

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN  
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

### SYNOPSIS:

CHAPTER I.—On Frontier day at Sleepy Cat, Henry de Spain, gunman and train-master at Medicine Bend, is beaten at target shooting by Nan Morgan of Music Mountain. Jeffries, division superintendent, asks De Spain to take charge of the Thief River stage line, but he refuses.

CHAPTER II.—De Spain sees Nan dancing with Gale Morgan, is later derisively pointed out to Nan on the street by Gale, and is moved to change his mind and accept the stage line job.

A man, who appeared to be in authority, walked to the center of the dancing-floor, made an announcement that De Spain failed to catch, and looked toward a young couple standing in an attitude of waiting at the head of the hall.

All eyes being turned their way, De Spain's attention as well was drawn toward them. The man was powerful in stature, and rather too heavy, but straight as an Indian. His small, reddish face was tanned by the sun and wind, and from the handsome hat down to the small, high-heeled and spurred boots, he wore the distinctive cowboy rig of the mountains. De Spain seemed to recall that this particular fellow had crowded the loudest when he himself forfeited the shooting-match earlier in the day.

But De Spain, unamiable as he now was, looked with unconcealed interest at the man's dancing partner. She, too, was browned by the mountain sun and air—a slight, erect girl, her nose well set, and a delicate waistline above a belted, down skirt, which just reached the tops of her small, high tan riding boots. She wore a soft, French-gray cowboy hat. Her eyes, noticeably pretty, wandered about the platform, reflecting in their unrest the dissatisfied expression of her face. A talkative woman standing just in front of De Spain, told a companion that the man was Gale Morgan, a nephew of Satterlee, laziest of the Morgans. De Spain at once recognized in the dancing partner the little Music Mountain girl who had been his undoing at the target.

The energetic piano thumped the strains of a two-step. Gale Morgan extended his arm toward Nan; she looked very slight at his side. Then,



She, Too, Was Browned by the Mountain Sun and Air.

responding with a sort of fiery impatience to her partner's guiding, she caught the rapid step of the music, and together the two swept down the floor. The spectators soon showed their admiration of the dancing with unrestrained handclapping, and followed with approving outcries. Every swaying step, every agile turn proved how sure Nan was of herself, and how perfectly her body answered to every exaction of the quick movement of the dance. Gale Morgan seemed the merest attendant for his partner, who, with quickened pulses, gave herself up more and more to the lively call of the music.

Once the two swung away out, near to De Spain's corner. As Nan whirled by, De Spain, either with the infection of the music or from her nearness to him, caught his breath. His eyes riveted themselves on her flushed face as she passed—oblivious of his presence—and he recalled how in the morning she had handled her rifle in the same, quick, sure way. De Spain could not dance at all; but no one could successfully accuse him of not knowing how to handle any sort of a gun. It was only now he forgave her, unasked, the humiliation she had put on him. He felt an impulse to go up to her—now that she had stopped dancing—and congratulate her honestly, instead of boorishly as he had done at the match.

But while he thought of this the two

## The Scribb Family—They Live Right Here in Harrisburg—By Sullivan



dancers disappeared, and a new and rougher party crowded out on the floor.

"Now, isn't that a pretty bunch!" exclaimed the talkative woman again. "That's the Calabasas gang. Look at Sandusky, that big fellow, with the crooked jaw. And Harvey Logan, with his black hair plastered over his eyes. Why, for one drink those two fellows would turn loose on this crowd and kill half a dozen. And there's two of Duke Morgan's cowboys with them, boozing old Bull Page, and that squint-eyed Sasoon—he's worse than the others, that fellow—a fine bunch to allow in this town."

It had become second nature to De Spain to note even insignificant details concerning men, and he took an interest in and remarked how very low Logan carried his gun in front of his hip. Sandusky's holster was slung higher and farther back on the side. Logan wore a tan shirt and khaki. Sandusky, coatless, was dressed in a white shirt, with a red tie, and wore a soiled, figured waistcoat fastened at the bottom by a cut-glass button.

The Sleepy Cat gossip commented on how much money these men had been spending all day. She wondered aloud, reckless apparently of consequences, who had been robbed, lately, to provide it. Her companion scolded her for stirring up talk that might make trouble; averred she didn't believe half the stories she heard; asserted that these men lived quietly at Calabasas, minding their own affairs. "And they're kind to poor folks, too." "Sure," grimaced the obturate one, "with other people's money."

De Spain, discontented, turning again into Main street, continued on to the Thief River stage barn. After looking the horses over and inspecting the wagons with a new but mild curiosity, awakened by Jeffries' proposal, De Spain walked back toward the station. He had virtually decided not to take the job. Medicine Bend was his home. He knew every man, woman and child in the town. Before the tragic death of his father, his mother had lived there, and De Spain had grown up in the town and gone to school there. He was a railroad man, anyway—a modest train-master—and not eager for stage-line management.

