THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY

A Romance of the Border

Author of "King Spruce," "The Ram rodders," "The Skipper and the Shipped," etc.

THE STORY THUS FAR

The Red Lane is neither road nor route. It is an institution—it is smuggling. The Red Lane often passes Beaulieu's place—also an institution. Half of the place is on English territory, and half on American. The bar is a wheeled truck. The liquor is sold in American or Canadian territory, according to the nationality of the "deputies" who are after Beaulieu. Beaulieu's daughter has been educated in a convent school and knows nothing of her father's business. She arrives home unexpectedly.

CHAPTER I—(Continued)

A YOUNG man leaped forward, seized her hand, and led her toward Vetal, who stood without motion and without words. When she came to him the father put out to her his hand, odorous with liquor.

"Is this—is this our—home, father?" she cried.

He led her to a door which opened into another part of the house.

"I shall talk with you soon, Evangeline," he said. His shaking voice marked the tumult of his spirit.

When she was gone and the door was closed behind her, he faced them, leaning against the door.

"I have had the surprise," he told them, brokenly, his face white, his eyes avoiding theirs. "My girl has come home from St. Basil. This place is closed for this night."

They protested noisily; but he went among them, insisting with dogged determination. The drunken ones he pushed out-of-doors. He buffeted those who tried to fight him off. The soberer teamsters went away after a time. But for an hour the talk was loud, the uproar was brutal, and afterward men lingered outside and hawled coarse insults at Vetal Beaulieu, barricaded in his house. For the first time in the memory of those men of the border the door of Beaulieu's Place was closed against a man who had money in his fist and wanted to buy liquor.

But Vetal Beaulieu was now face to face with a girl who had become a woman after those few moments of shame and agony. His money had educated her, had given her breadth of intellect, love of honor, deep religious feeling, poise and character. He was a cowering and guilty Frankenstein, menaced by that which his dollars had raised up. Before her his spirit and his money-greed took fright. His one excuse, which had served his conscience through the years—that he had taken toll for her sake from those who fared along the Monarda highway to provide for her future—seemed a weak excuse now when he stammered it—her eyes searching his soul.

Men who battered at the plank door and were not answered listened at the cracks, heard voices of appeal, rebuke and protestation, and went away, not understanding. At last the voices ceased.

One who arrived singing, "We'll chase our nags at Beaulieu's Place, where the morson flows so free," swung his cart so that he could peer from his high seat through one of the windows. He saw Vetal Beaulieu seated beside his truck, alone. Beaulieu would not open his door.

CHAPTER II

The Courier of Three Thousand Sheep

VETAL BEAULIEU was still wide awake when the first sleepy cheeping of birds hinted that dawn was at hand. He sat in his hard chair, his elbows on his knees. He lifted his head and, with red-lidded eyes, saw the gray light of earliest morning smear the sky between the crowding spruces which gridironed his eastern windows.

Solitary, in the dim spaciousness of the big general room of Beaulieu's Place, he had cursed, he had stamped about in the night's silences, he had wept; then he had cursed again, only to melt into noisy tears once more. He had inherited the mercurial temperament of his Acadian forebears. From extreme to extreme of emotion his tumultuous feelings carried him.

Now and then in the night the smoky oil-lamp had given signal to those who traveled along the Monarda highway that some one was awake within Beaulieu's house. They had beaten upon the door and shouted impatiently when Vetal did not lift the bar. Beaulieu growled oaths and sat with fingers thrust into his gray hair, his palms against his ears.

When the rattle of the carts was dulled by distance and died, the hush of a forest night settled on the house in Monarda clearing. The shrilling of June frogs in Hagas swamp was stilled. The single lamp's flame burned redly within its smoky chimney. Mice came out of the walls and nosed warily at cigar butts and litter on the sanded floor. When Vetal wiped his eyes and found voice and cursed and stamped about, they scurried away into their cracks. When he was still again, sitting with elbows on his knees, they came out and nibbled at cracker crumbs here and there.

Alone in the night he thought upon his mortgages and his estates, but such thoughts did not cheer him. Men had heard Vetal Beaulieu curse, as he had cursed this night in the solemnity of the silences before the dawn. But no man had ever seen him weep. He clutched his fingers in his hair and pondered!

He had pride of race, Beaulieu had! His forebears were of the Grand Pre of the Acadians, of the Basin of Minas.

