JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

TODAY we have another charming debutante, who will be introduced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wain Meirs, at their Germantown home, which has the delightful name of Ravenwood. Anne Walker Meirs is the young bud's name. She is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jones Wister and great-granddaughter of the late Mr. William Weightman. Her greataunt, Mrs. Frederick Penfield, who was first married to Mr. Walker, of this city, is the one for whom she is named. It seems too bad for Anne and her cousin, Marie Louise Faries, that Mrs. Penfield is in Europe with her husband (he is Ambassador to Austria, you know) when the first two of her grandnieces are making their debut, for Mrs. Penfield is devoted to her nieces and their children and would probably have entertained lavishly in their honor had she been in New York.

Mrs. Meirs will receive her guests this afternoon wearing a lovely gown of gray tulle, and the debutante will be frocked in white chiffon. She will hold various bouquets during the afternoon. Among the debutantes who will receive will be Marie Louise Faries, Katharine Lea, Suzanne Elliot, Lucile Carter, Mary and Elizabeth Packard, Katharine Hancock, Hannah Hobart, Elisabeth McMichael, Elizabeth Gribbel, Betty Miller, Elizabeth Trotter, Violet Welsh, Nancy Wynne Cook, Katharine Putnam, Marian Wurts, Gainor Baird, Betty Brock, Margaret Harris, Lorraine Graham, Mary Brooke, Pauline Denckla, Sophie Baker, Emily Harvis, Nancy Tunis, and of those who have already made their debut, Rachel Fitler, Marjorie Morris, Frances Tyson and Mrs. Hare Davis.

These girls of a year or two older were closely associated with Anne in Miss Irwin's school, where they were all members of the Would-Be-Good Players. Mrs. Hare Davis was Kate Jayne, you remember. There is to be a dinner-dance in the evening following the tea, but only the receiving party will attend this, with the addition of some of the younger men who are still in town and not down on the sad and lonesome borderland.

The Rose Tree races will start this afternoon out at the delightful clubhouse in the Rose Valley, Media. This little club is one of the most beautiful spots in the surrounding country, and the annual fall and spring meets are always most delightful affairs. The Horse Show generally brings out the new clothes, but this year it was still pretty warm, so summer garments prevailed at that event; therefore, we may look forward with pleasure this afternoon to the gowns of Mrs. Harry Wain Harrison, for instance, and those of Mrs. Joe Widener and Mrs. Howard Henry and all the other smart women who move in the horsy set, so to speak.

In addition to the beauties of the fall scenery at Rose Tree Valley, the undoubted brilliance of the fall costumes worn by our society matrons and younger set, the excitement incident to close racing and the thrills always present when steeplechases are being run, the meet will provide some real class for those who think only of the horse. This is because the best steeplechase horses are owned by men who are sportsmen in the highest sense of that word. Steeplechasing is such a hazardous and uncertain sport that the big stables that make racing their main object pay little attention to the timber-toppers. For this reason Joe Widener and George D. Widener, who go in for racing as a sport, have developed some of the greatest steeplechase horses in this country. The Willow King Plate today and the Long Point Plate on Saturday have a better entry list than has been seen for any steeplechase in this country this year. Twenty-one horses, representing six States, are entered for the Willow King Plate today, all owned by men of the stamp of the Wideners, Mr. Ambrose Clark, of Westbury; Thomas Hitchcock, of the same place; James K. Maddux, of Warrenton, Va., and others. It is no wonder that society is taking interest in the meet, for the horses are owned by members of society, and in many of the races they will be ridden by their owners or gentlemen riders. These are the conditions for the Middle Barrens Plate, the Rose Valley Plate and the Members' Dinner Plate races today. These three events will be watched with especial interest.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Barbara Carr Bispham, of Claymont, Del., and Mr. Robert Wetherill, Jr., of Chester, which is to take place at noon on November 9 at the Church of the Ascension, Claymont, Del.

The Rev. Gibson Grant and the Rev. Clarence Wyatt Bispham, a cousin of the bride, will officiate.

Miss Bispham is the daughter of Captain Harrison A. Bispham, U. S. N., retired, and the late Mrs. Barbara Carr Bispham. Mr. Wetherill is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wetherill, of Chester.

Mrs. Norris Mumper, of Arcola, N. J., will be the matron of honor, and the maid of honor will be Miss Retta Colon, of New York. The bridesmaids will be Miss Kathleen E. Wetherill, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Eleanor Bispham, cousin of the bride; Miss Katherine Knight, daughter of Rear Admiral Austin M. Knight, U. S. N., Newport, R. I., and Miss Marjorie Pyle, of Wilmington, Del.

