

KICKED THE COUNT TO SAVE THE COUNTESS.

In dictated statements to the Chicago Record-Herald, Count Mourik de Beaufort and M. H. Kilgallen his father-in-law, gave their versions of the incidents in the Kilgallen home which led up to the fall of the Countess over a stair balustrade and her serious injury.

After declaring that the Count quarrelled with his daughter at Hot Springs, Ark., and later struck and abused her on later occasions, Mr. Kilgallen says: "My daughter had returned home from shopping down town. She discovered that the Count was in the house. She was afraid to go in alone, and Mrs. Leroy Adams and a Mrs. Jones went in with her.

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help, and the chauffeur and horseman tried to break the door open. She finally got away from him and went up the back stairs. He heard her going and followed. In trying to get away she slipped and fell over the balustrade, breaking her knee cap in five places and sustaining a compound fracture of the wrist, as well as a scalp wound.

"Upon my arrival at the house I saw the ambulance in front of the door. I proceeded to my daughter's room and found her there with three doctors and the Count. I talked with her a moment and then told the Count that I would see him in the library. I followed him in and told him to prepare to defend himself. I knocked him down several times and he began to yell 'Murder!' I then started to apply the boot to him and Dr. McMartin came into the room and took me away.

"I got up after him again and knocked him down and another doctor came in and finally got him out of the room. "My daughter was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, and it was thought best that the family should keep quiet. To make matters look right he was admitted to see my daughter in a few days. He behaved himself fairly well for the first four or five days, and then he began to quarrel with the nurses. He frightened the night nurse so badly that she had nervous prostration.

In his diary the Count tells of a noisy argument on the day of the accident, with Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Jones, who sought to protect the Countess. He picked up Mrs. Adams, he said, and carried her out of the library and locked the door. Of the subsequent proceedings he says: "In the library I did my best to calm and quiet Irma. I took both her hands in mine and tried to persuade her to lie down upon the couch. Every once in a while Mrs. Adams would bang or kick on the door and shout 'Irma, let me come in.' These actions upset Irma very much. I did not dare to leave her alone a moment.

"After an hour or so she said she wanted to leave the room for a moment. She went into the next room and from there through another room into the hall. Then she proceeded toward the back stairs. I left the library, intending to go up the front stairs. Irma returned and I met her near the telephone table, which is on the second floor. "I tried to get her back in the library but she did not want to go there. She turned about and went up the back stairs again. I passed the library door and had mounted to the second or third step of the stairs from the second to the third floor when I heard Irma above.

"Looking up at that instant, I saw her head and body slip over the landing and crash down to the first floor. At the moment this happened the chauffeur was standing not more than three feet away from me. Helen, the housemaid, also was on the second floor, a little further away. "At the time Irma fell all of us were fully a whole flight of stairs away from her. How she fell or how she slipped none of us can say, because she was right above us. "What happened afterward I do not remember in detail. I know I ran down stairs, lifted her on the radiator and my first words were: 'Irma, dearest, are you alive? Speak to me.' "I remained by her side until Mr. Kilgallen came home, between five and half past five o'clock. He asked me to come into the other room for a minute, and I left immediately. "In the library, before I had a chance to turn about to face him, I received a couple of blows from Mr. Kilgallen's fists on my head and ears. Turning around, he struck me in my face. He hit and kicked and behaved like a mad man, and it did not seem to be Dr. Martin, who appeared on the scene just then, I do not know what might have happened."

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STEVE'S KID.

Steve Glenellen sat down on the split log that served for a step and rested the gun across his knees. Inside the cabin M'Iss was before the open fire baking corn pone for the mid-day meal. She was a thin, rawboned, angular mountaineer's wife.

After a little time the mountaineer raised his head. "Whip Hassitts come back," he called over his shoulder carelessly. The woman's work hardened hand trembled slightly as she set down a plate of pone on the table. "Seems hit hain't long since he went away," was all she said. Then silence fell between them. Steve sat for some time looking across the rugged landscapes, toned and softened here and there by the fresh green spring. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and leaned the gun against the cabin, took the gold from his peg on the wall and went to the spring to wash. Tall, thin, rawboned and angular like his wife, with an awkward gait, there was yet something in his face and manner that suggested that a coward's white blood did not flow in his veins.

As he came toward the cabin again a little golden haired bit of a girl came running to him. "Pappy, pappy, she called joyfully. The sternness left his face at sight of her. One strong arm swooped down and hugged her to his rugged breast. "Pappy's little girl," he answered with a kiss. M'Iss came to the door. "Meal's ready," she called to him. Steve looked at M'Iss a moment as he came in and then smiled laconically. "I'm ready too," he said, sitting down with his little daughter on his knee, "Pone M'Iss."

She silently pushed the plate of pone his way. "Whip's over to Deep Gap, they do say," he informed her, reaching for the plate. Then he fell to eating in silence, and the woman offered no comment. The mountaineer's thoughts were not pleasant. He dwelt upon the inexorable law of the feud—father to son. The hand of Glenellen against the hand of Hassitt, and vice versa, so it was in his father's time. Now it was the blood hate of a Hassitt against the life of a Glenellen, and that alone.

Whip Hassitt, small, with fiery black eyes and a nervous, snappy manner, was the youngest whelp of a mother who was not of that dogged character with her husband and typical of the Hassitts. "Whip hain't never going to keep to the open," said Steve slowly. He looked across the rude meal at M'Iss. Her eyes were meditative and averted from him. He knew that she was thinking the same thoughts. His thin lips straightened into a thinner set line as he pushed back his chair. The child, "we Annie," as he loved to call her, slipped from his knee as her father stood erect, a six foot sapling, his eyes of deep blue purples as the peacock's wing, smouldering with some hidden purpose. He swung out of the cabin and down the step, grasping the gun as he went. Then only did the woman's natural anxiety express itself. "Be keerful, Steve," she said quietly.

