THE RED LANE

cers were visible.

"I'm hired to drive sheep, not to

shoot officers, Mr. Roi,"

CHAPTER III

do it easy." By the Hands of Beaulieu's Girl

THE sheep came on, crowding, bleating, thrusting woolly bodies together, their trotting hoofs purring on the hard roadway. The undulating press of shaggy backs filled the Monarda thoroughfare. Two collie dogs with lolling tongues scurried here and there on the outskirts, menacing stragglers with sharp barks, nipping at vagrant hocks. Now and then the dogs crossed the field of moving wool, springing from back to back. Far behind, hardly more than shadows in the haze of fine dust from the clay road, were men with long staves. The men were shouting commands to the eager dogs, who yelped angrily at the laggards or truants among the sheep.

"You take the big chance this dayyou take the big chance," complained Regulieu. He scowled apprehensively when the clamor swelled; he peered under his hand to the west, searching with squinting eyes among the scattered trees of the Yankee border.

"Oh, the good old Red Lane is open for me here all right," said Roi, boasting carelessly. "They're looking for me twenty miles north of here. The good old Red Lane is easily shifted overnight." He laughed loudly and looked at the window in the far end or Beaulieu's house.

"But when you shift three thousand sheep and drive 'em across in daylight you shall find much trouble some of these days," warned Vetal, "That Red Lane ain't made to be use after sun-Roi did not reply. His eyes were

curtain continued to guard it jealously. A man, dust-streaked and panting. came running up on the outside of the drove, leaping over the gutter

fixed on the curtained window, but the

"What say, boss? All right ahead?" "Let 'em go, Nappy! Divide 'em as I told you. Same pastures as on the last trip. When you come across Jeffreys tell him I'll meet him later in the day. I'm going to hang up here

He was staring again at the curtained window. He turned from the drover and walked past the window, flicking his riding-whip at the hurrying sheep, in his bravado exhibiting the airs of the commander. He shouted

and now you go to make it much worse," compained Vetal, at his heels, She hears—she sees. She has come back to hate us for what we do on

loesn't hate Yankee sneaks the way cowards are you?" doggedly. "It looks to me, Vetal, as other, own daughter."

He kicked viciously at hewildered sheep who ventured into the broad that kind of a job yourself, Mr. Rol?" myself, did you, when there's a drunk- dread. There was the sudden popyard of Beaulieu's Place. He cursed inquired the big fellow who had thrust en fool handy?"

pasture bars are up behind the bleat leaders of the flock had passed him. relieved his stress of emotion some- little while. ers," directed the chief. "Keep 'em moving. There's no customs sneak ahead of us on the Red Lane this

The drovers grinned, divided the jottles among themselves, and hur-

under his palm each time he turned to the west, threw up his arms and gave a shrill cry.

"What have I tell you-what have I tell you. Dave Rol? You have took he chance. You have fooled with the time. You have gone against the

lad thing this time. There was no mistaking the identity the person who appeared suddenly the brow of a hillock just ahead the drove. The first shaft of the sun touched the insignia on the nously in the eyes of the

By HOLMAN DAY A Romance of the Border

rodders," "The Skipper and the Skipped," etc. boundary's iron post. No other offi-, The sheep could not be turned and what. His own fury met ready re-

There's only one of him. He's that, tumbling into this thing by accident." He leaped down, tugging at his hip you do something so that we can get onths. pocket, and ran toward his men, who those sheep out of this scrape—and had halted in the bighway. He thrust I don't care what you do."

his revolver into the hands of one of turned up the broken bottle and drank no care of what he do. "Duck around through the edge of . The man pushed the weapon away. for the revolver.

said. "I'll cut around behind."

herded back across the line. The of sponse from the smuggler, Roi retort "The d-d sneak," he blustered. ficer was posted in a way to prevent ed savagely; and the two cursed each other, hiding their deeper emotion "Five hundred to you, Condon, if under incoherent speech and nasty

Author of "King Spruce," "The Ram

"You have sent a drunken man to go and do something," shrilled Vetal. "That sounds different!" The youth "And a drunken man he has no brain,

again. The liquor ran down over his "You go and make my place the the woods and give him a lead hint breast, for he could not set his lips headquarter for this thing. You make to move. Get behind him. You can on the jagged glass. He threw the me either the liar or the man who get bottle at the iron past and reached mix in, and he cannot help himself. or the revolver.

