

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY Author of "King Spruce," "The Ramrodders," "The Skipper and the Skipped," etc.

READ THIS FIRST Vetal Beaulieu keeps an inn on the Maine-Canadian border and caters to smugglers. His daughter, Evangeline, educated in a convent, returns home unexpectedly, rebels against the nature of his business, refuses to marry the man, David Roi, a smuggler, whom her father has chosen for her, and leaves home penniless determined to become a teacher in a "Yankee School" at Attecat.

So he rode with fury of haste and despair. He took no thought of what he would do when he arrived. He pondered no longer upon the question of his rights in the matter of Vetal Beaulieu's daughter. He considered not the miles or the direction whether he had crossed the border or not, whether he was in the States or in Canada, he did not care. He was no longer an officer of the customs, he was a man seeking the girl he loved. He flung away his cap with the badge which made him respect the covenants of nations as to metes and bounds. That badge had halted him once when all his heart reached out to save her, when he had been obliged by his official duty and his oath to respect that painted line on the floor of Beaulieu's Place—to halt there as though it were a wall reaching to the heavens.

One of the hounds uttered a tremulous wail. "They're off," cried the owner. "It's up to you, officer. They're my boys; take care of 'em!" Aldrich did not reply. His thoughts were too busy. Fortune had shuffled and dealt him a strange hand on a sudden. The flying hounds were streaming ahead of him down the village street. He set his teeth and followed at a gallop.

He had seen a man on the door-step as he came up. This man darted to one side when the dogs rushed past him. It was evident that this charge of hounds had been too terrifying for his nerves. But Aldrich, leaping at their heels, was a man, and the outpost took courage and came at him with an oath. The light revealed his identity to the officer. It was Zeolator Whynot. The officer was running. With the whole force of his body behind his fist he struck Whynot as he hurried the stoop, and the man crumpled and rolled off the steps to the ground. This first engagement was so summary that Aldrich did not lose his stride. He was down the hall and into the rear room of the house just as the first of the pack of frantic hounds hurried themselves against Roi.

Then read this HE LISTED his face to the stars. In the stillness there was the sound of tinkling water from the trough near by; the doves still nestled and cooed.

Using his rifle as he would handle a batstick, he struck the lantern and sent it whirling from the table through the open window.



Then came another sound, the sound of plodding feet. Out of the gloom a man emerged. At his heels followed dogs, dim shadows in the night. Aldrich recognized him. This was the terse individual of the seven hounds, and the memory of what he said concerning Dave Roi flashed before Aldrich like a lightning-thrust across black night.

His first wild stare was for Evangeline. He and his dogs had burst in there so suddenly that he had given the actors in the drama no time to leave their poses.

After that there was no hesitation. They ran furiously, and at their heels came Aldrich at the full stride of his horse. Out of the welter of his emotions rose then the happy consciousness that he had a horse who would not fall him in this crisis. He had tested the animal on many occasions. Aldrich understood by the nervous spring of the shoulders between his knees that this horse had forgotten the trials of the early evening in this new park behind the hounds. The dogs were serving as pace-makers. Even a weary horse is stimulated by the spirit of a race.

Of all the trammels of those hampering considerations which bind men to this and to that, the red blood of achievement streamed in his veins. He was the male seeking the mate who had been ravished from him. One man against numbers? His desperation made no account of that. "Hold up!" It was a hoarse call from the gloom ahead of him. But the next moment he was past the man, whoever he was. The hounds had not hesitated. A fusillade of revolver-shots rattled behind. But Aldrich minded the popping of protest not at all, and the bullets yipped harmlessly past him. It was evident that Roi had posted a picket. Aldrich swung his rifle from his shoulder into his hand. A picket hinted that the scene of action was near at last.

He did not ponder coolly as he rode. His thoughts were white-hot, and through them played one red flame: the devilish conviction that Roi, sanctioned and abetted by the father, would set no bounds to his lustful desperation in making this girl his own. The affair might be mockery of marriage; but, nevertheless, it would be effectual in enslaving Evangeline Beaulieu. He knew the border; its loose code of action, its callous indifference, its habit of accepting what had been accomplished as being right and proper. And in the matters of women, the independence of girls, the border sentiment harked back to the old days, the sentiment of which Vetal Beaulieu had expressed when he declared, "I say to my wife 'go,' and he go—that is the way of the women of Acadia!"

She was waiting for him beside his panting horse. The poor brute had performed his full task for that night. Among the three horses picketed in the yard his quick eyes singled the sturdy horse which Roi rode up and down the border. He ran and flung himself upon the animal and leaped and loosed the others. They had been rearing and neighing in fright ever since the advent of the hounds. They did not need the kicks and yells he gave them.

He released the officer and drew an article from his pocket. It was the glove he had previously shown Aldrich.