Beaulieu's folks had not been transported to the South by the hated English. Only the sheep of the Grand Pre flock had given themselves into the hands of the oppressors, he was accustomed to boast. Vetal Beaulieu's great-grandfather had been a lion and had resisted—had escaped. With his family and his stock, by trail and by [illegible], he had ascended the broad St. [illegible] into the fastness of the wilderness and, with others as bold as he, founded a new Acadia. In his [illegible] whose ancestors had cropped the close grass of France—he had cows whose strain had been preserved in straight descent from dams brought off the Isle of Jersey. He paid his debts promptly—he had saved his money, he reflected with pride. He had met all comers without regret, without shame, in his business. Beaulieus had kept the village wine-shops in ancient Normandy.

But he forgot his property and his pride as he sat there in the hush of midnight and later in the dim early hours.

Then the fresh new day began to stir the leaves with first sighs of breezes, though the east was not yet gray. But he did not heed the world out of doors. The windows were close shut. The stale odors of liquors and the scent of dead tobacco mingled. The sweet dews of morning trickled on the panes outside, and the cool scents of Monarda forest were all about, but he did not open to let them in. The staleness within doors seemed to suit his mood; the foul air, confined there, was as bitter as his thoughts. The lamp's flame had been dying. Now it winked out, leaving stench of charred wick to mingle with the malodorous atmosphere.

To one keeping vigil, absorbed in troubled thoughts, it is night so long as the light of the evening before stays burning. The lapse of time is not noted. Vetal lifted his head. The windows showed him that the first gray of dawn was in the skies. He heard now and then the drowsy chirp of birds. He rose and staggered about a bit. Fumbling in the dim light he poured a dram for himself. It was white rum, and fiery. But it seemed to him that its fires suited his hot resolution. For he had resolved!

He muttered, moving about the room, making sure that the window-catches were fastened, yawning even as he cursed, continuing his sullen monologue. Then, as faint, almost, as the ticking of the old clock on the shelf above the truck, he heard the dull clip-clop of a horse's hoofs far down the broad white road of clay. The rider was hurrying his animal, for the sound grew louder with each second and its staccato showed that the horse was galloping wildly. Before Beaulieu had finished his round of the big room the horse had stopped at the broad door.

The master of Beaulieu's Place paid no attention to the first knocking, though it was sharp and insistent—the beating of a whip-handle on the oak planks of the door. It continued.

The horse had raced up from the Province side of the boundary. Vetal, growling, his forehead wrinkling with apprehension, pushed his truck along the floor to the American side of the painted line. Evidently the man outside heard the rumble of the iron wheels.

"Open up, Vetal! It's Dave Roi! I hear you. Open up!"

Beaulieu threw the wooden bar out of its slot, and the door swung wide. The cool breath of the dawn was waiting there at the threshold and rushed in upon the tainted atmosphere of the big room. The man who had knocked came, too, with the impatience of one to whom minutes are precious.

"It takes you a long time to wake up."

"No, by gar, it takes me a long time to go to sleep," retorted Vetal, sourly. "I have not closed my eyes this night."

"Neither have I, but there are many better things in this life than sleeping." He laughed with the boisterous zest of one who comes in from the flush of the morning, full of the joy of living. "Sleep winters, Vetal! Sleep while the good priest preaches. Sleep when there's nothing else to do. But, when there's fun or business on, don't waste your time snuffing feathers."

He smacked gloved palm against Beaulieu's shrinking shoulder and strode to the truck. He poured liquor for himself with the freedom of one sure of his ground in Beaulieu's Place. He drank and tossed the last drops from the glass upon the floor—an instinctive libation according to the old Acadian habit.

Vetal watched his guest intently. He puckered his eyes and looked Roi up and down.

He acted like one who has felt called on to make a new appraisal of a friend. He seemed to be satisfying his doubts, assuring himself that certain things were so.

He saw a young man who was brusquely alert, full of the arrogance of strength, telling the world by the upcock of his black mustache, the tilt of his cap, the trim neatness of his corduroy riding-dress, that Dave Roi had full belief in himself. One subtler in analysis than Vetal Beaulieu might have disregarded the externals and seen something more than mere confident youth in the air of this rider of the night. The stare he now turned on Vetal was hard and suddenly suspicious. His black eyes glittered. There were telltale lines about those eyes.

