fore."

THE THREE STRINGS By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN Author of "The Nameless Man"

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THE FIRST MOVE

ing her latch key in the vestibule door. allowing more slowly with many an ing more slowly. Whom could she get windows, reached her side.

"Put the sultcase down," she di- paused on her way to the library: "I'll have the front door what use to telephone, Marian was opened by the time you get the trunk probably at the State Department and

she stepped across the threshold of the open door was refreshing after the glare of the aspnalt pavenience of laid it down again as an idea occurred to her. Why not forage about the to her. Why not forage about the kitchen for eatables? The idea apnber and make that month one to be avoided in the capital city.

Evelyn, intent on calling a servant. the taxi-driver's bulky figure blocked house was around the corner, and the light in the front doorway. Withher motor trunk from his shoulders would stay her appetite. and stood it against the wall.

inquired.

for his pay.

carry your trunk upstairs?"

"No; the butler will take it up. thank you." Evelyn's gesture of dismissal was unmistakable, and the man hitched uncomfortably at his cap. glanced furtively up the hall and then back at Evelyn who, totally unconsclous of his scrutiny, stood impatlently waiting for him to go. He opened his mouth, but if he intended to address her again he thought better of it, and with a mumbled word banged out of the front door.

Evelyn turned at once and sped to the back stairs, but call as she did. no servant responded and the blindclosed windows made the passage-way dark and unfriendly. With an impatient exclamation Evelyn returned to the front hall; the servants had evidently not arrived from the seashore to open the house for her.

She stopped only long' enough to push her trunk into the billiard room just off the hall and pick up her suitcase, then she went rapidly upstairs to her bedroom which, in its summer covered furnishings, looked very inviting to her tired eyes. Four nights in a sleeper and three extra hours added to the tedium of her journey from the West by a hot-box which had delayed her train's arrival in Washington, had made her long for home comforts.

Going over to the windows Evelyn drew up the blinds and opening the sashes thrust back the shutters, then. tossing off her hat and coat as she moved about her bedroom, she finally jerked open the suitcase and tumblea about its contents until she found the garments she sought. In doing so mother, and she smiled as her eyes caught the words:

con at home. She paused long enough | tieres to her side and she drew back, stress did Evelyn ever address her in her dressing to go to the telephone then, suppressing her growing nerv- mother's housekeeper by her first hand and broke on the highly polin the library and call up several ousness, she parted the portieres and name. "Thank God, you are here!" friends, only to be told by central that stepped into the library. She had ad Mrs. Ward gazed at her in alarm. "Are you mad?" Mrs. Ward spoke

disconnected for the summer. A triffe discouraged Evelyn returned to ber bedroom and resumed her dress ing more slowly. Whom could she get to ber bedroom and resumed her dress. fireplace. noward glance at the blind-closed to go out to tea with her?-Marian gathering her wits, she demanded a the billiard room which opened from and Mrs. Ward's comely face paled. Van Ness. Evelyn brightened, but triffe breathlessly:

would not leave there until 5 o'clock. She could get her to dine with her at The cool if somewhat stale air of the Shoreham, but in the meantime

Evelyn picked up her hat and then the first time obtained a full view of Evelyn's clutching fingers, disappeared spen door was tell pavements, for laid it down again as an idea occurred

pealed to her the more she considered it. If the servants did not arrive she paused midway in the large hall as could go for Marian, whose apartment

out waiting for directions he lowered ent a cup of tea and a few crackers A few seconds later Evelyn was

way to the kitchen. A visit to the Evelyn, busily engaged in searching butler's pantry brought to light a for change in her purse, nodded af- package of crackers concealed in a frmatively, and the man propped him- tin box and a canister of her mother's self against the door jamb and waited favorite orange-pekce tea. Tucking her treasures under her arm Evelyn

moment later, his politeness stimu- delight found on investigation that she lated by the generous tip which ac- could light the big gas range. It companied Evelyn's payment of the took her but a moment to fill the taxi fare. "Would you like me to water kettle, and humming a song she

"Shall I leave it here, Miss," he speeding down the staircase on her

"Thank you, Miss," he exclaimed a sought the kitchen and there to her

continued her researches in the order-

"Who are you?" door. Once in the room Evelyn col-No reply.