The best man will be Mr. Luther R. Graves, 2d, of Bennington, Vt., and the ushers will be Mr. John L. Wetherill, Mr. J. Eyre, Mr. P. Price, Mr. John R. Sproul and Mr. William R. Provost, of Chester, Pa.; Mr. Edward K. Bispham, Jr., of Claymont, Del., and Mr. G. R. Meade, of Ossining, N. Y.

After the ceremony a small reception will be given by Miss Bispham's father at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Ida Carr Addicks, at Claymont, Del.

Among the debutantes who will receive with Miss Isabel Wanamaker at the tea, which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wanamaker, will give on October 31, will be Miss Elizabeth Stanley Trotter, Miss Margaret Winsor Harris, Miss Katharine Christina Lea, Miss Elizabeth Newbold [illegible], Miss Nancy Wynne Cook, Miss Nancy Tunis, Miss Elizabeth C. Miller, Miss E. Pauline Denckla, Miss Katharine Hancock, Miss Mary B. I. Brooke, Miss Gainor Owen Baird, Miss Marie Louise Faries, Miss Lois Loring Jackson, Miss Katharine Gilbert, Miss Katharine Putnam, Miss Natalie Harlan Davis, Miss Doris Eleanor Dexter, Miss Elizabeth Marshall, of Pittsburgh; Miss Marjorie Hubbs, of Brooklyn, and Miss Elinor Judd Bean and Miss Jean Lister Austin, who made their debut several years ago, and Miss Louise Wanamaker, who has yet to come out.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Justice will give an informal dinner dance this evening in honor of their wedding anniversary. About forty guests will attend.

Mrs. Frank Slaughter, of Germantown, will entertain at luncheon on Saturday, November 11, in honor of her granddaughters, Miss Nancy Hoyt Smythe and Miss Emlyn Shipley.

Mrs. Albert Hoyt, of Church lane, will give a theater party on Monday evening, November 27, in honor of Miss Smythe and Miss Shipley.

Mr. George Byington Pratt, of Elkhart, Ind., has announced the engagement of his daughter, Mrs. Agnes P. Snell, of Bala, to Mr. George C. Klauder, also of Bala. Mrs. Snell is the widow of Mr. Harry C. Snell, late of Bloomington, Ill.

Mrs. Irving J. Prentiss, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Edwin G. Close, will go to New York Friday to spend several days at the Waldorf. While there they will be guests at the luncheon which Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney will give at the Plaza in honor of Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes, wife of the Republican candidate for the presidency.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Coffin, of 507 Hansberry street, Germantown, will shortly issue cards for a dance to be given at the Germantown Cricket Club during Christmas week to introduce their daughter, Miss Hazel Coffin.

Miss Idella Gribbel and Miss Elizabeth Gribbel, of St. Austel's Hall, Wyncote, Pa., will leave on Friday for New Haven, Conn., where they will be the guests over the week-end of Doctor and Mrs. Smeath, of Yale University, and will attend the Yale pageant. They will return home Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Howard Wilson, of Roslyn, have Mr. and Mrs. George W. Varian and their daughters, Miss Grace Varian, Miss Edith Varian and Miss Louise Varian, of West 121st street, New York, as their guests for several days.

Mrs. Gordon and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Gordon, of Hartford, Conn., motored down yesterday and will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Wilson until the end of the week, when they will leave for the Water Gap. Later in the fall they will motor across the continent, spending some time in San Francisco before sailing for the Hawaiian Islands on December 11. They will also travel through Australia before returning to their home.

Lieutenant Commander Henry C. Mustin, U. S. N., commandant of the Pensacola Navy Yard, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. William S. Lloyd, who, with Mr. Lloyd, has returned to her home, 233 Harvey street, from Wernersville, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton W. Pike, 4104 Spruce street, have returned with their family from a three months' stay at their summer home in Fryeburg, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Flanagan, of 6136 Kingsessing avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Flanagan, to Mr. Edgar W. Clements, of 845 North Forty-fifth street.

Mrs. Edward Fay, of 1808 West Erie avenue, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Julia C. Fay, to Mr. Daniel E. Hogan, of West Philadelphia.

Miss Dorothea Kelly is spending a fortnight as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Joseph M. Bayo, in Boston, Mass.

Weddings

GOODRICH—HAYS

The marriage of Miss Sarah Minis Hays, daughter of Dr. I. Minis Hays, to Rear Admiral Casper F. Goodrich, U. S. N., was solemnized at St. James's Church today. Owing to the very recent death of Mrs. J. Minis Hays, mother of the bride, the wedding was extremely quiet and no invitations were issued. The admiral has taken an apartment in this city, which he and his bride will occupy for a few months before starting on a long sea voyage.