"What is it? Say it!"

"I say nothing, but I only think that you are a mighty fine-looking young man," stated Vetal, promptly and somberly, as though replying to some doubts he had been entertaining. "And I think that something must be the matter with that girl what throw you away—if there is some girl that throw you over."

"Look here, what kind of lies have you been hearing about me?" Just then the subtle analyst would have been still less impressed by Dave Roi's externals.

"I hear no lies. I say that you look very good and that some fine girl—any girl would say so," insisted Vetal, continuing his inspection of the young man in question in a way which made the subject uneasy.

"I know what you mean, Vetal. But, look here, you can't afford to believe everything you hear about a fellow along this border. Man to man, now, what's a chap going to do when the girl herself puts up her finger? Ah, Vetal, when your Evangeline comes home to us, when the priest says the fine words, then you'll see how I can straighten out. Now, man to man, don't blame me for all you hear."

"What I hear I forget. I was not talking to you about what I hear," muttered Vetal. When the young man had spoken the girl's name Vetal's countenance twisted with a grimace in which anger and sorrow mingled.

"I'm glad you haven't been sitting up all night worrying about me," remarked Roi, recovering his self-possession.

At the first words of Vetal he had shown the quick alarm of one expecting an accusation of serious portent. His uneasiness had been increasing ever since his arrival. He had found Beaulieu red-eyed and sullen after a night's vigil. The man had been staring him out of countenance. Vetal had begun upon a peculiar subject for discourse at that time in the morning.

"A fellow has to flit about a bit while he's waiting for the real girl," protested Roi. He was taking courage from Vetal's assurances. "Have all your foolishness over with before marriage—that's what I believe in. I ride here and I ride there, Vetal. You know what the border is! I kiss and gallop away—and nobody is harmed. If anybody comes to you with any other kind of a story it will be a lie; I've been waiting all these ears for your girl, Vetal. She's the one for me. Oh, yes! No one else counts. And it can't be much longer that she'll keep me waiting, eh? The sisters at St. Basil must have told her all there is to know!" He was chattering eagerly, as one anxious to justify himself.

"They tell a girl a great deal at St. Basil," muttered Beaulieu, walking to the door, his stubby fingers clutched into his grizzled beard, tears starting to his eyes. But anger succeeded grief, as wrath had followed tears while he was alone in the watches of the night. He came back into the room. He stamped about his truck.

"Maybe, eh, they teach girls to be ashamed of good fathers who worked hard all the days to lay up money that makes all the girl's life easy for her."

He shook his finger at the liquors as he marched about them. "My great-grandfather kept his wineshop, Dave Roi, and he never lost the respect. Our people have the respect for the wineshop. It is good for the people."

Roi was staring at Beaulieu. He did not understand this outburst.

"And I am not a bad man because I sell what the people want to buy."

"What's the matter with you, Vetal? You can't afford to pay any attention to what those infernal Yankees say about rum-selling. They're only hypocrites. They like to come here and buy. Let 'em talk. What if you don't pay Yankee duties—d—— 'em—and what if you do dodge the excise over here?" Roi had passed the painted line crossing the border into the province. "That's why you can give the good people the better liquors. You and I can grin and let all of 'em talk. We stand together, you and I do, Vetal! I pay no attention if they lie about you. Pay no attention if they lie about me."

"And I give my good money all to her some day!" wailed Vetal, with what seemed irrelevance to Roi. "She shall have it, and you shall have it."

"It will come in handy, of course, but I shall have plenty of my own," stated the young man, airily. He marched to and fro. He shook his fist at the Stars and Stripes draped on the wall of the room. "I cleaned up ten thousand dollars last year, Vetal, right under their peaked Yankee noses. I've got three thousand sheep back there on the road right now. I'm riding in ahead of them. Here you and I have been wasting time! We've been talking about nothing for ten minutes. Let's get down to business! I say I've got three thousand bleaters back there on the road. You don't know anything, do you? No tips, eh?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"Look here—what kind of lies have you been hearing about me?"

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

THE WELCOME RIDE

By Margaret L. Ahern

THE two sailor lads, they were hardly over twenty, trudged along the parkway aimlessly, hands in their reefer pockets and whistling to keep up their spirits. It was one of those rare Sundays in winter, not too cold, with a sunny blue sky. The roads were dry and hard, and although it was early morning, throngs of autoists were already starting off on pleasure trips. Many were comfortable in closed cars while others, rosy-cheeked and bundled in furs, went swiftly by in open cars.

