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HER ESCAPE

By MILDRED WHITE.

Mollie caught her cloak from the hall rack, and pulled a velvet turban over her wavy hair.

"I have an errand down the street," she told the group around the fireplace. "I won't be gone more than ten minutes." But the clock on the mantel chimed seven, and still dinner waited.

At 7:30 Aunt Millicent called her guests for the evening meal.

"I don't see what has become of Mollie," she said, "she is always as good as her word."

"Perhaps," suggested Mollie's brother, Reverend James, "her errand may have been to see a sick person who needs help."

"You don't think an accident—" began Aunt Marie, from the city.

"If anything had happened, I should have heard by this time," Aunt Millicent decided comfortably. "Let's enjoy our dinner and be ready to receive the later guests when they come."

Mollie at that minute was flying along a moonlit road in a soft-rolling car, driven by a strange man whom Mollie had never seen. She was enjoying herself immensely; the crisp breeze of autumn fanned her rosy cheeks, and the pace she and her unknown companion were traveling was exhilarating. It was all part of the witchery of the night, she told herself exultingly, borne of crackling leaves in the roadway and shadows tall and beckoning, from the moonlit hills.

Mollie had been, during the course of her useful life, a well-disciplined young woman. Tonight the errand which urged her forth was to carry a glass of jelly to a protégé of hers in the old folks' home.

The old folks' home was set back from the road, and Mollie expected to leave the jelly and return at once to Aunt Millicent's party. She and Aunt Millicent were anxious to make a success of the little party, that Mollie's brother, Reverend James, might feel proud in thus entertaining his friends.

Suddenly, as Mollie stepped out from the entrance of the old folks' home, and stood revealed in the brilliancy of the October moon, a noiseless automobile rolled toward her like an apparition of the night, and immediately received her into its embrace.

A man's voice, a pleasing though commanding voice, had said peremptorily:

"Step in, please," and Mollie had "stepped in."

As the car went flying up the hill,

Mollie was not dismayed at her own unquestioning obedience; instead, a sense of pleasurable adventure possessed her.

"Who sent you for me?" she asked her silent companion, "and who are you?"

The man, busy with the intricacies of the narrow road, cast a glance at her, but did not reply until he had brought the machine to a stop in a safely sequestered corner.

"I was asked to pick up a Miss Hill at the old folks' home," he said. "It seemed she was visiting there, and a friend telephoned her that I would drive her farther on to her destination."

"You are—Miss Hill?"

Mollie sat up very straight.

"I am not," she answered shortly.

The man looked suddenly into Mollie's face and she gazed back at him, wide-eyed.

Her long gaze proved strangely reassuring. It was a frank, manly face which regarded her wonderingly. Mollie smiled, and Mollie's smile was charming.

"We have both been mistaken," she explained. "I thought when you called, that my brother had sent one of his friends to hurry me home. You can drop me on your way back to the old folks' home. By this time Miss Hill is probably waiting."

The man uttered a low exclamation. "And I've brought you on here, out of your way," he said. "You must let me take you safely home, before I call for Miss Hill." But Mollie objected.

"I couldn't think of troubling you so far," she replied. "You may let me out just where you found me."

Regretfully, the man turned the machine about.

"These hills are wonderful in the moonlight," he murmured. "Would you mind," he added impulsively, "if I rode on a bit farther to get a better view before taking you down?"

It was then that Mollie blamed the witchery of the night for the promptness of her eager consent.

When the car halted at last before the old folks' home the man turned to her.

"Let me drive you home," he begged, "after I have found my charge."

The arrival at Aunt Millicent's was strangely confusing. Reverend James rushed out to meet the car before it had barely stopped.

"So they found you, Miss Hill," he greeted. "And you, John Burrows; late, as usual. But wherever did you find my little sister?"

"John Burrows!" How often she had heard James refer to his friend in the city.

"I knew you at once from your pictures," John Burrows was whispering shamelessly in her ear.

Then, happily, they followed the others into the fire-lighted room.

The eminent.

The poet gives us the eminent experience only.—Emerson.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, County of Lake, SS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT ERNEST S. GAIL, Administrator of the Estate of Charles H. Wagner, Deceased

ELEANOR V. WAGNER, et al.

By virtue of and pursuant to an order and decree of the County Court of Lake County, Illinois, made on the petition of Ernest S. Gail, Administrator of the Estate of Charles H. Wagner, deceased, for leave to sell real estate of said deceased to pay debts at the December term A. D. 1919 of said court, on to wit:—December 1st, 1919. Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 10th day of January 1920 at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, upon the premises hereinafter described in the City of Highwood, Lake County, Illinois, I will offer for and sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title, interest and estate which the said deceased had at the time of his death, subject to the dower and homestead rights of widow and an incumbrance of \$300.00, as provided in said decree, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit:—

"That part of Lot 11, Bentley's Subdivision, Plat of Highwood, described as follows:—Beginning at the southwest corner of said Lot 11, at the intersection of the east line of Pleasant Place with the north line of Sard Place running thence north on the west line of said Lot 11, 80 feet; thence east 144 feet on a line parallel with the north line of said lot, thence south 8 feet to the north line of Sard Place, thence westerly along the north line of Sard Place to the place of beginning, situate in the City of Highwood, Lake County, Illinois"

or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of said estate and costs.


ERNEST S. GAIL, Administrator of the Estate of Charles H. Wagner, Deceased. Dated December 2, 1919 (40-43-pd)

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