HEADINGTON—WILKINSON

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Wilkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden D. Wilkinson, of 2010 Walnut street, and Mr. William Hall Headington, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Headington, of Baltimore, took place this afternoon at the home of the bride at 3:30 o'clock, the Rev. David M. Steele, rector of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, officiating.

Miss Wilkinson wore a beautiful gown of white satin trimmed with a deep flounce of rose point lace. Her tulle veil was edged with orange blossoms. She carried orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Sarah Wilkinson attended her sister as maid of honor and wore a frock of coral-color moire and a brown velvet hat. She carried pink roses. Mr. Edward Lynch, of New York, acted as best man.

REES—LATTA

The wedding of Miss Margaret Coryell Latta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Latta, of 3819 Spruce street, and Mr. Frank Milburn Rees, of Pittsburgh, took place this afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Second Presbyterian Church, Twenty-first and Walnut streets. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alexander MacColl, minister of the church. Miss Latta, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a shimmering white satin gown embroidered in pearls. The end of the court train was edged with orange blossoms and the tulle veil had a coronet of lace fastened with orange blossoms. Orchids and lilies of the valley formed the bridal bouquet.

Miss Elizabeth Hood Latta attended her sister as maid of honor and was gowned in a blue brocaded taffeta and silver cloth. Her hat of blue malins was faced with silver cloth and she carried sunburst roses. The bridesmaids included Miss Lucy Shaw, Miss Bernice Scherer, Miss Florence Mershon Wolverton, Miss Catherine Sparks, Miss Natalie Hansen and Miss Mary Milburn, of Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Rees selected Mr. Edward H. Sloan, of Pittsburgh, as best man, and the ushers included Mr. J. Lakin Baldridge, of Jersey City; Mr. Theodore S. Fowler, of St. Louis; Mr. Marshall R. Brabour, of Pittsburgh; Mr. Thomas M. Rees, Jr., of Pittsburgh; Mr. Howard Winter, of Kansas City, and Mr. Thomas H. Latta, brother of the bride. A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents.

After the wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Rees will be at home at Charlestown after December 1.

KIRK—SUPPLEE

An attractive wedding today will be that of Miss Elizabeth W. Supplee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Henderson Supplee, of 5065 Wynnefield avenue, and Mr. Frederick S. Kirk. The ceremony will take place at 7 o'clock in St. Asaph's Protestant Episcopal Church, Bala, the Rev. Harrison B. White officiating. Miss Supplee, who will be given in marriage by her father, will be attended by her sister, Miss Marie Supplee, and by Mrs. Walter Kimball and Miss Margaretta Craig as bridesmaids. Mr. Kirk will have his brother, Mr. Jay Kirk, of Cumberland, Va., as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Mark Hubbell, Mr. Walter Kimball, Mr. Benjamin Mosser, Mr. Robert Isett. A large reception will follow at the home of the bride's parents. Yellow and white chrysanthemums and autumn leaves will form the decoration. After December 1 Mr. Kirk and his bride will be at home at the Montevista Apartments, Overbrook.

MAXWELL—LOGAN

A quiet wedding will take place this evening at 8 o'clock at 66 East Bringhurst street, Germantown, when Miss Emily L. Logan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Logan, will become the bride of Mr. Joseph Maxwell. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. George H. Lincoln, rector of

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

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fellow,

"Tell me now," urged Law.

"There's nothing to tell, yet."

"I'll have no old ruffians kissing my brand-new bride," Dave averred.

The Judge's face broadened in a smile. "Thank Heaven 'Young Ed' has the insides of a steel range, and so my pet client is safe from your mercenary schemes for some years. Just the same, if you ever do think arrying—remember—I want you to [illegible] and [illegible] cure you."

Photo by William Shewell Ellis.

MRS. FRANK MILLBURN REES

Mrs. Rees was Miss Margaret Coryell Latta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Love Latta, of this city. Her marriage to Mr. Rees took place today.

St. John's Episcopal Church. Miss Logan will be given in marriage by her father. Miss May H. Logan will attend her sister as maid of honor. Gustav Evers will attend Mr. Maxwell as best man. A small reception will follow the ceremony for the two families. After a wedding journey, Mr. Maxwell and his bride will be at home at 66 East Bringhurst street, Germantown.

