

THE THREE STRINGS

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

THE FIRST MOVE

EVELYN PRESTON ran lightly up the steps of her home and inserted her latch key in the vestibule door, pushed it open just as the taxi-driver, following more slowly with many an upward glance at the blind-closed windows, reached her side.

At home. She paused long enough in her dressing to go to the telephone in the library and call up several friends, only to be told by central that the telephones she wanted had been disconnected for the summer.

A trifle discouraged Evelyn returned to her bedroom and resumed her dressing more slowly. Whom could she go to go out to tea with her?—Marian Van Ness. Evelyn brightened, but paused on her way to the library; what use to telephone, Marian was probably at the State Department and would not leave there until 5 o'clock.

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Evelyn stepped up to the chair and for the first time obtained a full view of the stranger's ashen face and wide staring eyes.



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Evelyn turned at once and sped to the back stairs, but call as she did, no servant responded and the blind-closed windows made the passage-way dark and unfriendly.

She stopped only long enough to push her trunk into the billiard room just off the hall and pick up her suitcase, then she rushed upstairs to her bedroom which in its summer covered furnishings, looked very inviting to her tired eyes.

Going over to the windows Evelyn drew up the blinds and opening the shades thrust back the shutters, then, tossing off her hat and coat as she moved about her bedroom, she finally jerked open the suitcase and tumbled about its contents until she found the garments she sought.

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"But I was not alone." Evelyn pushed aside the empty glass; she felt refreshed by the cold water and the presence of Mrs. Ward restored her to some degree of composure.

The glass slipped from Mrs. Ward's hand and broke on the highly polished floor.

"Are you mad?" Mrs. Ward spoke more roughly than she realized, and Evelyn's angry flush caused her to modify her tone to its customary civility.

"Are you in earnest, Miss Evelyn?" Evelyn nodded vigorously, and Mrs. Ward's comely face paled.

"No, I have never seen the man before."

"Only for a moment, Miss. I left my bag outside the house," and Mrs. Ward, disentangling her skirt from Evelyn's clutching fingers, disappeared.

EVELYN MITCHELL fastened her beautiful fur piece about her neck, drew on her gauntlet gloves and leaped into the little chocolate-colored roadster waiting at the curb.

Arriving there she made her way to the second floor of a rickety old building. Very gently, she knocked at the door and after waiting a few minutes and receiving no answer opened the door quietly and peered in.

"Good morning," Evelyn greeted him cheerily.

"Good morning, Miss Mitchell," he answered with a little smile. "Yes," he continued in answer to the look of inquiry on her face.

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY A Romance of the Border

THE SLAYER OF BEAULIEU

IN THE band of men Aldrich now perceived that same sullen youth who had driven home to Monarda Vetal Beaulieu's horses on that night when the officer had been waiting to have his man's talk with Evangeline's father.

"Yes, you shall know, too, M'ser Aldrich, for it is right that you should know. You have put your mind and your strength to the saving of the people of Acadia, and you deserve far more than any poor service they can return."

"This what we have done is only part of that service they owe. There have been strange stories on the border. There was much talk. M'ser, and they had money with which to cover up that truth. You know that Vetal Beaulieu came down on the poor people with all his anger, and the people were angry, too. This man here, Wild-wit Dionne, heard what the people said about Vetal Beaulieu. His brother lost his horse and cows, and he heard the children crying for food. He followed Vetal Beaulieu. And what did he do—what did Dionne do to Beaulieu?"

"Dionne shot Beaulieu," confessed the witness. "He came up behind and shot him. It was on the road east of Monarda."

"What more?" "Dave Rol took the body and hid it by the roadside, and he went for men who had smuggled for him, and they took the body to the hill where it was found. We were paid to keep still."

"And you know more," insisted the spokesman. "I know that Dave Rol had saved shells from the gun of the customs man—he had found them somewhere in the north."

"Aldrich, his brain clearing, his thought rioting, knew where Rol had obtained those shells. Aldrich had lacked them out from his rifle when he had stood off the gang which threatened to pursue when he had rescued Evangeline."

"And you knew that Rol waited until he had his plot ready, eh?" "Men were paid to keep still. I was paid. It was Dave Rol's business. We have not interfered."

"But how have you found out all this—how have you made these men confess?" Aldrich gasped.

"We were all men of Acadia. We have been out in your debt and we could not pay. There were rumors. We hunted down these rumors among our people. And when we had hunted them to the last corner, we knew what to do," stated the man grimly.

His full heart urged him to hasten to Evangeline with the story of their deliverance, but he resolutely faced his duty and hurried south. He knew that one of his faithful Acadian friends was posting north to Attegat with the tale that would brighten a girl's dark eyes.

"Out of the great troubles of mankind," the great blessings, after all," the patriarch cried, when Aldrich found him in the State House. "There's a change of heart here, my boy. The lawmakers of this State are not monsters. They have been stirred up by what has happened in the north. They simply have got to act now. They're showing their human feelings. That flood may have raised the devil along the St. John, but it has also washed some of the confounded nonsense out of this legislature. We have introduced the bill again. With these new troubles of poor Acadia before the people, there isn't a man who will dare to oppose it. Sympathy will sit at the honorary chairman of that committee hearing! Come along before it. It's you who can talk to 'em! Tell 'em the story of the flood! Show 'em the pictures, and we'll put this thing into their hearts. Before, at that other hearing, we were trying to pound truth through their hard heads."

That was a wonderful committee hearing! The big room was packed. Aldrich was heard with breathless attention. The needs of that people who are settling the State had not understood made sure and potent appeal to all who listened.

