## VERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

# THE SECRET WITNESS OH, MONEY, MONEY!

led into the hole among the side him, and there for on the stairs he held her in they listened again for

Hugh-whatever it isin the darkness. A was worth fighting for.

he whispered, "we

here?"

armory—come!" And she
way up the stair. But as they
the hall, Ena hobbled down the
alrway from above, shrieking,
wherself at their feet. They
make out what she said, but
rushed to the door and peered
and the postern. Upon the flagfigure lay motionless, and the
an was nowhere to be seen. But
han that, as though aware of
trantage, in the causeway betered men were advancing, bear-

figure lay motionless, and the figure lay motionless, and the figure lay motionless, and the figure lay motion that, as though aware of within that, as though aware of within that, as though aware of within the situation hurricity and he quickly. for delay would be as he reloaded the clip of his like he ordered quickly. There are minks, I have a plan. There are within the figure of the stair—not the figure of the stair—in the figure of the stair—in the sy you can. Bring them here, too leave, You and Ena must bring up here. Then get what loaded as you can. Bring them here, too leaves, the stair—in the sy you can. Bring them here, too leaves the stair of t

a moment he learned. For as Renapproached, the men upon the other succeeded in spanning the abyss, no of them rushed over. When the ras halfway across a shot rang out the gate and the man on the swayed and fell. Another followed another shot rang out, but the still came on.

spother shot rang out, the trill came on.

wick, running forward, shouted
of encouragement. He saw the
farl rise from his concealment
the fellow just as he reached
ate, striking him a blow which
him lose his balance and fail.

he swung the end of the timber
to the protection of the gate, sevtashes darted from the causeway
is chauffeur staggered and dropped
to upon his face just as Renwick
him.

him.

If orders, Herr Hauptmann," he

"But they're too many—my

see— are gone—" He turned

groan, and for the first time saw

the face. "You" he mut"You're not—" he mut"You're not—" am. Are

doesn't matter who I am. Are

dip hurt?"

desn't matter who I am. Are diverged by hurt?"

I'm done for."

I'm done for."

I'm done for."

Innyick stepped past him and toophole through which he ich what was passing upon the so of the abyss.

ast disaster had robbed the beof some of their enthusiasm. for a withdrawn to the other end of way where they were holding searching the shadows of the sans of any others concealed hand. Renwick took the chance ing the gate unguarded, and in dow of the wall rushed back to it. There he found Marishka two joists, waiting for him. The withdrawn," he said, "but sooming on again in a moment.

there he found Marishka two joists, waiting for him. The withdrawn," he said, "but soming on again in a moment. Alone, dear, to defend the gate help?"

"As deathly pale, but she smiled bravely. He picked up the two and carried them outside while lowed him, listening.

In one side of the gate, I on the first first first first gate, but Ena was afraid to moit."

"An you load them?"

"There were thousands upon thousands of dusky birds hastening to their rookery after a day of hunting. They made a swift-flowing aerial stream that seemed endless. We to the farmer upon whose shocked corn descended that dark, destroying cloud. Woe, also, to the young, weak birds that fell in their path if the crows," came a challenging hoot from the come. Beside him, the man breathing with difficulty, From at the loophole. Renwick heard the and as the road was still listened.

"Renwick—the Englishman?" read horsely."

Herr Hauptmann Goritz?"

Lead." replied Renwick.

"Herr Hauptmann Goritz?"

Lead." replied Renwick.

"The sead." replied Renwick."

"The procession was speeding rapidly across the calm evening sky.

"The Crow army homeward bound:"

"The Crow army homeward bound:"

"The crow army homeward bound:"

"The were thousands upon thousands of dusky birds hastening to their rookery after a day of hunting. They made a swift-flowing aerial stream that seemed endless. We to the farmer upon whose shocked corn descended that dark, destroying cloud. Woe, also, to the young, weak birds that fell in their path if the crows," came a challenging hoot from the crows," came a challenging hoot from the come. Beside him, the man breathing with difficulty, From a the loophole. Renwick heard and as the road was still listened.