HOSTETTER—CONRAD

The marriage of Miss Winifred Marian Conrad, daughter of Mrs. A. B. Conrad, of Des Moines, Ia., and Mr. Van Vechten Hostetter will take place this evening in the Episcopal Church of the Holy Nativity, Fox Chase. The Rev. Hubbard Argo, rector of the church, will officiate. Miss Conrad will be attended by her mother, and Mr. Hostetter will have Mr. George Martin, of New York, as best man. The bride will wear a gown of white satin and she will wear the veil and slippers which were worn by her mother and sister at their weddings. After a wedding trip to Old Point Comfort Mr. and Mrs. Hostetter will live in Philadelphia.

FREY—WETHERSTINE

The marriage of Miss Anna Cunningham Wetherstine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wetherstine, of Hansberry and Newhall streets, Germantown, and Mr. Ralph Eugene Frey, of Ambler, took place at noon today in Calvary Episcopal Church, Germantown. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Franklin Smedley Moore, rector of the church. Mrs. Royal Mattison, of Ambler, was matron of honor. The bride wore a dark blue velour de laine suit trimmed with beaver and a large black picture hat trimmed with a paradise and carried orchids.

Mr. Frey was attended by Mr. Royal Mattison. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony at the Bellevue-Stratford. Mr. and Mrs. Frey will be at home after January 15 at 7 Highland avenue, Ambler.

HANNEVIG—NORBOM

The marriage of Miss Leila Norbom, daughter of Mr. Hakon E. Norbom, of 237 East Johnson street, Germantown, and Mr. Finn Hannevig, of New York and Norway, took place this morning at 11 o'clock in Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, McCallum and Tulpehocken streets, Germantown. The Rev. Charles Henry Arndt, rector of the church, officiated. A wedding breakfast followed at the Ritz-Carlton.

Miss Norbom, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a traveling suit and was attended by Miss Lillian Lee as maid of honor. Mr. Hannevig selected the bride's brother, Mr. Ralph Norbom as best man. After a wedding trip to San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Hannevig will be at home after December 1 at White Plains, N. Y.

What's Doing Tonight

Convention Pennsylvania State Baptist Association, Chestnut Street Church.

Convention International Union Ladies' Garment workers, Scottish Rite Hall.

Meeting Professional Photographers' Association, 1507 Walnut street.

Address, "Latin America: Its Economic and Engineering Possibilities," John Barrett, director general Pan-American Union, Witherspoon Hall.

Meeting Society of Arts and Letters, New Century Club; 8:15 o'clock.

Lecture, "Scientific Research in Relation to the Industries," Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, Franklin Institute; 8 o'clock.

County Medical Society, College of Physicians, Twenty-second and Ludlow streets; 8 o'clock.

Goldfish Fanciers' Society, 804 Girard avenue; 8 o'clock.

Open-air meeting of the Democratic party, Germantown avenue and Jefferson street; 8 o'clock. Free.

Meeting of the Engineers' Club, Witherspoon Hall; 8 o'clock.

Banquet in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of General George G. Meade Post, G. A. R., Union League; 8 o'clock.

Graduation of nurses, Mt. Sinai Hospital.

Alliance of Catholic Women, Catholic Girls' High School.

THE STORY THUS FAR

ALAIRE AUSTIN, mistress of Las Palmas, one of the finest ranches on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, and La Feria, across the Mexican border, is lost among the mesquite bushes when her horse falls and breaks a leg. After a terrible struggle she finally succeeds in reaching a water hole which she had passed earlier in the day.

DAVID LAW, a forest ranger and former soldier of fortune, is preparing his evening meal at the water hole when Alaire arrives. She is on the verge of collapse. He helps her to comfort and furnishes her with food from his meager supply.

ED AUSTIN, Alaire's husband, has dissipated his fortune and health. Alaire, opposed to divorce, lives in a section of the house apart from Ed. They seldom meet.

Law is waiting at the water hole for a Mexican who has committed murder. After the fugitive is captured, not until Panfilo Sanchez, one of Alaire's employes, has been shot, however, the ranger sees Alaire home in safety.

Alaire summons her counsel, Ellsworth, who also knows David Law well. Alaire leaves for La Feria, in Mexico, to see the extent of damage done by the Federal troops and to demand indemnity from their general, Longorio. He immediately falls violently in love with Alaire, and promises full reparation. Dolores, Alaire's maid, does not trust Longorio.

Dave Law, on a mission to discover who is responsible for thefts of cattle, calls upon Blaze Jones and his daughter Paloma, neighbors of the Austins. Dave suspects Ed Austin and Tad Lewis. Dave, Jones, Ricardo Guzman, who has lost a lot of cattle, and Ricardo's two sons start in search of the thieves.

