a determination to force Evangeline to re-turn bome, and do his bidding. Vetal Beaulieu and Roi together set out for At-tegat, meet Blais and a number of Roi's confederates at an ion on the way, where

Fiddler Billedeau and others are spending the night. On sight of Fiddler Billedeau

Vetal Beautien becomes enraged, has Blais

draw up his will to Rol, provided he marry Evangeline within a year, but falling to do so, his fortune to go to Fiddler Billedesu. Next day they journey toward At-tegat. Fiddler Billedeau meets Aldrich riding the horder, advises him of the meet-ting at the inn, and Aldrich determines to

Attegat to protect Evangeline.

NOW READ THIS

disturbed the sweetness of his affec-

tion for her. In spite of the distress-

ing contretemps at Bois-de-Rancourt,

their love had been an idyl. He was

sure of her loyalty, even though their

circumstances imposed long waiting

upon them. The pure and placid ro-

mance of the attachment had over-

shadowed the sordid recalcitrance of

Vetal Beaulieu and the sensual wooing

by Roi. He had been sure of her

heart. Other considerations had not

Now all was changed! He was con-

vinced that lustful passion threatened

her. A satyr's love, sanctioned by her

The spur of primal instinct roweled

Aldrich's soul. The female he had

chosen for his mate was in danger of

violation. His fears argued with him

now: there could be only one errand

which would bring Beaulieu and Roi

north, despatching their emissaries

shead of them across the border, Beau-

Heu had determined to take his daugh-

Without stopping to debate the

question of paternal rights versus the claims of love, Norman Aldrich prompt ly determined that Beaulieu should not

carry her away where she would be

exposed to persecutions by the liber-

Back to Attegat, back to Evangeline,

"Thank you-and adieu, M'ser Billedeau," he said, haste in his tones. "I shall act on what you have said!" He whirled his horse and clattered away up the slope. His plan was not clear in his mind. He really had no definite knowledge that danger threatened the girl. Therefore, circum-

Billedeau had warned him that spies had been sent along the highways. Whynot was ahead of him. He de-

cided to be cautious. He turned off into the forest, making his

way by mossy foot-paths and by bush-

bordered lanes which lumbermen had used. The afternoon sun was low

and the shadows were deep under the

trees, but he knew the hidden ways through the forest, for he had traveled

them at times when caution had

Even the impetuosity of a lover

must defer to prudence. At sunset

he dismounted at a brook and ate his

bread and meat while his horse crop-

ped the grass of a little clearing. The

ride to Attegat, by the winding paths

and devious lanes he had chosen, was

no task for a weary and hungry horse.

It was dark in the forest when he

swung himself into the saddle. Prog-

ress was slow after he started. There

were rotting logs across the way and

the woodland vistas were puzzling in

the gloom. In the silence of the night

the fires of his imagination were

alight. All at once the panic of haste

took possession of him. He blamed

the caution that had inspired him to

edge of the whereabouts of a man who

would seriously threaten their designs

would be valuable to Vetal and his

caused Aldrich to leave the highway.

While his horse floundered along he

thought that, lacking information as

to their plans, he needed to employ

stealth. The spectacle of him pound-

the road to Attegat would have put |

his foes on their guard. But after

time he was not consoled by that

thought. He cursed his folly aloud. Ah, he had gone upon this business o

the heart, this knight-errantry for

the sake of the girl he loved, just as

he would have started on a quest for

smugglers! The obsession of his oc-

cupation had been too strong. He had

employed the methods of a sleuthing

customs deputy in an affair where he

had the right to stand forth and de-

girl he loved even from her own father; in his new exaltation he de-

a licentious scoundrel. Without ques-

north country for the one purpose carrying her away to settle her

ng through tote-road sloughs,

tried to console himself by the own troubles.

counted for more than haste.

if danger threatened-there seemed to

tine who coveted her.

stances must govern.

lie his duty.

weighed.

father, pursued her.

By HOLMAN DAY A Romance of the Border Author of "King Spruce," "The Ram rodders," "The Skipper and the Skipped," etc.

"Is Mam'selle Evangeline not here?"

Agonizing fear quivered in his tones,

she? Speak quickly, Madame!"

more questions.

