LAZARRE

CHAPTER VIII-(Continued). TE WASH our clothes in the river. Women who hoe corn, dig in a garand wash clothes, earn the whole-

day Faul brought the first bluebells spring, and put them is water for They were buds; and when they med out he said, "God has blessed

we flowers."
We have to nurse the sick. The goodof these pioneer women is unfalling in like the great and kind friendship They help me are of Cousin Philippe. meditated today, "I don't want

Paul meditated today, "I don't want have the Father's feelings. I don't want to say He was greedy and made a better place for Himself in heaven that He made for us down here. Is nicer just because He is there?" When he is a man I am going to tell him, and say: "But I have built my house, not wrecked it. I have been yours, how."."

not love's." Jis tells me such stories as this: "Once en a time there was such a loving

gen a time to a string asset came down. And they ran a string incough his stomach and hung him on the wall. He never whined a bit."

The people in this country, which is called free, are nearly all sound. Those who lack money as we do cannot go where they please, or live as they would live. Is that freedom?

On a cool autumn night, when the fire crackies, the ten children of the settlement fighting or agreeing, come running from their houses like hens. We sit on the floor in front of the hearth, and I suffer the oft-repeated martydom of the "Fire Pig." This tale, invented once as fast as I could talk, I have been doesned to repeat until I dread the shades of evening.

children bunch their heads er; their lips part, as soon as I be-

The to say:

"Do you see that glowing spot in the heart of the coals? That is the house of the Fire Pig. One day the Fire Pig found he had no more corn, and he was very hungrey. So he jumped out of his house and ran down the road till he came to a farmer's field.

"Good morning, Mr. Farmer," said the lattle pig. "Have you any corn for me

"Why, who are you?" said the farmer.
"Pm a little Fire Pig."
"No, I haven't any corn for a Fire The pig ran on till he came to another samers field.

Good morning, Mr. Farmer, have you

"Good morning, Mr. Farmer, have you any corn for me today?"

"Who are you?" said the farmer.

"Oh. I'm the little Fire Pig."

"I don't know." said the farmer. "I sould sive you a great bagful if you could kill the snake which comes every night and steals my cattle."

The pig thought, "How can I kill that make?" but he was so hungry he knew he should starve without corn, so he said

rould try. The farmer told him to go a in the field, where the snake came at night with its, head reared high The pig went down into the meadand the first creature he saw was a

"Haa!" said the sheep. That was its

are you?"
"I'm the little Fire Pig."
"What are you doing here?"
"I've come to kill the great snake that
sats the farmer's cattle."
"I'm very glad," said the sheep, "for
it takes my lambs. How are you going
to kill it?"
"I don't know," said the pig; "can't

don't know," said the pig; "can't

I'll give you some of my wool." is give you some of my wool.

se pig. thanked the sheep, and went a
le farther and met a horse. "He eesaid the horse. That was his way of
ling "How do you do?" "Who are

am the little Fire Pig." "What are you doing here?"
"What are you doing here?"
"I've come to kill the great snake that ats the farmer's cattle."
"I'm glad of that," said the horse; "for it steals my colts. How are you ping to do it?"
"I don't know," said the pig. "Can't my hele me?"

And when he went a little farther said the cow. That was her

way of saying, "How do you do?"

To the little Fire Pig."
What are you doing here?"
"Twe come to kill the great snake that

"I am glad of that, for it steals my chies. How are you going to do it?"
"I am glad of that, for it steals my chies. How are you going to do it?"
"I don't know. Can't you help me?"
"Th give you one of my sharp horns,"

So the pig took it and thanked her. Then he spun and he twisted, and he san and he twisted, and made a strong woods cord of the sheep's wool. And he we and he braided, and he wove and he headed, and made a cunning snare of the horse's tail. And he whetted and sharpened, and he whetted and sharpened, and made a keen dart of the cow's horn. Now when the little pig all his materials ready, and sees the t snake come gliding, gliding—I turn situation over to the children. What e do with the rope, the snare and orn? They work it out each in his y. There is a mighty wranging and the hearth.

y is never really like another. is at Lake George makes it im-is for me to imagine what the set-dread, and that is an attack. We list around by forests. In primitive b much time and strength go to the g of food that we can think of

is as had to slave at work as to at pleasure. But God may forgive people cannot help. the is a very old woman among the whom they call Granny. We often sether. She cannot get a gourd betwint her nose and chin when she and has forgotten she ever had she does not expect much; but s one right she contends for, and

is the right of troning her cap by thing it over her knee. When I lived in this settlement long enough,

lived in this settlement long enough, lose and chin may come together. I shall forget my teeth. But this II will exact of fate. My cap shall losed. I will not—I will not iron stretching it over my knee!