Jimmie, one of the boys in uniform, stopped whistling and gave a deep sigh.

"If I were at home now," he began reminiscently, "I'd be greasing the old car and filling her up with gas. Then all the folks would plie in, and ma would have our lunch basket—it's almost as big as a clothes hamper—and we'd be off for the day. Out as far as the Falls, maybe, or perhaps to Uncle Steve's ranch. We'd get back just before it got dark, and Hannah would have a man's size dinner all ready for us. We'd have appetites like starving steers. I can almost smell the roast beef and the gravy and——"

"Stop that," his chum, Dick interrupted rudely, "or you'll have my teeth watering in a minute. I've an idea, Jimmie; let's sit here by the road and trust that an auto will come along with two empty seats in it."

Accordingly they sat down and watched the passing procession hopefully. It began to look as though they were out of luck when a gray roadster with two empty seats came along. Two ladies were the only occupants, and they seemed to be having trouble. The car slowed down, chug-chugged for a while, all the time emitting from its interior mysterious sounds that would strike terror to any lady motorist's heart, and finally came to a complete stop. The driver frantically worked the spark lever and throttle up and down and tried the self-starter, but with no success.

Jimmie smiled at his friend. "Here's our chance, Richard Earl Palmer. Come along, quick."

The two of them hastened over to the gray car. Jimmie politely offered his services, explaining that he was an electrician in the navy and thoroughly familiar with gasoline engines.

Mrs. Windsor, the driver, had got out, opened up the hood, and was squirting oil about from a small can rather lavishly. She sighed with relief at Jimmie's offer. "If you boys can help me out, and have nothing else to do, you shall be my guests for the day," she said gratefully.

With an instinct for finding engine trouble, and the added incentive of her promise, it took Jimmie only a few minutes to find that there was a loose connection at the ignition switch. He fixed it easily, and then, at Mrs. Windsor's request, tried the self-starter and found that it worked without difficulty.

That was the beginning of one of the happiest days Jimmie and Dick had spent since leaving home. Mrs. Windsor, seeing the eagerness shining in Jimmie's eyes, had generously offered to let him drive. She sat beside him, pointing out the roads, while Dick and her companion sat in back.

By the time they reached their destination, a country inn famed for its good dinners, the four were good friends and had exchanged confidences. The boys learned that the car belonged to Mrs. Windsor's only son, who was overseas, and that she had been driving it since he went away, but was almost discouraged by her frequent mishaps. They discovered, too, that she was as lonesome as they were, and that she lived in a large house, but was considering giving it up and going back to a hotel to live until her son came back.

After a delicious and hearty dinner at the inn they all enjoyed the long drive back to Mrs. Windsor's house. She insisted that her two guests stay for supper and spend the evening. Jimmie and Dick made themselves at home immediately. They romped with frisky collie, played the piano and sang for their hostess. At 10 they reluctantly departed for their ship, but not until they had promised to spend the next week-end with Mrs. Windsor.

And she, between arranging for a theatre party at the next Saturday matinee and inviting a number of young people to a dance at her home Saturday evening, forgot all about her lonesomeness and her intention of going to a hotel, and wrote her son the most cheerful letters he had received in a long while.

The next complete novelette, "When Duty Calls."

FLOWER OF THE NORTH

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

CHAPTER XX—(Continued)

"A YOUNG woman," said MacDougall, with emphasis. "I don't know who she is, but I do know that she hasn't a right there or she wouldn't sneak in likt a thief. I'm going to be blunt—damned blunt. I think she's one of the other men's wives. There are half a dozen in camp."

"Haven't you ever looked—to see if you could recognize her?"

"Haven't had the chance," said MacDougall. "She's been wrapped up both times, and as it was none of my business I didn't lay in wait. But now—it's up to you!"

Philip rose slowly. He felt cold. He put on his coat and cap, and buckled on his revolver. His face was deadly white when he turned to MacDougall.

"She is over there tonight?"

"Sneaked in not half an hour ago. I saw her come out of the edge of the spruce."

"From the trail that leads out over the plain?"

"Yes."

Philip walked to the door.

"I'm going over to call on Thorpe," he said, quietly. "I may not be back for some time, Sandy."