"The rime are rifles.

"There were thousands upon the service thousands upon thousands upon thousands upon thousan

He heard the giggle and scowled dawn at her.

"Princess Peggy, arise" he hooted.

"The time has come to strike! This night you are to lead my forces against the dastardly Crows!"

That put an entirely different face upon the matter for Peggy It was funny for Brownie Owl to challenge the thousands of Crows, but it wasn't a bit funny for him to drag her into it.

"(Why should I lead your forces?" she asked indignantly. Herr Hauptmann Goritz?"
s dead," replied Renwick.
danke," said the man. It is odded forward, toppled sideways with the way of the work of the with Marishka upon one side on the other armed with the would be difficult for the attorned to set a lodgment for their for the stone outside the gate a mooth, and little effort would lived to push their timbers down tronmeyer and Karl had lost the exposing themselves unnecessing themselves unnecession to the state of the s on was desperate, and yet commeyer and Karl had lost ess exposing themselves unneces. But with the two joists, both the gate could be commanded. sement, creeping under the pro-the wall, Marishka joined him two rifles. they coming?" she asked.

hey coming?" she asked.

R XXVII (Continued) | He explained his plan more fully, then | firing had ceased for the moment, as he with what I already had, and with what I already had already had, and with what I already had already had already had already had already had alr bade her go back for another rifle, ammunition; and return in the protection

of the opposite wall to the post opposite. "They can do nothing unless they cried triumphantly. They've gone back confidently. —I see no timbers. They've doing somebring artillery," he said confidently.
"Don't expose yourself or look out, but if a plank comes over, push it down."

She smiled and slipped away into the darkness, and Renwick returned to his loophole. The sky above was getting lighter, and a glance up the mountain side to his left showed it already in clear profile against the lightening east, which announced the coming of the dawn. And with the dawn—light was this what the attackers were waiting for?

He saw the gray figure of Marishka bring artillery," he said confidently. uit along the dark passage. if a plank comes over, push it down." which announced the coming of the dawn. And with the dawn—light. Was this what the attackers were waiting for?

crypt, where they lighted orden again, and now, they heard the sound of a way at her post, crouched in safety have not won through yet.
" he said. "My cause is now. We must hold the gate." hole in a draid," she said. "We can sed at her pale face in admirating fire of resolution glowed in the fire of resolution glowed in again.

In a moment, as the light grew, he warned fire of resolution glowed in the muttered grimly, "we can And then, "Are there any se?"

And then, "Are there any se?"

The warning came just in time, for a fusiliade of buillets swept the gate and they heard the sounds of many and they heard the sounds of t

"Because Herr Hauptman Goritz is dead."
"Dead? What assurances can I have that this is the truth?"
"You have only to look at the foot of the cliff below.
The two men consulted for a moment and then Herr Windt's voice was heard. "Is Countess Strahni there?"
"Yes—and quite safe."
"And who are you?"
"My name is Hugh Renwick, Herr Windt...."
"Renwick—the Englishman....." he

"Keep under cover—" he shouted, as another timber came across." This one was better cast and lodged squarely upon the stone lintel. They both shoved at its end, but a man's weight already upon it made their task difficult.

weight already upon it made their task difficult.

"It is on my side Push, Marishka!"

He almed his automatic past the edge of the gatepost and shot the man—an Austrian soldier—just as he sprang for the landing, He fell upon the stone, hung to the timber a moment, and fell. Renwick sprang further out and empited his clip at the next man, who gave a cry and dropped. Renwick feit a stinging blow on his left arm, but before another man began to cross Marishka managed to shove the timber clear and it fell into the abyss below.

They were safe for the moment. He looked at Marishka in the gathering light. She was pale as death, but she did not show fear.

"All right?" he asked anxiously.

"All right?" he asked anxiously.
"Yes—yes," she gasped, "and you?"
"Never better."

