

THE RED LANE

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

READ THIS FIRST Vetal Beaulieu, keeper of an inn on the Maine-Canadian border, promises his daughter, Evangeline, educated in a convent, to Dave Rol, leader of the border smugglers. The girl refuses to marry Rol, leaves home and becomes a teacher in a "Yankee" school at Attegat. Norman Aldrich, a "Yankee" customs officer, becomes engaged to Evangeline. The Acadian peasants' homes on the timbered lands which belong to "Yankee" lumber dealers, rebellion breaks out when the lumbermen begin driving them from their farms. An incendiary fire destroys the school in Attegat. Louis Blais, an attorney, tries to win Representative Clifford's seat in the Legislature by means of bribery. Father Leclair, the parish priest, who knows that Clifford and Aldrich have framed a bill, which, if passed by the Legislature, will give the lands to the peasants, warns his people against Blais. Aldrich writes the bishop, who removes Father Leclair, and sends him to a distant town. The people sign petitions asking the return of the priest, which they send to the bishop with an old fiddler, Anaxagoras Billedeau. Elections arrive, and Rol brings his renegades into Attegat to "put over" Blais's election. Aldrich discovers that Blais has sold out to the lumbermen, demands that he withdraw and Blais refuses. He then arrests Rol for smuggling, and Rol swears, as deputies and prepares to take Rol when Evangeline arrives.

full heart and from the depths of my soul." She stretched out her arms to them, her beautiful face glowing with the earnestness of appeal, her voice trembling with the passion that was in her. "Ah, she understood those men of her blood; those Frenchmen whose volatile natures had not been crushed out of them by the wild life of forest and stream, who under all the rigidity of border life preserved that Gallic gallantry, those manners of courtesy, those manners of courtesy, that spirit of quixotic fervor in the duty owed to a handsome girl. They were Frenchmen! They were Frenchmen!

insulting them by word and prodding fist, inciting them to do his bidding. At last he drove his hand with wicked venom between the shoulders of a sturdy riverman and spat a vicious taunt at him. That man, his face convulsed, his eyes red with sudden passion, spoke the thought that was then in the minds of the throng: "Damn you dirty soul! Do you think five dollars of your stolen money can hire me to fight a girl?" A musty-tanned man flung at him by the infuriated employer. With an oath of protest he struck Rol full in the face, and the smuggler went down like a log. He struggled for a few moments among the legs of the men,

as Father Callahan had requested? This insistence upon an interview with the bishop himself had a flavor of suspicious determination. There was disaffection in Attegat. Rumors had come from that far parish. There were grudges. This man might prove to be a dangerous person if he were admitted to the presence of the diocesan head. He must be kept away. Perhaps it would be well to call the police if he continued this persecution. At all events the bishop must not be informed of this desperate effort to enter. The bishop was old and he was not well, and such heedful persistency might worry him. So those behind the door decided. "Yes I will see him, I have been sent to see him," Billedeau muttered, plodding back to the park, his blue bucket on his arm—a light burden now. Came one to him where he sat under the tree on a sunny afternoon—a fellow unkempt, his face mossy with patches of beard, a vagrant, and yet his eyes were bright, and the sharpness of a man who has lived long on his wits among men marked his demeanor. "You have come here to stay, have you, my cock sparrow?" inquired the stranger. "I have been piping you for a week."

THEY READ THIS BUT it was plain that the opponents who were advancing across the square were not deterred by this bluster; patriotism has its clarion appeal—and these Frenchmen who had taken the vows of citizenship were patriots; they were the men of the valley who remembered the benefits Representative Clifford had brought north from the hands of their Yankee neighbors. They were men who had been made dizzy for a moment by the harangues of Louis Blais, but who had promptly recovered their sane senses. They followed Norman Aldrich courageously, their eyes shining as they glanced at the eagle on his cap, their moriculous natures suddenly lit for combat with these rascals who had rushed across the border to take away from them the rights their adopted country had given them.



"I, an Acadian girl, appeal to you from the depths of my soul"

The girl saw and understood. She began to run. Between the factions she came so suddenly—unseen until the last minute—that she seemed like an invoked spirit of intercession. She was an apparition; her gown of pure white seemed whiter by contrast with those dusty ranks.

