

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY A Romance of the Border

Author of "King Spruce," "The Ram Rodders," "The Skipper and the Skipped," etc.

READ THIS FIRST

Vetal Beauieu keeps an inn on the Maine-Canadian border, and caters to smugglers...

NOW READ THIS

Yes, and the hot flame of love was in his heart, Aldrich told himself. He had understood her so well from the first...

Without stopping to debate the question of paternal rights versus the claims of love...

Back to Attegat, back to Evangeline, if danger threatened—there seemed to lie his duty.

"Thank you—and adieu, M'eer Billedeau," he said, haste in his tones.

He whirled his horse and clattered away up the slope. His plan was not clear in his mind...

Billedeau had warned him that spies had been sent along the highways. Why not was ahead of him...

Even the impetuosity of a lover must defer to prudence. At sunset he dismounted at a brook...

While he struggled on he damned himself for folly, inefficiency and lack of all qualities a man ought to have.

The panic which assails one who feels that he is late for the duty which calls him does not aid in accomplishment.

made the best of its way through the woods, thoughts had been racing through the mind of Aldrich.

By following the sinuous course of the lanes he knew that he could arrive there unobserved.

He leaped off his horse and took the bridle-rein. The work he had ahead of him just then was not a horseback job.

He thrashed his way through bushes, across brooks, and the horse followed at the end of the rein.

aiders, bleeding, tattered, panting, he was far from feeling like a hero of any occasion, nor did he resemble one.

He was a disgusted, overworked young man, blazing with the fury of impatience, hot with the fires of apprehension on behalf of one whom he loved with all his soul and for whom he desperately feared.

"By the gods, after this when I know I'm right I'll go the straight way to a thing and go on the gallop!" he shouted to the sky above him.

He rode toward Attegat, his face close to the flying mane of his horse, encouraging the animal with pat of hand and crooning word.

She hated the wretch. Such things cannot be done," he choked.

"When men are determined and desperate—and a father is present and consents, a great deal can be done," stated the notary, sadly.

Aldrich leaped off his horse and went down on his knees in the dust of the square.

"No, I heard nothing. Wagons come and go here in the night. I do not notice them. But your horse galloped—you hurried—and I knew the names had been entered on the clerk's books, and I had been warning."

Aldrich struggled to his feet. He brandished his arm above his head. His lips were rolled away from his teeth.

"Oh, if I were only a hound instead of a man just now! I would follow on my hands and knees. I am good for nothing. I have let them steal her," he raved.

"That he was too late, that the spies were no longer required, was a thought which seared his soul!"

THE SEVEN DOGS OF WAR Under the stars. The impetuous rush of Aldrich's horse along the street to the square awakened the echoes—nothing else. The folks went to bed early and slept soundly in Attegat.

In the square the officer halted his sweating horse at the mossy trough, and the animal thirstily drove his nose into the water to his eyes.

"By God!" Aldrich groaned. "Why did you allow her to go? Why did you not give alarm. They have stolen her. It is a damnable plot."

"But it was her father," repeated Madame Ouillette. "Who has the right to step between a father and his girl?"

"No, M'eer. But tell me what— He did not wait. She screamed frantic queries after him as he galloped away.

In the middle of the village square a dim figure stood with arms upraised. The gesture was so compelling, so appealing, that he reined down his horse. The man was Notary Pierre Gendreau.

door, and he heard steps hurrying within after he rapped.

"I do not mean that—I did not know of it. But this is what I know. I am a notary. I have business with the town clerk at Attegat at times. I am entitled to inspect his records. Intentions of marriage between David Roi and Evangeline Beauieu have been entered on those books. Yes, and the license has been issued. I saw the names there today."

"All of us are fools," declared Aldrich, hotly. "We have let an innocent girl be dragged out of this village. She is in the clutches of the worst rascal on this border. Good God above us! Where have they taken her? What is happening to her?"

"He spurred his horse in his frenzy, holding the reins tight, and the animal spun around in a circle on scuffing feet. To right and left and all about Aldrich directed agonized glances as though he were trying to decide which direction to take.

"I am going to see that poor Miss Carstairs."

