clinched fist over his head.

He turned away impatiently.

Red Lane is on the Red Red Lane is not a highway h utlot. It is sanugating. Heat Is at once a public house and

CHAPTER II-(Continued)

"You'd better not run 'em across in

"Oh, I've got all the Yankee hound

dogs of deputies running north of

here, chasing a shadow," retorted Rol with a toss of his hand. "I was the

one who opened the lane here last

night-it was my scheme! They run in a pack, and a snap of the fingers

starts 'em when you know how to do

it I'm only afraid of some straggling

lot. You haven't seen any signs

Roi rattled on, still marching to

"I'll let the sheep come on.

ought to have been here at midnight.

Vetal. I planned it that way, of

course. But hell is in that flock back there, and some sneak poisoned my

two best dogs last week. We have

come slow. But across they must

come, Vetal. They ought to be here in

He went out of doors and listened. The sky was red in deep hues near the horizon, but the sun was still be

low the hills, and the highway under the trees stretched dimly in its vistas

east and west. The horse which had brought the chief of the Monarda smugglers was hitched to the iron post that marked the line between the countries. Rot went to the animal

Beaulieu called to him. Vetal stood

in the broad door. The anxiety in

his tones and the expression on his

face indicated that he had something "I haven't any time now, Vetall

Beaulieu stepped out of the door and gazed furtively at a window in

The curtain was drawn tightly. He

turned to Roi, his finger on his lips. Then he pointed to the open door, "You'd better step in. Dave," he

Rol followed, for there was a warn-

ing significance in the man's words

"A spy in there, eh?" he demarked.

when they were back in the big room.

"Why in the devil's name didn't you

"I'd know what to say about a spy-I'd know what to tell you, and

tell you quick. But it's worse than

spy-worse than a hound deputy.

motion and he began to plod around his truck. "It's Evangeline-my girl, Evangeline! She is home from St.

There was a flash of sudden aston-

"Evangeline home!" Then he recov-

ered his self-possession. "I must say,

Vetal, you don't act like a prouu

Basil. She is there in the room."

Tears were on his cheeks.

hment in Roi's eyes.

His voice broke in sudden

and was about to mount.

Save your gossip."

the far end of his house.

advised, and led the way.

say so at the start-off?"

ten minutes.

Beaulieu shook his head.

daylight-that's my tip," said Vetal.

WHEN DUTY CALLS By Florence I. McLaughlin

brute where women are concerned. Dave Roi did not understand what today," Vetal, but you can't afford to let a this halting speech tried to explain. "But I'm not going to hang up a girl be foolish. Rise up and be boss. That this father, accustomed to the drove of three thousand sheep to and the thing will straighten out all ancient obedience of children, unques- please a girl," declared Roi, with an tioning subservience to the will of the oath. "I say they've got to be kept about twenty, ran out and down the

frightened, for she is not my girl- 'I will not be marry to the man what "Run your own house—that's right! my Acadian girl like the other girls breaks the country's law! I wish you TT WAS 9 o'clock, and the boarders at Of course, I don't believe in being a who obey and do not ask questions." don't drive your sheep across the line

elders, had all at once been faced by moving." "Say, this gab isn't going to do for something which had upset all his "But I have lie to her. If she was had jumped from his car and was comme, Vetal. I've got three thousand aims and hopes and dreams was not ashame of her old father I say to my. Ing eagerly toward her. Together they The morning light was flushing girl's whim. She had no business run- that Evangeline Beaulieu had come marry," cried Vetal. "So I tell her ning home from the convent till you home and had dragged her father over you don't smuggle. I have lie to her. had it understood with her. But, now the coals on account of the traffic by You shall marry her, so that some

wife." He vibrated his me! "He began to weep again. "I am the looked at me. She will say to you.

Walkingth. Sile almost defensees. He was not afraid of her. She was in his power, and he buy an engagement ring, or are you going over to the bridge to see some body who had to get hurt today of all days. I won't be second to anything or anybody, and you might just as well realize it now as any time."

