AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"I'm Hittin' a Dangerous Trail TERE followed a stricken sort of silence. Mary stood with her back to window and her eyes on the floor. hands were twisting together be-id her back. Her heart seemed to suffering a punishment of muffied

"So you don't want me to send that siter to Dr. Laurie," Q said in his oft, even voice. "You don't want me o give Sophie her chanct for happiness. Likely you don't know what the gel's en goin' through. It would take a sen goin' through. It would take a sen goin' to make up to her what he has been put through since her superiority. She bit at her slender pink lip and drew in her breath. "One must amuse one's self," she said with an affectation that made the said with an affectation that made the life of her words doubly keen to the

aurie feller quit."
"But, Q." Mary faltered, making profile of herself against the sunny profile of herself against the sunny prindow so that the fire of August shone bout her curls, "there might be great larger to her in bringing Laurie back. Se is several years older now, he is man, and he will be harder and persupp less chivalrous. Maybe he still maths feeling for her— I don't know—but I do know he has a profession and a practice and he is ambitious in a place particularly sensitive to birth legit that a pretty dangerous combiisn't that a pretty dangerous combi-"I can see the truth of that," Q

count as all that comes to, then becount as all that comes to, then both will turn against him pronto. Be has some horse-sense and likely it would cure her if he tried any triflin of that nature. Sophie holds herself

Mgh."
"And you are willing to take this responsibility on your shoulders? Of bringing these two people together?"
"You don't know what the gel is up Mary came back slowly to her chair

Mary came back slowly to her chair and rested her hand on its back. All the color of excitement and anger had faded from her face, which wore its leok of a brave, ill-treated child.

"It would be better for all of us here, I think," she said softly, shaking her head in a half-piteous fashion. "if you took yourself back to your West, Q. We are not strong enough—we old vessels—for your new wine. We can't think singly or feel straight. There are too many entanglements, things come too many entanglements, things come in thickness—' she sighed. "I'm afraid I'm not very clear—shall we do some work? It's nearly 12 o'clock."
"What about my letter?" he demanded

she shrugged. "I wash my hands of it. I've said everything I can to dissuade you from sending it. I shall be sorry if you do anything to hurt Dr. Sales or Sophie or Laurie. But you are very sure of yourself, it seems." He gave her a queer quick glance and

dropped his eyes.
"I ain't anything like that," he mad. He was profoundly hurt. Lessons began in grim, unsmiling carnest and ended in no lighter fashion. For the first time, Mary's scholar went away without comfort and left her without cheer.
On his way to the hotel, Q mailed

the letter, but when the white envelope had dropped out of his sight, he felt heavy of heart and burdened of con-"I'm hittin' a dangerous trail," he confessed to himself. "I'm likely to strike quicks and at this fordin'."

it was the sense of guilty defiance that gave him that afternoon mood of recklessness. He had the to trouble her. Q was aware, but, in-stand of softening his humor, the awareness seemed to flick it. This was their first meeting since the night she add left him to go out into the moon-magic with Ferdy Fadden. They were both conscious of that episode; Lelo sulltily, he resentfully.

"I hev brought a pag that goes like

"I hev brought a nag that goes like he wanted to get there first," said dee-nand at the Club?"
"and the poor dern fool is tied up "I told you I wante but I reckon we can make it.

Q's face flamed. "She's agoin' to get the lesson of her life, that lady, if she don't quit temptin' me."

At which naively shocking statement Heloise laughed until the dog-cart jerked her music to silence.

"This is a perfectly awful form of discipline—this dog-cart of yours, Q!—What will you do to poor Mrs. Fayre if she keeps on 'tempting' you?—You're too dreadful."

Well, ma'am, seems like she entertains the notion that a man is a safe little pet animal, like some kind of lapdog. Now I ain't anything like that. I'm not a quarter so safe. I'm a real man-critter and likely as not

a real man-critter and likely as not some day I'll hug her."