Their eyes upraised to hers, shone; their hats came off. Their potatoes had hardened them for battle with men. But these same potatoes melted when a woman's tongue besought, when a woman's dark eyes met theirs, when a woman's cause was so unhesitatingly put into their hands. "It's little I ask of you, good gentlemen. Only that the men of my blood and yours shall be allowed to put their votes in the box in their own village."

Norman Aldrich did not note this escape of his prisoner. He was standing mute, motionless, stricken, gazing at Evangeline, his emotions swelling in his throat, his eyes brimming with tears, his love lifted to the holy height of adoration. She paused at the door, gently pushed the two old men ahead of her into the building, and turned and faced them all once more. "All my thanks to you, Messieurs! May my friends come in!" Again that truthful smile illuminated her face, the smile that took her face into her confidence. A tall man stepped from the throng of the aliens and bowed, his hat on his breast. "The polls are open, Mam'selle," he said. And the sinister hundred from across the border broke up into groups and left the way clear for the voters of Attegat. "Let me tell you this, Notary Pierre," said the patriarch, as they mounted the rostrum of the town-house, "God knows His own business best. I have been blaming Him because I didn't hear from Billedeau. But I reckon that God kept Pere Leclair away so that the girl's Providence sent to us could have a clear field."

Behind the door there had been much talk regarding him among the diocesan subordinates. He brought papers from Attegat, he had told them. Very well, but why did he not leave the papers? Why did he not do him like the vast respiration of a monster, and he leaned against the tree's shaggy bark and stared into the gloom and was afraid. There were crickets in the bucket; there was water in the fountain. He ate sparingly, and he drank thirstily. He dwelt in the park as the swallows dwell there, picking at his crusts, drinking and laying his face at the fountain's brim. When the east was flushed and he knew that the great doors of his church were open, he crept into the dim sanctuary and soaced his soul with humble prayer. Sometimes he dared to remain in his corner until the organ rolled its mighty tones through nave and transept, the diapason making the pavement quiver under his knees while the playful scherzo of the tilling notes winged high in the echoing spaces above him. He heard the distant voices of unseen singers and the dull drone of a chanting voice, and his soul thrilled with the mystery of devotion. At such times he thought of the poor people of the valley of the St. John, and though his eyes filled and his throat ached, new fervor of determination came over him. He rose from his knees and went forth and trudged valiantly to the oak door under the porte-cochere. Each morning when the tower clock marked the hour of nine he went to the bishop's door and beat on it with his fist. His dismissal was given through the crack of the door, for this persistent man with the solemn face and the sunken eyes and his everlasting quest of "the great bishop" seemed bent upon some sinister errand. Behind the door there had been much talk regarding him among the diocesan subordinates. He brought papers from Attegat, he had told them. Very well, but why did he not leave the papers? Why did he not do

Aldrich stopped in his tracks, astounded, aghast. His first thought was that she had come to search for him; that she was about to cry out to her. But though her eyes swept him as she took her stand between the lines of men, she did not address him. This was no shrinking girl apprehensive for the safety of a lover! He saw her transformed, as she had faced him once before, her eyes alight with the fires of her soul! In the center of the square, near where she stood, was the platform of the village trough where sweet waters splashed and tinkled from their wooden spout. She leaped upon the platform. She raised her arm, and the steve fell away from the rounded flesh. A hush, so profound that their stertorous breathing could be heard, fell upon them all. This girl of the unbound hair, the wide, flashing eyes, who had burst upon them so suddenly was an influence they had not expected; but they instinctively responded to it; they listened with open mouths and cocked ears for what she was to say to them. She faced the crowding men who blocked the door. She knew the men of Attegat. Those who massed at the door were not men of Attegat. But she recognized the type; she had seen them across the border at St. Basil. They were swarthy men—men of black beards or tall youths with dark eyes and a swagger of the shoulders. They were French Canadians, most of them. Her eyes told her that in an instant. "Messieurs, I know your hearts, for you are of my race. I know you will listen to a woman."