If we would not be angry if me learning to weave, for in-You would not be angry. That a difference between you as men I feel but cannot explain.

Speak linglish with our neighbors who is to be an American, must his language well. I have taught his language well. I have taught his language well. I have taught his language. Well. I have taught his language you as a young subsolver. I have often wondered to thought about when he went around at your heels. You told had hilled and scalped, and in of education, was as ready to kill aip again as any white man is for

him like a foad, and wish him on his side of the walk. He with you, and no doubt sli-tes, "Come back to the wis-at nourshed you?" mistaken? Are we movies no farther many trained of all-

The "Broad Highway" is the title of a new serial story which will begin in the EVENING LEDGER on September 14, 1915. The story is unique. In England it has had an unusual vogue, not merely because it is a well-written story, but because it describes with a truly vivid power the deeds and manners of a pic-

turesque period.

The story begins in the September 14th issue of the EVENING LED-GER and will be continued therein daily. September 14 is the EVENING LED-GER'S first anniversary. The issue of that day will be full of good things. Midst the mass, see that you do not over-look the great new serial,

"THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

in a bubble of joy. But if you have kept it, it speaks to you every day.

The children love to have me dance gavottes for them. Some of their mothers consider it levity. Still they feel the need of a little levity themselves.

"Tall a cassock?"

CHAPTER IX.

Y GOD! What had she seen in me to M love? I sat up and held the book against my bosom. Its cry out of her past filled the world from horizon to horizon. Punctuated by years, bursting from eternities of suppression, it brought an accumulated force that swept the soul

out of my body.

All that had not been written in the book was as easily read as what was set down. I saw the monotony of her life, and her gliding of its rudeness, the pastimes she thought out for children; I saw her nursing the helplessness which leaned upon her, and turning aside the contempt of ploneer women who passionately admired strong men. I saw her eyes waiting on the distant laggard who stupidly pursued his own affairs until it was too late to protect her. I read the entries over and over. When day broke it seemed to me the morning after my own death, such knowing and experiencing had passed through me. I could not see out of my body. had passed through me. I could not see her again until I had command of myself.

So I dressed and went silently down stairs. Often when I open my eyes at dawn I hear music far off that makes my heart swell. It is the waking dream of a king marching with drums and

The ferryman lived near the old stockade. Some time always passed after he saw the signals before the deliberate Frenchman responded. I led my horse upon the unwieldly craft propelled by two huge oars, which the ferryman managed, running from one to another according to the swing of the current. It was broad day when we reached the other shore; one of those days, gray overhead, when moisture breaks upward through the ground, instead of descending. Many light clouds-flitted under the grayness. The grass showed with a kind of green blush through its old brown fleece.

I saw the first sailing vessel of spring coming to anchor, from the straits of the great lakes. Once I would have hailed that vessel as possible bearer of news. Now it could bring me nothing of any importance.

The trail along the Fox river led over rolling land, dipping into coves and rising over hills. The Fox, steel blue in shade, becomes tawny as its namesake when its fur of rough waves is combed to redness in the sunlight. Under grayness, with a soft wind blowing, the Fox showed his blue coat.

It was certain I was not to marry. And being without breakfast and unstimulated by the sky, I began to think also what unstable material I had taken in hand when I undertook to work with Indians. Instinctively I knew then what a young southern statesman named Jefferson Davis whom I first met as a Til give you some of the long hairs fort at Green Bay—afterward told me in Washington: "No commonwealth in a republic will stand with interests apart from the federated whole." White men, who have exclaimed from the beginning against injustice done the red man, and who keep on pitying and exterminating him, made a federated whole with inter-

ests apart from his. Again when I looked back I saw the figure, but it was afoot, and I soon lost

t in a cove.