"Well:" exclaimed the doctor as he turned and looked at the little tengest beside him. "You heard what the post-master said and, of course, you would not want me to leave a person to perhaps die just on account of an engagement ring, would you? We can go to morrow to get that, you know, but this accident can't wait, why, Madeleine which he earned his money. It seemed a sneak shall not steal her away. Turn to him that a little discipline might back your sheep, Dave. If she know to him that a little discipline might back your sheep, Dave. If she know and take me to do the want me to boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going over to the buy an engagement ring, or are you going over to the buy an engagement ring, or are you going over to the buy an engagement ring, or are you going over to the buy an engagement ring, or are you going over to the buy an engagement ring, or are you as an engagement ring, or are you going over to the buy an engagement ring, or are you going over to the buy an engagement ring, or are you always and lays." A spasm of pain shot over Plerre's face. Fresh blood dayed his lips, and engagement ring, or a white the as a cat will a bird. But Jeanne."

"My God! water – something — which we can go the saw and looked at the little tengest beside him. "You heard what the occount of an engagement ring, would you?" We can go to the rate of a shiver an through his body.

"My God! water – something — which we can go the saw of th

and selling rum off a truck where you allow her to talk to me like that.' me."

not ashame because I have sold my "Listen. Dave Roll I look at her "I don't need to force any girl to rum. My great-grandfather have keep when she talk to me last night. I say marry me, but I'll tell you this: there's

coat the customs and the excise both But, my God, Dave Roi, when I look "She is yours, and you shall have lay it up against you, Vetal. Under. but I am frightened when she look at you, Dave. She will look at you like

The war not to come now. I do not now that we share with grid and safeth him. He selected for the door. But Vetal woman never has any use for a man that the warring."

It has war not to come now. She came that the selected for the door. But Vetal that the warring."

It has war not to come now. She came that the selected for the door. But Vetal that the warring."

It has war not to come now. She came that the selected for the door. But Vetal that

the hadn't ever heard of Beaulieu's conthis border."

She go on the convent of St. Basil sain her mother die, when she was a by of four years; you know that urself," bleated Vetal. "But I am at a shame because I have sold my "Listen, Dave Roi! I look at her when she talk to me last night. I say to myself, over and over: "This is only "Well, selling wine in oid Normandy "Well, selling rum off a truck where you at se

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

FLOWER OF THE NORTH THE DAILY NOVELETTE By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

CHAPTER XXII-(Continued) The Pines were comfortably seated DIERRE stopped for breath. on the plazza, reading, sewing and "Was it best?"

chatting when suddenly their attention was attracted by a loud honking at the "It was glorious," said Philip, tremgate. Almost simultaneously the door bling. of the house opened and a slip of a girl "It would have come out right-in steps and joined the young man who EAULIEU gianced at the dirty sheep piling along back there. I can't grasped in its full extent by the cynic self she must not be ashame of the hurried down to the waiting roadster He came first a year ago and revealed window in the east end of the waste any more time talking about a cal young man. Rol simply understood man I have pick out for her to and in less than a minute were out of himself to Jeanne. He told her everysight down the road. Well, what do you know about that?" drawled Miss Hines, a stenographer from Boston. "We might be sticks or to keep the terrible thing from D'Ar-cambal. Our money sent him away stones so far as she is concerned. That that she has any eyes for."

> yway."
>
> to that. But the Great God willed that Crees keep their secrets. But now—
> "Yes," chimed in Miss Winslow, lockg up from her tatting. "They only there!"
>
> to that. But the Great God willed that Crees keep their secrets. But now—
> buried with me—under the old tree—
> where Jeanne's mother lies. And if ing up from her tatting. "They only there!" met each other two weeks ago, anyone can see that he is dead in love with her. She will break nis heart and

then go off and marry some one else. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, let the poor girl alone," interrupted Lawrence Mar- and wrung a low cry from his lips.

tin rudely. "I guess Doctor Wainwright can look out for himself. She couldn't father—is the man whom you know her mother—always—" fool him any if she tried, and I for one as Lord Fitzhugh Lee." don't think she is trying," and picking He coughed violently, and with sudroad, thus turning the tide of conversation to himself

Madeleine Ross, blissfully unconscious was as white as Pierre's after that of the criticism they had aroused, were sudden fit of coughing. spinning along the pleasant country

"This is certainly a great day for our hiding in the woods near Churchill. no effort to speak in these moments. ride," he said. "Let's see, we will reach and left for Fort o' God on that same Pierre's eyes were dark and luminous." ring, and be back here by 6. What will you have your friends at the boarding house have to say when they find out that you have decided to marry a country doctor?" he asked as they entered the boarding and stopped before the post-office. But before she had time to answer, the hostmaster rushed out exget out, Doctor." he said, "here is your

The next complete novelette-Aunt Jane's Crazy Quilt.

the Cree, who loves Jeanne as his own daughter.