"How did you get here." Silence. "What do you want?"

leave me. The cool if somewhat met Evelyn as the shorenam, but in the meantaine Her questions remained manawered. Only for a month, and Mrs. lyn stepped up to the chair and for Ward, disentangling her skirt from

lapsed on the nearest chair.

"Oh, don't go," she begged as Mrs.



"Why, you are looking entirely well this morning so the garments she sought. In doing so the unearthed a letter from her nother, and she smiled as her eyes aught the words: "I am sending the servants to the ity on the fifteenth, which gives them ity on the fifteenth, which gives them

"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, "There's a dead man upstairs!"

The glass slipped from Mrs. Ward's ished floor.

WELYN PRESTON ran lightly up the telephones she wanted had been vanced half across the room before "What's wrong. Miss Evelyn?" she more roughly than she realized, and Beaulteu's horses on that night when tale that would brighten a girl's dark she became aware that a stranger sat asked. "Come inside, Miss," coaxingly, Evelyn's angry flush caused her to the officer had been waiting to have

> the hall to the right of the front "It's-It's not Mr. Burnham?" "No; I have never seen the man be-

(CONTINUED TOMORROW) Ward stepped toward the hall. "Don't THE DAILY NOVELETTE

> A CHANGE OF NAME * By Hortense Caldwell

EVELYN MITCHELL fastened her border. There was much talk. There before it. beautiful fur piece about her neck, rew on her gauntlet gloves and leaped chocolate-colored roadster Iting at the curb. One minute later e was speeding down the elm-bordered ulevard on her way to the lower end alting at the curb. the city.

Arriving there she made her way to the second floor of a rickety old bulld-ing. Very gently, she knocked at the door and after waiting a few minutes and receiving no answer opened the door quietly and peered in. On the couch young man lay sleeping quietly, velyn closed the door his eyes or As Evelyn wearly, but on the sight of her face his He followed Vetal Beaulieu. And expression changed visibly,

"Good morning," Evelyn greeted him "Good morning, Miss Mitchell," he iswered with a little smile. "Yes," he answered with a little emile. "Yes," he-continued in answer to the look of in-quiry on her face. "I really am feeling fine this morning, even if I don't look

"I'm glad to hear you say that. Mr. Ames. See, I've brought you some oranges. Shall I fix one for you?" "Thank you; you are always thinking of the things I like most. If you will, lieu.

ease A few minutes later, as he was slowly eating the sliced fruit, Evelyn spoke

agalt Ames, I wish you wouldn't live "Mr. n this awful place. It's no wonder ou are sick. Why, the air is positively due in here. You told me once that ou could live in a better place if you wanted to.

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person's secret."

elessly across the hall.

noiselessly across the hall. "If he is astee, I won't disturb him." she thought, just as she put up her hand to knock. "I'll just peek in and see." and suiting action to the word, she sitting by the table reading a book, sitting by the table reading a book, sitting by the table reading a book, man acrossly drumming on the table with the other. Without moving from her position. Evelyn put up her hand and knocked. She was very much surprised to see Mr. Ames jump up gingerly, drop the book into the chair, push the cigar into a tall vase on the mantelpiece and ting. It i jump into bed.

you are looking entirely well that Aldrich was moved to an act

THE RED LANE By HOLMAN DAY A Romance of the Border

THE SLAYER OF BEAULIEU

his man's tails father. He understood, to his soul's joy, that here undoubtedly awaited more evidence in his behalf than mere a built wit.