Vetal Beaulieu keeps an ian on the Maine-Canadian horder, and caters to smurglers. His daughter, Evangeline, edu-cated in a convent, returns home unex-pectedly, rebels against the nature of his affair of Evangeline Beaulieu took He was a disgusted, overwrought opened. new form. With force that was tele- young man, blazing with the fury of the night outside, seeing but dimly, moment!

pectedly, rebels against the nature of his business, refuses to marry the man. David Rel, a smuggler, whom her father has chosen for hes, and leaves home penniless, determined to become a teacher in a "Yankee school" at Attegat. Fiddler Billedeau takes Evangeline to Attegat. Norman Aldrich, a "Yankee" customs officer, meets Evangeline, falls in love with her, and they become eogsaed. Rel and Louis Blais, an atterney of Attegat, are partners in a political intrigue, and Blais promises Rel to assist him in capturing Evangeline. Rel returns to Vetal Beaulieu's place, goals the old man into a determination to force Evangeline to return home, and do his bidding. Vetal the lanes he knew that he could arrive dare to look at his watch to discover

onverging to the palm.

ngers. He leaped off his horse and took the him just then was not a horseback job. He would be obliged to desert lanes he should to the sky above him. and paths and plunge straight through the woods to the nearest highway.
When he left the route he had chosen night shrouded forest came a resolucould have found a tote-road or lum. adventures of that stirring evening. ber-lane leading out to the highway. He rode toward Attegat, his face In the night, among the trees, the vis- close to the flying mane of his horse, tas deceive.

Yes, and the hot flame of love was in his heart, Aldrich told himself. He bushes, across brooks, and the horse look to right or left in search of the had understood her so well from the followed at the end of the rein. Now spies of Dave Roi. His eyes were first, had so clearly seen her instincand then when the tree-tops thinned ahead, his heart leaping toward Mative aversion to the swaggering Roi, he took a fresh look at the north star dame Ouillette's cottage in Attegat that the thought of a rival had never

battlements of ledges where he was

obliged to make detours on account of

the horse. Every now and then ra-

He was headed straight across broken

horse in making a climb or a descent, tegat.

companions, and such reflection had twigs. An occasional and piteous altar light glimmered weakly—the only love

officer that the animal was having his

country; and the lanes had followed

In places the crowns of the black

growth were so thick that he could

on such occasions.

made the best of its way through the alders, bleeding, tattered, panting, he door, and he heard steps hurrying woods, thoughts had been racing was far from feeling like a hero of within after he rapped. through the mind of Aldrich. The any occasion, nor did he resemble one. It was Madame Ouillette who

pathic the consciousness came to him impatience, hot with the fires of apprethat he was wanted in Attegat at that hension on behalf of one whom he "you have come back, then, Mam'selle of it. But this is what I know. I am loved with all his soul and for whom By following the sinuous course of he desperately feared. He did not there unobserved. But, to repeat, the how many valuable hours he had panic of haste took possession of him wasted in what he had determined would be a cautious sortle in the The highways from across the woods. He did not take the time order came into Attegat like fingers to wipe the sweat and blood from his face. He leaped into the saddle and Aldrich was between two of those sent his horse away on the jump before he had found his stirrups.

He leaped off his norse and shead of bridle rein. The work he had shead of know I'm right I'll go the straight know I'm right I'll go the straight

he had nothing except sense of direction which was worth the toil, and tion to guide him. Had it been day he which served him well in certain other

encouraging the animal with pat of He thrashed his way through hand and crooning word. He did not

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

thought which seared his soul!

the lines of least resistance. But he rush of Aldrich's horse along the It is a damnable plot."

did not dare to turn too far from the street to the square awakened the

avoid the spies. To be sure, knowi- of all qualities a man ought to have. spout, the tired murmuring of nestling no longer a matter between Vetal

whinny from the horse informed the spark that illumined the darkness.

ing along the highway in broad day on ment. Aldrich fell here and there; he in the village. It was in Madame a dim figure stood with arms up-

The panic which assails one who impatience governing him.