Some of the men began to thrust with elbows and shoulders. They growled at laggards. They threatened sinews rebeld. The way to the door was open! She passed up the narrow lane of her converts, who stood with bared heads. She walked between the two old men, the candidate and the chairman, holding their wrinkled hands. She did not behold what happened at one side of the throng, though she heard the noise of it. Rol had been swearing hoarsely at his men. He had proved his way roughly among them, and there, and then crawled away on his hands and knees, shielded from observation as he made his escape. His horse was at the corner of the building. He mounted and galloped away. He understood then the new spirit of that crowd. It had been thirst for a fight with men; it was just as ready to resent insult offered to a pretty woman. Norman Aldrich did not note this escape of his prisoner. He was standing mute, motionless, stricken, gazing at Evangeline, his emotions swelling in his throat, his eyes brimming with tears, his love lifted to the holy height of adoration. She paused at the door, gently pushed the two old men ahead of her into the building, and turned and faced them all once more. "All my thanks to you, Messieurs! May my friends come in!" Again that truthful smile illuminated her face, the smile that took her face into her confidence. A tall man stepped from the throng of the aliens and bowed, his hat on his breast. "The polls are open, Mam'selle," he said. And the sinister hundred from across the border broke up into groups and left the way clear for the voters of Attegat. "Let me tell you this, Notary Pierre," said the patriarch, as they mounted the rostrum of the town-house, "God knows His own business best. I have been blaming Him because I didn't hear from Billedeau. But I reckon that God kept Pere Leclair away so that the girl's Providence sent to us could have a clear field."

So, COWERING in the midst of the city's ramp and rattle, Anaxagoras Billedeau waited! Through weary days and anxious nights—messenger and martyr—chosen from all Attegat for that sacrifice,

BE NICE TO YOUR AUTO What gave you a time half so good? What caused your invention to jump into view? Over things only half understood? Be kind to your auto! You ought to be kind to one that's by gasoline feed. Its appetite always will call for your mind. What the cockney philosopher said: He'd 'ad a hauto vod vouldn't he? Do ye think He'd vould vouldn't? He'd give hit gas an' say, 'Gee-vo! Gee-vo! flivver-o!'

She spoke to them in French. It that hush her low, vibrant, thrilling tones carried to every ear. "I do not come because I want to meddle in great affairs, my gentlemen. I am only a poor Acadian girl who loves the good name of the men of her blood. I do not like to see men led astray by the few who desire ruin and wickedness, so that they may carry out bad plans to help themselves. Those men let others take the blows, and they take the profit."

For a few moments here today you will be fighting men if you persist, Messieurs. But in the end it means fighting women and children. You are fighting the women who will be kept out of their homes on the disputed lands. If more trouble happens here on the border, you are fighting poor children who need an education. I look into your faces, and I do not think you are the sort who care to fight women and children. May not the men vote here as they feel they should vote for the women and the children? Will you fight and go away without blinking when you think of those who must suffer the most? I, an Acadian girl, appeal to you out of a

BE NICE TO YOUR AUTO Be nice to your auto if only because it enriched your vocabulary. By showing contempt for all natural laws. Which you had to explain, d'ye see. Be nice to your auto! You ought to be nice. Since you know what you've spent in repairs. What you pay for is doubtless well worthy the price. So add this wee note to your prayers: If e'er I had a flivver upon which I could ride I never would ill-treat it, whatever would betide. With gas I'd let it play Throughout the livelong day. So short, short, short, my shorter, short, so short, short, short away! GRIF ALEXANDER.

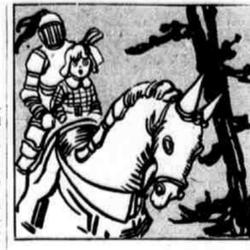
BE NICE TO YOUR AUTO Be nice to your auto, for when it was new What gave you a time half so good? What caused your invention to jump into view? Over things only half understood? Be kind to your auto! You ought to be kind to one that's by gasoline feed. Its appetite always will call for your mind. What the cockney philosopher said: He'd 'ad a hauto vod vouldn't he? Do ye think He'd vould vouldn't? He'd give hit gas an' say, 'Gee-vo! Gee-vo! flivver-o!'

"SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER"—A Matter of Personal Preference With George CAMILLE, ASK THAT YOUNG MAN IF HE HAS THE TIME WITH HIM! YES, PA-PAW, GEORGE HAS HIS WATCH. HE SAYS IT'S 11:30 ASK HIM IF HE DOESN'T THINK IT'S ABOUT BED TIME! PA-PAW! GEORGE SAYS HE RARELY GOES TO BED BEFORE ONE O'CLOCK BUT HE SAYS IT'S A MATTER OF PERSONAL PREFERENCE, SO HE SAYS— IF HE WAS IN YOUR PLACE HE'D GO TO BED NOW IF YOU FEEL SLEEPY!



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

THE THREE TESTS



King Bird would usurp Peggy's place as Princess of Birdland, but fails in tests imposed by the Mysterious Knight. When he flees from off a wild dog, the knight meets the beast.

THE MYSTERY REVEALED THE Mysterious Knight, trying to subdue the supposed mad dog, clasped him in a desperate hug. The frenzied beast struggled furiously, clawing all the while at the knight's supposed armor. Had that armor been an ordinary suit of clothes it would have been torn to shreds in the first minute. Finally the knight got one arm around the dog's head in such a way as to shut off his wind and hold him still. Then, to Peggy's astonishment, the knight began to pull out the bristles in the dog's nose. "Oh, stop! That's cruel!" cried Peggy, who couldn't bear to see even a mad dog tortured. The knight went right on pulling out the bristles, but his gallant steed, which had kept close at hand during all the excitement, turned toward Peggy and gave her another of those mystifying winks. "Please stop!" begged Peggy. "And let the poor beast suffer! That would be cruel," was the knight's strange answer. "These bristles are porcupine quills. The dog met the porcupine that escaped from us and was foolish enough to fight him. This is what he got—his snout and mouth filled with smarting, piercing needles."

"Goodbye, every one! Away, away, my gallant steed!" "The third test" cried the knight to King Bird. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" shrieked King Bird, flying down from the tree top. "Hurrah for the Mysterious Knight! Hurrah for Princess Peggy, ruler of Birdland!" "Are you satisfied?" asked the knight. "I'm satisfied to let you and Princess Peggy do the fighting for Birdland," answered King Bird. "I'll do my own fighting and that's enough." "Good," said the knight. "Fair Princess, you are an old hand. You're a brave fighter, Mr. Mysterious Knight," acknowledged King Bird. "But I know a flier you can't beat." "Bring him around next week and we will have a tourney," laughed the knight. "Now I must escort our fair princess home." He mounted his gallant steed and swung Peggy up before him. "Good-by, every one. Away, away, my gallant steed!" Off they set at a merry pace for

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

THE PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY MANSION CLEANING UP IT was a "bang-up" dinner that little Bangor Hotel served. As soon as it was over (and not until then) Duke answered my question as to why the Karaby Bay Bank first wanted to fore-close and then wanted to renew the mortgage on "The Barracks."

gave himself up to the enjoyment of his cigar for a minute or so and then continued: "That's one error all the real estate men have. They confine themselves to the somewhat stupid plan of merely advertising the property and sending or bringing prospects to view it. "Look at the average way real estate folk go about disposing of even renting property. A tenant leaves a house and the owner puts it into the hands of one or several real estate firms to rent. They stick up silly boards without any sales or advertising value. In time prospective tenants dig up the real estate agent and view the place, which is usually in the state of glorious disorder the late tenant left it. Can anything be less attractive than a house with shabby wall paper, dirty floors and creaking dirty windows, uncut lawns and weedy flower beds?"

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is a lobbist? Answer will appear Monday. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION A "sale on joint account" is a transaction of some particular understanding by which two or more parties combine in contributing the necessary capital and services to buy and sell real estate, the profits or losses resulting therefrom. In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment. Business Questions Answered I am spending my leisure hours studying advertising with one of the foremost correspondence schools, and feel as though I were working, but earning a small salary. I would like to increase the question. I would like you to answer as many questions I would like to find a market for my services, and what would you think would be the best way to go about it? Also I would like to service of this kind. I find salary for my advertising. In fact, I seem to like every point of the business, and would like to connect with a concern having large advertising interests, that would be willing to accept almost anything so long as there was a future to it. I have a fair understanding of the printing trade, such things as paper stock, the making of the different kinds of advertising, and would like to find a position where I could put my knowledge into real work. M. C. P. Your services are worth from \$10 a week up, depending on just how much you know and how well you can apply it. Of course, your knowledge of the printing trade is valuable to you. You should make up your mind which phase of advertising you want to do. If you want to do advertising, agency work, etc. You will get further by making yourself a master of one phase of advertising, than by trying to tackle it in a mediocre way.