Aldrich, for it is right that you should know. You have put your mind and your strength to the saving of the the St. John, but it has also washed people of Acadia, and you deserve far more than any poor service they can return

return. "This what we have done is only part of that service they owe. There have been strange stories on the these new troubles of poor Acadia before the people, there isn't a man who will dare to oppose it. Sympathy will sit as the honorary chairman of that committe hearing! Come along

before it. It's you who can talk to 'em! Tell 'em the story of the flood! Show 'em your blatered hands. We'll put this thing into their hearts. Bewere men who knew the truth, M'ser, and they had money with which to cover up that truth. You know that Vetal Beaulieu came down on the trying to pound truth through their hard skulls."

people were angry, too. This man hearing! here, Wild-wit Dionne, heard what the Aldrich was heard with breathless atpeople said about Vetal Beaulley. His tention. brother lost his horse and cows, and he heard the children crying for food. peal to all who listened. what did he do-what did Dionne do to Beaulieu?" The spokesman shook

"Dionne shot Bcaulieu," confessed the witness. "He came up behind and shot him. It was on the road east of Monarda." to Beaulieu?" The spokesman shook

"Who else was there?" "Dave Rol was riding with Beau-

"What more?"

"Yes, I understand perfectly. I would be the last one to want you to tell anhe had stood off the gang which threatened to pursue when he had

rescued Evangeline. and left Beaulieu's body in the woods until he had his plot ready, ch?"

"No, indeed, you'll have to find some-thing worse than that to chuse me away," she responded, laughingly. have not interfered."

"Well, I hope I never find it then," he answered, as he shook her hand. Two days later Evelyn made another rip to the room of the little seamstress. After doing her errand there, she moved

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. "We would have paid you, M'ser Aldrich, even if we had paid in our blood. We ask only one thingthat you will speak some wise words to the law for the sake of this poor man who killed and did not understand what a crime he was commiting. He is only Wild-wit Dionne." It had come so suddenly, so wonder-

The provided and closed the door Evelyn entered and closed the door sucrifice in behalf of these people.

His full heart urged him to hasten the rights of a people meant more to be Evangeline with the story of their eliverance, but he resolutely faced though he owned to himself that this IN THE band of men Aldrich now perceived that same sullen youth that one of his faithful Acadian friends

though he owned to himself that this money would play an important part in a 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, as he had confessed to himself once on the long road, he knew that his cagerness to be gone, his ardor of haste, his longing to be once more in the north, were inspired by the girl who was walting up there for her lover! lover!

THE GIFTS IN THE LAP OF JUNE TUNE came to Attegat once more.

swinging her censers of purple haze above the domed hills and over the twinkling river. June laughed that year. June rloted

in masses of herbage on the alluviat meadows where the floods had dumpne the rich new soil. The people of the border laughed, too, for joy had been born out of sorrow, good fortune out of tribulation.

Patiently, justly, sympathetically, three earnest men were distributing the lands to the settlers; and Norman Aldrich was that one of the thre was most exalted in the minds of

thankful people. On the hill which dominated the vil-That was a wonderful committee lage of Attegat hammers clanged and saws rasped from dawn till dusk, for the big school was rising from its tention. The needs of that people whom the rest of the State had not ashes again, more spacious than be understood made sure and potent ap-

fore. The merry music of that industry windows of Ma-The tale of that disaster which had dame Oullette's cottage, and the cray-on portrait of the deceased Monsieur. Oullett grinned most amiably. But if departed spirits can, as the widow of Monsieur Ouillette so tohuly beneved show delight through the agency of their portraits, it is not at all probable that he was rejoleing that day over the difference of carpenters. There Monsleur Ouillette so fondly believed The lawmakers did their duty and

succored a suffering people! It is a matter of history how a great must be more heart-interest in matters which can draw the attention of a spirit from affairs of paradiso to State gave fifty thousand acres of land to worthy settlers who had been fighting greed and prejudice. And the story of how it was accomthings of earth.