"No. I am sure that it was not he.

Jeanne told him of Thorpe's plot to destroy you, and to lay the blame on Sachigo's people. Sachigo is out there laid it to the ruffians who wanted to kill me—and secure Jeanne. You understand." "It was Jeanne's idea-to save you. "It would have come out right—in the end—if the father had not returned," said Pierre. "I must hurry, M'sieur, for it hurts me now to talk. He came first a year ago and revealed himself to Jeanne. He told her everything. D'Arcambal was rich; Jeanne the highest the mountains—hiding with thirty of his tribe. Two days ago Jeanne the motive for the attack, Pierre," said Philip. "Did Thorpe go to see hiding. We had planned everything. Tomorrow night—when they move to the motive for the attack, Pierre," and Philip. "Did Thorpe go to see any one in Churchill?"

Tomorrow night—when they move to start a signal-fire attack—we were to start a signal-fire himself in the forest."

A convulsive shudder ran through and I both had money. He threat on the big rock mountain at the end of the lake. Sachigo starts at the to keep the terrible thing from D'Ar-signal and lays in ambush for the babiche cord which held the locket cambal. Our money sent him away others in the ravine between the two about his neck.

for a time. Then he returned. It was mountains. None of Thorpe's men "M'sleur," he whispered, quickly, "this locket—was on the little Jeanne "Well, you should worry about that," news of him I brought up the river to said her sister telephone operator. "You Jeanne—from Churchill. I offered to people will destroy them, and none will kept it because it bears the woman's know very well we ain't in her class kill him-but Jeanne would not listen ever know how it happened, for the initials. I am foolish, M'sieur. I am there!"

A great joy surged above the grief

built—birch-bark—at the very top place something of Jeanne's in my hand—I would rest easier." in Philip's heart. He could not speak, of the rock. Jeanne will wait for but pressed Pierre's hand harder and looked into his glistening eyes.

of the rock, Jeanne will wait for Philip bowed his head in silence, while his eyes grew blinding hot. Pierre pressed his hand.

"Forever," said Philip. He coughed violently, and with sudden fear Philip lifted his head so that brought a glass, partly filled, with a his knees beside Pierre, and buried

engineer returned to the little room. "I talked with him-alone-on the

truth—then. He came often after that —two, three times a week. He tortured Jeanne. My God! he taunted her, M'sieur, and made her let him kiss her, because he was her father. We gave him money—all that we could get; we promised him more, if he would leave—five thousand dollars —in three years. He agreed to go—after he had finished his work here.

I was near the cabin, and saw him again to host after he had finished his work here. When I came to my feet he was half across the open. I followed the saw a glow in the sky—the glow of a fire, leaping up in a crim-that we would remain—a son flood from the top of the mountain:

Again that terrible, moaning cry fell from Plerre's lips, and he reached out his arms toward the signal that was bias arms t citedly to the side of the car. "Don't get out, Doctor." he said, "here is your mail. I telephoned up to the bearding house and Mrs. Brown said you had come this way, so I have been on the lookout for you. There has been a bad accident over by the bridge, Doc, and they want you over there just about as quick as you can drive that car of yours. I don't know any particulars, but they are awfully excited over that way. Mrs. Perkins called up from her house."

"An accident—all right, I'll go right over." The doctor was serious at once, the boylsh happiness in his face changing to a look of grave concern. "Thank you, Mr. Mills." And turning his car around without a look at the girl beside him he began to drive rapidly in the direction of the bridge.

He seemed to have forgotten everything but the accident, and to the petted, spolled Madeleine Ross, who in all her twenty years had had everything but the accident, and to the petted, spolled Madeleine Ross, who in all her twenty years had had everything pretty nearly her own way, this was extremely disconcerting. Sie grew angeler and angrier, her face grey redder and redder, and her eyes blazed, but she said nothing. But finally, as the doctor keep his eyes on the road ahead and completely ignored her, her temper got the best of her.

"Jack Wainwright," she almost screamed, "are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are you going to Boston to buy an engagement ring, or are y And that work—M'sieur—was to destroy you. He told Jeanne, because it made her fear him more. He com-

thought she was his slave, that she philip. "She must be near."