"Possibly, but that Karaby Bay Bank only charges 4 per cent, while the New York Trust Company asks 6 per cent—and 2 per cent on twenty-five thousand is worth saving—besides, there is a whole lot of satisfaction in playing the game with your opponent's money." "This problem's got me puzzled," I admitted. "I can see now why you used that bank instead of the trust company, but now that you have the extension of the mortgage fixed what are you going to do about it?" "The water came and said, 'The Boston party is on the phone now, sir,' so he excused himself to take his long-distance call. "I've just arranged to have six gardeners here tomorrow. The first thing we must do is to spend some money in making the place presentable." He

"I'll find out that he's helped several small real estate men who tried to sell the Barracks, and through his help—or, let me say, interference—the deal always failed to materialize. "He hopes to get the property for the price of the mortgage—it would be a big thing for him—and so pulls the wires, through the bank, to help his own game. I assure you, Peter, that we'll have no help from 'The Seasoned Realtors,' the name under which the real estate man (his name is Boggs) runs his business. Indeed, we may expect every opposition he can offer. "Ayleston, the president of the bank, is a figurehead. Boardman is the real head, and I know my threat to pay up the mortgage would scare Ayleston into a renewal. "Wouldn't it be better to transfer the mortgage and get rid of Boardman and his hold on the property?" "Possibly, but that Karaby Bay Bank only charges 4 per cent, while the New York Trust Company asks 6 per cent—and 2 per cent on twenty-five thousand is worth saving—besides, there is a whole lot of satisfaction in playing the game with your opponent's money."

violence calculated to sweep a lighter person off his precarious foothold. Winslow turned up his collar to meet the arctic blast, tucked his hands down into his huge pockets, and strode on toward the white-pillared house at the end of the row. He looked up suddenly as an icy wind whistled through the rattling treeline, making a noise like a giant's feet dancing around his feet. Approaching him from the angle was the small, trim figure of a woman, who, with a quick errand could have sent her out to tread those glassy roads this afternoon, when the snow had melted and was anxiously speculative of restraining hatpins. She clattered wildly to regain it, struggled to get it, and then, with a bright notion, and collapsed in a little heap, from which she endeavored in vain to arise. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" he demanded anxiously as he bent over her. He had reached her side in two reckless jumps. "We'll have the doctor here in a jiffy," Winslow said, as he unceremoniously lifted her in his arms and carried her into the library of the big house. For once, when she indicated what to buy in town in bachelor apartments. Half an hour later, when the doctor had departed, she was sitting at a round table in the big grandfather chair before the crackling fire, and she was wondering how she had come to be there. She was made from the finest anywhere around the countryside. Winslow turned abruptly from the fire, where he was stooping to encourage the flames to romp still higher. His eye took in the pleasant domestic scene. An attractive girl, who was also a blunty one, had just replied, making things look differently. "What a fool I've been!" he ejaculated, and some one else here now to look it over." He muttered something inaudible to her, she offered, "but it's perfect! All the simple dignity that she indicated with a winking glance." "Oh! If you had to live in an apartment in the city as I do, and never see the country, dressed in its ice-clothing except on a Saturday afternoon, you'd be willing to pay for it with a broken ankle, too," she smiled laughingly. A harsh, jangling sound interrupted. Winslow stepped up to the telephone. "Who?—McQuag"—at Jenkins's drugstore?—Well, don't come! Can't help it. Better take the next train back. Sorry. I hear it whistling now. No, positively, you'd better hurry. Mr. McQuag is ahead of time. "I'll get up the receiver with a chuckle. "Blessings! That's just the River station master. He cut that short for me. The old codger wants to buy without even looking at the place!" Elizabeth's face wore a charming expression of suspense as she looked at Winslow leaned across the table. "Perhaps I'd better not say yet why I changed my mind for her benefit. Elizabeth's eyes dropped to her record. He stumbled and grew red. "Perhaps I'd better say it now," he said with a little after of time.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A SPEEDY CONVERSION By Florence E. Armstrong

