

Reading for Women and all the Family

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XV
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Looking back, I wonder that I acquitted myself so well during the first few minutes at the supper table that Sunday night.

The remark I had overheard embarrassed me, yet I showed no evidence in your home a sweet young relative who can take your sister's place when she is ill. I always tell my husband that we are lucky in having a daughter who is old enough to preside when I am away from home or under the weather.

"You are indeed fortunate," my employer said quickly. "How many children have you?"

I was grateful to him for his prompt speech, uttered, I knew, to save me the necessity of replying to Mrs. Gilman's observation. Was he also more than willing to have his guest consider me a relation of his? It did not occur to me that perhaps he had spoken of me as a cousin in order to be spared the explanation that I was only his daughter's governess.

By the time my flushed cheeks had cooled and my heart had begun to beat again with its accustomed regularity, the conversation had turned in another direction, and I was no longer startled by personalities.

But I was much interested in what was being said. These people talked well. I took my part when necessary; at other times I listened. I listened with especial interest when Mrs. Gilman asked the host if he had always lived in New York, and Mr. Norton replied in the negative. I had supposed that he was a New Yorker.

"Our firm has always had a large branch here," he went on, as if in reply to my unspoken question. "So I have been back and forth from Chicago to this city ever since I left college. Several years ago I moved my family here and bought this house. I found it wise to live in the East. It is better for my business."

A Country Home, Too

"But," Mr. Havens said, "didn't you tell me that you have a country home in the East?"

"Yes, in Connecticut," Mr. Norton informed him. "We spend all our summers there. We have done so for many years—even when my home was in Chicago."

"That was strange," Mrs. Gilman observed. "Few families would care to go all that distance to the summer home."

"Perhaps not," her host returned. "But my children are fond of the place, and it agrees with their health."

"But how," questioned the woman, "did you, living out in Chicago, happen to buy property up in Connecticut?"

"My wife came from Hartford," was the brief response. She owned some land there—in Litchfield county so we had there. And, as she loved the spot, and the children continue to

love it, I still take my household there every year.

Mrs. Gilman turned to me. "And you, too?" she asked.

Again Mr. Norton came to my rescue. "She will go this year, but she has not been so fortunate as to have her with us during other summers."

"But your sister, Mrs. Gore, lives with you at the year around, does she not?" Mrs. Gilman questioned.

"She is your only sister?"

I was sure I had never heard another woman ask so many questions. If I had not been subtly conscious that she was on thin ice I might have thought her interest but natural.

"Mrs. Gore is my sister-in-law—my wife's sister," my employer explained. "Yes, I am lucky in having her with me both in the city and country."

Then, as Mrs. Havens made some remark about his little girl, he began to talk eagerly of the child. I was sure that his zest was not alone due to his devotion to his daughter—although this was a deep and sincere feeling. But he desired to escape her interrogation upon unwelcome topics.

Yet even I was not then aware that there was anything that might embarrass him in Mrs. Gilman's next question.

Away at School

"You have a son, you say. Are he and the girl near the same age?"

"I have one son," was the answer. "He is nine years older than Grace."

"And he is away at boarding school? What a pity there is such a difference in the children's ages! Has he been away from home for long?"

"For about seven years—except at vacation times," the man replied.

"Oh, poor child! How could his mother bear to let him go when he was so young? Or—was that—that after the children had lost their mother?"

There was a perceptible pause before the host replied. Then he said slowly, as if weighing his words:

"Yes, it was after that. My little girl's mother left us when Grace was a tiny baby. I considered it better for the boy to be educated away from home."

A sudden and incomprehensible sense of compassion for this man who was undergoing a cross-examination by an unthinking woman made me cast myself into the breach.

"Mrs. Gilman," I observed, "I suppose while you have been in New York you have seen all the points of interest—the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural History?"

"Yes, New Yorkers," I hurried on, "are so heedless of the beautiful things in their own city! Those of us who live here don't stray into the Metropolitan once a year, whereas if we were in a foreign city we would tire ourselves out visiting the picture galleries again and again."

As Mrs. Gilman launched forth with a certain picture in the Metropolitan, I met my host's eye. Was I mistaken in thinking that I saw there a gleam of gratitude?

(To Be Continued.)



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(Continued.)

With one man on either side and another behind, revolvers drawn, we marched our prisoner in double quick time past the rear of the stores and saloons to the agreed rendezvous. There we found Danny Randall and his committee with Morton. Within the next few moments, in rapid succession, appeared the others with Scarface Charley, Crawford and Jules.

The camp was already buzzing with excitement. Men poured out from the buildings into the streets like disturbed ants. Danny thrust his prisoners into the interior of the cabin and drew us up in two lines outside. He impressed on us that we must keep the military formation and that we were to allow no one to approach. Across the road about twenty yards away he himself laid a rope.

"That's the dead line," he announced. "Now, you keep the other side!"