As he passed Grant street again he encountered a party on horseback heading for the river bridge. Three of the men were riding abreast and a little ahead. Of these, the middle horseman was a spare man of frankly disreputable air. His face was drawn up into a one-sided smile. Satt Morgan's smile was habitual and lessened his stern aspect. At his right rode his cousin, Duke Morgan, older, shorter and stouter. His square, heavy-jawed, smooth-shaven face was lighted by hard, keen eyes, and finished by an uncompromising chin. Duke was the real head of the clan, of which there were numerous branches in the Superstition mountains, all looking with friendliness or enmity to the Morgans of Morgan's gap.

The yellow-haired man riding on the left, with a red face and red-lidded, squinting eyes, showed none of the blood of his companions. But David Sassoon, the Calabasas gambler, quondam cowboy, and chronic brawler, stood in some way close to the different Morgans, and was reputed to have got each of them, at different times, out of more than one troublesome affair, either by sheer force of arms, or through his resourceful cunning.

(To Be Continued)

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXI.  
(Copyright, 1917, Star Company)  
I climbed the stairs slowly, my thoughts intent upon Tom Norton and his friend. So absorbed was I that I did not see my employer standing at the head of the second flight of steps till he spoke my name.

"I am afraid I have kept you waiting," he assured me. "I was coming down, as you see, whether you had come up or not. Grace was almost asleep when I left her."

"She has been out of doors a good deal to-day," I remarked, "and the fresh air has probably made her drowsy."

"And are you going to sit up here alone and read all the evening?" he questioned, with a glance at the volume I held.

"Yes, I love reading," I replied. "I smiled as I saw through my effort to appear happy in the prospect of hours of solitude."

"So do I," he observed. "But I do like the society of my kind once in a while. And so do you. For, after all, you are only a girl. By rights you should be down there at the table with all of us to-night."

"Oh no," I insisted. "I am perfectly satisfied with my lot as it is. I went on past him, and he ran lightly down stairs."

Although I had professed myself as glad to have the opportunity to read I had not taken advantage of it at once. Instead, I looked into the nursery, where Grace was already fast asleep, turned off the light and opened the window. Then, going into my own room, I closed the door of communication and sat down and thought about various recent happenings.

I was, after all, as my employer had said, only a girl. And, as a girl, I had a right to such pleasure as youth loves. I knew that I was good to look at. Had my mirror not told me so the occasional glances of men on the street or in shops would have revealed the fact to me. I was not vain, but I knew that if I could dress handsomely and go into society as did other girls I would appear as well as they did.

or companion, relegated to the second table, elected to remain in the back-ground obliged to defer to the wishes of my employer's sister.

And when Grace was old enough to dispense with my services and go away to boarding school I would be left to seek another position, my looks perhaps fading, myself settling down to the lonely life of an old maid.

"I am a fool that's what I am!" I exclaimed softly, springing to my feet and turning on the electric light beside my reading chair. "Instead of rejoicing in an easy berth, and the luxuries that I love, I am complaining because I cannot be a governess and a lady of leisure at one and the same time."

Then I resolutely opened my book and began to read.

For a few minutes I found it difficult to concentrate upon the printed page before me. But after a while the charm of the writer took possession of me, and I forgot everything except the story I was reading.

An hour must have passed when voices in the lower hall drew me back to the present.

Tom and his friend were starting for the theater. Without pausing to inquire into the motive that made me act, I laid down my book and went out into the hall.

"It's been a great pleasure to meet you, Mr. Parker," I heard Mr. Norton saying cordially. "I shall hope to see you several times more before you return to the school."

"Thank you, sir," the rich, rounded tones were Hugh Parker's. I had heard him speak only the fewest and briefest of sentences, but I remembered his intonations. "I am glad to have been here this evening, and I am grateful to you for your delightful hospitality. Tom told me how welcome you would make me and he did not exaggerate a single bit."

The men had evidently said good-night to Mrs. Gore in the drawing room, for I did not hear her voice. As the front door closed behind the pair, I followed another impulse, which I did not stop to analyze.

## SWISS CHARD

Material From Correspondence Course in Vegetable Gardening of the College of Agriculture, Ohio State University  
By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Swiss chard is worthy of more extensive culture in the home garden. It is sometimes known as the celery beet. It does not form enlarged roots as the ordinary beet, but the edible portion consists of the well developed succulent foliage, which may be used for salads or greens. The leaf blades are normally removed from the stem and treated as beet greens. The leaf stalks are sometimes used in the same manner as asparagus, though they are to be regarded as an inferior substitute.

The culture of Swiss chard is very much the same as for the ordinary beet, except that it requires more room and a longer season. The seed may be sown in early spring, or any time thereafter up to August 1, depending on the method of utilizing the crop. In the home garden, it will be found feasible to make an early planting in rows 18 inches apart with the plants thinned to eight to ten inches in the row. As soon as the plants attain considerable size they may be thinned out and the thinnings may be used entirely. A little later the outer leaves of the remaining plants may be pulled off, leaving the plant intact

for further development. The process of removing the larger leaves may be continued indefinitely from time to time throughout the season, as new leaves continue to form as the larger ones are removed. In other cases it will be better to remove the plants entirely as they attain marketable size. They may be used at any time after they reach from 12 inches to two feet in height. The crop does best on a loamy soil, which should be rather well mixed with barnyard manure. The use of commercial fertilizers is not necessary under the present development of culture. A little nitrate of soda will promote growth, but is not ordinarily recommended.

