the charming daughter of Mr William Henry Trotter, of To venue, will be formally intro her parents at a tea. There will al of the bods in the receiving as whom will be Emily Welsh. rris, Dorothy Newbold, Pauline Furanna Elliot and others. In Mr. and Mrs. Trotter will give dance, to which additional debuand men of the younger dancing tave been invited.

well if the regiments are coming home beut the cavalry, when will the cuy Treop be back? One hears question on all sides, but as one to his wife recently, "We'll be lucky e set home for Christmas." There to s about it, since the gathering of at the border and their training in for more than four months, the is far better equipped for trouble ild come, and if our men have to in some future day, it would not much like sending them out to be polered wholesale, because of unpreis; not that four months could pare them for war, but it can do toward preparedness.

per one is looking forward to the ion Valley Hunt Annual Race at which will be held at the Hunt w new quarters on Terwood road ow Grove, next Saturday at 2:30 There will be two steeplechase the cross-country race for the edon Valley Cup and the jumping for qualified and green hunters. ne of those who will ride will be Mrs Mulford, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Wilham Mulford, Doctor Fisher, Jacob Ridge Mr. and Mrs. Ed Marshall, John aker, Jr., Rodman Wanamaker Walter La Rue, Gilley Lovering, Joe Distinct and Dr. Sumner Cross.

now we turn to the news of the at fall show of the American Pomman Club which will open tomorrow the lawn of the Merion Cricket Club, en all the wee poms of high degree of the countryside will exhibit their of points before an admiring audience ety people, many of whom wil ave their own pets on exhibition, Resi along the Main Line will not only bit their dogs, but a number have red prizes, and very valuable ones at ut, for the winners, and do you know se small poms seem to realize that are on exhibition and try to show Of course Mrs. Jim Rhodes will her pets there, and Miss Meta Lisle exhibit hers. Mrs. William Canes erteim, who is secretary of the club enthusiastic over the show, and liets it will prove one of the best toy wever held in this section. All the ing poms in the country and several importations from England will for supremacy; and winners, both de and female, will receive four points ward their championship allotment, as show is held under American Kennel

lub rules. Judging, they tell me, will commence a o'clock and will keep up until 5. Poor doggles, cooped up in cages all day ong! But you know the old proverb, "Il souffrir pour etre belle.

NANCY WYNNE.

## Personals

the debutantes who will receive in Miss Eitzabeth McMichael, who will introduced to society on Friday of this sek by her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. C Emory McMichael, will be Miss Vera Bergan, of New York; Miss Gainor Owen Balrd, Miss Patty Borle, Miss Mary P. Packard, Miss Elizabeth W. Packard, Miss Katharine Christina Lea, Miss Vio-let Welsh, Miss Elizabeth Norris Brock, Miss Larraine Geodrich Graham, Miss Essabeth Trotter, Miss Hannah V. Hobart, Miss Elizabeth C. Miller, Miss Mary B. I. Brooke, Miss Anna H. Siter, Miss Anne Waker Moirs and Miss McMichael's cousin, Miss Hone McMichael, who made her Cabut Hope McMichael, who made her debut

Mr. Andrew Ronsselaer McCown. of 5214 causier street, Germantown, has issued installed in the first of the fi arion Sharpiess, Miss Anita Stetson, Miss surios Wehster, Miss Louise Tiige, Mrs. surios Wehster, Miss Judith Mann, Miss frant Falkner, Miss Katherine Van sal, Mrs. Sheidon P. Potter, Mrs. Japper sella, Mrs. Samuel Pritchett, Mrs. Fisher Boyd, Mrs. Toland Davis and Miss ariotts Parke.