In the deep shadows outside he stood gazing at the light in Thorpe's cabin. Then he walked slowly toward the spruce. He did not go to the door, but leaned with his back against the building, near one of the windows. The first shuddering sickness had gone from him. His temples throbbed. At the sound of a voice inside which was Thorpe's the chill in his blood turned to fire. The terrible fear that had fallen upon him at MacDougall's words held him motionless, and his brain worked upon but one idea—one determination. If it was Jeanne who came in this way, he would kill Thorpe. If it was another woman, he would give Thorpe that night to get out of the country. He waited. He heard the gang-man's voice frequently, once in a loud, half-mocking laugh. Twice he heard a lower voice—a woman's. For an hour he watched. He walked back and forth in the gloom of the spruce, and waited another hour. Then the light went out, and he slipped back to the corner of the cabin.

After a moment the door opened, and a hooded figure came out, and walked rapidly toward the trail that buried itself amid the spruce. Philip ran around the cabin and followed. There was a little open beyond the first fringe of spruce, and in this he ran up silently from behind and overtook the one he was pursuing. As his hand fell upon her arm the woman turned upon him with a frightened cry. Philip's hand dropped. He took a step back.

"My God, Jeanne—it is you!"

His voice was husky, like a choking man's. For an instant Jeanne's white, terrified face met his own. And then, without a word to him, she fled swiftly down the trail.

Philip made no effort to follow. For two or three minutes he stood like a man turned suddenly into hewn rock, staring with unseeing eyes into the gloom where Jeanne had disappeared. Then he walked back to the edge of the spruce. There he drew his revolver, and cocked it. The starlight revealed a madness in his face as he approached Thorpe's cabin. He was smiling, but it was such a smile as presages death, a smile as implacable as fate itself.

CHAPTER XXI

AS PHILIP approached the cabin he saw a figure stealing away through the gloom. His first thought was that he had returned a minute too late to wreak his vengeance upon the gang-foreman in his own home, and he quickened his steps in pursuit. The man ahead of him was cutting direct for the camp supply-house, which was the nightly rendezvous of those who wished to play cards or exchange camp gossip. The supply-house, aglow with light, was not more than 200 yards from Thorpe's, and Philip saw that if he dealt out the justice he contemplated he had not a moment to lose. He began to run, so quickly that he approached within a dozen paces of the man he was pursuing without being heard. It was not until then that he made a discovery which stopped him. The man ahead of him was not Thorpe. Suddenly, looking beyond him, he saw a second figure pass slowly through the lighted door of the supply-house. Even at that distance he recognized the gang-foreman. He thrust his revolver under his coat and fell a little further behind the man he had mistaken for Thorpe, so that when the latter passed within the small circle of light that came from the supply-house window he was fifty instead of a dozen paces away. Something in the other's manner, something strangely and potently familiar in his slim, lithe form, in the quick, half-running movement of his body, drew a sharp breath from Philip. He was on the point of calling a name, but it died on his lips. A moment more and the man passed through the door. Philip was certain that it was Pierre Couchee who had followed Thorpe.

He was filled with a sudden fear as he ran toward the store. He had scarcely crossed the threshold when a glance showed him Thorpe leaning upon a narrow counter, and Pierre close beside him. He saw that the half-breed was speaking, and Thorpe drew himself erect. Then, as quick as a flash, two things happened. Thorpe's hand went to his belt, Pierre's sent a lightning gleam of steel back over his shoulder. The terrible drive of the knife and the explosion of Thorpe's revolver came in the same instant. Thorpe crumpled back over the counter, clutching at his breast. Pierre turned about, staggered, and saw Philip. His eyes lighted up, and with a moaning cry he stretched out his arms as Philip sprang to him. Above the sudden tumult of men's feet and excited voices he gasped out Jeanne's name. Half a dozen men had crowded about them. Through the ring burst MacDougall, a revolver in his hand. Pierre had become a dead weight in Philip's arms.

"Help me over to the cabin with him, Mac," he said. He looked around among the men. It struck him as curious, even then, that he saw none of Thorpe's gang. "Is Thorpe done for?" he asked.

"He's dead," replied some one.

With an effort Pierre opened his eyes.

"Dead!" he breathed, and in that one word there was a tremble of joy and triumph.

