

# Reading for Women and all the Family



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

### Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

### 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 trainmaster 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 Triplet 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.

CHAPTER III.—De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabassas inn and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sassoon, gunmen and retainers of the Morgan clan. Morgan demands the discharge of a stage driver and De Spain refuses. De Spain meets Nan, but fails to overcome her aversion to him.

Morgan pointed a finger at him. "I give you a chance, De Spain, right now. Will you discharge Elpaso?"

"No."

Morgan almost caught his breath at the refusal. But De Spain could be extremely blunt, and in the parting shots between the two he gave no ground.

"Jeffries put me here to stop this kind of rowdiness on the stages," he said to Lefever on their way back to the barn. "This is a good time to begin. And Sassoon and Gale Morgan are good men to begin with," he added.

As the horses of the two men emerged from the canyon they saw a slender horsewoman riding toward the barn from the Music Mountain trail. She stopped in front of McAlpin, the barn boss, who stood outside the office door. McAlpin, the old Medicine Bend barman, had been promoted from Sleepy Cat by the new manager. De Spain recognized the roan pony, but, aside from that, a glance at the figure of the rider, as she sat with her back to him, was enough to assure him of Nan Morgan.

He spurred ahead fast enough to overtake a request she was making of McAlpin to mail a letter for her. She also asked McAlpin, just as De Spain drew up, whether the down stage had passed. McAlpin told her it had. De Spain, touching his hat, spoke: "I am going right up to Sleepy Cat. I'll mail your letter if you wish."

She looked at him in some surprise, and then glanced toward Lefever, who now rode up. De Spain was holding out his hand for the letter. His eyes met Nan's, and each felt the moment was a sort of challenge. De Spain, a little self-conscious under her inspection, was aware only of her rather fearless eyes and the dark hair under her fawn cowboy hat.

"Thank you," she responded evenly. "If the stage is gone I will hold it to add something." So saying, she tucked the letter inside her blouse and spoke to her pony, which turned leisurely down the road.

"I'm trying to get acquainted with your country today," returned De Spain, managing with his knee to keep his own horse moving alongside Nan as she edged away.

Nan, without speaking, ruthlessly widened the distance between the two. De Spain unobtrusively spurred his steed to greater activity. "You must have a great deal of game around you. Do you hunt?" he asked.

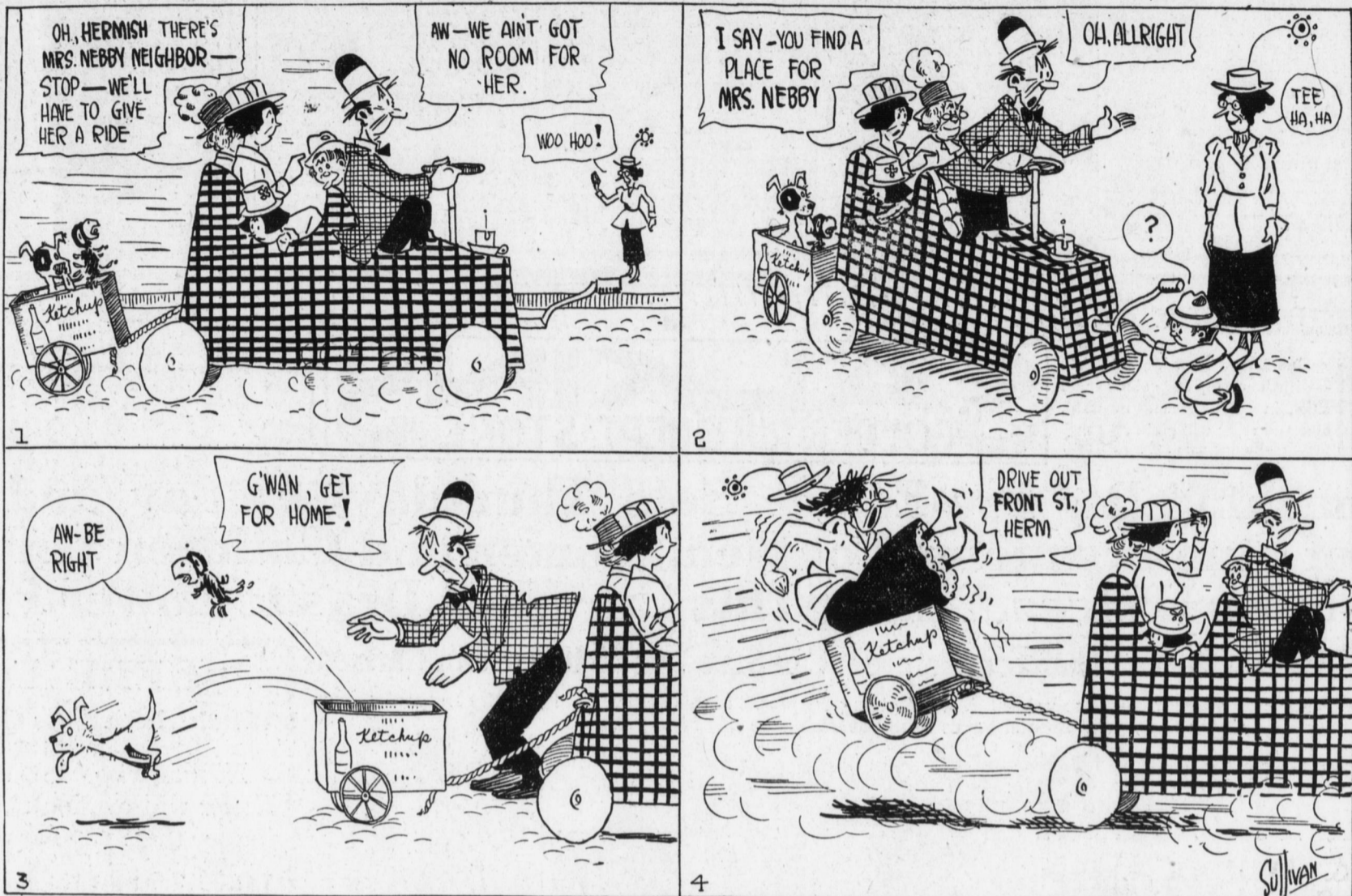
He knew she was famed as a huntress, but he could make no headway whatever against her studied reserve and when at length she excused herself and turned her pony from the Sleepy Cat road into the Morgan gap trail, De Spain had been defeated in every attempt to arouse the slightest interest in anything he had said. But, watching with regret, at the parting, the trim lines of her figure as she flashed away on the desert trail, seated as if a part of her spirited horse, he felt only a fast-rising resolution to attempt again to break through her stubborn reticence and know her better.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### First Blood at Calabassas.