Mr. and Mra John Gribbel and their tanters. Miss Idella Gribbel and Miss Inabet Gribbel. of St. Austel's Hall, hard forad, Wyncote, left Saturday for Olmington, Del., where they attended the sives by Mr. and Mra. John Bancroft. Caseld, Park Drive, in honor of their yester, Miss Eather Bancroft. Miss Bankets Gribbel was one of Miss Bankats Gribbel was one of Miss Bankats Gribbel was one of Miss Bankats Gribbel was one will spend sevial days in Wilmington, returning to her information. Miss Gribbel will be presided at a tea given by her parents on roay, October 37, at their country home. And Mrs. Gribbel and their daughters il hove into town about December 1, as they will occupy apartments at the force first ford for several months.

the first fail dinner club dance to be this season at the Huntingdon Valley for Club will be given next Saturday

George Newbold, of 325 Springfield, Chastnut Hill, will shortly laste in-as for a dance, to be given in No-at the Philadelphia Cricket Club to iss her daughter, Miss Ethel New-

Charles Bradford Fraley, of Sunset and Crefeldt atreet, Chestnut Hill sturned to town with her children Northeast Harbor, where she spent so the of August and Saptember.

sion executive committee will be held at the Stenton Mansion on the afternoon of Thurs-day, October 26, at I o'clock.

Miss Marion Savage, of Graver's lane. Chestnut Hill, who has been spending the summer at Lake Asquam, N. H., has re-turned to der home.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer E. Mulford, Jr., of Washington lane, Chelten Hills, left Saturday for New York, where they spent the week-and. They will return today. Mrs. William Dunbar Edson, of 223 West

Hortter street, Germantown, has issued cards for a dance to be given at the Phila-delphia Cricket Club on Monday, October 23.

Mrs. William H. Donner, of Actwold, Bryn Mawr, who has been convalesting at Muskola Lake, Canada, all nummer, returned to the Jefferson Hospital on Friday to take the rest cure for a couple of weeks. The rest of the family have moved in to their town house, 245 South Eighteenth street, Philadelphis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Barklie Henry, who rented their home. Pine Cattage, Rosemont, for the summer, are still at Watch Hill, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollin H. Wilbur, of Old Stone House, St. David's, have gone to Watkins Gien, N. Y., to stay two or three

The wedding of Miss Eulalie Willox, daughter of Mrs. William J. Willox, and Dr. O. R. Perry Pepper, will take place in the late fall.

Mrs. John Shipley Dixon, of Mendew-brook. Villanovs, is still staying at the Delaware Water Gap. Pa., as she does not want to bring her baby home on account of infantile paralysis.

Mr. Horatio Whitridge, of Baltimore, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maybit Hart at their home in Villanova.

Mrs. William Townsend Wright, of St David's, will return on Monday from New Haven, where she has been visiting her son, Mr. William C. Wright, at Yale Uni-

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph G. Rosengarten and their little daughter, Miss Emily Penrose Rosengarten, returned last week t Chanticleer, their home in St. David's, afte

Mrs. William W. Adams, of Navahoe avenue and Mermaid lane, Chestnut Hill. has gone to Boston to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Sarah Shattuck, which sister, Miss Sarah Shattuck, which he place this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Walker, of 246 South Twenty-second street, have returned from Eagles Mere, where they spent the

Mrs. Edward Schuyler Jackson, of 331 West Johnson street. Germantown, accom-panied by Mr. and Mrs. John Barclay Stevenson Lex, has gone to Spruce Cabin Inn o

Miss Mary Louise McCown, daughter o Mr. and Mrs. John A. McCown, of 6804 Em len street, has gone to Mill Brook, N. Y. where she will attend school this winter.

heim etreet, Germantown, are guests at the Chelsea Hotel, and will not return to town until the end of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donalson, of Greene street, Germantown, have gone to Allanti City to spend the month of October.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fritz Chandler, of 2227 Spruce street, have returned to town from Jamestown, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Shoemaker and

Mr. Harry B. Shoemaker, Jr., have re-turned to their Germantown home. Wisag-hicken avenue and Epsai street, after hav-ing spent the summer at their cottage in

Miss Margaretta Foltz, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Clinton Poitz, of Bethlehem pike and Summit avenue, has returned from a summer spent at Small Point Beach, Mc. DR. E. W. POWELL ACCEPTS

Mr. and Mrs. Kern Dodge, of 5135 Pulaski avenue, are still occupying their cottage in Chelsea and will not return to town until the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Mclihenny, of West Mermaid lane, Chestnut Hill, will return next week from Loon Lake, where

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Shoemaker have closed their camp on Lake Megunticook, Me., and have opened their home at 4522