"Take Thorpe over to his cabin," commanded Philip, as he and MacDougall lifted Pierre between them. "I will answer for this man."

They could hear Pierre's sobbing breath as they hurried across the open. They laid him on Philip's bunk and Pierre opened his eyes again. He looked at Philip.

"M'sieur," he whispered, "tell me—quick—if I must die!"

MacDougall had studied medicine and surgery before engineering, and took the place of camp physician. Philip drew back while he ripped open the half-breed's garments and bared his breast. Then he darted to his bunk for the satchel in which he kept his bandages and medicines, throwing off his coat as he went. Philip bent over Pierre. Blood was oozing slowly from the wounded man's right breast. Over his heart Philip noticed a blood-stained locket, fastened by a babiche string about his neck.

Pierre's hands groped eagerly for Philip's.

"M'sieur—you will tell me—if I must die?" he pleaded. "There are things you must know—about Jeanne—if I go. It will not hurt. I am not afraid. You will tell me—"

"Yes," said Philip.

He could scarcely speak, and while MacDougall was at work stood so that Pierre could not see his face. There was a sobbing note in Pierre's breath, and he knew what it meant. He had heard that same sound more than once when he had shot moose and caribou through the lungs. Five minutes later MacDougall straightened himself. He had done all that he could. Philip followed him to the back part of the room. Almost without sound his lips framed the words, "Will he die?"

"Yes," said MacDougall. "There is no hope. He may last until morning."

Philip took a stool and sat down beside Pierre. There was no fear in the wounded man's face. His eyes were clear. His voice was a little stronger.

"I will die, M'sieur," he said, calmly.

"I am afraid so, Pierre."

Pierre's damp fingers closed about his own. His eyes shone softly, and he smiled.

"It is best," he said, "and I am glad. I feel quite well. I will live for some time?"

"Perhaps for a few hours, Pierre."

"God is good to me," breathed Pierre, devoutly. "I thank Him. Are we alone?"

"Do you wish to be alone?"

"Yes."

Philip motioned to MacDougall, who went into the little office room.

"I will die," whispered Pierre, softly, as though he were achieving a triumph. "And everything would die with me, M'sieur, if I did not know that you love Jeanne, and that you will care for her when I am gone. M'sieur, I have told you that I love her. I have worshiped her, next to my God. I die happy, knowing that I am dying for her. If I had lived I would have suffered, for I love alone. She does not dream that my love is different from hers, for I have never told her. It would have given her pain. And you will never let her know. As Our Dear Lady is my witness, M'sieur, she has loved but one man, and that man is you."

Pierre gave a great breath. A warm flood seemed suddenly to engulf Philip. Did he hear right? Could he believe? He fell upon his knees beside Pierre and brushed his dark hair back from his face.

"Yes, I love her," he said softly. "But I did not know that she loved me."

"It is not strange," said Pierre, looking straight into his eyes. "But you will understand—now—M'sieur. I seem to have strength, and I will tell you all—from the beginning. Perhaps I have done wrong. You will know—soon. You remember Jeanne told you the story of the baby—of the woman frozen in the snow.

"That was the beginning of the long fight—for me. This—what I am about to tell you—will be sacred to you, M'sieur?"

"As my life," said Philip.

Pierre was silent for a few moments. He seemed to be gathering his thoughts, so that he could tell in few words the tragedy of years. Two brilliant spots burned in his cheeks and the hand which Philip held was hot.

"Years ago—twenty almost—there came a man to Fort o' God," he began. "He was very young and from the South. D'Arcambal was then middle-aged, but his wife was young and beautiful. Jeanne says that you saw her picture—against the wall. D'Arcambal worshiped her. She was his life. You understand what happened. The man from the South—the young wife—they went away together."

Pierre coughed. A bit of blood reddened his lips. Philip wiped it away gently with his handkerchief, hiding the stain from Pierre's eyes.

"Yes," he said, "I understand."