"Go on with your drove, boys," he to see, to hear it all!"



"If she has got whims that a good "You don't propose to let one man | Roi strode into the big room on the ing me your case can't be much worse

ought to hate 'em, we'll find out He shook his revolver above his fears, looking from the corners of his ford to throw me down. And if Evanwhat the reason is," declared Roi, head and turned from one to the eyes at Roi, who came to the truck galine is going to run your business

after him."

"Open them later, boys, when the ock stood like a statue, waiting. The nerves. He stormed at Rol. Anger the silence of the June morning for a

and poured liquor for himself.

Acadian girl shouldn't have, then it's hold us up with three thousand here heels of Beaulieu. There was fright with her than it is now," said Roi, time to have an understanding. If she on the hoof, do you? What kind of on the publican's seamed face. He with a brutal sneer. "It's a case of trudged about his truck, muttering his stand together. Vetal. You can't af-

He kided viciously at benidered sites your doing seem what the matter exist your doing the day who were also in turning the flanks of the drove.

"If she is ashamed of me because the matter exist your doing the day who were also in turning the flanks of the drove.

"If she is ashamed of me because the matter exist your doing a long to me the left of the same and the flanks of the drove.

"If she is ashamed of me because the matter exist your doing a long to me the left of the same and the left of the left of the same and the left of the left of the left of the same and the left of the left o

"Ho, inside, there! Haven't you got ommon decency?" * The door shook under blows dealt

by a boot-heel. "I command you to open. In the name of the United States, open this

halting tongue had not found words to describe an emofion which had been new to him. This grave, beautiful girl had faced him with her reproaches the evening before. She was centered in a mental and spiritual polse that had left him abashed and when he exacted the ton the ton the left him abashed and shortest side of the ridge, and shortest side of the ridge, and grieved-yet angered in a sullen, secret way. She came straight to her father, pushing back the tumbling masses of her dark hair.

"Why do you not open that door, father?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

THE CRAZY QUILT By Eleanor Simmons

BETTY'S Aunt Jame was not so very six years to be exact, and Betty had just turned twenty. But when Captain Burten, a brave young army officer en route home, stepped off at Glenn Center to visit a friend at whose home, quite ecidentally, he met Betty, and when she invited him over that evening for

necidentally. he met Betty, and when she invited him over that evening for the sole purpose of writing his name on Aunt Jane's crazy-quilt, the swift mental vision he had of Aunt Jane did not do justice to that most engaging yeung lady.

"It's like this." lisped Betty. "When our boys went to war they left vacancies that were hard to fill in this sma!! town, so Aunt Jane, well, she just "filled in' wherever she was needed most, and they kept her busy. The postmaster didn't have any one to drive the mail when his son. Billy, went, so Aunt Jane took the job until he found a man; and then she helped out at the corner greery for a while, and the minute she was through there they sent word from the shoe store: Would she please come over and help them out? So while the rest of us kept house and sewed for the Red Cross she went from one man's jeb to another until she declared she would just have to do something feminine. So to relieve her feelings she started a crazy-quilt. We call it a crazy-quilt." went on Betty, "but, really, it is a beautiful thing—so soft and silky and cheery looking. All the neighbors brought in their odd silk and velvet pieces as soon as they found out she was making one. Maybe you think she might have used her spare time to better advantage, but no one who knows how hard she worked to help win the war would begrudge her the only pleasure she allowed herself through it all. It will be sort of a war reile, too, when it is finished, for in the center of each square there will be a soldler's name in his own handwriting. Won't it be interesting? When the boys come home they'll all have the honor of ensolling on Aunt Jane's quilt; but she'll feel proud to have a real captain's name on it the first thing, and you'll probably be instructed to write on the most conspicuous square of all. No, we'll expect you this evening, so don't disappoint us." conciuded Betty, with her prettiest accent, and Captain Burtan smilingly assured her that he would be there at the appointed hour.

At home, Betty's mother was

FLOWER OF THE NORTH

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

lessly from the inner recesses of the house. Over her night-gear was a wrapper of bright colors. Such a robe might have seemed gaudy on another. But the garment appeared to belong to her brilliancy. Against the soft duskiness of her Acadian pallor her cheeks glowed with vivid hues. In the liquid depths of her big black eyes strange fires sparkled. There was appeal there, too. But resolve dominated her excitement. Both of the men who sneaked back in the shadows by the wall felt the influence of that by the wall felt the influence of that resolve and blinked uneasily when she stared at them. The father felt it most. He had tried to explain to Dave Roi that morning. But his halting tongue had not found words

"Where's your nerve, boys? Get after him."

after him."