CHAPTER I

Brownie Owl on the Warpath (In a previous adventure Peggy

has rescued Brownie Owl from a claybank where he has been walled

His arm burned like a live coal, but the madness of battle was in his blood and he did not care—so long as Mar-ishka did not know of his injury. The

He paused, pulled a small notebook from his pocket and consulted it. from his pocket and consulted it.

There are two sons and a daughter, children of Rufus Blaisdell. Rufus died years ago, and his widow married a man by the name of Duff. But she's dead now. The elder son is Frank Blaisdell. He keeps a grocery store. The other is James Blaisdell. He works in a real estate office. The daughter, Flora, never married. She's about forty-two or three, I believe, and does dressmaking. James Blaisdell has a son. Fred, seventeen, and two younger children. Frank Blaisdell has one daughter, Mellicent. That's the extent of my knowledge at present. But it's enough for our purpose."

"Oh, anything's enough—for your pur-se! What are you going to do first?" For reply Renwick thrust the muzzle of his rifle further through the loophole. "In the name of the Emperor of Austria. I command you to deliver Herr Hauptmann Leo Goritz."

Hauptmann Leo Goritz."
Renwick laughed madly.
"I regret that that is impossible."
"I beg that you will listen to reason.
Austrian troops are all about you. You cannot resist by daylight. If you will deliver the person of Herr Hauptmann Goritz and Countess Strahni, we will leave you in peace." Goritz and Countess Strahni, we will leave you in peace."

Renwick paused. Far below in the valley to his right, a new sound broke the stillness of the early morning—rifle-fire close at hand, rapid volleys, and then a scattering of shots which echoed with a new significance up the mountain side. He peered through one of the crenelations of the rampart beside him and could just see through the morning mists the moving mass of rushing men—horses—guns in mad confusion. "I came in today to make a business appointment for tomorrow, please. A man starting on such a hazardous journey must be prepared, you understand. I want to leave my affairs in such shape that you will know exactly what to do—in emergency. I may come tomorrow?"

Windt—" he Englishman—" he heard him gasp.
"Precisely. And if you're going to

"Renwick—the Englishman— he heard him gasp.
"Precisely. And if you're going to take this gate, you'd better be in a hurry about it, for the Russians are approaching.
"Then you refuse?"
"Positively."

CONTINUED TOMORROW

o miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better therefore, telephone or write to the

Circulation Department or ask your newsdealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at

"OLD KING CROW"

WILLIAM.

"Your chariot awaits, Princess!"

ooked very formidable in spite of the

. . .

Ing men—norses—guis in hand of fusion.
"Well, what is your reply?" came the voice of the Austrian officer.
Renwick laughed again.
"Why should you leave us in peace if you can take the drawbridge?" he shouted.
"Hauntmann Goritz is wanted on the tion.
"Oh, hang it all—yes. Of course, you may come. Tomorrow at ten—if they don't shut you up before."

"Hauptmann Goritz is wanted on the charge of murder. I give you this chance. Will you take it?" "I regret that it is impossible," replied Renwick.
"Why?"
"Because Herr Hauptman Goritz is

## CHAPTER II Enter Mr. John Smith

TT WAS on the first warm evening in early June that Miss Flora Blaisdell crossed the common and turned down the street that led to her brother James's

home.

The common marked the center of Hillerton. Its spacious green lawns and elm-shaded walks were the pride of the town. There was a trellised band-stand for summer concerts, and a tiny pond that accommodated a few boats in summer and a limited number of skaters in winter. Perhaps, most important of all, the common divided the piebelan East Side from the more pretentious West. James Blaisdell lived on the West Side. His wife said that every-body did who was anybody. They had lately moved there and were, indeed.

Miss Blaisdell did dressmaking. Her home was a shabby little rented cottage on the East Side. She was a thin-faced little woman with an anxious frown and near-sighted, peering eyes that seemed always to be looking for

She had been only twice to her brother's new home, and she was not sure that new home, and she was not sure that the whome, and she was not sure that the whome, and she was not sure that the street was still slight with the last rays of the setting sun. Suddenly across her worried face flashed a relieved smile.