The Twentieth Century Club of Lans-downe will entertain at a lancheon tomor-row in the auditorium of the clubhouse, which will mark the beginning of the social activities for the fall and winter months. Mrs. Frank Hain Maguire will be in charge of the hostess' committee for the occasion, and Mrs. Robert L. McLean, chairman of music and entertainment, will present, in song, picture and story, "Phases in the Life of the American Girl" as a special feature of the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Herry B. Miller, of Beaumont avenue, announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen May Miller, to Mr. Charles Juel Beck at a week-end house party given at their bungalow on the Rancocas Creek, above Mount Holly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Ryan, of Lans-downe, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Agnes Regins Ryan, to Mr. Albert G. Lanners, of this city, formerly of Tyrone, Pa.

Dr. and Mrs. D. N. Husik are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Antoinette Virginia Husik, on October 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weiser, of Phil-Ellena street, Germantown, will send their young daughter, Miss Prances Weiser, to Mill Brook, N. Y., to attend the Bennett

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hessenbruch, of \$115 Queen lane, Germantown, will open their house this week for the winter months. Mrs. Hessenbruch was Miss Fler-ence Dreer before her marriage.

Friends of the Uptown Home for the Aged, at 257 North Franklin street, are making arrangements for a secred concert and dance to be held next Sunday evening at Apollo Hall, 1726 North Broad street. This is the first of a series of dances to be given this season for the benefit of the home.

the winter in Germantows, where and has taken apartments.

The Alpha Chapter of the Phi Delta Psi Sorority was entertained Saturday afternoon at the home of Miss Ruth Mylin, 4126 Parrish street. The members are Miss Parrish street. The members are Miss Ferna Chower Miss Heien Chatham. Miss Erma Chower Miss Elsa Gross, Miss Margaret Gilmore. Miss Elsanors Long. Miss Genevieve Long, Miss Elsanors Long. Miss Marion Williams. Miss Stockley. Miss Marion Williams. Miss Stockley. Miss Marion Williams. Miss Estells Wood and Miss Margaret Philips. The sorority is planning to give a Halloween

## Heart of the Sunset street and the Sunset street of the Sunset street of the Sunset of By Rex Beach

CHAPTER II-(Continued)

LAIRE lay close, as she had been di-A rected, praying that the horseman had been warned; but shortly she heard again the rustle of stiff branches, and out into the opening rode a Mexican. He was astride a wiry gray peny, and in the strong twilight Alaire could see his every feature—the swarthy cheeks, the roving eyes beneath the black feit hat. A carbine lay across his saddle born, a riata was colled beside his leg, a cartridge best circled his waist. There was something familiar about the fellow, but at the moment Alaire could not

determine what it was.

After one swift appraising glance the ewcomer rode straight to the verge of the water hole and dismounted; then be

the water hole and dismounted; then be and his horse drank side by side.

It was the moment for a complete and effective surprise, but nothing happened. Why didn't Law act? Alaire bent low straining eyes and ears, but no command came from the Ranger. After a while the traveler rose to his feet and arretched his limbs. Next he walked to the ashes of the conditional lacked down at them, stirring them fire and looked down at thom, stirring them with his toe. Apparently satisfied, he lit a

MISS MARIE GARRITY

Miss Garrity, whose home is at 910 South Broad street, will be married on November 22.

Weddings

ony was performed under a bower of

of the bride and bridegroom were present. After a short wedding trip they will live

on Weiss avenue, Flourtown, where they will be at home after November 15.

Mr. Rigg will have Mr. Harry Shoyer

as best man. A reception will follow for a few intimate friends. Mr. Rigg and his bride will live at 4920 Keyzer street, where they will be at home after January 1.

Baptist Church by Dr W. Q. Rosselle

CALL TO CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FARMER SMITH'S

our members wants to know how to like music.

What would life be without music!

music irksome.

How I hated it!

sitting beneath a tree.

say if mother cannot sing?

"Mother dear, get me a chair to put at on. I can't think without my feet the air." said Billy to his wife.

I LOVE MUSIC.

BILLY BUMPUS AND

"I DON'T LIKE MUSIC"

I am, however, very thankful that I was made to practice.

cigarette.
Could it he that something had gone wrong with the Ranger's plan? Had some-thing happened to him? Alaire was startled by the possibility; this delay was beyond comprehension.

