lady," he said, "but I think it's a British custom, too—sometimes."

With two such recent examples at hand, her ladyship felt unable to contradict him. She looked at him steadily, wondering why she felt no resentment. There was something so remarkably disarming about Billy.

"What you tell me, Spencer," she said at last, "places a new aspect on the case. It is, I suppose, within your discretion to engage yourself to a young woman if you wish to do so. The situation in which I found you led me to suspect mere irresponsible philandering—a thing most stringently forbidden within the precincts of Jervaulx. Admitting the seriousness of your intentions," she continued with returning indignation, "I am still unable to consider your behavior decorous."

"I was very careful to choose a place just outside the park boundary, my lady," said Billy gravely, "and I was obliged to make use of the small amount of free time at my disposal."

Lady Erythea drew a long breath.

"I am making unprecedented allowances for you, Spencer," she said, "since I cannot forget how far I am indebted to you for the recovery of my emeralds. If I was under a misapprehension as to your conduct just now, it was natural. I will say no more. But I gather from this event that you will be leaving my service in any case, so I will merely give you a week's notice—if you are willing to stay so long."

"Yes, I guess I shall be quitting rather soon," said Billy, "but I'll be very glad to serve your ladyship in the meantime, and I hope I'll give satisfaction. But, may I take it that you won't put it across—that you will not say anything to—Amy?"

"I have nothing more to say in the matter whatever," replied her ladyship abruptly. "But you must understand that the conduct of both of you will have to be rigidly circumspect and correct."

Billy twinkled.

"We shall be careful to give your ladyship no grounds for complaint," he said.

Lady Erythea had a vague impression that Billy was laughing at her. It was stranger still that she did not seem to feel any resentment.

"You may go!" she said, with a gesture of dismissal.

Billy saluted and walked away. She watched his tall figure till it had



Lady Erythea Inspected Him.

receded some little distance, and then recalled him.

"Spencer!"

Billy returned. Lady Erythea inspected him through her lorgnette.

"Are you sure that this is a wise thing you are doing?" she said slowly. "You seem to me a somewhat superior young man. I think you could do much better for yourself."

Billy twinkled yet more brightly.

"I should hate to disagree with your ladyship," he said, "but I am quite sure I couldn't."

Lady Erythea turned and walked away with a dazed air.

Billy passed through the gate into the lane, and made for the abbey at his best speed. He hoped that Aimee might be waiting for him somewhere within call, but there was no sign of her. Thinking it likely she would be in the neighborhood of the garage, he hurried in that direction. He was within sight from the park boundary, when Monsieur de Jussac, approaching the fence from the abbey, saw him and called him by name.

Billy was too far away to hear. The Vicomte whistled, without result. He saw Billy disappear in the direction of the crag-pits. De Jussac hesitated, uncertain whether to follow.

"Our amazing chauffeur appears to be in a hurry," murmured Bertrand. He took out a cigarette, and smoked it reflectively. Bertrand was looking a little puzzled and anxious. Finally he wandered slowly back towards the abbey.

As he neared the main entrance the quack of a motor horn was heard, and an automobile drove up rapidly. It contained the stolid Inspector Panke from Stanhoe. Beside him sat a slim and active-looking man in a gray tweed overcoat.

De Jussac, raising his eyebrows, drew near unobtrusively. The man in tweeds got out and stepped briskly up to Mr. Tarbeaux, who was standing on the steps.

"You have a chauffeur here," said the man in tweeds quietly, "who calls himself William Spencer."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Tarbeaux.

Bertrand de Jussac moved away, with the air of one retreating from a situation with which he had no concern. He lit a cigarette as he went, but once on the far side of the rhododendrons, Monsieur de Jussac began to move with uncommon swiftness.

"Is he on the premises at the moment?" said the visitor.

"I do not know, sir," replied Mr. Tarbeaux with cold reserve, eyeing the police car. "If you wish to see her ladyship—"

"I do. Inform her at once, if you please, that the police are here."

Mr. Tarbeaux went indoors, leaving the visitor on the step. It was some little time before Lady Erythea herself came to the entrance, grim and forbidding, ear-trumpet in hand.

"I am Detective-Inspector Arkwright, from Scotland Yard," said the visitor. "I wish to see your chauffeur, my lady—William Spencer."

"For what purpose?" said her ladyship, examining him icily through her lorgnette.

"That will transpire as soon as I have seen him," said Arkwright a little sharply.

A face peered down cautiously from a second-floor window. It was the face of Aimee, very white and scared. She drew back quickly behind the window curtains, one hand clutching and kneading them tightly as she listened.

"Does this mean," said her ladyship with distinct hostility, "that you propose to arrest my chauffeur? If not, what do you mean? He is the man who restored the emeralds to me, when the police failed to achieve anything whatever, and I have complete confidence in him. If that really is your intention, it is my opinion you are about to make fools of yourselves."

Inspector Arkwright looked both surprised and irritated.

"I am here with full authority, my lady," he said abruptly, "and my task is to clear this matter up. Out of consideration for you, I have come here quite openly, and what my intentions are I must at the moment keep to myself."

"It is Spencer's afternoon off, I believe," said Lady Erythea coldly. "I do not think he is on the premises."

The inspector was plainly taken aback by his reception. His lips tightened to a thin line. Just then a policeman on a bicycle came riding rapidly along the drive. It was Constable Polson.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, dismounting and saluting the inspector, "have you found the man you are looking for here?"

"Why?" said Arkwright abruptly.

"Well, sir, I know him by sight, of course," said Polson in a lower voice—"the chauffeur, I mean—and as I came off the Stanhoe road awhile ago, I saw somebody like him crossing the forty-acre field and going towards the crag-pits. I thought I'd better hurry on and tell you. I'm sure it was he."

"Excellent! You are a man that keeps his eyes open," exclaimed Inspector Arkwright. "Come, Panke—leave the car here. Polson, show us the way."

The three of them departed together hurriedly in the direction of the park boundary.

Lady Erythea stared after them with mingled anger and anxiety. She waited for some time on the steps, pondering, and then went slowly indoors. Her eyes were troubled.

The three police, crossing the park, left it by a wicket gate near the sweet-briar clump. After a short consultation with Polson, Inspector Arkwright gave an order. The three men spreading out in a wide semi-circle, stalked the crag-pits by way of the lower meadow.

(To be Continued)

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