The tale of that disaster which had made desolate the homes of the little settlements touched all hearts. The hero of the tale did not tell his own story. Others did that, and men crowded around to shake his hands and cry their compliments.

It is a matter of history how a great State gave fifty thousand acres of the best every settler who had been fighting green and prejudiced. And the story of how it was accomplished has now been told.

Thus, out of great wrong sprang wonderful blessings. Aldrich was impatient to be gone. To be back again in the north. But he stayed until the affairs of Acadia had been cleared up.

Further intelligence came from the north. The men who had undertaken to run those rumors to their corner were paying their debt of gratitude, and the law had its hand on the shoulder of that crook-coat whose tails Blais had haunted so boldly.

The Governor of the state sent for Aldrich one day before the young man left the capital city.

"Of course, there is no other man so well fitted as you to serve as chairman of the commission which I shall appoint to review claims and apportion this land to the settlers along the border. Mr. Aldrich, I earnestly request you to accept the appointment. The appropriation will afford lucrative employment, and the position will lead to better things, I am sure."

That, he personally, was to have so great a part in the readjustment of

the rights of a people meant more to him than the returns in money. though he played to himself that this money would play an important part in his matter nearest to his heart.

So he hurried back, when his work at the State House was finished, to Attegat and to Evangeline. And again he has confessed to himself once on the long road, he knew that his eagerness to be gone, his ardor of haste, his longing to be once more in the north, were inspired by the girl who was waiting up there for her lover!

THE GIFTS IN THE LAP OF JUNE

JUNE came to Attegat once more, swinging her censers of purple haze about the domed hills and over the twinkling water.

June laughed that year. June roved in masses of herbage on the alluvial meadows where the floods had dumped the matter nearest to his heart.

The merry music of that industry came in at the open windows of Madame Oullette's cottage, and the cry on portrait of the deceased Monsieur Oullette grinned most amiably. But if departed spirits can, as the widow of Monsieur Oullette so fondly believed, show delight through the agency of their portraits, it is not at all probable that he was rejoicing that day over the diligence of carpenters.

On the hill which dominated the village of Attegat hammers clanged and saws rasped from dawn till dusk, for the big school was rising from its ashes again, more spacious than before.

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There was subdued bustle in the home of Madame Oullette—a quiet, happy bustle. Only two were there, the madame and Evangeline Beaulieu.

"Yes, the kitchen and the little bedroom are enough for me," sighed Madame Oullette, surveying her work of removal of her belongings, examining with glancing eyes the new furnishings which had taken the place of her own plain household goods.

Evangeline, in the garden, felt it more deeply and did not attempt to voice it.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY "THE VANISHING FISH"

(In this story Peggy and Billy go on a fishing trip and some surprising things happen.)

Peggy and Billy Go Fishing

"PEGGY, O PEGGY, why sleep so late?" Billy, singing this song lustily, awakened Peggy just as the first crimson rays of the morning sun crept beneath the window shades.

"Where are you going, Princess Peggy?" rattled Kingfisher

"Where are you going, Princess Peggy and Billy Belgium?" asked Lonesome Bear.



"Where are you going, Princess Peggy?" rattled Kingfisher

"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—Lady Deauchy's Dog Dies

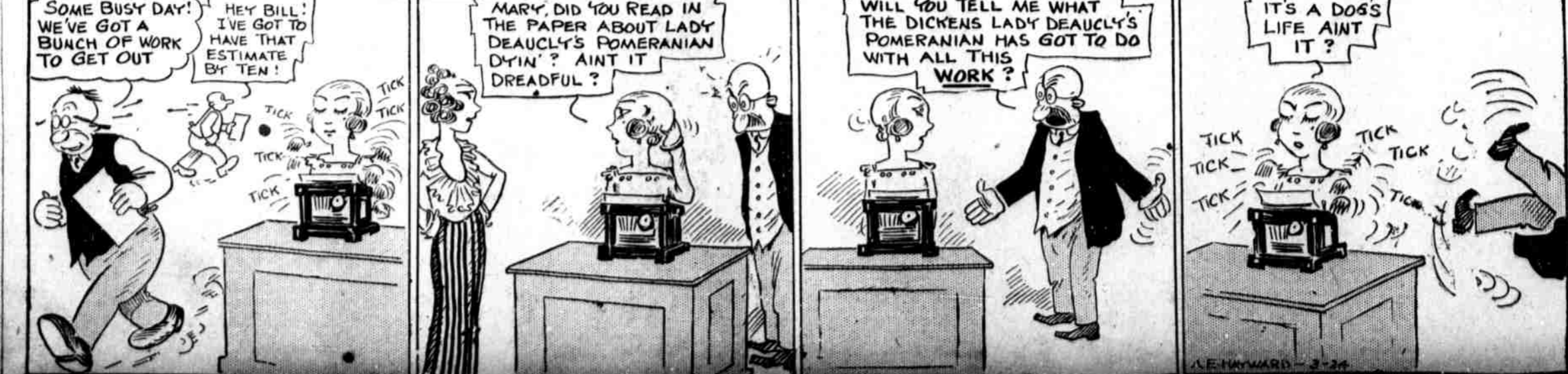
SOME BUSY DAY! HEY BILL, I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT ESTIMATE BY TEN!

MARY, DID YOU READ IN THE PAPER ABOUT LADY DEAUCHY'S POMERANIAN DYIN' ? AINT IT DREADFUL?

WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT THE DICKENS LADY DEAUCHY'S POMERANIAN HAS GOT TO DO WITH ALL THIS WORK?

IT'S A DOGS LIFE AINT IT?

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(Tomorrow will be told how the fishing contest begins.)