There was heart-interest that day in the cottage where the portrait plished has now been told. Thus, out of great woe sprang wonsmiled.

drous blessings! Aldrich was impatient to be gone, There was subdued bustle in the home of Madame Ouillette — quiet, happy bustle. Only two were there. to be back again in the north. But he took the body to the hill where it was found. We were paid to keep still." room are enough for me," sighed Ma-dame Ouillette, surveying her work of

north. The men who had undertaken to run those rumors to their corner also unearthed the fact that Louis Blais and David Roi had instigated the removal of her belongings, examining removal of her beioging. with glistening eyes the new furnish-ings which had taken the place of destruction of the big school on the hill of Attegat. The honest men were paying their debt of gratitude, and the law had its hand on the shoulder I shall not marry, Mam'selle. That h settled! He has frowned many times when I have been tempted. You may of that frock-coat whose tails Blais see how happy he seems now-that

of that Proce-coat whose this blass had flaunted 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 "Of course, there is no other man

"Of course, there is no other man so well fitted as you to serve as chair-man of the commission which I shall happy today." "Ah, Mam'selle," returned the ma-dame, archly, "when love has scrubbed "And you knew that Rei waited and left Beameu's body in the woods appoint to review claims and appoint the looking-glass of life all so clean and bright, and you look into it on and bright, and you look into it on your wedding day with a smile, surely paid. It was Dave Roi's business. We use the appropriation will afford lucrative the world must smile back!" appoint to review claims and appor-"But how have you found out all

this-how have you made these men confess?" Aldrich gasped. "We were all men of Acadia. We

He had been dreading his return to Red Lane for many weeks. Its duties had become hateful; its perils had pursued him remorselessly. He thank-ed the Governor with a full heart and laid aside the eagle badge forever. Eagerly Aldrich prepared for his re-turn to Attegat as the commissioned head of the new board on state lands, impatient to begin his important em-ployment, knowing that he understood the neople and could deal justiv. He have been put in your debt and we could not pay. There were rumors. the people and could deal justly. He stars to rest under the roses." realized to the depths what this action of the state meant. It meant Attegat newly established, the homes of the influence of it, and her Acadian people assured, boys and girls given nature voiced that poesy as best she opportunities to remain on the soil which they loved, the ties of kindred soil could. which they loved, the ties of kindred knitted forever in one great and con-

tented community. voice it. That he, personally, was to have so great a part in the readjustment of (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES By DADDY "THE VANISHING FISH"

"Dave Rol took the body and hid it by the roadside, and he went for men who had smuggled for him, and they "And you know more." insisted the spokesman. "I know that Dave Ro! 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 Roi had obtained those shells. Aldrich had jacked them out from his rifle when

"That is mighty nice of you. Miss Mitchell, but I don't want you to think it is something you will never know And don't stop coming on account of that, will you?" he inquired, anxiously, as she started to pick un her fur. "No, indeed puck un her fur.

"I am sending the servants to the nut butter and another of snappy city on the fifteenth, which gives them a day to open the house and have it alred before you get there. Now be soon enjoying toasted choese and sitteenth. Your father will be very crackers and a delicious cup of tea.

sixteenth. Your father will be very angry if——"
The remainder of the sentence was on the opposite sheet, but Evelyn did not trouble to read further; instead of the bell. With a joyful exclamation futtered to the floor she signed involution, had come at last. As she started for fauther in the non-bell register—the indication, had evidently not trouble to remother, with her usual incon-sistency, had evidently not trouble to remother, with her usual incon-sistency, had evidently not trouble to remother.
Wer mother, with her usual incon-sistency, had evidently not trouble to remother.
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Wer mother.
W

study timetables in deciding that her brary." daughter could not reach Washington Evelyn stared at the indicator in daughter could not reach Washington by the 15th, and in her own mind Eve-lyn wondered if the servants would be dispatched from Cheisea in time to reach there before night. The im-reach there before night. The importance of time figured very little in the range she hastened upstairs to the

portance of time figured very little in Mrs. Burnham's indolent sheltered life; her contention that prompt peo-ple wasted a great deal of time was frequently borne out by those who waited in impotent wrath for her to ne conservation

Considerably perturbed Evelyn regrown and then, sometimes colliding against furniture in the darkened seconds before she mounted the stairhouse, made her way through her case to the second floor. Her lagging mother's bedroom and boudoir, her footsteps were accelerated by the stepfather's suite of rooms and into the library which opened from his father had returned and gone straight bedroom, pulling up window shades to his room and, supposing from the and letting in fresh air and sunshine opened windows that the servants as she went. Back once more in her were down stairs, had rung for the own room she tested the electric butler. He always carried his latchlights and was thankful to find the key; but her mother had mailed her current turned on; apparently Mrs. his latch-key!