"Well, if you ain't all here out on the body are constant to the street of the cornate was still grand."

"Oh, yes, it's grand, all right," nodded the tirtle-looking man in the big chair, removing his feet from the railing. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and was smoking a pipe. The droop of his thin mustache mached the form of the contraction of

"Of course it isn't too grand, Jim, and you know it. There aren't any really nice houses in Hillerton except the Pennocks' and the Gaylord place. There, sit here, Flora. You look tired." "Thanks. I be—turrible tired. Warm, too, ain't it?" The little dressmaker began to fan berself with the hat she had taken off. "My. 't is fur over here, ain't it? Not much like 't was when you lived right 'round the corner from me! And I had to put on a hat and gloves, too, Someway. I thought I ought to—over here."

Condescendingly the bepuffed head threw an approving nod in her direction. "Quite right, Flora. The East Side is different from the West Side, and no mistake. And what will do there won't mistake. And what will do there won't do here at all, of course."

"How about father's shirt-sleeves?"

It was a scornful gibe from Bessie in the hammock. "I don't notice any of the rest of the men around here sitting out like that."

"Bessie!" chided her mother wearily.

out like that."

"Bessie!" chided her mother wearily.
"You know very well I'm not to bizine far what your father wears. I've tried hard enough, I'm sure!"

"Well, well, Hattie," sighed the man, with a gesture of abandonment. "I supposed I still had the rights of a freeborn American chizen in my own home; but it seems I haven't." Resignedly he got

to his feet and went into the house. When he returned a moment later he was wearing a coat:

was wearing a coat:

Benny, perched precariously on the veranda railing, gave a sudden indignant snort. Benny was eight, the youngest of the family.

"Well, I don't think I like it here, anyhow," he chafed. "I'd rather ko back an' live where we did. A feller can have some fun there. It hasn't heen anything but 'Here, Banny, you mustn't do that over here, you mustn't do that over here!' ever since, we came. I'm going nome an' live with Aunt Floia. Say, cat't I, Aunt Flo?"

"Bless the child'. Or course you can." "Bless the child! Or course you can," beamed his aunt. "But you won't want to. I'm sure. Why. Benny, I think it's perfectly lovely here." "Pa don't."

"Indeed I do, Benny," corrected his father, hastily. "It's very nice indeed here, of course. But I don't think we can afford it. We had to squeeze every

"You'll earn it, just being here-more business," asserted his wife firmly. "anyhow, we've just got to be here, Jim! We owe it to ourselves and our family. Look at Fred tonight!" "Oh, yes, where is Fred?" queried M'ss Flora.
"He's over to Gussie Pennock's, playing tennis," interposed Bessie, with a pout. "The mean old thing wouldn't ask me!"

"Yes, that's exactly it," triumphed the mother. "Her turn will come—if we live here. Do you suppose Fred would have got an invitation to Gussie Pennock's if we'd still been living on the East Side? Not much he would! Why, Mr. Pennock's worth fifty thou-

then. "I am a genealogist."

"What's that?" It was an eager question from Benny on the veranda railing. "Pa isn't anything, but ma's a Congregationalist."

"Hush, child! protested a duet of feminine voices softly; but the stranger, apparently ignoring the interruption, continued speaking.

"I am gathering material for a book on the Blaisdell family."

"The Blaisdell, with cordial interest.

"Yes." bowed the other. "It is my purpose to remain some time in your town. I am told there are valuable records here, and an old burying-ground of particular interest in this connection. The neighboring towns, too, have much Blaisdell data, I understand. As I said, I am intending to make this place my

of particular interest in this connection. The neighboring towns, too, have much Blaisdell data, I understand. As I said, I am intending to make this place my headquarters, and I am looking for an attractive boarding-place. Mr. Chalmers was good enough to refer me to you."

"To ush-for a boarding-place!" There was an unmistakable frown on Mrs. James D. Blaisdell's countenance as she said the words. "Well, I'm sure I don't see why he should. We don't keep boarders!"