Nothing more than De Spain's announcement that he would sustain his stage-guards was necessary to arouse a violent resentment at Calabassas and among the Morgan following. The grievance against Elpaso was made a general one along the line. His stage was singled out and ridden at times both by Sandusky and Logan—the really dangerous men of the Spanish sinks—and by Gale Morgan and Sassoon to stir up trouble.

All Calabassas knew that Elpaso, if he had to, would fight, and that the eccentric guard was not actually to be cornered with impunity. Even Logan, who, like Sandusky, was known to be without fear and without mercy, felt at least a respect for Elpaso's short-armed shotgun, and stopped this side actual hostilities with him. Sassoon, however, nourished a particular grievance against the meditative guard, and his was one not tempered either by prudence or calculation. His chance came one night when Elpaso had unwisely allowed himself to be drawn



into a card game at Calabassas inn. Elpaso was notoriously a stickler for a square deal at cards. A dispute found him without a friend in the room. Sassoon reached for him with a knife.

McAlpin was the first to get the news at the barn. He gave first aid to the helpless guard, and, without dreaming he could be got to a surgeon alive, rushed him in a light wagon to the hospital at Sleepy Cat, where it was said that he must have more lives than a wildcat. Sassoon, not caring to brave De Spain's anger in town, went temporarily into hiding. Elpaso, in the end, justified his old reputation by making a recovery—haltingly, it is true, and with perilous intervals of sinking, but a recovery.

It was while he still lay in the hospital and hope was very low that De Spain and Lefever rode, off hot morning, into Calabassas and were told by McAlpin that Sassoon had been seen within five minutes at the inn. To Lefever the news was like a bubbling spring to a thirsty man. His face beamed, he tightened his belt, shook out his gun, and looked with benevolent interest on De Spain, who stood pondering. "If you will stay right here,

Henry," he averred convincingly, "I will go over and get Sassoon."

The chief stage-guard, Bob Scott, the Indian, was in the barn. He smiled at Lefever's enthusiasm. "Sassoon," said he, "is slippery."

"You'd better let us go along and see you do it," suggested De Spain, who with the business in hand grew thoughtful.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," protested Lefever, raising one hand in deprecation, the other resting lightly on his holster. "We still have some little reputation to maintain along the sinks. Don't let us make it a posse for Sassoon." No one opposed him further, and he rode away alone.

"It won't be any trouble for John to bring Sassoon in," murmured Scott, who spoke with a smile and in the low tone and deliberate manner of the Indian, "if he can find him."

Lefever rode down to the inn without seeing a living thing anywhere about it. When he dismounted in front he thought he heard sounds within the barroom, but, pushing open the door and looking circumspectly into the room before entering, he was surprised to find it empty. He noticed, however, that the sash of the low window on his left, which looked into the patio, was open, and two heelmarks in the hard clay suggested that a man might have jumped through. Running out of the front door, he sprang into his saddle and rode to where he could signal De Spain and Scott to come up.