Into the one word "Evangeline!" he put all the love, the joy, the encouragement, the hope that human voice can compass, and her love-lit eyes and her thrilling word in return rewarded him, gave him the fierce valor that makes no account of odds. All in that one instant he saw and comprehended.

"SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—This Chap 'Bugs' says"

By HAYWARD

"You will be at my house yonder," stated Notary Gendreau. "I offer you bed and hospitality, M'eer." The man drove the glove down upon the ground under the noses of the hounds with all the strength of his arms.

"That's the hellion, boys! Get him!" The hounds bumped their heads together, snuffing eagerly. Then they separated and ran to and fro, their ears lapping the dust of the highway. "I thought dogs needed the scent where a foot has trodden," suggested Notary Gendreau. "Roi must have ridden away."

He kicked wildly. But the dogs yelled and leaped and drove themselves against him, pounding him against the wall, splattering his convulsed face with froth and spume from their slavering jaws.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By DADDY "THE CAPTIVE QUEEN"

THE DRAGON IS FOUND PEGGY and Billy Belgium looked at each other in dismay.

Queen Flora is held imprisoned in a fountain, and when Peggy, Billy, Prince Bonnie Blue Bell and the Birds seek to rescue her, they are warned against a dragon which guards her.



"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Count Weedy, still watching them from the top of the bluff.

Blais endured the astounding scene for a moment and then sprang over the swirling mass of dogs and dashed out a window with his foot.

"What do you think of that?" Billy asked Peggy in a low voice. "I never heard of a dragon in these parts."

"Back! Back!" shrieked General Swallow

"I guess he is trying to fool us," growled Billy. "I'm going to find the place where you turn off the water from the pipe leading to the fountain. It ought to be nearby."

"You are cowards—you are all cowards!" vociferated Vetal, his own fears giving him the sudden, fictitious courage which weak men show when they are at bay.

"I will never leave you, Queen Flora. I will fight a score of dragons to save you," cried Prince Bonnie Blue Bell.

General Swallow, "but if you're going to stay, Princess Peggy, we'll stay, too. We'd better find out where this dragon is," advised Billy. "I'd hate to have him rush out at us unexpectedly."

There sounded a menacing "Whir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r" from among the ferns—a "Whir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r" Peggy had heard before in the war between the Frogs and the Sneezers.

Time was precious. Only seconds had elapsed. The surprise had been complete and effective. The conspirators were in confusion for the moment. Aldrich realized that he must not delay then, even for the sake of satisfying his very natural inclination to square his score with David Roi.

"I'll never leave you, Queen Flora. I will fight a score of dragons to save you," cried Prince Bonnie Blue Bell.

"We were just taking her at her word when she said to leave her," shrieked Billy.

"I will slay it to set you free," shouted Prince Bonnie Blue Bell in answer.

BRUNO DUKE Solver of Business Problems

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

THE PROBLEM OF THE RETURNED FURNITURE BARBARA CARSTAIRS proved to be the complete opposite of her old nurse, Miss Benks, for she was just as graceful and glib as Miss Benks was awkward and mannish.

"The scamp! all they ever did was to send on big bills for advertising and other things, but as for selling it—I don't think they ever tried—the robbers!"

"Hush, Benke," the young girl gently couldn't help it if people wouldn't buy, could they?"

Specialty salesmanship might offer what you wish, but wholesale salesmanship apparently will not satisfy you. The wholesale salesman has a territory which he covers year after year.

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"You are Mr. Peter Flint?" she asked in a nervous tremor.

"Thank you, Miss Carstairs. I'll not detain you longer, but will write you in a day or so what Mr. Duke can do, if anything. Then, getting her home address, I departed.

I read your stories with much interest and find them both interesting and instructive.

His duty lay outside that room! His arms ached to hold her, to lift her to his breast.

"I should have told you that we have a perfectly huge place right on the sea coast at Karaby Bay—you know, about thirty or forty miles from Bangor. Dad always loved the rugged Maine coast and a few years ago he bought 'The Barracks' and about a hundred acres of land for a perfectly dreadful lot of money. He spent stacks of money on fitting it up and all that."

"I am a young man of twenty, with two years' college education, at present in the employ of an expert concern as a stenographer."

I am a fairly good talker and good mixer and an expert in the selling game.

The lover realized that a convent-bred girl, even though she were a girl of the border, must lack the experience as a horsewoman that would be needed in that crisis.

"I want to sell the place. I can't go near it somehow without feeling terrified. Isn't that silly, Mr. Flint?"

"No, dearie," answered Miss Benks, "quite natural and Mr. Flint thinks so, too."

I am mailing you a list of books on salesmanship as desired. There is no reason on earth why you couldn't make good as a salesman.

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