"What's the matter with your doing that kind of a job yourself, Mr. Rol?"

In the specific specific

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Suddenly Beaulieu saw his daughter.

She had come into the big room noise-lessly from the inner recesses of the house. Over her night-gear was a crowd in front of the supply-house. Over her night-gear was a crowd in front of the supply-house of bright colors. Such a robe might have seemed gaudy on another, house to avoid discovery, ran a hunging that the seemed gaudy on another. free, and stood a step from him, her face as white as death.
"He—is—dead—"

"Yes, he is dead."
"And Pierre—Pierre killed him?" Philip held out his arms, but Jeanne "And-Pierre-is-hurt-"whe went

Before he answered Philip took her

since takes, and led not about the class of the ridge, and when he reached the top he lay upon when he reached the top he lay upon of sone.

The fire was built against a bured dead pine, and the pine was blains at the class of the saren cap of the rock from code in the saren crap of th

Philip could not see when he turned his face to the light of the office. For the first time the grief which he had choked back escaped in a gasping break in his voice, and he wiped his eyes with his pocket-handkerchief. Ho knew that MacDougall was looking upon his weakness, but he did not at first see that there was another person in the room besides the engineer. This second person rose to meet him, while MacDougall remained in his seat, and as he came out into the clearer light of the room Philip could scarce believe his eyes.

It was Gregson!

It was Gregson!
"I am sorry that I came in just at this time, Phil," he greeted, in a low

warmth and touch of his great love.

"Yes, he is hurt, Jeanne." he said.
"We must hurry, for I am afraid there is no time to lose."

"He is—dying?"

"I fear so, Jeanne."

He turned before the look that came into her face, and led her about the circle of fire to the side of the mountain that sloped down into the plain.
Suddenly Jeanne stopped for an instant. Her fingers tightened about his. Her face was turned back into the endless desolation of night and the endless desolation of night and

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

(Paggy, Billy, Balky Sam, Billy Goat and Johnny Bull go to the resence of Loucsome Bear who is trapped by the Flying Ogre.)

CHAPTER IV Peggy's Wits Find a Way

that trap," brayed Balky Sam, galloping up to the entrance of the cave where Lonesome Bear was imprisoned. Whirling around, Sam sent his powerful heels banging against the stakes that barred the entrance. stakes that barred the entrance. Slam, bang, slam went his beels, and Balky Sam turned to see the effect. But the stakes stood as solidly as ever. "Hee-haw! Now I'm going to do

some real kicking," brayed Balky Sam, and his heels beat fast and furiously at

traps," he declared. "This must be an "Of course," replied Peggy. "The some Bear.
"It will not be so bad," brayed Balky

"That explains it," brayed Balky am. "I'm a terror on Hun traps, but an American trap-that's different." "Baa-aa! Watch me butt it to pieces." bleated Billy Goat, launching himself headforemost at the stakes. But he didn't budge them, and in addition he got his horns tangled up in them so that Billy Belgium and Peggy had a

"Woof! I'll bite them in two," growled Johnny Bull, tearing at the stakes with his teeth. But the wood

COAX THEM

By HAYWARD



was dancing gaily through the smoke

was hard and Johnny Bull's "Well, I guess you'll have to stay in there and be stuffed by that Ogre," brayed Balky Sam.
"I don't want to be stuffed—unless I

"I've seen lots of stuffed bears is museums and some of them looked resulted and natural."

"Lonesome Bear is not going to be stuffed," spoke up Peggy indignantly "We are going to get him out of them Have you any matches, Billy."

"Lots of them," answered Billy.

"We will just make a fire under the stakes and burn them away," sak Peggy.

"Wise Princess Peggy! I knew you's think of a way," brayed Balky Sam.

Billy gathered up bits of dried woos and soon had a fire blazing merrily under the stakes. But quickly an unformed the stakes. But quickly an unformed and soon had a fire blazing merrily under the stakes. But quickly an unformed and soon had a fire blazing merrily under the stakes. But quickly an unformed had a fire blazing him to cough, to splutter, and to gast for breath. The smoke from the fire was pouring into the cave and smothering him.

""Save him! He is choking to death!"

ing him.

SOMEBODY'S "STENOG"-Officer, Raid That Club!