After a long ride alone through the rain Dave comes upon two men in the act of branding the stolen cattle. He kills one and the other escapes. Only the nervous toss of Bessie Bell's head saves Law from death, as a bullet shatters the mare's skull and she drops dead under her rider. Pedro and Ricardo arrive on the scene.

CHAPTER X—(Continued)

LEWIS was a sandy-complexioned man of about forty, with colorless brows and a mean, shifty eye. Formerly a cowboy, he had by the exercise of some natural ability acquired a good property—and a bad reputation. Just how or why he had prospered was a mystery which his neighbors never tired of discussing.

Tad, it seemed, resented any interruption of his rest, and showed the fact plainly. Yes, he employed a fellow named Urbina. What was wanted of him?

Law explained briefly.

"Why, he's one of my best men!" laughed the rancher. "He wouldn't steal nothing."

"Well, I had to shoot another good man of yours," Dave said quietly.

Lewis fell back a step. "Which one? Who?" he inquired quickly.

"Pino Garza." Dave told of the meeting at the branding fire and its outcome. He was aware, meanwhile, that Lewis's family were listening, for behind a half-open bedroom door he could hear an excited whispering.

"Killed him the first shot, eh?" Tad was dumfounded. "Now I never thought Pino was that bad. But you never can tell about these Greasers, can you? They'll all steal if they get a chance. I let Pino go, 'bout a week back; but he's been hangin' around, aimin' to visit some of his relatives up in the brush country. It was probably one of them old Guzman saw. Anyhow, it couldn't of been Adolfo Urbina; he was over to Las Palmas all the afternoon."

"Did you send him there?"

"Sure. Ed Austin can tell you."

"Where is Urbina now?"

"I reckon he's asleep somewhere. We'll dig him up and talk to him, if you say so."

"Good."

Tad's willingness to co-operate with the officer, now that he understood the situation, was in marked contrast to the behavior of Austin.

In fact, his offer to help was almost too willingly given to suit Dave, who expected him to protest at being dragged out on such a night. No protest came, however; Lewis slipped into his boots and slicker, explaining meanwhile:

"I am sorry this play came up, for I don't want folks to think I got a gang of thieves workin' for me."

But Adolfo Urbina was nowhere to be found. No one had seen him since seven o'clock, nor could it be discovered where he was spending the night. Dave remembered that it had been about seven when he left Las Palmas, and ascertained, indirectly, that Tad had a telephone. On his way from Austin's Law had stopped at a rancho for a bite to eat, but he could not forgive himself for the delay if, as he surmised, Urbina had been warned by wire of his coming.

"That's too bad, ain't it?" Lewis said. "But he'll be around again in the morning, and I'll get him for you. You leave it to me."

There was plainly nothing to do but accept this offer, since it could avail nothing to wait here for Urbina's return. Unless the fellow gave himself up, he probably could not be found, now that the alarm was given, without a considerable search—in view of which Dave finally remounted his borrowed horse and rode away in the direction of Jonesville.

It was after daylight when he dismounted stiffly at Blaze's gate. He was wet to the skin and bespattered with mud; he had been almost constantly in the saddle for twenty-four hours, and Don Ricardo's cow-pony was almost exhausted.

Blaze and Paloma, of course, were tremendously interested in his story.

"Say, now, that's quick work," the latter exclaimed, heartily. "You're some thief-buster, Dave, and if you'll just stay here little calves can grow up with some comfort."

When Dave rode to Jonesville, after breakfast, he found that the body of his victim had been brought in during the night, and that the town was already buzzing with news of the encounter. During the forenoon Don Ricardo and his sons arrived, bringing additional information which they promptly imparted to the Ranger. The Guzmans were people of action. All three of them had spent the night on horseback, and Pedro had made a discovery. On the day previous Garza had been seen riding in company with a man astride a sorrel pony, and this man had been recognized as Adolfo Urbina. Pedro's witness would swear to it.

Their distance from Las Palmas at the time when they had been seen together proved, beyond question, that unless Urbina had flown he could not have arrived at the place in question by noon, the hour Ed Austin had fixed.

This significant bit of information, however, Dave advised the Guzmans not to make public for the time being.

Toward midday Tad Lewis and three of his men arrived with the news that Urbina had left for Pueblo before they could intercept him.

"He's got a girl up there, and he's gone to get married," Tad explained. "I'm sure sorry we missed him."

Dave smiled grimly at the speaker.

"Are you sure he didn't cross to the other side?" he asked.

Lewis retorted warmly, "Adolfo's an all-right hombre, and I'll back him. So'll Ed Austin. I guess me an' Ed are responsible, ain't we?" Some skeptical expression in his hearer's face prompted him to inquire, brusquely, "Don't you believe what I'm telling you about his goin' to Pueblo?"

