

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY

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

READ THIS FIRST

Vetal Beauille keeps an inn on the Maine-Canadian border...

THEN READ THIS

But where Vetal Beauille had stayed, what house harbored him that night...

So Aldrich, muttering some uncomplimentary remarks, touched his horse with the spurs...

He rode back toward the east, along the road by which the man had arrived...

For some miles the forest hemmed the highway. There were no clearings and no houses...

The moonlight makes odd shadows in a woodland road.

He stared ahead of him at one turn and was certain that he had seen living objects peering more closely...

The thirty young man at Monarda had not satisfied Aldrich in regard to Beauille's movements...

He went to sleep wondering whether Vetal Beauille had been there among those trees...

The Bitter Word for Attegat

MORNING—fresh, sparkling, sun-bright morning—brings new counsel and burnishes courage...

clearing in the late forenoon, the padlock still dangled outside the door...

It was unmistakably the face of an Irishman, and Aldrich wondered what an Irish priest could have for business in that land of the habitants...



"Where is the good man?" he asked solicitously

when his horse whirled and galloped on toward the north he let him run. The senselessness of this encounter made him all the more furious...

In the early afternoon he growled and shook his fist, in his indignation, at the barred door, and swung himself into the saddle...

But how that chance encounter, that random interchange of shots, would color his troubled affairs some day he did not dream or apprehend.

They merely wished that Beauille would come back and open up his place so that a thirsty man would find the Monarda road so long and dusty.

Duty called to Aldrich; he had spent much time on his own affairs. Disgust at this tedious waiting overmastered desire to have it out with Beauille.

Therefore, when Aldrich overtook a carriage that was slowly dragging up a hill he spoke courteously to the passenger therein...

without visible indication that he supposed the news would cause any astonishment. Aldrich gasped an ejaculation...

"Do you know anything about the parish of Attegat?" asked the priest. He eyed Aldrich's manifest consternation with considerable curiosity.

"But that is into the wilderness—in the backwoods—the lumber camps," faltered the officer.

discipline as well as the priest who has rebelled against authority. Therefore I have been sent up here...

After this flicker of irony the hard lines came back into his face, though he smiled grimly.

"So that is why a man by the name of Horriagan has been sent north to Attegat," he said.

"This man among the children of the parish of Attegat! They were all children, even those whose hair was white and whose limbs were feeble...

"Then it is settled—it is over; he has no chance for appeal—to explain," stammered the young man, his emotion visible.

He resumed the study of his little book of offices. They were at the top of the hill, and Aldrich urged his horse on at a canter...

In the afternoon he galloped into the yard of the stone house, knotted the reins about the tethering-rail, and walked to the door with the aspect and the woe of a mourner who walks to the portal of a tomb.

Evangeline opened the door and came out and waited for him under the vines of the little porch.

"You have heard? Your face tells me you have heard," she told him, sorrow in her upraised eyes.

"The new priest is on the way. I overtook him yesterday on the long road. If his heart is as hard as his face—and he seemed proud to boast that he understood matters of discipline—then Attegat is going to have a master who will lay on the lash. Where is the good man?" he asked, solicitously.

She nodded toward the door of the little study across the narrow hall. She had entered the house. She could not control her voice to reply. Tears were on her cheeks.

"One moment, sweetheart, for a word about our own troubles. You know the errand I went on! I could not find your father. I hunted for him diligently. I went as far as Monarda. I shall go again. Keep up your good courage. You will be wretched over at Madame Ouellette's after this if I shall find your father and make him understand."

There was time for no more then, for Pere Leclair opened the door of his study.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

"THE MYSTERIOUS KNIGHT"

(In this adventure a stranger in armor comes to the aid of Peggy when selfish birds try to upset the peace and happiness of Birdland.)



"Yo ho, breakfast is ready!" shouted Peggy

THE REVOLT OF JACK SPARROW

BALMY spring has come and all the earth seemed busy and happy. Peggy, digging in her garden, glowed with the joy of living...

"Yo ho, breakfast is ready," shouted Peggy gaily. But to her surprise, the birds paid not the slightest attention to her call...

BRUNO DUKE

Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

more work out of his employees. It must eventually prove a fizzle, for it breeds dissatisfaction among the workers.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is a middleman? Answer will appear tomorrow.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE CAPTAIN CAREW'S CAMPAIGN By Ramona Woodbury

CAPTAIN CAREW CAREW, U. S. A., recently returned from overseas, surveyed his sister, Elizabeth, riding in the Polman chair opposite him...

Elizabeth smiled contentedly. "You remember Nancy Groton?" "You salt a minute! I believe I do. Next to you, Betty, she was the homeliest girl in town, and we fellows used to call her Nancy."

Elizabeth smiled contentedly. "You remember Nancy Groton?" "You salt a minute! I believe I do. Next to you, Betty, she was the homeliest girl in town, and we fellows used to call her Nancy."

Elizabeth smiled contentedly. "You remember Nancy Groton?" "You salt a minute! I believe I do. Next to you, Betty, she was the homeliest girl in town, and we fellows used to call her Nancy."

Elizabeth smiled contentedly. "You remember Nancy Groton?" "You salt a minute! I believe I do. Next to you, Betty, she was the homeliest girl in town, and we fellows used to call her Nancy."

Elizabeth smiled contentedly. "You remember Nancy Groton?" "You salt a minute! I believe I do. Next to you, Betty, she was the homeliest girl in town, and we fellows used to call her Nancy."

Elizabeth smiled contentedly. "You remember Nancy Groton?" "You salt a minute! I believe I do. Next to you, Betty, she was the homeliest girl in town, and we fellows used to call her Nancy."

Elizabeth smiled contentedly. "You remember Nancy Groton?" "You salt a minute! I believe I do. Next to you, Betty, she was the homeliest girl in town, and we fellows used to call her Nancy."

Elizabeth smiled contentedly. "You remember Nancy Groton?" "You salt a minute! I believe I do. Next to you, Betty, she was the homeliest girl in town, and we fellows used to call her Nancy."

"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—Farthest North!