"But, Hattie, we could," interposed her husband eagerly. "There's that big front room that we don't need a bit. And it would help a lot if—" At the wrathful warning in his wife's eyes he fell back silenced.

"I said that we didn't keep boarders."

"I shank you. Mr. Blaisdell," he said. "I shank you. Mr. Blaisdell," he said." "I shank you. Mr. Blaisdell," he said.

pout. "The mean old thing wouldn't ask me!"

"But, Hattie, we could," interposed her husband eagerly. "There's that big front room that we don't need a bit. And it would help a lot if—" At the wrathful warning in his wife's eyes he fell back silenced.

"I said that we didn't keep boarders," reterated the lady distinctly. "Further-reterated the lady distinctly. "Further-reterated the lady distinctly."

James Blaisdell," he murmured hesitatingly

Something in the stranger's deferential mainer sent a warm glow of importance to the woman's heart. Mrs. Blaisdell was suddenly reminded that the was Mrs. James D. Blaisdell of the West Side.

I am Mrs. Blaisdell," she replied a bit pompously. "What can we do for you, my good man?" She swelled again, half unconsciously. She had never called that a person "my good man" before. She rather liked the experience.

The man on the steps coughed slightly behind his hand—a sudden spasmodic liltie cough. Then very gravely he reached into his pocket and produced a letter.

"From Mr. Robert Chalmers—a note to your husband," he bowed, presenting the letter.

"From Mr. Robert Chalmers—a note to your husband," he bowed, presenting the letter.

"A look of gratified surprise came into the woman's face.

"Mr. Robert Chalmers, of the First "Mrs. Gobert Chalmers, of the First "Mrs. Gobert Chalmers, of the First "Mrs. Robert Chalmers, of the First Robert Chalmers, of the Robert Blaisdell was suddenly reminded that the was Mrs. James D. Blaisdell of the West Side.

I am Mrs. Blaisdell, "she replied a bit pompously. "What can we do for you, my good man?" She swelled again, after proposely and the process of the purpose, the murrent should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should not do at all wish to buspose, the murrent is should

aisdell. Mr. Smith, mith." (Glancing at the openis hand.) "He is sent to us by Mr. Is hand.) "He is sent to us by Mr. Is hand.) "Yes, thank you. Mr. Chaimers was so kind." Still with that deference so delightfully heart-warming, the newcomer bowed low to the ladies, and made his way to the offered chair. "I will explain at once my business," he said then. "I am a genealogist." "No, but she's so near like one, and she's a splendid cook. and—" "Well. I sh'n't send him to Maggie." cut in Mrs. James D. Blaisdell with emphasis. "Poor Maggie's got quite enough on her hands, as it is, with that father of hers. Besides, she isn't a Blaisdell at all." "And she couldn't come and cook and care of us near so much, either, sunged in Benny. "If she

Blaisdell at all."

"And she couldn't come and cook and take care of us near so much, either, could she," plunged in Benny, "if she ke took this man ter feed?"

"That will do, Benny," admonished his mother, with nettled dignity. "You forget that children should be seen and just now somewhat sterniy inquiring, as they were bent upon himself.

"Yes'm. But, please, can't I be heard just, a minute for this? Why don't ye as minute for this? Why don't ye as minute for this? Why don't ye as minute for this? The very thing!" cried Miss Flora Blaisdell. "I wouldn't wonder a mite if they did."

"Yes, I was thinking of them," nodded her sister-in-law. "And they're always of lad of a little help—especially Jane."

"Anybody should be." observed Mr. James Blaisdell quietly.

"Anybody should be." observed Mr. James Blaisdell quietly.

"In the dim hallway Mr. Smith saw a tall, angular woman with graying dark hair and high cheek bones. Her eyes were keen and just now somewhat sterniy inquiring, as they were bent upon himself.

Perceiving that Benny considered his mission as master of ceremonies at an end. Mr. Smith hastened to explain. "I came from your husband's brother, madam. He—er—sent me. He thought perhaps you had a room that I could have."