Heloise laughed again. "You've never hugged me!" she said. He turned upon her so white and shocked a face that she drew back from him.
"Q, I'm sorry. Don't please look

at me like that. Don't be so angry. What did I say? I didn't mean anything. I was just—well, teasing you."
He turned away his eyes. "I reckon
I have got a whole lot to learn," he I have got a whole lot to learn," he said presently between his teeth, "but you've got some to learn yet, girl, and I'd sure hate for you to get your learnin' from Fadden—him or any other married man of his kind. I know more'n you think. I've seed a heap of ugly things, likely I hev done some ugly things, likely I hev done some ugly things. There's just two ends to that married game—one way you come out a knave, and the other way you come out a fool. If you're a woman, you don't come out quite clean."

Heloise burned—face, neck, and brow—burned with pure anger. The

brow-burned with pure anger. The insult of the phrase as one even re-

bite of her words doubly keen to the listener, 'in this impossible place. One must have some excitement. One must

lookin' for."

Before she knew even that he had moved, he was out along the shaft. He flung up his arms with a wild long cry—he did something, she couldn't see what. The mare flung herself back, snorted, and gathered her long bones together. Q was back in his seat, the reins wrapped about his wrists, his body braced. He looked at Heloise, his mask thrown down, his face gleaming. young, reckless, hard—like the faces of men in far wild places. Heloise clung to the seat; her hat was gone already. her hair streamed, they rocked along the road at a speed that took her

to overhang.

"By God!" said Q. "She means to make it!"

She went at it like a lunatic, doubled herself, jumped, caught at the earth with her feet. For a perilous moment they hung, then heaved and plunged up to the roadside. The mare stopped and

stood shaking all over, in a lather of

foam. "I'll Never Forgive You" "Feelin' better now, ain't 'one'?"

She too was shaking from head to foot and white and wild.
"You were trying to kill me!" she panted, when she could get her voice. "Take me home. I'll never forgive

you."
"I thought you wanted some excitement. Playin' with death is a heap healthier and honester than some other ways of gettin' it."

He turned the mare and then re-gained the road and began to trot soberly toward home. Heloise, with soberly toward home. Heloise, shaking hands, arranged her hair. always trusted you," she began, when she fancied she had it in order—it was really a one-sided tangle of ruffled gold and she had a quite distracted and unaccustomed look—"but, as a guide, littering eye and tight smile of a daredevil when at 4 o'clock of the afternoon as a man of the world. I don't care for savagery, or foolhardiness. I suppose you were angry with me and wanted that he was not to be trified with and the queer waver that his stronger moods inspired began at once the trouble her. O was aware, but, in-

fused itself more becomingly.
"Are you wanter to meet Mr. Fer-

"a machine they called at the stables a machine they called at the stables dogcart. It looks like a real death"Oh, I forgot your orders. You ain't lookin' quite in Fer-dee-nand's class "You're going to take me for a drive, Q? How deliciously absurd: Buggy-riding! Come on, I'm ready for anything."
"Today, tomorrow, and yesterday."
"Why not? It's better to be ready for living, isn't it? than to be behind the game. I like people with pep, on the same of the control of the co the game. I like people with pep, If you'll hold the reins I'll collect it

"Yes, ma'am, that's why I chose this here lady-hoss." His eyes narrowed at her as she climbed in, he standing below with the reins in his hands. "What are you all duded up for this afternoon?"

She was in fact heautifully gowned this was in fact heautifully gowned she was in fact heautifully gowned.

"What are you all duded up for this afternoon?"

She was in fact beautifully gowned in pale green with a wide hat under which her clear. cool beauty wore a symph-like purity.

"To fascinate you, of course!"

He smiled. "You think I'm a plumb tenderfoot on this sort of trail, don't you?"