THE SEVEN DOGS OF WAR

vines forced him to retrace his steps. THE village of Attegat lay hushed "By God!" Aldrich groaned. "Why

direct course, and over and over he echoes-nothing else. The folks went Madame Ouillette. "Who has the

risked his neck and the limbs of his to bed early and slept soundly in At-

not see the sky or find his guide, the and the animal thirstily drove his nose the face. He groaned. Who had the

While he struggled on he damned suffling as the horse drank, the tinkle the whip across the flanks of a race-

himself for folly, inefficiency and lack of the little stream from the wooden horse. He cursed. For him it was

His hands were bleeding from contact doves in the caves here and there. The Bearlieu and his daughter; it was a

with the sharp rocks; his face was windows of the houses were blank and matter betwen Rol and a man for

gashed and smarting from thrusts of dark. In Pere Leclair's church the whom Evangeline had declared her

Aldrich allowed the dripping horse

to drink but little, both prudence and

calls him does not aid in accomplish- house. Yes, there was one more light In the middle of the village square

-oiled, tugging along his much-endur- Ouillette's window. He saw it when he raised. The gesture was so compelling,

ng horse, and when at last he burst turned the corner and began the ascent so appealing, that he reined down his

rom the forest into the starlit high- of the hill. The gate was open. He horse. The man was Notary Pierre

under the stars. The impetuous did you allow her to go? Why did you

In the square the officer halted his In that tumult of his emotions the

sweating horse at the mossy trough, woman's remark was like a blow in

into the water to his eyes. Then there right? Then he thought of Dave Roi,

were no other sounds that the eager and that thought was like a blow of

not give alarm. They have stolen her

"Do you know nothing more?"

"No, M'ser. But tell me what-

He did not wait. She screamed

-:-

frantic queries after him as he gal-

"But it was her father," repeated

hurried past. "Trouble, trouble," they seemed to say. I guessed it might be you, M'ser Aldrich You have found it out for yourself, then?" "I have found out that Vetal Beau-

lieu has been here tonight and taken away his daughter," blurted the young man. "Is that what you mean, "Ah " she cried, blinking sleepily at notary?" "I do not mean that-I did not know

Evangeline? I have waited. I have a notary, I have business with the town clerk at Attegat at times. I am entitled to inspect his records. In-When did she go away? Where is Roi and Evangeline Beaulieu have been entered on those books. Yes, and the license has been issued. I saw He set his hands on either side of the the names there today."

"I heard the horse's hoofs when you

door and leaned to her, stammering Aldrich reeled on his horse. The notary peered up at the face that was "Her father came. Ah, yes, he was ghastly white in the starlight-lined her father. She called him that. She 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.

holding the reins tight, and the animal spun around in a circle on scuffling feet. To right and left and all about Aldrich directed agonized glances as though he were trying to decide which direction to take. His thoughts were plercing him like knife-thrusts. His magination painted a hideous picture. His were the tortures of a man bound hand and foot and doomed to witness the ravishment of a maid.

"They can't make her marry him. She hates 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. "I see the hand of Louis Blais in this. He has the right to perform marriages. Yes. a great deal can be done when men are desperate and dishonest."

He was talking to a madman. Aldrich leaped off his horse and

went down on his knees in the dust of the square. He put his face close to the ground. He stared with filming eyes at the criss-crossing of wagon tracks. He realized that such efforts But he was not in a state of mind to use reason. Oh, to find some sign which would show him which way they had taken her! To see one rut fresher than the rest which would afford a hint!

"How did they come? How did they go?" he gasped. "Did you not hear them, notary? Was there not a great which work as the 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 afil, so when she got worried about things it was natural I should leave my brother's home and be with her. I presume you are Mr. Duke's assistant, young man?"

"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 sail, so when she got worried about things it was natural I should leave my brother's home and be with her. I presume you are Mr. Duke's assistant, young man?"

"Yes, Miss —?" to gain clues were worse and useless.

you hear them? You must have heard arms and looked sternly at me, "Is Mr.

his night-gear and wagged his head sympathetically. But, having no sug-gestions to offer, he kept silent.

and rushed on. It was slow work, the That he was too late, that the spies went out-of-doors to talk with him. She has not come back. He was her father," she insisted, quieting her own misgivings. "So I did not worry. But I have been wondering why she has not come back."