"Yes, I was thinking of them," nodded her sister-in-law. "And they're always of lad of a little help—especially Jane."

"Anybody should be." observed Mr. James Blaisdell quietly.

"Only the heightened color in his wife's theeks showed that she had heard—and

"I thank you. Mr. Blaisdell," he said, "and you, ladies. I shall hope to see you again soon. I am sure you can help me, if you will, in my work. I shall want to ask—some questions."

"Certainly, sir, certainly! We shall be glad to see you," promised his host. "Come any time, and ask all the questions you want to."

"And we shall be so interest."

"I thank you, "murmured Mr. Smith, stepping across the threshold.

Benny had already reached the door at the end of the hall, The woman began to tug at her apron strings.

"I hope you'll excuse my gingham apron, Mr.—er—Smith. Wasn't that the name?"

"Yes." The man howe?

"I thank you, Mr. Blaisdell," he said, Benny had already reached the door at the end of the hall, The woman began to tug at her apron strings.

"I hope you'll excuse my gingham apron, Mr.—er—Smith. Wasn't that the name?"

"Yes." The man howe?

man deeply.
"Well, mercy me. I must be going,"

By EDWINA

By Eleanor H. Porter

was palpable even to eight-year-old Benny.

"Oh, you don't need ter worry." he hastened to explain. "She won't starve ye'; only she won't let ye waste anythin.' You'll have ter eat all the crusts to yer pie, and finish 'taters before you can get any puddin', an' all that, ye know. Ye see, she's great on savin'—Aunt Jane is. She says waste is a sinful extravagance before the Lord."
"Indeed." Me Smith laughed outright.

The Small Boy at the Keyhole

At THE top of the stairs Benny tried to open the door, but as it did not give at his pressure, he knocked lustily, and called "Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane!"

Ten't this the bell?" hazarded Mr. Smith, his finger almost on a small pushbutton near him.

"Yep, but it don't go now. Uncho Frank wanted it fixed, but Aunt Jane said no; knockin' was just as good, an't was lots cheaper, cause 't would save mendin', and didn't use any 'lectricity. But Uncle Frank says..."

The door opened abruptly, and Benny interrupted himself to give eager greeting.

"Hullo, Aunt Jane! I've brought you somebody. He's Mr. Smith. An'you'll be glad. You see if yer ain't!"

In the dim hallway Mr. Smith saw a

"Most certainty!"

"Oh!" She softened visibly and stepped back. "Well, I don't know. I never have—but that isn't saying I couldn't, of course. Come in. We can talk it over. That doesn't cost anything. Come in; this way, please." As she finished speaking she stepped to the low-burning gas jet and turned it carefully to give a little more light down the narrow hallway.

"Thank you." murmured Mr Smith.

"Certainly, sir, certainly! We shall be glad to see you," promised his host. "Come any time, and ask all the questions you want to."

"And we shall be so interested," fluttered Miss Flora. "T've always wanted to know about father's folks. And are you a Blaisdell, too?"

There was the briefest of pauses. Mr. Smith coughed again twice behind his hand. "Er—ah—oh. yes, I may say that I am. Through my mother I am descended from the original immigrant, Ebenezer Blaisdell."

"Immigrant!" exclaimed Miss Flora. "An immigrant!" Mrs. James Blaisdell spoke the word as if her tongue were a pair of tongs that had picked up a noxious viper.

"Yes, but not exactly as we commonly regard the term nowadays," smiled Mr. Smith. "Mr. Ebenezer Blaisdell months of the family had been a fairing sputter of flame.

"Yes." The man bowed with a smile. "I thought that was what Benny said. Well, as I was saying. I hope you'll excuse this apron." Her fingels were fumbling with the knot at the back. "I take it off, mostly, when the bell rings, evenings or afternoons; but I heard Benny, and I didn't suppose 't was anybody but him. There, that's better!" With a jerk she switched off the dark blue apron hung it over her arm and smoothed down the spotless white apron which had been beneath the blue. The next instant she hurried after Benny with a warning cry. "Careful, child, careful! Oh. Benny, you're always in such a hurry!"