"No, M'sieur," he replied, softly. "It is not seen to be presented by the present pain to see He told her of his plot—how he had cooled you in the sham fight with one tonight—at 12 o'clock—on the trail of his men-how those men were go-where the roadbed crosses. You will ing to attack you a little later, and meet her in my place. When she uning to attack you a little later, and how he had intercepted your letter derstands all that has happened you may bring her here, if she wishes to may bring her here, if she wishes "But Thorpe is dead," said Philip

laughed at her horror, and tortured Pierre. "That is one secret which her as a cat will a bird. But Jeanne-" Thorpe has kept from Jeanne-A spasm of pain shot over Pierre's the other is—the one who is paying face. Fresh blood dyed his lips, and to have you destroyed. Yes—they will

Philip bent low over Pierre, "I have known of this plot for M'sieur," he gasped. "I must go on!" long time, Pierre," he said, tensely. "I Philip raised him again in his arms. know that this Thorpe, who for some reason has passed as Lord Fitzhugh Lee, is but the agent of a more power-ful force behind him. Have you told "You will rest easier this way. P! me all, Pierre? Do you know nothing

"Was it Thorpe who attacked you on the cliff at Churchill?"

Pierre's next words broke his silence, and wrung a low cry from his lips.

"M'sieur, this man Thorpe—Jeanne's father—is the man whom you know as Lord Citchush Level."

M'sieur—as soon as it is dark, None will ever know. Jeanne's father is dead. You will keep the secret—of her mother—always——"

M'sieur—as soon as it is dark, None whispered so low that Philip could scarcely hear. "You will love her—always. If you do not—the Great God will let the curse of Pierre Cou-

chee fall upon you!

and, thus turning the tide of conit rested against his shoulder. After colored liquid, and placed it to Pierre's his face in his arms like a heartbroken boy. For several moments there was and with a significant hunch of his shoulders for Philip's eyes alone the country.

The light with the country of the pleasant country. The light with the country of the country of the pleasant country. The light with the country of the pleasant country of the country of the pleasant country. The light with the country of the pleasant country of the country of the pleasant country. The light with the country of the pleasant country of t spinning along the pleasant country of talked with him—alone—on the food, both in a delightfully happy frame afternoon of the fight on the rock," Pierre, as if to himself. "May I lie continued Pierre, huskily. "He was hiding in the woods near Churchill. The said "Let's see we will reach hiding in the woods near Churchill."

"I talked with him—alone—on the "Mon Dieu, how it burns!" said cold fear leap through him. He list-ened, neither breathing nor lifting his head. In that interval of pulseless Philip lowered him gently. He made quiet a terrible cry came from Philip looked up the Boston about 12, have lunch, get the ring, and be back here by 6. What will your friends at the boarding house have to say when they find out that you have with your or the ring.

from Pierre's lips, and he reached out his arms toward the signal that was blazing forth its warning in the night. "Jeanne—Jeanne—" he sobbed. "My

came in choking gasps.
"The signal!" he struggled, fighting to make Philip understand him.
"Jeanne—saw—Thorpe—tonight. He
—must—changed—plans. Attack to-

must—changed—plans. Attack tenight, Jeanne—Jeanne—my Jeanne—has lighted—the signal—fire!"
A tremor ran through his body, and he lay still. MacDougall ran across from the half-open door, and put his head to Pierre's breast.
"Is he dead?" asked Philip.

"Not yet."
"Will he become conscious again?" Philip gripped MacDougall by the

arm.
"The attack is to be made tonight,
Mac," he exclaimed. "Warn the men.
Have them ready, But you—you,
MacDougall, attend to this man, and

Without another word he ran to the door and out into the night. The signal-fire was leaping to the sky. It lighted up the black cap of the mountain, and sent a thousand aurora fires flashing across the lake. And Philip, as he ran swiftly through the came. as he ran swiftly through the camp toward the narrow trail that led to that mountain-top, repeated over and over again the dying words of Pierre "Jeanne-my Jeanne-my Jeanne

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

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

"THE STRANGE NEW ANIMAL"

"You must understand. I must be gluck," he said. "We could not warn

you of what Jeanne had discovered.

That would have revealed her father. D'Arcambal would have known-every one. Thorpe plans to dress his men-

like Indians. They are to attack your

camp tomorrow night. Ten days ago

we went to the camp of old Sachigo.

THRIFT War prices sting us frightfully.