"I guess he's gone—somewhere."

Tad uttered an angry exclamation. "Looks to me like you'd made up your mind to saddle this thing onto him whether he done it, or not. Well, he's a poor Mexican, but I won't stand to see him railroaded, and neither will 'Young Ed.'"

"No?"

"You heard me! Ed will alibi him complete."

Law answered, sharply: "You tell Ed Austin to go slow with his alibis. And you take this for what it's worth to you: I'm going to get all the cattle rustlers in this county—all of them, understand?"

Lewis flushed redly and sputtered: "If you make this stick with Adolfo, nobody 'll be safe. I reckon Urbina's word is as good as old Ricardo's. Everybody knows what he is."

Later when Dave met the Guzmans, Ricardo told him, excitedly, "That horse Tad Lewis is riding is the one I saw yesterday."

"Are you sure?"

"Listen, senor. Men in cities remember the faces they see; I have lived all my life among horses, and to me they are like men. I seldom forget."

"Very well. Tad says Urbina has gone to Pueblo to get married, so I'm going to follow him, and I shall be there when he arrives."

"Bueno! Another matter"—Ricardo hesitated—"your bonita—the pretty mare. She is buried deep."

"I'm glad," said Dave. "I think I shall sleep better for knowing that."

Since the recent rain had rendered the black valley roads impassable for automobiles, Dave decided to go to Pueblo by rail, even though it was a roundabout way, and that afternoon found him jolting over the leisurely miles between Jonesville and the main line. He was looking forward to a good night's sleep when he arrived at the junction; but on boarding the northbound through train he encountered Judge Ellsworth, who had just heard of the Garza killing, and of course was eager for details. The two men sat in the observation car talking until a late hour.

Knowing the judge for a man of honor and discretion, Dave unburdened himself with the utmost freedom regarding his suspicions of Ed Austin.

Ellsworth nodded. "Yes, Ed has thrown in with the Rebel junta in San Antone, and Tad Lewis is the man they use to run arms and supplies in this neighborhood. That's why he and Ed are so friendly. Urbina is probably your cattle thief, but he has a hold over Ed, and so he rode to Las Palmas when he was pursued, knowing that no jury would convict him over Austin's testimony."

"Do you think Ed would perjure himself?" Dave asked.

"He has gone clean to the bad lately; there's no telling what he'll do. I'd hate to see you crowd him, Dave."

"They call you the best lawyer in this county because you settle so many cases out of court." The judge smiled at this. "Well, here's a chance for you to do the county a good turn and keep Ed Austin out of trouble."

"How?"

"The prosecuting attorney is a new man, and he wants to make a reputation by breaking up the Lewis gang."

"Well?"

"He intends to cinch Urbina, on Ricardo's and my testimony. You're a friend of Austin's; you'd better tip him to set his watch ahead a few hours and save himself a lot of trouble. The prosecuting attorney don't like Ed any too well. Understand?"

The judge pondered this suggestion for

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

PIGS

Dear Children—Did you ever see a PIG? Back on the farm I was always interested in the pigs.

In the first place, a pig looks like an elephant, only he has no trunk.

In the second place, a pig is, to my mind, the very picture of contentment. His grunt is so expressive.

Many is the time I have been sent to chase the pigs out of the corn.

On the farm the pig is the emblem of trouble. Chickens may get in the garden, the horse may get in the garden, the dog may chase the chickens.

We forgive them!

But the pig—we never forgive him.

Did you ever notice a pig's tail? It is the dearest, cutest little tail you ever saw on a living animal.

The way to make pigs go FORWARD is to PULL THEIR TAILS.

If brother or sister teases you, if somebody teases you at school, remember Farmer Smith's talk about the pigs.

No one wants to tease some one who doesn't mind teasing!

Think of the pigs and laugh when some one tries to tease YOU. Your sincere friend,

FARMER SMITH, *Children's Editor.*

P. S.—Do pigs mind teasing? Write and tell me.

The Fairy in the Garden

By ELSIE ROBINSON, Wyncote.

One day Rose sat in the beautiful garden. She had been picking roses for her sick mother. Suddenly a pink fairy appeared sitting on a rose.

"Who are you?" asked Rose.

"I am a Rose Fairy," said the pretty fairy, "and I came to tell you that I love all the children who love my flowers, and that those who make others happy by giving my roses away shall always receive a visit from the fairies."

"Oh!" cried Rose, "what is that noise?" For as the fairy ceased speaking a queer sound like the whirr of wings was heard.

"That!" answered the fairy, "why, that was the fairies of the other flowers going back to Fairyland."