He told his story as they joined him, and the three returned to the inn. A better tracker than either of his companions, Scott after a minute confirmed their belief that Sassoon must have escaped by the window. He then took the two men out to where someone, within a few minutes, had mounted a horse and galloped off.

"But where has he gone?" demanded Lefever, pointing with his hand. "There is the road both ways for three miles." Scott nodded toward the snow-capped peak of Music Mountain. "Over to Morgan's, most likely. He knows no one would follow him into the gap."

(To Be Continued)

## THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

By HAZEL DALE.

Janet's invitation to Barry Neil to have dinner with them in the studio had done several things. It had brought back to Janet the wide difference between the men she used to know and the men who went to make up the little set in which she moved now. Not that Barry himself was so different essentially; he had enjoyed every minute of the evening, Janet knew that, but the atmosphere about him was somehow different, and even though she had become one of them, it would take a time to change his ideas of life.

Then his visit had assured Janet that she had not lost her men friends, and the conversation that had ensued concerning the relations between men and women had in a way coincided with what Janet had always known. Life is no different in one city than it is in another. Human nature is just the same everywhere. Janet might just as well have lived in any other city in the United States, as far as a relation of human nature was concerned.

In every city there are certain phases of life viewed in a different manner, certain problems that come up for discussion and that are decided differently according to the individual or the little set he moves in. New York, like every other city, has its little cliques; the people who live in one part of town live different lives, and outsiders do not realize this until they come in contact with some one outside of their own circle.

Janet had discovered in the short time that she had been married that everything interesting in life came through the exchange of ideas. She and Jarvis were always meeting interesting people—no two were the same—but the friends that they had were easy-going people, stanch as to friendship, free to praise or criticize, and always ready for something new.

It wasn't until Neva had said so plainly that even in her code of morals men and women were no different, as far as Platonic friendship is concerned, that Janet realized that basically things were the same in any society—they simply differed in surface, or according to the life of the individual.

She felt a little bit ashamed of herself, and she realized perfectly well why Jarvis stuck to his belief. He considered women mentally, or from a standpoint of outside interest; he did not consider that his love for Janet could be questioned. Therefore he believed that, no matter how many women he knew, it would not make any material difference in his life, and he was right to a certain extent; but so was Neva.

Jarvis was no different from any other man. He was upright, and true, and had high ideals, and he was very much in love; but let Janet differ materially from him in her manner of living, let her have a different set of friends, make it impossible for Jarvis to go to her for advice and counsel, and substitute another woman, and where would Janet be?

For a time, perhaps, old ties would hold them together; but there would soon be a change. Subtly things would begin to be different; there would be a breach between them, and soon the Platonic friendship between Jarvis and the other woman would be only a cloak to cover a feeling that neither dared to acknowledge. And thus did Janet realize that love is made up of hundreds of different angles.

For the first time Janet realized herself apart from "The Honeymoon House," and the sight surprised her. Her business was to keep Jarvis against every other woman who ever existed. And how was she to do this? By developing herself, by keeping herself always fresh, by giving him from herself what he needed for the day's battle—to meet another woman's weapon's with her own fully ready.

Janet must always be a hundred women in one, and her personal charm was her greatest asset, unless, perhaps, it was the fact that Jarvis loved her.



## PARSNIPS, SALSIFY, CARROTS

Material From Correspondence Course in Vegetable Gardening of the College of Agriculture, Ohio State University

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Parsnips are not a full-season crop and must be sown early in the spring in order to secure good germination. Seed more than 1 year old should not be used as a poor stand is likely to result. Seed should be drilled in rows 12 to 15 inches apart and the plants thinned to two to three inches.

On account of the slow germination it will be found a good practice to drill some Early Globe radishes thinly in the rows to mark their position and assist the parsnip seedlings in getting through the soil. Radishes must be removed promptly when large enough to use, else they will damage the parsnips. Parsnips should be grown on a fairly rich, deep, loamy soil.

Clay soils are not very suitable unless well filled with organic matter and deeply prepared. The Hollow Crown is the chief variety. The roots are regarded as being of better quality after having been frozen. Commonly they are left in the ground over winter and marketed in the spring, though some are used in the fall.

Salsify is sometimes called the vegetable oyster, because of its rather distinct oyster flavor. Its culture is almost identical with that of the parsnip. It may be used at any time after reaching suitable size, but, like the parsnip, the flavor is regarded as being improved by freezing.