"By God!" Aldrich groaned. "Why toward Monarda," the omicer burst out. It was answering certain mental calculations which the notary himself was revolving. "Rol is a coward. He would not take the road on this side of the river. He has gone back toward the border. Oh, God in the heavens, tell me which road he took!" best he could make of it. There were were no longer required, was a She has not come back. He was her

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAM LAND 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

THE QUEEN'S WARNING TRUE enough, Queen Flora was

captive. The spurting, splashing waters at the top of the fountain held he gasped. "I am Norman Aldrich, tentions of marriage between David her as securely as though they had been bars of steel. The queen's dancing which had caused the Birds to think her at play, was not really dancing at all—she was being tossed about by the waters against her will.

"Leap high, Queen Flora, leap high!" cried Prince Bonnie Blue Bell. Queen Flora leaped high, a stream in the center of the fountain giving her a the center of the fountain giving her a strong boost, but her leap was not high enough to carry her to freedom. She was forced back, tumbling down amid the jets of water, which presently shot her up into the air again, turning her over and over. It was plain that the

her up into the air again, turning her up into the pall up again that the was up and the was up and the was up and the water, she shouted. But here "Come back, Prince Bonnie Blue Bell up and the water, she shouted in the cit the clothesine which the Birls had given him and Peggy a lift. Turning it into a lasse by tying a noose in one end, he skillfully threw the loop over Prince Bonnie Blue Bell up and the water, and the water, and fight his way upward—and again and again he lost his grip on the rocks and was carried by the rushing streams back into the pond. He became exhausted fountain and plunged into the jets of

The Prince was dragged to land

water. Another instant and he was being tossed and tumbled about as helpless as the queen herself. It was plain that he could not aid her. By a great effort General Swallow managed, after a time, to rise on his wet wings just far enough to get out of the imprisoning waters and then he planed wearily to earth. "It's no use," he gasped. "The waters hold her fast."

"Try to lazso her, Billy," urged Peggy. Billy coiled his loop and sent the noose spinning toward the top of the fountain. It struck the water and was promply hurled back. Once more Billy tried, but once more the water tossed the rope aside. The queen could not be saved that way.

Peggy's wits were nimbly at work. There must be some way to save the queen. They couldn't get her through the water, but—here Peggy gave a shout of joy, for the answer had come to her—they could turn the water off. Why hadn't she thought of that before?

"Get the key, Billy. We will turn off the water," she shouted. But here queen Flora cried a warning from her watery cage.

"Beware the dragon" she shouted is "Beware the dragon" she shouted is "Beware the dragon" she shouted is "Beware the dragon" she shouted.

Billy and the Birds encountedragon).

BRUNO DUKE Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

A S I entered that sitting room at the up my hat and walk toward the door.

"Wait, please, Mr. Flint, I don't ques moved my hat. The elderly woman who was there was so surprising in appearwas 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

"Miss Carstairs is only a young girl,
"Miss Carstairs is only a young girl,
"Hest I asked.
"Alas! No. They were sold after his
last illness. I believe they were stolen
from him by some legal chicanery—
but what can that poor child and an old. 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?"

them, notary? Was there not a cry Peter Flint, Mr. Duke's assistant."

"Does your mistress wish to know that? If so, I will not waste your time. Mr. Duke did not send me here to speak There were four roads out of Atteat besides the main road to the south.
"No, they would not have gone
ward Monarda." the officer burst out,
nswering certain mental calculations
which the rotary himself was revolved.

tell me, please, is Mr. Duke really a "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 "I'm going to see that poor Miss Car-

Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc. THE PROBLEM OF THE RETURNED stairs isn't swindled, and if you want to "No, he least of all. He's getting se The Beginning of a Complicated Case

A S I entered that sitting room at the Belton Hotel, I had, of course, re
Wait, please, Mr. Flint, I don't ques
"Wait, please, Mr. Flint, I don't ques-

ou something."

I turned and waited for her to speak.

not yet twenty. Her mother died at her birth and her father is now—well, quite old. He married again and was quite i lot older than his second wife. His health and his mind, I fear, have given

once large fortune is rapidly vanishing and I want that sweet child to save enough to protect her from want." For a moment I thought her emotion would overcome her, but she caught herself and continued.