"Yes, but not exactly as we commonly regard the term nowadays," smiled Mr. Smith. "Mr. Ebenezer Blaisdell become a flaring sputter of flame."

"There, child, what did I tell you?" With a frown Mrs. Blaisdell reduced the

"There, child, what did I tell you?"
With a frown Mrs. Blaisdell reduced the flaring light to a moderate flame and motioned Mr. Smith to a chair. Before she scated herself, however, she went back into the hall to lower the gas there. back into the hall to lower the gas there. During her momentary absence the man Smith, looked about him, and as he looked he pulled at his collar. He felt suddenly a choking, suffocating sensation. He still had the curious feeling of trying to catch his breath when the woman came back and took the chair facing him. In a moment he knew why he felt so suffocated—it was because that nowhere could he see an object that was not wholly or partially covered with some other object or that was not serving as a cover itself.

The flyor bore innumerable small rugs,

with some other object of that was not serving as a cover itself.

The flaor bore innumerable small rugs, one before each chair, each door and the fireplace. The chairs themselves and the sofa were covered with gray linen slips, which, in turn, were protected by numerous squares of lace and worsted of generous size. The green silk spread on the plano was nearly hidden beneath a linen cover, and the table showed a succession of layers of silk, worsted and linen, topped by crocheted mats, on which rested several books with paperenveloped covers. The chandeller, mirror and picture frames gleamed duly from behind the mesh of pink mosquito netting. Even through the doorway into the hall might be seen the long red-bordered white linen path that carried pretection to the carpet beneath.

"I don't like gas myself." (With a

tection to the carpet beneath.

"I don't like gas myself." (With a start the man pulled himself together to listen to what the woman was saying.) "I-think it's a foolish extravagance, when kerosene is so good and so cheap; but my husband will have it, and Meilicent, too, in spite of anything I say—Mellicent's my daughter. I tell'em if we were rich, it would be different, of course. But this is neither here nor there, nor what you came to talk about! Now just what is it that you want, sir?"

"I want to board here, if I may."
"How long?"
"A year—two years, perhaps, if we are mutually satisfied."
"What do you do for a living?"

"A year—two years, pernaps, if we are mutually satisfied."

"What do you do for a living?"

Smith coughed suddenly. Before he could catch his breath to answer Benny had jumped into the breach.

"He sounds something like a Congregationalist, only he ain't that. Aunt Jane, and he ain't after money for missionaries, either."

Jane Blaisdell smiled at Benny indulgently. These she sighed and shook her head.

"You know, Benny, very well, that nothing would suit Aunt Jane better than to give money to all the missionaries in the world, if she only had it to give!" She sighed again as she turned to Mr. Smith, "You're working for some church, then, I take it."

Mr. Smith gave a quick gesture of dissent.

"I am a genealogist, madam, in a

dissent a genealogist, madam, in a small way. I am collecting data for a book on the Blaisdell family."
"Oh!" Mrs. Blaisdell frowned slightly. The look of cold disapproval came back to her eyes. "But who pays you? We couldn't take the book. I'm sure.



pose? What are you going to do first?"
"I've done it. You'll soon be reading in your morning paper that Mr. Stanley G. Fulton, the somewhat eccentric multi-millionaire, is about to start for South America, and that it is hinted he is planning to finance a gigantic exploring expedition. The accounts of what he's going to explore will vary all the way from Inea antiquities to the source of the Amazon. I've done a lot of talking today and a good deal of cautioning as to secrecy, etc. It ought to bear fruit by tomorrow, or the day after, at the latest. I'm going to start next week, and I'm really going exploring, too—though not exactly as they think.
"I came in today to make a busi-