But even while we frown We cogitate delightfully That some day they'll conte down And though we may be pretty short We're thankful for a lift. That's why I sing this ditty shor

Of thrift, thrift, thrift.

The soldier at the front;

He given praise and touted is

As one who's done his stunt.

Our country! To defend it all Are willing-get my drift? So save your cash! Don't spend

Use thrift, thrift, thrift!

Because they represent

A citizenry dutiful On doing good intent.

War savings stamps are beautiful

All cannot fight (though many

-GRIF ALEXANDER.

Let others work their shift: By saving reap the benefit Of thrift, thrift, thrift!

A patriot undoubted is

The Flying Ogre traps Lonesome Bear in a cave after trying to shoot

CHAPTER III Balley Sam Comes Home

YOU'RE a nice one to get caught
this way," scolded Billy Belgium,
as Lonesome Bear wept over his plight.
"I don't want to be stuffed—except
with blueberries and acorns and nice
things to eat," walled Lonesome Bear in

Billy walked up to the stakes which barred the entrance to the cave and tried to pull them out. He couldn't budge one of them. of them.

"We will have to get a saw to cut them," he declared.

"Get a gas mask and they can't smoke

"Welcome home from war!" cried Peggy and Billy "Don't leave me!" begged Lonesome
Bear. "The Ogre and the aviator will
be back soon to smoke me out. Then
they will shoot me."
From the bushes across the river came
From the bushes across the river came
phant. phant. "Gee-whillikers!" exclaimed Billy,

a surprising bit of advice.

"Get a gas mask and they can't smoke you out."

Peggy and Billy whirled around to see the speaker. No one was in sight, Lonesome Bear was so wrapped up in his troubles that he hadn't heard the voice. He went right on with his wailings, "I don't want to be shot!"

"Then get a helmet!" advised the unseen speaker.

Billy pushed Peggy behind him. The speaker misht be the Ogre.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" shouted Billy Belgium.

In answer a head bobbed up from Ru HAYWARD.

Ru HAYWARD.

"Gee-whillikers!" said Billy again.
"Hee-haw! Get a cannon," advised the

"Hee-haw! Get a cannon," advised the first head.

"Ha. I know you now," cried Peggy, leaping from behind Billy. "Balky Sam, you march right out of those bushes."

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! We fooled you just like we fooled the Huns," brayed Balky Sam triumphantly, parading out of the bushes on his hind legs. On his head he wore a German helmet and over his face he had a gas mask. No wonder Peggy and Billy didn't recognize him. And out of the bushes, too, trotted Billy Goat and Johnny Bull, each wearing a helmet and a mask.

"Welcome home from war!" cried Peggy and Billy.

"What's the matter over there? Got some fighting to do?" brayed Balky Sam, shaking off his mask.

"Lonesome Bear has been trapped in his den by the Flying Ogre," answered Billy.

"Hee-haw! We'll show you what we'll the same of the same of

"Hee-haw! We'll show you what we did to Hun traps in Europe," brayed Balky Sam.

He plunged into the river, with Billy
Goat and Johnny Bull swimming close

By HAYWARD Copyright, 1919, by the Public Ledger Co. FOUND EM IN THE THE COAST IS 4 T ALL RIGHT. THAT'S SIX COME LITTLE L 5-5-5H: Boss's DESK! S-SH! CLEAR MISS CENTS I OWE YOU! CLARA. "LETS DICK ! CLARA, ILL O'FLAGE : GOSH, YOU TALK Go!" SHOOT THE PIECE JUST LIKE MY LITTLE IF I MAKE IT : BROTHER : STOCK COME BA-BEE! ROOM AH! LUNCH TIME AND MUCH MYSTERY!

knock out of the d-d Yankee SOMEBODY'S "STENOG"-S-sh! Big Secret! BUT WHERE DID! YOU GET THEM. MISS OFLAGE?

n in the wickedness, and give my sey to the poor as she shall tell me to give it," walled the publican. "Oh, see here! That's all nonsense. at's only a silly convent notion. o'll wake up. If she doesn't wake well, you know how to bring If you don't, then you'll be the dian who didn't understand

nd that. I believe that every cent

ms is honest money for us. But

girl right out of a convent isn't

things. You simply have got to put

up to her straight and right! She's

Acadian girl. She'll understand."

The say I must smash my bottles.

the the pilgrimage to the shrine. the novena for every year I have

my doors, clean out my place,

to understand the busifiess side