"Several people have offered to help her, but so far everybody who has had a hand in her affairs has cost her money. The wee lassie is so ignorant of the business world that she is—is easy to impose upon. She's no idea of the value of money "Cannot her father-" I began.

"Does he still own the granite quarries?" I asked.

fool like me do?" "Hasn't she a lawyer who could-"She had, but I believe he's a scamp, ie—hush!" She put her finger to her

lips enjoining silence A door opened and Barbara Carstairs TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

What is F. O. B.f Answer will appear tomorrow. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSI-NESS QUESTION C. O. D. is "Cash on Delivery."

In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer readers' business questions on buy-ing, selling, advertising and employment.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE MANAGING MALCOLM

heart is a very essential thing; that is, a sweetheart of one's very own. Malcolm had been just that to Elizabeth until two weeks ago. So Elizabeth pondered. The first time, when he had asked her to go skating and had not come for her, she had been surprised. When he had explained the next day that Bob had insisted on his excorting a girl who was visiting Bob's sister to a matinee, Elizabeth had told him that it was quite all right. The second time, when he had taken Janet to the movies when he had invited her to go, she had been very angry and had not listened to his explanation. Two days later she had forgiven him and had gone skating with him and Bob and Leila. And tonight he had forgotten that he had asked to "run around with some music" and had taken a visiting girl to the movies. Leila's voice over the telephone had told Elizabeth that, just before she had kissed her father and mother "good night" and had gone to her pretty room to gaze from the window.

"Oh, Betty," Leila had said, "it was the most wonderful picture and the girl was a dear. As for the man, just wait till you see him! And guess who was there? Can't? Malcolm and thy girl who is visiting Mrs. Gilden. I was so sure. Oh, you were just going, to bed'

to gaze from the window.

"Oh, Betty," Leila had said, "it was the most wonderful picture and the girl was a dear. As for the man, just wait till you see him! And guess who was there? Can't? Malcolm and the girl who is visiting Mrs. Gilden. I was so sure. Oh, you were just going to bed? Well, I'll see you some time. Good night."

It really was too much, and a lump.

wou hear them? You must have heard a horse—a wagon—something!"

"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 worrying."

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 stead her," he raved.

Notary Gendreau folded his arms in the cloak which he had thrown over the comment of the confidence and respect," so he admonished me afterward.

Notary Gendreau folded his arms in the cloak which he had thrown over the comment of the confidence and respect, "so he admonished me afterward.

Notary Gendreau folded his arms in the cloak which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock which he had thrown over the comment of the clock of the head of a tremendous or ganization for calling me "young man". I remembered how Duke, one time.

Lizabeth sat by the window watching the snow fluttering down.

It was a pretty picture, a sleeping and the stock of snow, and yet Elizabeth did not see it. One that the comment of the comment of the comment of the comment of the clock which he had the head of a tremendous or ganization for calling me: "Lizabeth state by the window watching the snow fluttering down.

It was a pretty picture, a sleeping and the with i

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DREAMING

In an easy chair I'm sitting; I have time at my command; I am smoking good tobacco, and my books are close at hand; The room is bright and cozy and I let myself relax; But I'd swap the evening's leisure for a woodpile and an axe.

It is morning and a silver mist is rising from the bay. The kitchen chimney smoke informs of flapjacks on their way. The pine chips fly this way and that while odors sweet arise; I am fixing up a back log of a large and cheerful size.

I know that labor's holy and that breakfast will be good. So I split a little kindling and I tote a turn of wood, "Say, Aunt Mary, how is breakfast?" I inquire with anxious frown. 'Deed, the bacon am a-frizzlin' and the cakes am turnin' brown.'

So I feed the open fireplace and I watch the sparks fly up. Aunt Mary brings my heaping plate; her mistress fills my cup. It's up to me to do the rest. I do it, and remark: "Life isn't trouble any more; life's nothing but a lark!"

Life's nothing but a lark? Perhaps! Again my pipe I light And I'm back in good old Philly on a February night. The room is bright and cozy and I let myself relax-But I'd swap the evening's leisure for a woodpile and an axe. GRIF ALEXANDER

"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—Some Thought Process

feels that he is late for the duty which | He rode toward Madame Ouillette's loped away.

way, staggering through the wayside dismounted and led his horse to the Gendreau.