The lawyer hesitated, his face an odd

With a boyish laugh Mr. Stanley G. Fulton leaped to his feet. "Thanks. Tomorrow at ten, then." At the door he turned back jauntily. "And, say, Ned, what'll you bet I don't grow fat and young over this thing? What'll you bet I don't get so I can eat real meat and 'taters again?"

moved there and were, indeed,

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tance. Brownie Owl's forces after them
"What's the plan of attack?" cried
"What's the plan of who fluttered

below came sleepy caws and murmurs. It was the Crows going to bed. As the Birds hovered over the Woods, Peggy heard a Crow mother's lullaby to her little ones:

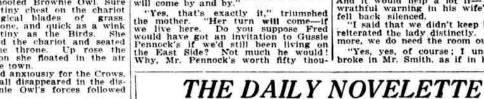
We'll feast and we'll frolic Till you all have colic. So now take your rest, Safe close to my breast.

attack.

•:•

(In tomorrous chapter Peggy finds that she has undertaken more than she bargained for the King of Crows is an ogre and a magician,

-:-



along beside the chariot.
"Oh, we left that for you," answered
Brownie Owl. "I just organized this
army—you're leading it." army—you're leading it."
"Well, if you organized it why didn't you get some Swallows, Purple Martins and King Birds in it?" asked Peggy sharply. "They are real fighters."
"But they are day-time fighters," replied Brownie Owl. "This is going to

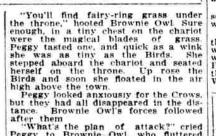
plied Brownie Owl. "This is going to be a night attack, so I made up an army of night birds."

"Oh. that's the idea," said Peggy. thoughtfully. She now began to see some possibilities in this battle in the dark. If Brownie Owl's warriors could catch the Crows asleep they might be able to give them a sound thrashing before the Crows could get thoroughly awake. The Crows wouldn't be able to see in the dark, while the night Birds could.

The sun had gone down and dusk was the control of the control of the country of the country of the control of the control

Oh, shut your tired peepers, You dear baby sleepers; Dream of the sweet corn You'll have in the morn.

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The sun had gone down and dusk was failing. Brownie Owl's forces skimmed over the treetops of a large forest. From below came sleeps came and

Suddenly a loud hoarse Crow voice rang out:
"Caw! Caw! Caw! Rest to you alland disaster to him who disturbs you."
"It's the King of the Crows sounding
Taps," whispered Brownie Owl. "They'll
all be asleep in a minute and then we'll

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## By Margaret D. Joyce

mit one to the basepail game that afternoon.

Now, Martha had never attended a
ball game, so she then and there decided
to go, as every one talked a great deal
about this beloved pastime.

She hurriedly ate a meager meal,
which was satisfying to her, as the
thoughts of attending one of the world
series games gave her but little appetite. As she thought of the happenings of that morning she decided that
it would have been uneventful without

...

By Margaret D. Joyce

| Towas Saturday afternoon, and Martha of the salior. Indeed, she thought of the fight again twice behind his a the same young many of soing how the same young and the salior and she she started down the stairs. Half way down she spled an envelope which was been uneventful without the first in just before the dwarf crowded. Martha specied into the washout to reach for a strong salior had not caught her in the site of the mick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered where she was, and hurrled nito the truly in the nick of time. She half stammered half the nick of time. She half stamme

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"THE HOLIDAY."

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the dastardly Crows!"

That put an entirely different faces upon the matter for Peggy. It was funny for Brownie Owl to challenge the thousands of Crows, but it wasn't a bit funny for him to drag her into it. "(Why should I lead your forces?" she asked indignantly.

"Because you promised and the promise of Princess Peggy is sacred." prompting the promise of Princess Peggy is sacred. "Crows, in the promise of the fight upon herself. Brownie Owl didn't give her time to have the matter.

"Come, my brave army, and salute Princess Peggy!" he commanded, and over the top of the roof there strutted rows upon rows of Owls, Night Hawks, and Whip-Poor-Wills. Each wore a helmet like that of Brownie Owl, and they met like that of Brownie Owl, and they helmets. AP STUBBS—What Makes Ma Do It?









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