He climbed in and the "lady-hoss" started down the long straight drive with a bony, long-stepping vim that threw Heloise back against the seat-strap and evoked a small excited laugh. "Very well—if you want the whole truth—I was planning, after I had completely demolished you, to get what was left of you to leave me at the Country Club where I am to have tea with another victim."

"Mr. Fer-dee-nand Fadden," drawl-will another victim."

"Mr. Fer-dee-nand Fadden," drawl-will another victim."

"Don't you, think he's a charming wictim? I do."

Q guided his mare around the gate-pet and headed her north.

"She's got a concrete mouth," he muttered, "and gutta-percha legs and see head, is made of alastic and she has unreasonably startled to see that there were tears in his cool and brilliant there were tears in his cool and brilliant.

O guided his mare around the gatepost and headed her north.

"She's got a concrete mouth," he
muttered, "and gutta-percha legs and
her back is made of elastic and she has
hard, hard heart"; then with hardly
a change of tone, he asked, "Ain't he
a married man, Heloise?"

To this informality of nomenclature,
had at last persuaded him.

"Yes. What has that to do with
How proper is our Q! You have
het to learn yet, my dear innocent,
stern friend! Isn't Mrs. Fayre
arried woman, and don't tell me you
"t noticed her marked attentions

"Yes."

CONTINUED TOMORROW

"Western friend of the strength of the str

CONTINUED TOMORROW



By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Mary's Human I THOUGHT THAT HIS SISTER TOLD I ASKED HIM FOR THIS CAMP'S PRETTY GOOD. I HATE PEOPLE WHO DARN PORCUPINE AN ERASER ONE DAY AND HE SAID ISA'T IT. "VENUS"? COURSE ONE HOUR TO THE HIS MECKTIE, ONCE A BUTTON CAME OFF HIS KIEVER MAKE MISTAKES! WAS A MOSSY WE HAVEN'T GOT OPEN THEY'RE NOT HUMAN! AIR PLUMBING AND RUNNING STONE ! WATER - BUT GOOD AS IT IS
I BET HOKY SMITH WOULDN'T VEST AND HE
LIKE IT! GOLLY DID YOU
EVER SEE ANY BODY SO
EXACT AS HOKY S ANY USE FOR THEM.

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says Liberty bonds are a fine investment up to a certain point but nobody should assume too much bonded indebtedness.





By Sidney Smith

PETEY—Now-a-Days ER-ER-I BEG PARDON, MISTER - I RUN ALL THE WAY HERE WHEN I HEARD IT - WAS THAT A REAL WRECK? HOPE TO TELL YOU Miller

YES MRS. BLOSSOM, IT'S

EDUCATIONAL TOUR. WE'LL

DO ALL THE HISTORICAL

SPOTS AND NIAGARA

ONCE

AGAIN!

GOING TO BE A VERY

GASOLINE ALLEY-Walt Loves Nature, But-

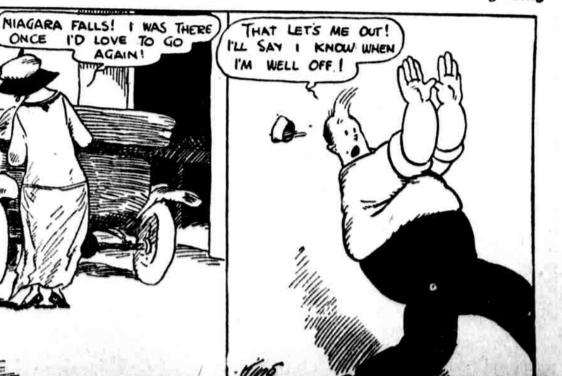
HERE'S A LITTLE BOOKLET

OH MOTORING THROUGH THE

AVERY

ADIRONDACKS.

MUST SEE -THIS!



By King

By C. A. Voight

- I GOT ROTTEN

LUCK !- I THOUGHT

THEY WAS DOIN' IT

FOR THE MOVIES -- I ALWAYS

EM DO A MOVIE!

WANTED TO SEE