My house had been left undisturbed by hunters and Indians through the winter I tied the horse to a gallery post and un-fastened the door. A pile of refuse tim-bers offered wood for a fire, and I carried bers offered wood for a fire, and I carried in several loads of it, and lighted the virgin chimney. Then I brought water from the spring and ate breakfast, sitting before the fire and thinking a little wearily and bitterly of my prospect in life. Having fed my horse, I covered the fire, leaving a good store of fuel by the hearth, toward the Menominee and and rode away toward the Menominee and

Winnebago lands.
The day was a hard one, and when I came back toward nightfall I was glad to stop with the officers of the stockade and share their mess.

"You looked fagged," said one of them.
"The horse paths are heavy," I answered, "and I have been as far as the

I had been as far as that remote time when Eagle was not a Cloud-Mother. To cross the river and see her smiling in neaningless happiness seemed more than

Yet she might notice my absence. We Yet she might notice my absence. We had been housed together ever since she had discovered me. Our walks and ridea, our fireside talks and evening diversions were never separate. At Pierre Grignon's the family flocked in companies. When the padiocked book sent me out of the house I forgot that she was used to my absence and might be disturbed by an absence no one could explain.

"The first salling vessel is in from the straits," said the lieutenant.

"Yes, I saw her come to anchor as I rode out this morning."

rode out this morning. "She brought a passenger,"
"Anybody of importance?"
"At first blush, no. At second blush,

"Begause he is only a priest."

"Only a priest, haughty officer! Are civilians and churchmen dirt under army feet?"

The lieutenant grinned.

"When you see a missionary priest landing to confess a lot of Canadians, he doesn't seem quite so important as a prelate from Ghent, for instance."

"In this passenger a prelate from

this passenger a prelate from "That is where the second blush comes
in. He is."
"How do you know?"

"I saw him, and talked with him."
"What is he doing in Green Bay?"
"Looking at the country. He was inquiring for you."
"For me!"

"Yea." "What could a prelate from Ghent want

with me?"
"Hays he wants to make inquiries about the native tribes."
"Oh! Did you recommend me as an expert in native tribes?"
"Naturally. But not until he saked if you were here."
"He mentioned my name?"
"Yet. He wanted to see you. You'll not have to step out of your way to gratify him."

"Tell a poor post lieutenant what a

"The long-skirted black coat reaching to the heels." "Our missionary priests don't wear it here. He has the bands and broad hat and general appearance of a priest, but his coat lan't very long."

"Then he has laid aside the cassock while traveling through this country." The prelate from Ghent, no doubt a common priest, that the lieutenant undertook to disnify, slipped directly out of

Madame Ursule was walting for me, or the gallery with fluted pillars at the front of the house. "M's'r Williams, where is Madeleine?"

Her anxiety vibrated through the dark-"She has not been seen today." We stood in silence, then began to speak together.

"But, madame-"M's'r Williams-

"I went away early—"
"When I heard from the Pawnees that you had sone off on horseback so early I thought it possible you might have taken her with you." her with you.'

"Madame, how could I do that?"
"Of course you wouldn't have done that.
But we can't find her. We've inquired
all over La Baye. She left the house
when no one saw her. She was never out
after nightfall before."
"But medame she was here."

"But, madame, she must be here!"
"Oh, m's'r, my hope was that you knew
where she is—she has followed you about so! The poor child may be at the bottom of the river!"

"She can't be at the bottom of the river!" I retorted.

The girls ran out. They were dressed for a dance, and drew gauzy scarfs around their anxious faces. The house had been searched from ground to attic more than once. They were sure she must be hidden from them. I remembered the figure that appeared

to me on the trail. My heart stopped. I could not humiliate my Cloud-Mother by placing her before them in the act of tracking me like a dog. I could not tell any one about it, but asked for Skenedonk.

The Indian had been out on the river

in a cance. He came sliently, and stood near me. The book was between us. I had it in the breast of my coat and he had it on his consciouse. had it on his conscience "Bring out your horse and get me a fresh one," I said. "Where shall I find one?"