Then, as if in answer to her perplexity, a second horseman appeared, and the woman realized how simply she had been fooled.

CHAPTER III WHAT HAPPENED AT THE WATER HOLE

A pretty wedding took place on Saturday evening, when Miss Anna E. Bowman, became the bride of Mr. Arthur Scheets. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, Bethiehem plice, Flourtown, at 7:30 o'clock, Mr. Horace Bowman, a brother, gave her in marriage and her signer. Miss Caroline B. Bowman, acted as maid of honor. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. George MacNelle as best man. THE newcomers exchanged a word or I two in Spanish, then the second rider flung himself from his saddle and made for water. He was lying prone and drink-deeply when out of nowhere came a The bride wore a frock of white geor-gette crepe and carried a bouquet of white roses and illies of the valley. The cere-

"Olga! Hands up, both of you The first arrival jumped as if a rattle-snake had buzzed at his back, the second leaped to his feet with an cath; they leaped to his feet with an cath; they stared in the direction whence the voice had cotie.

"Drop your gun, companero?" The order was decisive; it was directed at the man who had first appeared, for the other had left his Winchester in its scabbard.

Both Mexicans cried, as if at a cue.
"Who speaks?"

"A Ranger."
The fellow kaw had addressed let his rifle; two pairs of dark hands rose slowly. Then the Ranger went on in

The marriage of Miss Beatrice M. Hoff, daughter of Mr. Frank Hoff, of 4909 Knox street, Germantown, and Mr. George H. Rigg will take place this evening at the home of the bride at 6 o'clock. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Hugh McCrone, pastor of the Wakefield Presbyterian Church, Miss Hoff will wear a gown of white taffeta trimmed with pearls. Her "Anto, lower your left hand and un buckle your belt." Anto did as he was told, his revolver and cartridge belt dropped of white taffeta trimmed with pearls. Her to the ground "And you, compadre, do the name. Mind you, the left hand! Now face about and walk to the charoo, both

of you. Good:

Law stepped into view, his Winchester
in the crook of his arm. He emptled the
three discarded weapons, then, walking to Anto's horse.

Anto's horse, he removed the second carbine from beneath the saddle flap and elected its shells into his paim.

This done, he addressed the stranger.

"Now, friend, who are you, and why are you riding with this fellow?"

"My name is Panfilo Sanches, senor. Before God. I have done nothing."
speaker was tremendously excited.
"Well. Panfilo, that will take

Letter of Resignation Read at Second proving," the Ranger muttered. "What do you say?"

The gist of this statement baving been The Rev. Dr. Eimer W. Powell has re-

repeated in Spanish, both prisoners burst into clamorous explanation of their presence together. Panfilo, it seemed, had signed as pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Seventh etreet below Girard avenue, where he has been for more than ten his companion purely encountered years. Doctor Powell exchanged pulpits chance, and was horrified now to learn that his newly made friend was wanted by the authorities. In the midst of his incoherent with the Rev Dr. W. Quay Rosselle, paster of the Fifth Baptist Church Sunday, and Doctor Rosselle read the minister's letprotestations Mrs. Austin appeared.

"He is telling you the truth, Mr. Law,"
she said, quietly. "He is one of my men."
Both Mexicans looked blank. At sight

The announcement said that Dector powell had accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Cambridge. Mass., and that his resignation would take effect October 31. of the speaker their mouths fell open, and Panfilo ceased his gesticulations. Mrs. Austin went on: "He is my horse-

Panfilo recovered from his amazement. randle recovered from his amazement, removed his sembrere, and blessed his employer extravagantly; then he turned triumphantly upon his captor. "Behold!" cried he. "There you have the truth. I am an excellent hard-working man and as bonest as God."

"Surely you don't want him." Alaire appealed to Law. "He was probably helping his countryman to escape—but they all do that, you know."

that, you know."

"All right! If he's your man, that's enough." Dave told her. "Now then, boys, it will soon be dark and we'll need some supper before we start. It won't hurt Anto's horse to rest a bit, either. You are under arrest," he added, addressing the latter. "You understand what that means?"

"Si, senor!"
"I won't tie you unless

"No sener!" Anto understood perfectly, and was grateful.
"Well, then, build a fire, and you, Panfilo, and a hand. The senera will need a cup of tea, for we three have a long ride shead of us."