It was precisely 8:15 on Friday morning when Hollis Winslow made his resolution. The local from Turtle River Junction, five miles north, was wheezing its rusty wheels down the track, leaving Winslow on the platform at Cherrydale, gawping helplessly after its steadily retreating, wavering outline. "That settles it," he exclaimed as he turned with savage stride toward the only garage in the village. "I'll advertise in tomorrow morning's paper. Whoever heard of a backwoods place where the same kind of car is sold twice in a week? I've missed it, and the other three times it was half an hour late!" Winslow's business was in the city, fifteen miles away, where he had lived until the last two years. Then, by the death of an aged aunt, whose especial favor he had always enjoyed, he had inherited a huge old mansion in Cherrydale, where the old lady had lived and died, and whither, in her will, she bade the young man come and live. It was under protest that Winslow had complied with this provision of the bequest. This morning, however, his dislike of the arrangement had blossomed into the full flower of rebellion, and the threats so often made and retracted, to forgo the possession of the property, had become a reality. Landon, the lawyer, had been called to his office building, was to telephone the Sentinel and enter an advertisement for the sale of the estate. As he stepped from the accommodation early Saturday afternoon, Winslow regarded the village landscape with a profound satisfaction. He had an appointment with a prospective buyer who was coming on the next train, and the countryside always showed to better advantage under this clear, bright sunshine. He was just about to get into the car, when he reflected, on these icy roads, and the wind blew across the open spaces with

violence calculated to sweep a lighter person off his precarious foothold. Winslow turned up his collar to meet the arctic blast, tucked his hands down into his huge pockets, and strode on toward the white-pillared house at the end of the row. He looked up suddenly as an icy wind whistled through the rattling treeline, making a noise like a giant's feet dancing around his feet. Approaching him from the angle was the small, trim figure of a woman, who, with a quick errand could have sent her out to tread those glassy roads this afternoon, when the snow had melted and was anxiously speculative of restraining hatpins. She clattered wildly to regain it, struggled to get it, and then, with a bright notion, and collapsed in a little heap, from which she endeavored in vain to arise. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" he demanded anxiously as he bent over her. He had reached her side in two reckless jumps. "We'll have the doctor here in a jiffy," Winslow said, as he unceremoniously lifted her in his arms and carried her into the library of the big house. For once, when she indicated what to buy in town in bachelor apartments. Half an hour later, when the doctor had departed, she was sitting at a round table in the big grandfather chair before the crackling fire, and she was wondering how she had come to be there. She was made from the finest anywhere around the countryside. Winslow turned abruptly from the fire, where he was stooping to encourage the flames to romp still higher. His eye took in the pleasant domestic scene. An attractive girl, who was also a blunty one, had just replied, making things look differently. "What a fool I've been!" he ejaculated, and some one else here now to look it over." He muttered something inaudible to her, she offered, "but it's perfect! All the simple dignity that she indicated with a winking glance." "Oh! If you had to live in an apartment in the city as I do, and never see the country, dressed in its ice-clothing except on a Saturday afternoon, you'd be willing to pay for it with a broken ankle, too," she smiled laughingly. A harsh, jangling sound interrupted. Winslow stepped up to the telephone. "Who?—McQuag"—at Jenkins's drugstore?—Well, don't come! Can't help it. Better take the next train back. Sorry. I hear it whistling now. No, positively, you'd better hurry. Mr. McQuag is ahead of time. "I'll get up the receiver with a chuckle. "Blessings! That's just the River station master. He cut that short for me. The old codger wants to buy without even looking at the place!" Elizabeth's face wore a charming expression of suspense as she looked at Winslow leaned across the table. "Perhaps I'd better not say yet why I changed my mind for her benefit. Elizabeth's eyes dropped to her record. He stumbled and grew red. "Perhaps I'd better say it now," he said with a little after of time.

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