"Pierre will give you one of ours," said Madame Ursule. "But you must eat." "I had my supper with the officers of the fort, madame. I would have made a briefer stay if I had known what had T forgot to tell you, M's'r Williams, there is an abbe here from Europe. He

asked for you.' "I cannot see him tonight."
Skenedonk drew near me to speak, but I was impatient of any delay. We went into the house, and Madame Ursule said she would bring a blanket and some food to strap behind my saddle. The girls helped her. There was a hush through the jolly house. The master bustled out of the family room. I saw behind him, standing as he had stood at Mittau, a priest of fine and sweet presence, waiting

for Pierre Grignon to speak the words of "It is like seeing France again!" exclaimed the master of the house. "Abbe Edgeworth, this is M's'r Williams." "Monsieur," said the abbe to me with

perfect courtesy, "believe me, I am glad to see you." "Monsleur," I answered, giving him as brief notice as he had given me in Mittau, yet without rancor;—there was no room in me for that. "You have unerringly found the best house in the Illinois Territory, and I leave you to the enjoyment

"You are leaving the house, monsieur?" "I have made a long one, monsieur. It

may be best to tell you that I come charged with a message for you." I thought of Madame d'Angouleme. The sister who had been mine for a few minutes, and from whom this priest had cast me out, declaring that God had smitten the pretender when my eclipse laid me at his feet—remembered me in her second exile, perhaps believed in me still. Women put wonderful restraints upon themselves.

Abbe Edgeworth and I looked steadily

at each other.

"I hope Madame d'Angouleme is well?"

"She is well, and is still the comforter
of his Majesty's misfortune."

"Monsieur the Abbe, a message would
need to be very urgent to be listened to
tonight. I will give you audience in the
morning, or when I return." agent if she got off."
"Ah, yes," said Geraldine disinterest-

(CONTINUED MONDAY.)

P. R. R. SUES TO GET 34 CENTS

Traveler Who Insisted on Riding From This City on Old Ticket Is Defendant

Is Defendant

The tremendous power of the Pennsylvania Raliroad, greatest corporation of its kind in the world, will be thrown into a logal battle with a lone resident of Newark, N. J., who today is grimly defiant and has hired a lawyer to defend himself. The railroad has a claim against the Newarker, Jules Jacoba, of 20 Wallace street, that city. The suit involves it cents.

For six weeks the company has been collecting evidence. High-salaried legal lights have consumed countless watts of midnight electricity. Trial of the suit has been started twice in the Orange, N. J., District Court, only to be adjourned. It will be started again if Jacobs does not pay.

The trouble started when Jacobs, on a trip from this city to Wilminston, professed a ticket the time limit of which had expired. The conductor accepted it under protest, with Jacob's business card. In due time and after the unravelling of the oustonary carmine tape the railroad experts learned that the ticket had a rebate value of but ill cents. The fare to Wilmington one way is 67 cents.

Suit accordingly was started for it cents. A Federal statuts forbids favorition to passengers, under penalty of 1500 fine, and if the railroad falls to collect, or at least to try, it might be accused of favorities.

THE DAILY STORY

Bob's Wisdom

aunt's carriage turned the corner of the village street. Then she went back into se. She was now sole mistress of

ence?" she wondered, as she wandered from room to room. "Aunt Alice was a darling to come here after mother's death, and stay here so long. I really do appreciate that. Yet-"

She really could not repress the hap-piness that surged through her at the realisation that she was at last supreme realization that she was at last supreme manager of herself and the house. There had been times when Aunt Alice seemed to forget that she had reached her twentien. A girl of Il was more than cap-able of running a house. It had been a blessing that Aunt Alice suddenly decided

"I might have deteriorated into a jelly fish, if she hadn't," smiled Geraldine.

Out of sheer joy, she ran up the broad staircase, and danced into the large front bedroom. This was the room that Aunt Alice had had. Now it belonged to the new mistress. In a fever of happiness, she flew into the small back room which she had occupied, and began taking the things out of her bureau drawer in preparation for moving them.