No time

shead of us."

No time was lost. Both Mexicans fell to with a will, and in a surprisingly short time water was boiling. When it came Law's turn to eat. Alaire, who was eager to be gone, directed her employe to fetch the Ranger's horse. Paulio acquiesced readily and buckled on his cartridge best and six-shooter. He was about to pick up his rifle, too, but finding Law's eyes inquiringly fixed upon him, he turned with a shung and disappeared down the arroyo. It was plain that he considered his friendly relations well established and researed the Ranger's suc-

"How long has that fellow been working for you?" Law jerked his head in the di-rection Paulio bad taken.

"Not long. I—don't know much about fim," Alaire confessed. Then, as if in answer to his unspoken question, sure he's all right." "In he looking up range for you?"

"N-no! I left him at the ranch. I don't now how he came to be here, unless— It know how he came to be here, unless— It is rather strange! Dave shot a swift, interrogatory glance

at Panillo's traveling companion, but Anto's face was stony, his black eyes were fixed With an abrupt gesture. Law flung aside the contents of his cup and strode to Pan-filo's horse, which stood dejectedly with

reins hanging. "Where are you-going?" Alaire rose

of the ridges were plain against the luminous sky; in the brushy bottom of the arroyo the shadows were deep. Alaire had no wish to be left alone with the prisoner.

With bridle rein and carbine in his left hand, the Hanger halted, then, stooping for Anto's discarded cartridge belt, he looped it over his saddle born. He waulted easily

into the seat, saying: "I hid that mare pretty well. Your man may not be able to find her." Then be

Anto had squatted motionless moment; he had not even turned his eyes; but now, without the slightest warning, he equally well as a summons or as an alarm but it changed the Ranger's suspicions into certainty. Dave uttered an angry exclama-

tion, then to the startled woman he cried:
"Watch this man! He can't hurt you, for
I've got his shells." To his prisoner he said. sharply: "Stay where you are! Don't move!" The next instant he loped into the brush on the tracks of Paulio Sanches. spurring the tired gray pony into vigorous

It was an uncomfortable situation in It was an uncomfortable situation in which a tairs now found herself. Law was too suspicious, she murmured to herself; he was needlessly melodramatic; she felt exceedingly ill at ease as the pony's hoof beats grew fainter. She was not afraid of Anto, having dealt with Mexican vaqueros for several years, yet she could not forget that he was a nurderer, and she worldered what she was expected to do if he should try to escape. It was absurd to suppose that Panfile, her own hired man, uspicion was a sort of reflection upon her.
Alaire was startled by hearing other hoofeats now; their drumming came faint, but

unmistakable. Yes, there were two horses racing down

Tes, there were two horses racing down the arroyo. Anto, the furitive, rose to his feet and stared into the dusk.

"Sit down!" Alairs ordered, sharply. He obeyed, muttering beneath his breath, but his hasd was turned as if in an effort to follow the sounds of the pursuit.

Next came the distant rattle of loosened stones—evidently one horse was being urged toward the open high ground—then the peaceful quiet evening was spit by the report of Law's thirty-thirty. Another shot followed, and then a third. Both Alaire and

her prisoner were on their foet, the woman shaking in every limb, the Mexican sizalb-ing his eyes into the gloom and listening

THOUGH the lower counties of son

The stockmen, pushing shead of the nesters and the tillers of the soil, were the first to invade the lower Rio Grande, and among these "2d Fot" Austin was a piemeer. Out of the unmapped prairie he had hewed a footbold, and there, among surreundings as Mexican as Mexica, he had laid the beginnings of his fortune.

ginnings of his fortune.

Of "Old Ed" early life strange stories are told; like the other cattle harons, he was hungry for land and took it where or how he could. There are tales of fertile sections bought for ten cents an acre, tales of Mexican ranchers disposanced by mortgage, by monte or by any means that came to hand; stories even of nome, more stubborn than the rest, who refused to feed the Austin greed for land and who remained on their farms to feed the buzzards instead.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

The concluding instalment of "The Wings of

WOMEN TO HONOR PIONEER

Colonial Dames to Unveil Tablet in

Haddonfield to Francis Collins

HADDONFIELD, N. J., Oct. 5.—The first white settler in Haddonfield will be honored an Thursday, when the Colonial Dames will unveil a tablet at the corner of King's highway and Mansion avenue in commentoration of Francis Collins. The tablet will contain a brief history of the highway, which was laid out by surveyors sent for the purpose by the King of Engiand grior to the Revolution.