Ward, her mother's housekeeper, had Evelyn's hand fell from the por attended to some of the details of mov-

ing back into their city house. Encouraged by her success with the electricity, Evelyn tried the water in the bathroom and finding it running filled the tub and with the aid of an electric plunger, soon luxuriated in a hot bath. But upon emerging she did not immediately complete her toilet. the comfortable lounge exerted too great an appeal to her weary muscles, and taking a silk quilt from a nearby edar chest she settled down amidst oft pillows and was soon in dream-

Some house, me hours later Evelyn awoke. It k her several minutes to recall here she was as she sat up rubbing sleepy eyes. Her windows faced the west and the afternoon sunshine ed every cranny of the room. Eve n consulted her watch-fifteen minpast two. With a bound she was er feet and a second later was is in haste, her actions stimu y pange of hunger. She had aly a modest breakfast on the g upon a hearty lu

OF NO IMPORTANCE I had noticed the girls busy jumping the rope And the boys busy spinning their tops; And I felt in my heart just a glimmer of hope That when Winter gets weary it stops." 1 intended to sing Of the coming of Spring. But I missed its arrival, that's flat. it got here last Friday. But that wasn't my day-Now what do you know about that? I intended to carol of buds on the trees; Of wee robin's cheerfulest strain, I intended to dream of the flowers and the bees That the summer would bring in its train. My intentions were good, It is quite understood. But Fate brought them all to the mat. And I hear my friends chatter: Well, what does it matter?" Now what do you know about that?

"Well, I did it until your feminine

"Well, I did it until your feminine best of best of the Customs?" No, it could not be that you have not heard. M'ser Officer of the Customs? No, it could not be that you have heard. David Rol here out of pity, thinking I had no best and I certainly appreciate it, even ong as I have a home." Well and not be that you have not heard, M'ser Officer of the Customs? No, it could not be that you have heard. David Rol to hunt rumors to their corner. "He came raging, to stop to threater the stop of the stop to the series of the customs?" "See my terms "See my terms

home?" home?" bor months ago I was just a lazy threaten, to frighten those who were our months ago I was just a lazy threaten, to frighten those who were three to do their duty and take away this disgrace from the Acadian peo-ple-for what could match the dis-grace of letting a good and a brave man suffer for another's crime? We do not know just how it happened. We stand ready to take the blame. We only know we fought back. But we will anyway, one of my friends for three months and earn my well. we only know we fought back. But no one will ever fear Dave Roi again." "Is he dead?" "No, he is blind. We took him home

He turned and saw Everyn staring at him with astonished eyes. "You don't care, Evelyn, do you?" he asked. "Care a lot." be repeated, "why, yes, I care a lot." be on the must depend upon her eyes for the rest of his life; and I think you mean it?" "Do you mean it?" "Yee, but first tell me your right mame. I presume Chester Ames is an as-sumed one." "But, surely your father isn't Haw-lins, the steel merchant?" "He is, Evelyn, but that doesn't make the slightest difference. You are Evelyn Mitchell now, but doesn't the name ot Hawkins appeal to you?" "I think I'd like to be Evelyn Haw-kins," she answerd sweetly. "Do the rest of nis life; and I think Part was surely meting rewards and punishments at last with ruthless and steady hand, so Aldrich reflected. He walked to the sheriff. "We will all go with you to the border," he said. "We will help you to perform your duty, Mr, Sheriff." Two days later a message came to Aldrich; and he could obey that mes-

kins," she answered sweetly. The next complete novelette-Miss Perversity

Two days later a message came to Aldrich; and he could obey that mes-sage, for he was a free man. Representative Clifford called him Representative Clifford called him Representative Clifford called him Representative That's no

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

Peggy and Billy Go Fishing "DEGGY, O Peggy, why sleep so

late? Come, let's go fishing, I have the balt."