"I declare, it's like a piece of fiction,' she thought as she worked. "Now all that's lacking is the hero."

Then her brow clouded. She dropped the armful of things on the bed. Restlessly, she walked to the window and stood looking down on the smooth lawn-For in her heart she knew that the hero was not at all tacking. No, indeed.

There was a hero-but-"He's not the kind of a hero I want she nurmured stormily. "Haven't I just escaped from one reign of tyranny? Does he suppose I'm going to step into another? No. sir. Bob Hartly has a nature even more domineering than Aunt Alice's. Why, he's noted for his pugnacity."

nacity."
Indeed, Bob Hartly was noted for his fighting blood. In business, in politics, in club life, he was distinguished for his ruthless acts. "It's not ill temper," people said of

him. "It's just that he's made that way strong-willed. He walks over every one, rough-shod." "And that's the man who has done everything in his power to make me fall in love with him," said Geraldine, resentfully. "Well, he can'l to it—not with all his offers of good times and his flowers and books and candy. I'd like him if it weren't for that famous pug-nacity. Does he actually think I haven't

heard about it? Does he think any girl would have him-with such a nature as That afternoon, when he called, she floated down the stairs a little more coolly than usual.

"How do you do, Mr. Hartly?" she smiled indifferently. Bob Hartly's face fell. He had rather expected to find her in a less formal mood after the excitement of her aunt's departure and the realization of becoming sole mistress of the large house. He had come to take advantage of this moment

"Which is decidedly fair-considering that I've been courting her for two years," he had vindicated himself.

"Well how do you like being mistress of this big place?" he asked, studying her as he seated himself behind the green vines of the porch. "I wonder if you order the servants around haughtily—the way I did when I returned from college? I wonder if you're experiencing the same I wonder if you're experiencing the same sort of thing I experienced then—the re-alization that I was my own boss?" Accidentally he had found the very thing that would make her drop her barrier of formality. Like a flash she sat forward

Her eyes snapped.
"I guess I am!" she cried happily. "Isn't it a wonderful feeling? I suppose most men have an opportunity to experience that, but some women never do. If Auni Alice hadn't married I might never have. It's just a wonderful glow of indepen-dence that you'll never let go of when you've once experienced it.'

Bob Hartley sat up. He looked at her keenly. What he saw in her face made his own eyes narrow a little. A slight smile passed his lips.
"No," he answered swiftly; "that's right. Don't let go of it! You just hang

on to that independence. Be careful in forming any new alliances with relatives. Don't put yourself in close company with any one who'll try to manage I tell you, the state of single blessedness is the best one." Shortly after this he left. As Geraldine

watched him disappear down the street it seemed to her that his step had an eager quality, as though he had forgot-ten something and had rushed off to attend to it. When she thought it over it came back to her that he had left rather abruptly. Indeed, he had never before made so short a call.

"Which really doesn't matter in the least," she told herself loftly. Later that evening, however, she was not so lofty in her thoughts about Bob Hartly. As she walked in her garden, after dinner, she said to her stableman:

"Did you get Miss Devon's trunk off on "And I can tell you she's married a good man, your auntie has. What did he do but help me lift it off the car-riage. There was Mr. Hartly standing right there, miss, but he didn't offer,

He was just calling proud-like to know if the train would be on time." "Mr. Hartly there!" Geraldine knitted her brows. Mr. Hartly had not men-tioned being at the station at the time of her aunt's departure. "Do you mean that Mr. Hartly was there to see them off?" she asked the man.

The answer was rather a shock.
"No, Miss Geraldine. He was there waitin' for some girl that was comin' on the train. I heard him ask the station ment if she are off."

"Ah, yes," said Geraldine disinterestedly, turning back to the house. But when she found herself in the privacy of the great front room she no longer affected disinterest. In nervous restlessness, she walked up and down. All at once she felt suffocated—sick.
"I don't love him. I don't!" she vowed to herself. "It's ridiculous to act this

way."
Suddenly the memory of his hasty de-parture came over her and she knew why he had left so hurriedly.
"The 4:20 train. I remember hearing

"The 4:20 train. I remember hearing the whistle!" she said.