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M'Iss. Her eyes were meditative and averted from him. He knew that she was thinking the same thoughts. His thin lips straightened into a thinner set line as he pushed back his chair. The child, "we Annie," as he loved to call her, slipped from his knee as her father stood erect, a six foot sapling, his eyes of deep blue purples as the peacock's wing, smouldering with some hidden purpose. He swung out of the cabin and down the step, grasping the gun as he went. Then only did the woman's natural anxiety express itself. "Be keerful, Steve," she said quietly. Her eyes followed him as he passed the cabin window and strode off across the open and climbed the path that led to the hill; then the ragged woods hid him from her. A sign slipped through her lips as she turned her gaze back into the cabin, and rested it upon the child. She drew the child upon her lap. "Pappy's little girl," she said, and there was a little tremor in her voice as if she sensed an unavoidable danger lurking near. For a tense moment she held "we Annie," to her bosom, and then with a hot, dry kiss, placed her on the step to play with her rag doll. Brushing her hand quickly across her eyes, M'Iss went back to her duties about the cabin. We Annie looked back at her mother her eyes big with wonder, her little chubby hands screwed up in the doll's dress. "Pappy," the word slipped unconsciously off the baby's tongue. Then the woman's face took on its habitual patient mask, and the child turned to her play. With one hand holding dolly by the arm, we Annie was soon at the edge of the open, where she sat down, her doll beside her, to uproot a little blue flower with her baby fingers. Then a butterfly fluttered past her up the north, and the child scampered gleefully after it, trying to snatch it from its momentary rest on the top of some weed. On and on she went, until the butterfly stayed its flight to rest upon a point of blue which edged through

the thick bushes by the path. Story take 2. With a joyful shout we Annie reached for the butterfly, and it was gone; at the same time the point of blue disappeared and a man appeared from behind the bushes. "Annie smiled innocently up into his face. "You got pitty butterfly?" she lisped sweetly. The man frowned as he flung his gun across his shoulder. "Steve's kid," he muttered disgustedly as though some prey had escaped him. We Annie forgot the butterfly. Her baby heart expressed a new interest. "Whose pappy is you?" she asked, with wide, solemn eyes. The man smiled grimly. "Hain't got any—babies," he replied with some embarrassment. Incredible wonder filled her baby eyes. The man saw it and his hand went out unconsciously toward her, his black eyes softened as if touched by some memory; but, before his hand reached her, he drew it back angrily. "Steve's kid," he reminded himself. We Annie looked up into the face of the man trustingly, for the heart of a baby is not deceived. The man looked down at her, and again his eyes softened. He shifted from one foot to the other restlessly.

We Annie smiled encouragingly. "I had a kid like you onct," he blurted out at last, his whole attitude defiant. "She's dead." Then he sank down upon a hummock and bowed his head in his hands. We Annie crept up to him and patted his cheek caressingly. The man opened his arms and swept her in. He threw his head up determinedly, his eyes blinking as though smarting against rebellious tears. His hands rested upon the child's head. His mouth trembled, although he bit it shut; his breath came spasmodically and hard in choking gasps. Suddenly he swung upon the child fiercely. "Will yer kiss me, kid?" he demanded, his whole body aquiver, not with anger, but emotion. We Annie held back from him, startled for the space of breath, then she reached her tiny arms about his neck and pressed rosy mouth against his thirsting lips. Then she snuggled down in his arms and closed her eyes. The man tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips. His eyes appealed to the heavens as he sat with the child clasped to his breast. Suddenly his attention was awakened by the sound of footsteps coming along the path. He seemed to realize the lateness of the afternoon, for he glanced to the west and then across to his feet, with we Annie still in his arms. As the man faced above him in the brow of the hill, Steve's gun jumped short to his shoulder. "Don't shoot, Steve," the man called to him. "I hain't armed—hit's back there in the bushes." Steve looked upon Whip Hassitt with suspicion plainly written in his eyes. "What's yer name?" Steve asked him. "You meanly little skunk, yer tryin' to steal my gal," he accused, his eyes ablaze. A quick red shot over Whip's face, and his black eyes burned with an angry challenge. The next moment the hot color left his face and the fire went from his eyes. He smiled. "Hain't stole yer kid, Steve," he answered. "She's got lost and I found her."

"Well?" and the word was spoken with unmistakable meaning. "Well, Steve, yer knowed about my little gal. I hain't got her—no more." Steve nodded gravely. For a while Whip stared hard at the ground, then he squared his eyes upon Steve and went on: "Well, Steve, I was laying for you back there—but yer didn't come. It made me mad when the kid come, and I knowed I'd missed you." Whip stopped and gazed off into the setting sun. Steve remained silent, although he knew that Whip was waiting a word of encouragement from him. "The kid looked up at me just like she use to do—onct," he went on, "and her prattle touched something here," he said, his hand over his heart. "That's why I hain't no use for a gun, Steve. Here's yer kid." Steve took the sleeping child in his arms, his right hand still gripped about the lock of his gun. Whip Hassitt smiled. "There hain't nothin' to do now," Steve said, suggestively. Whip heaves a great sigh. "Steve, I've allus been yer enemy—yer allus knowed hit," he said, with straight-forward earnestness. "I hain't no more. God's my witness that I'm yer friend now." Whip held out his hand. Steve looked into Whip's eyes and read there the truth. Then his hand reached out and took hold of the other's in a new covenant.

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