Billy, singing this song lustily, awakened Peggy just as the first crimson rays of the morning sun crept beneath her window shades. She was so sleepy she didn't want to rouse from her slumbers, but Billy's invitation: "Let's go fishing, I have the balt," was too allur ing to resist. In almost less time than it takes to tell she was in her clothes

"See my new pole, line, and tackle," "The Giant of the Wood gave them to me for a birthday present, I bet I could catch a whale with this outfit."

swered.

together,"

you do," responded Kingfisher. "Gracious, they don't catch whales "I'll take that bet," said Billy, ""The with poles and lines," replied Peggy, who had heard an old sailor friend tell one who has the fewer fish at the end of the next hour will have to give all his catch to the other. How's that?" about a whaling trip. "They shoot 'em "Fine !" exclaimed Kingfisher, and

with harpoon guns." "Well, anyway, I can catch blue gills "Well, anyway, insisted Billy. "And away he flew. "Good morning, Princess Peggy, where are you going," rasped Blue besides I don't believe there are any whales in our river. But I know a deep hole where there are lots of other Heron from the reeds. "We're going afishing, sir," she an-

fish." It was a lovely morning and all the "Then come wading with me, and we will fish together." replied Blue Heron. "But we are fishing with Billy Bel-glum's new pole and line," responded Dave Roi will find that he has no birds were out getting their breakfasts.

"Where are you going. Princess Peggy?" rattled Kingfisher from a dead tree overhanging the water. "I'm going afishing, sir," she an-Peggy. "Heck! Heck! Heck! I'll bet a dozen

fish against your hook and line that I'll have more fish than you at the end "Then come up here and we will dive of the hour."

"It's a bargain," said Billy, Peggy and Billy hurried along until gether," screamed Kingfisher, "Oh, but we are going fishing with they came upon Lonesome Bear sitting beside the stream.

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

"Where are you going, Princess

way to fish. I'll bet I get more than

Peggy?" rattled Kingfisher

"We are going afishing, sir," they an. swered. "With our hook and line."

"Ho, ho, ho !" laughed Lonesome Bear. "Ho, ho, no. Internet to catch fish. You "That's no way to catch fish. You ought to use your claws. I'll bet a week's supply of fish I'll show a bigger stack than you do at the end of the

"I'll race you," replied Billy Belgium, "I'll race you," replied Billy Belgium, and he hurried Peggy on to the deep hole so that he could begin right away. But when they parted the bushes on the bank above the deep hole, they found another fisherman already there. He was a red-headed lad, barefooted and wearing no hat.

"Here, you get out of here! This is my fishing hole!" exclaimed Billy Bel-

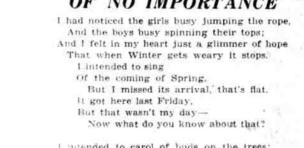
The red-headed boy turned his head The red-neared by furned ins nead, and to Peggy's surprise ahe saw that his eyes were filled with tears. But though he was weeping, it wasn't because he was a coward. He shook the tears from his eyes and jumped to his feet, doubling up his fists. "You're fishing hole, indeed ! It's my

fishing hole until I catch a breakfast for my hungry mother and sisters, and I's like to see you put me out of here."

(Tomorrow will be told have the

By HAYWARD "SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—Lady Deaucly's Dog Dies - : -Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co. -:--:-MARY, DID YOU READ IN WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT SOME BUSY DAY!) HEY BILL ITS A DOSS THE DICKENS LADY DEAUCLY'S I'VE GOT TO WE'VE GOT A THE PAPER ABOUT LADY LIFE AINT / HAVE THAT POMERANIAN HAS GOT TO DO BUNCH OF WORK DEAUCLY'S POMERANIAN IT ? ESTIMATE . TO GET OUT WITH ALL THIS DYIN'? AINT IT (BY TEN ! 9996 DREADFUL ? WORK ? TICK TICK TICK TICK S

"Matilda!" Only in moments of in this big house."



GRIF ALEXANDER.