In no time a mob of 500 men had gathered. They surged restlessly to and fro. The flash of weapons was everywhere to be seen. Cries rent the air—demands, threats, oaths and insults so numerous and so virulent that I must confess my heart failed me. At any instant I expected the mob to open fire. They could have swept us away with a single volley. To my excited imagination every man of that multitude looked a ruffian. We seemed alone against the community. I could not understand why they did not rush us and have it over with. Yet they hesitated. The fact of the matter is that the desperadoes had no cohesion, no leaders, and they knew what none of us knew—namely, that a good many of that crowd must be on our side. The roar and turmoil and heat of discussion, argument and threat rose and fell. In one of the lulls an Irish voice yelled:

"The words were greeted by a sullen assenting roar. Five hundred hands, each armed, were held aloft. This unanimity produced an instant silence.

"Hang who?" a truculent voice expressed the universal uncertainty.

"Hang the road agents!" yelled back the little Irishman defiantly.

"Bully for you, Irish! That took nerve!" muttered Johnny at my elbow.

Fifty threats were hurled at the bold speaker, and the click of gunlocks preceded a surge in his direction. Then from the mob went up a sullen, formidable muttering of warning. No individual voice could be distinguished, but the total effect of dead resistance and determination could not be mistaken. Instantly at the words so valiantly uttered the spirit of cohesion had been born, the desperadoes checked in surprise. We had friends. How many or how strong no one could guess, but they were there, and in case of a battle they would fight.

On our side the line was a dead, grim silence. We stood, our weapons ready, rigidly at attention. Occasionally one or the other of us muttered a warning against those who showed symptoms of desiring to interfere.

In the meantime three of our number had been proceeding methodically with the construction of a gallows. This was made by thrusting five small pine bolts, about forty feet long, over a cross beam in the gable of the cabin and against the roof inside. Large dry goods boxes were placed beneath for the trap.

About this time Danny Randall, who had been superintending the construction, touched me on the shoulder.

"Fall back," he said quietly. "Now, he instructed several of us after we had obeyed this command, 'I want you to bring out the prisoners and hold them in plain view. In case of rescue or attempted escape shoot them instantly. Don't hesitate.'

"I should think they would be safer inside the cabin," I suggested.

"Sure," agreed Danny, "but I want them here for the moral effect."

We entered the cabin. The five prisoners were standing or sitting. Scarface Charley was alternately blaspheming violently, upbraiding his companions, cursing his own luck and uttering frightful threats against everybody who had anything to do with this. Crawford was watching him contemptuously and every once in a while advising him to "shut up!" Jules was alternately cursing and crying. Morton sat at one side quite calm and very alert. Catlin stared at the floor.

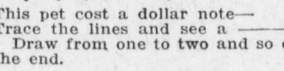
With revolvers drawn we marched them outside. A wild yell greeted their appearance. The cries were now mixed in sentiment. A hundred voices raised in opposition were cried down by twice as many more. "Hang 'em!" cried some. "No, no; banish them!" cried others. "Don't hang them!" and blood curdling threats. A single shot would have brought on a pitched battle. Somehow eventually the tumult died down. Then Morton, who had been awaiting his chance, spoke up in a strong voice.

"I call on you in the name of the law to arrest and disperse these law-breakers."

(To Be Continued.)

DAILY DOT PUZZLES

23	16
24	22
25	19
26	20
27	13
28	5
29	4
30	3
31	39
32	37
33	34
34	40
35	41
36	42
37	43
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39	54
40	52
41	51
42	50
43	49
44	48
45	47
46	46



This puzzle cost a dollar note—Trace the lines and see a Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Sugar Economies

Dried figs, prunes, raisins, and dates are preserved in their own sugar. Cooking figs soaked in their own measure of water and then cooked in it until some of the water is evaporated will have a thick sugary syrup around them. Serve these with whipped cream or custard one day. Next day set your fruit by cooking soaked prunes without sugar and serving them in the same way. Raisins and dates, well sterilized, will help us to get both our needed fruit and our gratifying and energy giving sweet. We may cook bananas either with little sugar or none at all.

If our time is not precious we may save on sugar in the same way some cooks do in making preserves. Cook the fruit first, then make but a small quantity of syrup with some of the liquid and cook part of the fruit in this, skin out, and cook the rest. Many cooks have an excess of syrup in cooking fruit which they can use profitably but do not always do so. Of course a syrup cannot be used too many times, because it is easy to over-cook sugar.

A cake that is sticky or crumbly is likely to have too much sugar. It is not as digestible a cake as one with less. Unless sugar is thoroughly mixed with the other ingredients the bottom of the cake will sometimes be sticky.

In making a syrup the liquid and sugar should always be stirred until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved.

In one of the newer food studies the author describes the complicated processes sugar goes through, and all the machinery used in its manufacture, it seems marvelous that sugar can be sold for a few cents a pound. Perhaps one of the adjustments we must make in these latter days will be the calling of more for this food of high food unit value.

CLEVELAND BUILDERS IDLE

Cleveland, March 17.—Nearly 20,000 union workmen, members of the Building Trades Union, were idle today, as a result of the sweeping lock-out order put into effect by the Building Trades Employers Association yesterday evening. Employers claim that virtually all construction work in the city has been stopped. Union men admit thousands are idle, but claim considerable building by independent contractors is going on. Employers' leaders said they would not attempt to import strike-breakers.