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west Texas are flat and badly

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Soon there came a further echo of dry earth and gravel dislonged, but whether by Law's horse or by that of Sanchez was un-certain. Perhaps both men had gained the

The had all happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that Alaire felt she must be dreaming, or that there had been some idiotic mistake. She wondered if the Ranger's sudden charge has not simply frightened Panilo into a panicky flight, and she tried to put her thoughts into words the Mexican would understand, but his answer was unintelligible. His black scowl, however, was eloquent of uncertainty and sp-preheasion.

situation and was trying to decide what next to do, when David Law came riding out of the twilight. He was astride the gray; behind him at the end of a lariat was Bell, and her saddle was empty.

Mrs. Austin uttered a sharp cry. Mrs. Austin uttered a sharp cry.
Law dismounted and strode to the prisoner. His face was black with fury; he seemed gigantic in his rage. Without a word he raised his right hand and cuffed the Mexican to his knees. Then he leaped upon him, as a dog might pounce upon a rabbit rolled him to his face, and twisted the fellow's urms into the small of his back. Anto cursed, he struggled, but he was like a child in the Ranger's grasp. Law knelt upon him, and with a jerk of his riats secured the fellow's wrists; rising, he set the knet with another heave that dragged the prisoner to his knees. Next dragged the prisoner to his knees. Next he booted Anto to his feet.

Exyptians.

That part of the State which lies below the Nuccess River was for a time disputed towritory, and long after Texans had given their lives to drive the Eagle of Mexico across the Sto Grande much of it remained a forbidden land. Even today it is alten, it is a part of our Southland, but a slouth different to any other that we have. Within at there are no blacks, and yet the whitese number but one in twenty. The rest are swarthy, black-haired men who speak the Spanish tongue and whose citizenship is meetly a master of form.

The stockmen, number of form. "By God! I've a notion to bend a gun over your head," Law growled. "Clever little game, wasn't it?"

"Where—? Did you—kill him?" the woman gasped.

woman gamped.

Alaire had never beheld such a demoniac expression as Law turned upon her. The man's face was contorted, his eyes were blazing insanely, his chest was heaving, and for an instant he seemed to include her in his anger. Ignoring her inquiry, he went to his mare and ran his shaking hands over her as if in march of an inhurs, his results in the seemed to have a fix in march of an inhurs. over her as if in search of an injury; his questing paims covered every inch of glistening hide from forelock to withers, from shoulder to hoof, and under cover of this tank he regained in some degree his self-

"That hombre of yours-didn't look right to me," he said, finally. Laying his cheek against Bessie Belle's neck, as a woman snuggles close to the man of her choice, he addressed the mare: "I reckon nobedy is going to steal you, eh? Not if I knew it. No, sir; that humbre wasn't any good, was he?"

Law laughed grimly, almost meckingly.
"Say! He must be a favorite of yours?"
"N—no I hardly knew the fellow. But—did you?"

"I didn't say I shot him," he told her, gruffy. "I warned him first, and he turned on me—blew smoke in my face. Then he took to the brush, afoot, and—I cut down on him once more to help him along.
"He got away?"

"Treckon so."

"Oh. oh!" Alatre's tone left no doubt of her relief. "He was always a good man—"

"Good? Didn't he steal my horse? Didn't he aim to get me at the first chance and free his compadre? That's why he wanted his Winchester. Say! I reckon he—needs killin' about as much as anybody I know." "I can't understand it." Alaire sat down

"I can't understand it." Alaire sat down weakly. "One of my men, too."
"This fellow behaved himself while I was gone, eh?" Law jerked his head in Anto's direction. "I was afraid he—he'd fry something. If he had—" Such a possibility, oddly enough, seemed to choke the speaker, and the ferocity of his unfinished threat caused Mrs. Austin to look up at him curfously. There was a moment of silence, then he said, shortly: "Well, we've got a horse apiece now. Let's go."