"It broke D'Arcambal's heart," resumed Pierre. "He destroyed everything that had belonged to the woman. He turned her picture to the wall. His love turned slowly to hate. It was two years later that I came over the barrens one night and found Jeanne and her dead mother. The woman, M'sieur—Jeanne's mother—was D'Arcambal's wife. She was returning to Fort o' God, and God's justice overtook her almost at its doors. I carried little Jeanne to my Indian mother and then made ready to carry the woman to her husband. It was then that a terrible thought came to me. Jeanne was not D'Arcambal's daughter. She was a part of the man who had stolen his wife. I worshiped the little Jeanne even then, and for her sake my mother and I swore secrecy and buried the woman. Then we took the babe to Fort o' God as a stranger. We saved her. We saved D'Arcambal. No one ever knew."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

STARLINGS

There are starlings in the marshes
at League Island Navy
Yard.
There's no doubt at all about it,
for I'm talking by the card.
I got it from a fellow on a Bow
Creek car today
As to Point Breeze we were sprinting in a merry kind of way.
There was suddenly a flutter and a
bird-cloud overhead.
"Them there's starlings!" said my
neighbor, and I joyed in
what he said.

If I ever saw a starling we were
never introduced,
But as a joyous harbinger I'm
giving it a boost;
If I ever heard a starling, I ne'er
recognize its song;
But I know it is a good thing, so
I'm pushing it along.
For 'tis evident the birdies that I
gaze upon today
Were informing good old Phillie
good young Spring is on her
way.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday

"THE STRANGE NEW ANIMAL"

(After Lonesome Bear helps save the Wild Geese from the Flying Ogre, he is attacked by the Ogre, who is about to shoot him when Billy uses a bean shooter to spoil the Ogre's aim.)

CHAPTER II

Lonesome Bear Is Trapped

"OUCH! I'm stung!" yelled the Ogre, hopping around on one foot and holding his nose in his hand.

"Puff!" Billy Belgium blew another bean through the shooter, catching the Ogre on the tip of his ear.

"Ouch! Help! Help!" shouted the Ogre. "Puff!" Still another bean hit him upon the neck. Billy was making it hot for the Ogre so Lonesome Bear would have plenty of time to escape.

"What's the matter?" cried the aviator, who had been fixing the Ogre's airplane. He came running up waving an ax.

"I was about to shoot that most peculiar bear when I was attacked by a sawrm of ferocious bees. Ouch! Oh! Oh!" And the Ogre danced briskly about as a bean landed close to his eye.

"Bees! What are you talking about? Why, there are no bees this early in the spring." The aviator looked at the Ogre in astonishment. But just then a bean landed on the aviator's nose. "Wow! What's that?" he yelled. "Puff!" A bean hit him smartly on the cheek. "Ouch!"

"Didn't I tell you so? We've found a new variety of winter bees. This discovery is most wonderful. I'll write a book on it," shouted the Ogre. "Puff!"

"Ouch, I'm stung!" yelled the Ogre

A bean landed under his other eye. "Puff!" A bean hit the aviator square on the nose.

"Wow! I'm going to get out of here!" shouted the aviator, and he set off on a run toward the river. After him dashed the Ogre, rifle in hand.

Billy and Peggy did not dare stir for some time, but when they were sure the Ogre and aviator were out of hearing distance, they burst into laughter.

"Bees!" gurgled Billy. "That naturalist is finding enough freaks of nature around here to keep him writing books the rest of his life."

"I hope he doesn't stay to collect specimens," said Peggy, who saw danger in too greatly arousing the curiosity of the Ogre. He was a naturalist, and when a naturalist goes after a new type he is liable to keep after it until he gets it.

After a time there came the sound of an ax in the distance. Billy stopped laughing very abruptly. "We'd better see what the Ogre and aviator are up to," he said soberly. "They went right in Lonesome Bear's direction."

"And the Ogre had his rifle," added Peggy.

Forgetting their caution they raced through the grove until they came to the river bank above the cave where Lonesome Bear had his spring den.

"There they go," whispered Billy, pointing to the Ogre and aviator, who were disappearing over a hill toward their camp.

From below the children came a moaning appeal.

"Help! I'm trapped! They are going to stuff me and make me a museum specimen."

Billy and Peggy rushed down the bank to the mouth of the cave, halting in surprise at what they saw. Within the cave was Lonesome Bear, looking most woebegone and miserable. Between him and liberty was a stout barrier made of stakes driven into the ground. He had been caught and caged in his own den.

"The Ogre has me," moaned Lonesome Bear. "I'm a goner now!"

(In tomorrow's chapter, Baby Bear, back from the war, comes to his old friend's rescue.)

SOMEBODY'S "STENOG"—She's a Regular Hound for Books

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By HAYWARD