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## Marcellus and the Plutocrat

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## By H. IRVING KING by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service

Or Micline Kornpaper Bridlant MindCeLLUS SANDERS had a sharty down on the shore, just above. highwater wark. He was an aged faberman and a claud-digger, wrinkled, of solitary life and crabbed disposition. To him came Mr. White-ney altake, one of the "rich folks" from 'yo on the hil/". Marcellus had been purvegor of clams to the Whitegy-Huke family for year-m sort of lashy feedal retainer as it were. "Marcellus," said the plutocrat, "you know my daughter. Do you ever see her down here-with a young man-going sailing?" "Sure" replied Marcellus, "comes down to the boathouse over there-meses oft in thu cathout-the Glido-moered of the end of the foat." "Whose boat is it?"

awn to the boathouse over there-pecs oft in that cathout-the Glüde-moored off the end of the font." "Nones boat is it?" "Tomp man named Bascouh" provied Marcellus, etc." (nought the futher and then: "Marcellus, the next time you seen y doughter and that young man go out sulling together, go to the nearest telephone and call me up. If can-atch there two together in light you for dollars." "All right," said Marcellus. Over "his beroit coth the clambing the they in the provide the clambing texply. Then be chuckled. Mr, Whitey-Blake was strongly neares to a marriage between his dupther and Roger Bascoub. Bas-comb was a newcome to the com-unity; had mode himself immenely popular and had been paying decided up dupther and Roger Bascoub. Bas-comb was a newcome to the com-unity; had mode himself indential for the the distribution of the com-unity; had now here having a de-cided in the been paying decided units to Caroline. "Why, father, "said she, "1 haren't the fattert idea of marrying Roger ther, "that, out of your may suitors, you would pick one of whom 1 could approve. There is cyrif Batterron, for immediant is well eacoub, "sangeded Coroline," is media with "a percent of the is mortaid with the percen-sion is in method with the percent conting the suit acoub," and the fa-ther, "that, out of your may suitors, you would pick one of whom 1 could improve. There is cyrif Batterron, for immediant of the suit acoub," subters, provel is well eacoub, "subters, percent of the is method with the percent of the is method with the percent of the the percent of your may suitors, you would pick one of whom 1 could could be in the well eacoub, "subters, of the percent of the percent of your may suitors, you would pick one of whom 1 could could be in the well eacoub," subters, of the percent of the percent of your may is the percent of the percent of your may is the percent of the percent of your may is the percent.

you would pick one of whom I could approve. There is Cyril Patterson, for "Oh, Cyril is well enough," laughed Caroline. "I am afraid it's the Pat-terson more you are thinking of, pa-pa, more than of Cyril himself." Mr. Wilnury-Dinke, a big business deal engaring his attention, relaxed his supervision of Caroline 10 are a fairs. There are not a straight of the garder one of his many insections in and the been my to Perver bok-fundy Eulong just setting on. "Ah. Mr. Binke" cried Mandy, "Ma board" should the impattent conductor and, with a firm hand, bus-"Haboard" should the impattent conductor and, with a firm hand, bus-tied the garrulous Mandy up the car steps.

conductor and, with a firm hand, hus-ticel the garrieloss Mandy up the car steps. Mr. Whiteg-Blake thought rapidly for a full minute. Then he walked down to the shore, which was near the station, made his way to the share the station, made his way to the share of Marcellus and mad the latershed home Caroline pretted her father sa during and loving dangther should. An hour or so, fifer luncheon, while hours or so, fifer luncheon, while hours or so, infer luncheon, while to her randbout and drove out of the grounds. It might have been an hour or so later when the telephone bell rang and the voice of Marcellus saidi. They've goes ut sulling again. Ex-pect (em back about five." At five the wrathful parent was on the back. But the wind had fallen and it was growing dusk before ha saw the Gillé come slowity in and pick up her moor-in.

In the half light he could see that be cathon's zere consisted of a young man and a young woman. "Tre got "em," he thought. Thre gettered the dingy and rowed ashore. Mr. Whit-explaite, was on the insiding sings to receive them. "Why, tather!" cried Caroline. "You here to Cyril and I have had a delight-"Grad sensitive sit" and the cheers

"Good evening, sir," said the cheery voice of Cyril Patterson. "Glad to see you back. May I come up to the house? I have something important I want to say to you regarding-er-er -Caroling." "Certainly," replied Mr. Whitney-

"Certainly," replied Mr. Whithey-Black blandly. "Hi hi!" came, the voice of Marcel-los as the trio moved off. "Excuse me a second," said Whitney-Blake and turned back.

"Where's that here washed the fisherman. "Five'dollars!" returned the pluto-crat, "you ought to get a punch in the jaw. Thought you told use my daugh-ter was-going out sailing with Roger Bascomb."

ter was game out aning with togen "Didnt," replied Marcellus. "Said "Was Bascomb" "Why didn's boat. So 'the Pat-tersor's chartered it for the summer," "Why didn's you tell me that?" de-manded Mr. Whitney-Blake Mr. Whitney-Blake saw that Caro-line and Cyril were watching him. He gwiled free dollars out of his pocket id handed it to the class-digger. "A little buil L owd Marcelles for class," he czybained as he rejoined them.

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