The stars had thickened and brightened. rounding the night sky into a gittering dome. Anto, the murderer, with his ankles lashed beneath his horse's belly, rods first; next, in sullen silence, came the Ranger

followed Afaire Austin.
In splite of her release from a trying In spite of her release from a trying predicament, the woman was scarcely more eager to go home than was the prisoner, for while Anto's trail led to a jail, her's led to Las Palmas, and there was little difference. These last two days in the open had been like a glimpse of freedom; for a time Alaire had almost lost the taste of bitter memories. It had required an effort of will to drug remembrance, but she had succeeded, and had proved her ability to forget. But now—Las Palmas! It meant the usual thing, the same endless battle between her duty and her desire. It meant the usual thing, the same endless battle between her duty and her desire. She was tired of the fight that resulted neither in victory nor defeat; she longed now, more than ever, to give up and let things take their course. Why could not women, as well as men, yield to their inclinations—drift with the current instead of breasting it until they were exhausted? There was David Law, for instance; he was utterly carefree, no duties shackled him. He had his horse, his gun and his blanket, and they were enough. Alaire, like him, was young, her mind was easer, her body ripe and her veins full of fire Life must be sweet to those who were free and happy.

But the object of her envy was not so

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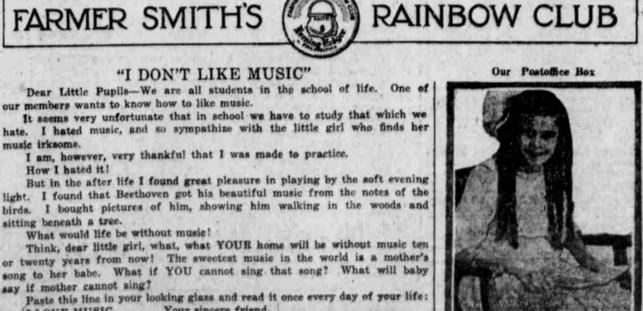
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Oh, looki Oh, looki Who is she't A little girl from Oxford street! She's full of joy, as you can see, Although she is without her feet.

And the "Footless Rainbow" is none of

And the "Footless Risinbow" is none other than our very dear friend Helsna Ulmer. West Oxford street, who can find happiness hidden in every cloud and who even iaughs because the photographer forgot to put in her feet! There are lots of interesting things to be said about Helena. She has a pigeon named Rainbow, for whom she built a cage, and when daddy bought a new horse not so long ago she made him name it Rainbow, too!

Helsna belongs to a very interesting club of which her mother was the founder. Last summer Mrs. Utmer and the children ruised motey for a sliding board and are on their way to provide other amusements. The little girls and boye meet weekly and have games and refreshments. Not so long ago Helena's mother took twelve of the meanhers for an outing the Loo. They saw everything from the sleeping lien, "who wann't as innocent as he looked," writes Helena, to the wee prairie deg, "who sai up just like a cute little Easter bunny."

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

THE PERISCOPE By Farmer Smith Fidget, fidget, fidget!
Billy Bumpus just couldn't keep still.
He sat by the evening light reading the Goatville news.

Your sincere friend,

at Billy.

Billy Bumpus threw down the paper and started out the door. Then he stopped. "Wonder if I have len cents." he said.

"Too had you haven't your periscope so you could see in your pecket." said Mrs. Goat.

"Too bad your feet are not where your head is!" exclaimed Mrs. Goat. "Then I could walk on my beautiful horns," said Billy. All was quiet again. Then—fidget, fidget, All was dust a charter" asked Mrs. Goat.

Thave been reading about a very wonderful thing called a periscope. They use
it in the trenches and on submarines. While
in the trenches you can see the enemy
without poking your head shows the dirt,
and in a submarine you can see the boats
coming. FARMER SMITH,

I wish to become a mamber of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Billy put down the paper and looked at "You see enough as it is all around," said Mrs. Goat.

"I will get one," Billy was talking to simself, but his wife heard him.

"Pahaw? You can get one of those things to the five-and-ten-cent store. They are a common as dirt. Every child has one round here." Mrs. Gest smiled sweetly t Billy.

But Billy did not wait to hear more!