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"I heard the horse's hoofs when you hurried past. Trouble, trouble, they seemed to say. I guessed it might be you, M'eer Aldrich. You have found it out for yourself, then?"

"I have found out that Vetal Beauieu has been here tonight and taken away his daughter," blurted the young man. "Is that what you mean, notary?"

"I do not mean that—I did not know of it. But this is what I know. I am a notary. I have business with the town clerk at Attegat at times. I am entitled to inspect his records. Intentions of marriage between David Roi and Evangeline Beauieu have been entered on those books. Yes, and the license has been issued. I saw the names there today."

Aldrich reeled on his horse. The notary peered up at the face that was ghastly white in the starlight—lined here and there by the blood from the wounds the lashing twigs had dealt.

"It seemed to me like mischief," faltered the old man. "I know Dave Roi. He is not a fit husband for a girl. But I did not think Vetal Beauieu would do what you have said."

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

THE CAPTIVE QUEEN

(Flora, Queen of the Wild Flowers, is missing when the time comes for her to awaken the spring blossoms. Peggy, Billy and the birds find her a prisoner in a fountain.)



The Prince was dragged to land

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BRUNO DUKE Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

THE PROBLEM OF THE RETURNED FURNITURE

The Beginning of a Complicated Case AS I entered that sitting room at the Belton Hotel, I had, of course, removed my hat. The elderly woman who was there was so surprising in appearance that I acted somewhat like a bashful schoolboy and twiddled my hat around as I gazed from those long hands to the large, deathly white face, disfigured by a somewhat pronounced sandy mustache.

"Suppose you let me relieve you of your hat and your embarrassment, she said—and then I had another surprise, for she had a deep voice like a man, but with a soft, mellow tone that made it sound beautiful.

"Without a word I passed her my hat. She placed it on a small table and asked, 'You are Mr. Flint?'"

"Yes, Miss —" "Benks," she supplied then. "I am Miss Carstairs's old nurse. I've nursed every young Carstairs for the last forty years. She's the last and best of them all, so when she got worried about things it was natural I should leave my home and be with her. I presume you are Mr. Duke's assistant, young man?"

"Yes, Miss Benks," I smiled. "I am Peter Flint, Mr. Duke's assistant." "I remembered how Duke, one time, corrected the head of a tremendous organization for calling me 'young man' and insisted on my being called Mr. Flint."

"Always insist on being treated as a man of importance. If people feel they can't be so familiar with you it may give you a kind of following, but you will not have the respect of the people who count. Now you cannot expect people to consider your work or your suggestion of value unless you have their confidence and respect," he admonished me afterward.

"Does your mistress wish to know that? If so, I will not waste your time, Mr. Duke did not send me here to speak about him, but to see Miss Carstairs."

"Miss Benks seemed tacitly to agree with this and answered hastily: 'Pray, forgive me, Mr. Flint; my question was altogether too abrupt, but tell me, please, is Mr. Duke really a marvel?'"

"I fear I cannot discuss that matter, so if you will please tell Miss Carstairs I am here that will be all I need to trouble you about," was my reply.

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stairs isn't swindled, and if you want to get a job for your employer you must tell me something about him."

"Wait, please, Mr. Flint, I don't question you or Mr. Duke, but let me tell you something."

"Several people have offered to help her, but so far everybody who has had a hand in her affairs has cost her money and she is getting poorer."

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"SOMEBODY'S STENOGR"—Some Thought Process



How are we going to open the safe if you forgot the last number of the combination? Golly, boss, the fever I had last week must have knocked it sky daddle out of my bean! Boss!

I REMEMBER NOW—BECAUSE LIZZIE DOLLITE CAME TO SEE ME LAST WEEK ALL DOLLED UP IN A NEW DRESS AND SHE SAID SHE PAID \$32.00 FOR IT—

AND I REMEMBER THINKING AT THE TIME, IF SHE REALLY PAID HALF WHAT SHE SAID SHE PAID FOR IT, THAT WOULD BE SIXTEEN DOLLARS—AND SIXTEEN IS TWICE THE LAST NUMBER OF OUR SAFE COMBINATION—SO THE NUMBER IS EIGHT!

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