Then she started. Her eyes fixed themselves on something through the front windows. There, passing the house, was Bob Hartly—with a girl.

Of course, she was the prettiest girl Geraldine had ever seen, and, of course, she was smiling up into his face with a confidence that bespoke long acquaintance.

"She's visiting his mother. She's engaged to him," thought Geraldine. When they had pased, she slipped mis

erably out onto the porch and dropped into a chair. "Well," she said, half aloud. "Now

"Well," she said, haif aloud. "Now I know how precious is independence; how precious little I care about it!"
"Is that so?" said a voice from the other side of the vine.

It was Bob Hartly. He had slipped back, and was hiding there. In an instant he was on the porch with the bewildered siri in his arms.
"Now I've got you!" he triumphed. "And how I'm going to boss you!"
But Geraldine soarcely heard. If she did hear, she thought the words too trivial to merit consideration.
"Tell me!" she demanded swiftly, "who is that—that beautiful girl?"
"Your future sister-in-law," said Bob.

FEATURE FORECAST

THE SUNDAY

SEPTEMBER 12, 1915

PUBLIC LEDGER

4000 Chicago School Teachers on Strike

Chicago's public school teachers were ordered to annul their membership in the Teachers' Federation within 30 days! They refused and a fight is now on. Parents and pupils are taking sides. The controversy is of nation-wide importance. Its union labor possibilities and the manner in which it may affect the training of Young America are points yet to be decided.

An American's Heroism in Stricken Scara

The noble work of Doctor Ryan in caring for typhus patients and wounded soldiers in Belgrade is one of the high lights in the latest foreign letter of Fullerton L. Waldo. The author paints a wonderful picture of the horrors of war and the Scranton physician's devotion to duty in the shadow of death.

III

Ancient Pueblo Life in Philadelphia

Mrs. Lucy Wilson has excavated many important Indian relics in New Mexico for the Philadelphia Commercial Museum. Her expedition has been most successful in securing many genuine rarities. Along with the fascinating history of the Aborigines are interesting photos.

Romance and Reward of American Songs

A noted Philadelphia music publisher takes Joseph Jackson behind the scenes and shows the secrets of how songs are produced, popularized, circularized and published. Mr. Jackson gives many interesting instances of the manner in which ballads are accepted by the public.

> "The City of Pleasure" By ARNOLD BENNETT

The fourth instalment of this wonderful tale of mystery. The characters are all introduced and the settings prepared for interesting episodes to follow. Mr. Bennett is one of the most popular and widely read of living novelists.

The Dangers and Benefits of Exercise

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, A. M., M. D. How to take exercise with profit; the exercise that builds up and that which actually reduces bodily vigor are given in detail. Some health hints that are practical for the average person and scientific from the physician's standpoint.

Women's Interests Mr. Juristine Frederick's "The Vacuum Cleaner." The different types and kinds suited to each household duty.

"Start Your Easter Lilies Now," by Jane Leslie Kift.
"Observation Classes for Home Makers," by Virginia Earle.
"Welfare Work for Women," by Eleanor Gilbert.
"Child Mortality the Result of Ignorance," by Louise Hogan

Peggy Shippen's society page. VIII

Sports Magazine "The Weight Juggling Mistake of the New American Boxing Association," by Wm. H. Rocap.

"The Innocent Victim of an Incomplete A. A. U. Investigation," by E. R. Bushnell.

"The 'Lead-Off' Man Who 'Gets On' Wins the Ball Games," by Geo. M. Young. "The Managerial Fight in the American League," by Stoney

"Fitchburg Just Knew Pat Would Get There," by James M.

Intaglio Section

"Ten Women Exchange Shots," by F. W. Wilson.

"Making Motorboat Champions Under Present Rules," by E. H. Rosenberger.

The New Idea in Naval War- Marine Pictures of Marines and Introducing Those Who Need Feats of Engineering.

Late War History as Told by No Introduction.

Autumn in the Poconos.

"The Screen Makers." the Camera. sbury Park Carnival.

Sunday, September 12th

PUBLIC & LEDGER

"A Worthy Philadelphia Institution"