"To Fairyland!" exclaimed Rose. "Oh, no, they aren't, for here they come." As she spoke the fairies flew around her and finally settled down on the flowers before her.

"This," said the Rose Fairy, pointing to a white fairy, "this is the Fairy Band. The others you will know by their dress, except this one," pointing to a blue fairy, "and she is the fairy of love and charity."

"Yes," said Blue, "I find the poor, sick and crippled children. Then I tell good children, like you, how to find them and brighten their lives with flowers and a happy little face. Always keep your smiles at hand, my dear, and also your pleasant words and sympathy, and now good-by." As she finished, the fairies disappeared and Rose sat alone in the garden.

The Rule of Love

By ARTHUR ROSEN, N. 7th St.

Love your father and your mother,
And your sister and your brother.
Never growl at one another.
Love the pupils in the schools.
Love the teacher with her rules.

FARMER SMITH,

I wish to become a member 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.

Name ....

Address ....

Age ....

JIMMY MONKEY PERSUADES!!!

By Farmer Smith

Mrs. Monkey had no sooner safely tucked Jimmy in bed and gone down stairs than that mischievous fellow poked his head out from under the bed clothes and peeked all around.

No one was near. All was quiet and still. Then Jimmy Monkey did a strange thing—he got up and dressed and—scooted out the window and down the porch post and was GONE!

Quicker than you can say "Jack Rabbit" by the clock he was over at the Baby Baboon's house. The little fellow was seated on the porch counting pennies, which he had taken from his tiny bank.

"Oh, Baby! oh, Baby! Do something for me. I am going to be killed—I know it—please—please SAVE ME!"

"What is all this about?" asked the Baby. "Calm yourself, Jimmy."

"I—I upset Doctor Baboon's hat and—and mother found it out, AND she sent for Doctor Baboon and mother put me in bed and——"

"Are you in bed now?" asked the Baby.

"Oh, don't be funny. I tell you it's serious. I will give you five cents—think of it! Five cents in good money if you will go over and get in my bed. You know they will not do anything to YOU. Please, Baby, will you do this for me?"

"I suppose I will have to," replied the Baby Baboon. "Five cents is a lot of money. If I get killed will you give me ten cents?"

"What good would ten cents do you if you were dead?" asked Jimmy.

"What am I to do?" The Baby Baboon put his money back in his bank. "Won't they know I am not you? What will they do to me?"

The question came so fast Jimmy hardly knew what to answer.

"Just come along with me," said Jimmy.

"Your persuasive powers are good," replied the Baby.

When they got to Jimmy's back porch he helped the Baby Baboon to climb up, and even went into his own room and tucked the Baby Baboon in.

Then he scooted just in time to see Doctor Baboon's automobile coming down the road.

Things to Know and Do

Question — Conundrum: When people enter a moving picture theater and are told to "take a back seat" what do they take?

a moment. "'Young Ed' is a queer fellow. Once in a while he gets his neck bowed."

"So do I," Law declared, quietly. "He treated me like a hobo—sent me to the kitchen for a hand-out. That sticks. If I hadn't tamed down considerably these late years, I'd have—wound him up, right there."

From beneath his drooping lids Ellsworth regarded the Ranger curiously. "You have a bad temper, haven't you?"

"Rotten!"

"I know. You were a violent boy. I've often wondered how you were getting along. How do you feel when you're—that way?"

It was the younger man's turn to hesitate. "Well, I don't feel anything when I'm mad," he confessed. "I'm plumb crazy, I guess. But I feel plenty bad afterward."

There was a flicker of the judge's eyelids.

Dave went on musingly: "I dare say it's inherited. They tell me my father was the same. He was—a killer."

"Yes. He was all of that."

"Say! Was he my father?"

Ellsworth started. "What do you mean?"

Dave lifted an abstracted gaze from the Pullman carpet. "I hardly know what I mean, Judge. But you've had hunches, haven't you? Didn't you ever know that something you thought was true wasn't true at all? Well, I never felt as if I had Frank Law's blood in me."

"This is interesting!" Ellsworth stirred and leaned forward. "Whatever made you doubt it, Dave?"

"Um-m. Nothing definite. That's what's so unsatisfactory. But, for instance, my mother was Mexican——"

"Spanish."

"All right. Am I Spanish? Have I any Spanish blood in me?"

"She didn't look Spanish. She was light-complexioned, for one thing. We both know plenty of people with a Latin strain in them who look like Anglo-Saxons. Isn't there anything else?"

"Nothing I can lay my finger on, except some kid fancies and—that hunch I spoke about."

Ellsworth sat back with a deep breath. "You were educated in the North, and your boyhood was spent at school and college, away from everything Mexican."