Swiss chard is remarkably free from insects and disease and is resistant to both heat and cold to an unusual degree. One of its principal advantages is that it has no tendency to go to seed in hot weather, but continues to grow vigorously when supplied with plenty of moisture. In the late autumn, under most conditions, the leaf spot of the common beet may attack its foliage and do considerable damage, but ordinarily it will not be of any consequence. A more extensive growth of this crop is urged both in the home and in the market garden.

### LANCASTER COUNTY DEATHS

Marietta.—John Leich, of Bethsaida, aged 65, died from pneumonia after a short illness. His wife and three children survive.  
Marietta.—John Dehoff, aged 45, of Pine Grove, died Thursday after a long illness. He was a farmer by occupation. His wife, seven children and a number of brothers and sisters survive.  
Marietta.—Miss Anna M. Baumiller, aged 84, a native of Lancaster, died yesterday after a long illness. She was a member of the Trinity Lutheran Church and Sunday School and was assistant librarian. One sister, Mrs. Rose Jeffries, survives.  
Columbia.—Dennis Sommers, a retired Pennsylvania Railroad employe, died at his home here, aged 65 years. His wife and one son, William P. Sommers, an employe of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Harrisburg, survive.

### BANK CASHIER IN HOSPITAL

Waynesboro, Pa., March 31.—J. H. Stoner, cashier of the People's National Bank, was taken ill at his home yesterday afternoon. Accompanied by Dr. A. Barr Shively, he was taken to the German Hospital, in Philadelphia, for treatment.

### FINE FOR RHEUMATISM!

Musterole Loosens Up Those Stiff Joints—Drives Out Pain

You'll know why thousands use Musterole once you experience the glad relief it gives.

Get a jar at once from the nearest drug store. It is a clean, white ointment, made with the oil of mustard. Better than a mustard plaster and does not blister. Brings ease and comfort while it is being rubbed on!

Musterole is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Millions of jars are used annually for bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).



## JOY OF DREAMING HUMANITY'S GIFT

Is Simplest, Richest, Yet Cheapest an Most Available Luxury  
DAY DREAMS

By Beatrice Fairfax  
Relentless Time that gives both harsh and kind,  
Brave let me be  
To take thy various gifts with equal mind  
And proud humility,  
But even by day, while the full sunlight streams,  
Give me my dreams!

Whatever, Time, thou takest from my heart,  
What from my life,  
From what dear thing thou yet mayst make me part,  
Plunge not too deep the knife;  
As dies the day and the long twilight gleams,  
Spare me my dreams!

—Richard Watson Gilder.  
The joy of dreaming! Simplest, richest, yet cheapest and most available luxury of all humanity. It is ours for the mere gift of waiting ourselves gently and hopefully away from reality into the land of might have been—and may be!

Illusions must end, but while they last they take from the bitter reality part of its weariness.

The child in the tennement who can dream of daisy-starred fields and brooks shaded by weeping willows has a gift in his heart more exquisite than we realize.

Whoever finds his way too rough for his feet, too steep for his climbing or too long for his enduring may, if he has a heart for dreaming, turn from it for the moment and refresh his spirit in the land of imagination.

Practical and materialistic souls sneer at dreamers and say that they waste moments that might be spent in achievement and linger in lands of veiled shadows. The scoffers are wrong.

One may fight pain on its own ground by seeking temporary respite from it. In the midst of heat the thought of cool breezes in pine forests may give a little more strength for enduring reality when one comes back to it.

In dreams one forgets the sordid and ugly, and in that moment of refreshing forgetfulness one gets a little new strength with which to return into the pain of reality.

Dreamers are not idlers. They are workers who refresh themselves with a cooling drink from a crystal stream in their own natures.

Perhaps this sounds so poetical that many of my readers will dismiss it with an idle "Oh, yes, that sounds very well." But there is more to it than that.

There never was a trouble that wasn't easier to bear if one dreamed away and on the wings of imagination let one's self be wafted out of the region of that trouble.

Make a practical test of it, I beg you. Some night when you are lying in bed, instead of starting to fret and grieve over something you want and can't have, just imagine you have it. For a moment or two you will know the actual value of possession. Dreams are very real sometimes!

Imagining that all beautiful, lovely things are yours will not keep you from striving to make them yours unless you are so silly and stupid and lacking in force and energy that even lifting yourself on the wings of a dream is too much for you!



## Will Your Name Appear In the New Dial Directory?

In order that your name may be sure to appear in the next issue of the Dial Directory which will be issued about April 20th, order the "Dial" phone installed at once.

THE demand for "Dial" phones is enormous. Our waiting list is so large that it requires a ten-day notification before we can install the "Dial" for you.

DIAL 2323 NOW and order the "DIAL" phone installed. It is cheapest—best—sure.

Cumberland Valley Telephone Company of Penna.

227 Walnut St.