9 YEARS FOR NEGRO DESPERADO

Media, Pa., March 17.—Charles Lloyd, a negro, who bound, gagged and robbed Mrs. Catherine Tuttle, a widow, of Marcus Hook, some time ago and attempted to kill Edwin H. Buchanan, Chester, was found guilty yesterday. Judge McKean, of Easton, who is presiding in Criminal Court in the absence of Judge Johnson, sentenced Lloyd to pay a fine of \$100 and to undergo imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary for a term of not less than nine years.

MUST PAY FOR DEATH OF GIRL

Lancaster, Pa., March 17.—A jury in Common Pleas Court awarded \$795.70 damages to Henry L. Gross in his suit against George E. Toie, a tobacco dealer, for causing the death of plaintiff's daughter nearly two years ago, when Toie, while he was intoxicated, was driving an auto. Toie was convicted in Quarter Sessions Court for causing the girl's death and was sentenced to jail for eighteen months.

CHAPTER XXVI. Community No Longer Afraid.

A SPECIES of uneasy consternation rippled over the crowd. Men glanced meaningly at each other, murmuring together. Some of the countenances expressed loathing, but more exhibited a surprised contempt. For a confused moment no one seemed to know quite what to do or what answer to make to so bestial a dying request. Danny broke the silence incisively.

"I promised them their requests would be carefully heeded," he said. "Give him the liquor."

"Somebody passed up a flask. Charley raised it as high as he could, but was prevented by the rope from getting it quite to his lips.

"You —," he yelled at the man who

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Thousands who use Musterole will tell you that it gives relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frostbites and colds (it often prevents pneumonia).

Little Coal on the Surface

That's the situation. Yards have never been so short of fuel at this season of the year. And there's no prospect of improvement.

The chances are it will keep the collieries busy the entire spring and summer to supply the immediate needs of the market.

Conditions will not permit of any getting ahead of the demand to accumulate a surplus. If you need coal buy it at once.

BEWARE OF sudden colds. Take —

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it—25 cents.

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10 N. Third St. and P. R. R. Station

PREPARING THE GARDEN SOIL

How to Apply Fertilizers and Lime When the Ground Is Ready For Cultivation

A SIMPLE test to determine when garden soil is ready for plowing or working is to take a handful of earth from the surface and close the fingers lightly on it. If the earth compacted in this way is dry enough for cultivation, it will fall apart when the hand is opened. This test is applicable only to comparatively heavy soils, but it is these which receive the most injury if they are worked when wet. On such soils overzealous gardeners not only waste their time, but frequently do actual damage by attempting to work them too early.

After plowing or working with a spade, it is usually desirable to apply some form of fertilizer. Barnyard or stable manure, which furnishes both plant food and humus, is undoubtedly the best, and applications of from twenty to thirty tons to the acre are satisfactory. The manure should be distributed evenly over the surface and later worked in with a hoe and rake. Frequently it is advisable also to apply commercial fertilizer, especially phosphate. An application of 500 to 800 pounds of acid phosphate to the acre is usually sufficient. In order to supply potash, if this is needed, unbleached wood ashes may be used. Spread over the garden at the rate of 1,000

pounds to the acre. Wet, or leached ashes, have less fertilizer value. Two thousand pounds of these should be used. In order to start the plants early in the spring applications of 100 pounds to the acre of nitrate of soda are sometimes used. It is important, however, to remember that no form of commercial fertilizer will yield good results unless the soil is well supplied with humus. This frequently may be furnished in the form of sod or other vegetation which has overgrown a garden spot and may be turned under with a plow or spade.

In certain localities it is also advisable to test the soil for acidity. Naturally moist soils are likely to be acid. The ground should be covered with a thin coat of air-slacked lime and the latter worked in well. Lime is not a plant food, but it will correct the acidity and will improve the physical condition of the soil.

RUSH OF COAL KILLS MINER

Mahanoy City, March 17.—Caught under collapsing timber that had been weakened by a blast, Joseph Neskey, thirty-five years old, was buried by a

rush of coal at East Bear Ridge colliery and suffocated to death. The body was not recovered for several hours. A wife and three children survive him.

Taking Care of the Hair a Personal Responsibility

If you look like a frump don't blame your mirror or bewail your luck. It may be your fault.

The hair and the way it is cared for is ninety per cent of a woman's looks. It is so easy to prove this that no one should delay a minute.

A single application of Newbro's Herpicide is enough to convey an impression of its worth for dandruff, falling hair, itching scalp, etc. The increased life, luster and beauty of the hair following the intelligent use of this delightful scalp prophylactic speak for themselves.

You will like Newbro's Herpicide. The odor is exquisite.

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If you are suffering from Eczema, Salt Rheum, Itch, Tetter—never mind how bad—try my treatment. It has cured the worst cases I ever saw. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be proof.

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Post Office..... State.....
Street and No.....

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at the same reasonable prices that prevailed at my former location.

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