"That probably accounts for it," Law agreed; then his face lit with a slow smile. "By the way, don't tell Mrs. Austin that I'm a sort of college person. She thinks I'm a red-neck, and she sends me books."

Ellsworth laughed silently. "Your talk is to blame, Dave. Has she sent you 'The Swiss Family Robinson'?"

"No. Mostly good, sad romances with an uplift—stories full of lances at rest, and Willie-boys in tin sweaters. Life must have been mighty interesting in olden days, there was so much loving and killing going on. The good women were always beautiful, too, and the villains never had a redeeming trait. It's a shame how human nature has got mixed up since then, isn't it? There isn't a 'milady' in all those books who could bust a cow-pony or run a ranch like Las Palmas. Say, Judge, how'd you like to have to live with a perfect lady?"

"Don't try your damned hog-Latin on me," chided the lawyer. "Alaire Austin's romance is sadder than any of those novels."

Dave nodded. "But she doesn't cry about it." Then he asked, gravely: "Why didn't she pick a real fellow, who'd kneel and kiss the hem of her dress and make a man of himself? That's what she wants—love and sacrifice, and lots of both. If I were Ed Austin I'd wear her glove in my bosom and treat her like those queens in the stories. Incense and adoration and——"

"What's the matter with you?" queried the judge.

"I guess I'm lonesome."

"Are you smitten with that girl?"

Dave laughed. "Maybe! Who wouldn't be? Why doesn't she divorce that bum—she could do it easy enough—and then marry a chap who could run Las Palmas for her?"

"A man about six feet three or four," acidly suggested the judge.

"That's the picture I have in mind."

"You think you could run Las Palmas?"

"I wouldn't mind trying."

"Really?"

"Foolish question number three."

"You must never marry," firmly declared the older man. "You'd make a bad husband, Dave."

"She ought to know how to get along with a bad husband by this time."

Both men had been but half serious. Ellsworth knew his companion's words carried no disrespect; nevertheless, he said, gravely:

"If you ever think of marrying I want you to come to me. Promise?"

"I'll do it—on the way back from church."

"No. On the way to church. I'll have something to tell you."

safe fro years. Just the same, if y of marrying—remember—I want to come to me—and I'll cure you."

CHAPTER XI
LONGORIO MAKES BOLD

Upon her arrival at La Feria Alaire discovered that the Federal depredations had been even greater than she had feared. Not only had the soldiers taken a great many head of cattle, but they had virtually cleared the ranch of horses, leaving scarcely enough with which to carry on the work.

Alaire's hacienda comprised a hundred thousand acres or more—lacking a thorough survey, she had never determined exactly how much land she really owned—and the property fronted upon a stream of water. In any other country it would have been a garden of riches, but agriculture was well nigh impossible in northern Mexico. For several years now the instability of the Government had precluded any plan of development, and, in consequence, the fields were out of cultivation and cattle grazed over the moist bottom lands, belly deep in grass. The entire ranch had been given over to pasture, and even now, after Alaire had sold off much of her stock because of the war, the task of accurately counting what remained required a longer time than she had expected, and her visit lengthened.

However, life in the roomy, fortress-like adobe house was pleasant enough. Dolores saw to her mistress's wants, and the regular inhabitants of La Feria were always extravagantly glad to make their employer welcome.

They were a simple, mirth-loving, industrious people, little concerned over the war, so long as they were unmolested, but obviously relieved to see Alaire because of their recent fright at the incursion of Longorio's troops.

In the work that now went forward Jose Sanchez took a prominent part. For once in his life he was a person of recognized importance. Not only was he the right hand of the owner of La Feria, but the favor of that redoubtable general, the hero of a hundred tales, rested upon his shoulders like a mantle. Jose's extravagant praises of the Federal commander, together with the daily presence of the military guard, forcibly brought home to the ranch-dwellers the fact that war was actually going on, and that Luis Longorio was, indeed, a man of flesh and blood, and no myth. This realization caused a ripple of excitement to stir the peons' placid lives.

And yet in the midst of his satisfaction Sanchez confessed to one trouble. He had expected to find his cousin, Panfilo, here, and the fact that nothing whatever had been heard from him filled him with great uneasiness. Of course, he came to Alaire, who told him of seeing Panfilo at the water hole on the day after her husband had discharged him; but that information gave Jose little comfort, since it proved nothing as to his cousin's present whereabouts. Alaire thought best not to tell him the full circumstances of that affair. Believing that Panfilo would turn up at La Feria in due time, she gave little heed to Jose's dark threats of vengeance for any injury to his relative.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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