There are four or more less distinct forms of carrots, with immediate gradations: (1) the short, round or blunt carrots; (2) the half-long blunt; (3) the long blunt; and (4) the long, tapering or conical form. The latter form is used mostly for stock feeding. There are also a variety of colors in these several forms, from white to yellow and purple. The latter is uncommon.

The short varieties, such as Early Scarlet Horn and Early Short Scarlet, are popular early sorts. French forcing is an excellent variety for cold frames and other forcing work. This is an almost perfectly rounded form. Danvers Half-Long and Chantenay are most popular for general cropping and winter storage. Long Orange is a popular variety for livestock but is not

### Cocoanut Oil Makes A Splendid Shampoo

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain mulsified cocoanut oil, (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than the most expensive soap or shampoo else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified cocoanut oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.—Advertisement.

### WHEN LOVE COMES LATE IN LIFE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am thirty-eight and in love with a man some years my senior, whom I have known since childhood. Until recently I had no great affection for him, but now I find myself thinking of him very often. Would you advise me to make known my feelings to him, or remain as I am, an old maid? Are marriages at my age really happy? In a conversation with my mother recently he told her he always thought a great deal of me and to him I appeared so different from other women he knew.

Is it not strange that I feel this way now? When my girl friends were making homes for themselves I was so indifferent toward men and never courted favor with any of them; in fact, avoided them as such as possible. And now I am seeking love and companionship.

DISCONTENTED WOMAN.  
The love of maturity is often far bigger and finer than that of youth. Don't deny yourself happiness because your emotion has come to flower late in life. You are the basis of understanding and old friendship upon which great happiness will still be yours—after all, the autumn has beauties as great as any the Spring can show.

YOU MUST SPEAK PLAINLY  
Dear Miss Fairfax:  
I am seventeen and a stenographer. My employer is a man of forty and is married, but does not live with his wife. My feelings toward him amount to little less than a mere friendship. On various occasions he has shown that he cares a great deal for me, and has taken me to a great many places of amusement. As I do not care anything about this man and do not wish him to take up my time, how can I let him know? He is so fine to me that I hesitate to go up and speak plainly.

Lorraine.  
Don't be afraid of plain speech. I never advocate hurting people's feelings, but when a man of forty is troubling a girl of seventeen with his attention the greatest kindness she can show him is to tell him at once if she finds his interest unreciprocated. Just tell your employer that you appreciate his kindness to you, but that you hope he will understand you when you tell him that you prefer to keep your relations on a purely business basis. I am afraid you have coquetted a little bit and encouraged him too much. Now take this stand at once.

### MISSIONARY ENTERTAINMENT

Wormleysburg, Pa., April 4.—A missionary entertainment will be given in St. Paul's United Brethren Church on Friday evening under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Association, directed by Mrs. J. J. Hemmer and Mrs. I. V. Kister. "The Voices of Women" will be given by thirteen girls representing different nations. Other readings and music will also be on the program.

### IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS

You have swollen feet and hands! Stiff, aching joints! Sharp-shooting, rheumatic pains torture you. You have aching back, pain in the lower abdomen, difficulty when urinating! Look out! These are danger signals. Trouble is with your kidneys. Uric acid poisoning, in one form or another, has set in. It may lead to dropsy or fatal Bright's disease if not checked.

Get some GOLD MEDAL Haarem Oil Capsules immediately. They are an old preparation, with a long record for centuries, combining natural healing oil and herbs, well-known to physicians and used by thousands in their daily practice. The Capsules are not an experimental, make-shift "patent medicine," or "salt," whose effect is only temporary. They are a standard remedy, and act naturally, gently and quickly, insist on getting the pure, original Haarem Oil in Capsules. Be sure the name GOLD MEDAL is on the box, to protect yourself against counterfeits.

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**THURSDAY WILL BE COAT DAY**  
AT "ROBINSON'S WOMAN SHOP"  
**SOME COAT DAY IT WILL BE!**  
NOTE THE PRICES AND BE SURE TO ATTEND

**WOMEN'S AND MISSES' \$5.00**  
NEWEST SPRING COATS.

My, what a harvest for the economical woman and miss. Of all-wool serge, checks, poplins and novelty materials; pretty styles and colors.

**WOMEN'S AND MISSES' \$9.88**  
NEWEST SPRING COATS.

Charming last minute styles in a variety of beautiful all-wool materials; every new shade. Our low expenses enable us to sell these handsome coats at this price.

**WOMEN'S and MISSES' \$11.75**  
Newest SPRING COATS.

Never, no never, have we seen such beautiful coats at this price; every wanted material, shade and style is here in this unusual collection of pretty coats.

**WOMEN'S and MISSES' \$14.88**  
Newest SPRING COATS.

Come and let your eyes feast on these charming coats; styles of one and two of a kind; all copies from coats that are sold at two and three times this price. You will surely agree with us. Come and see them.

**WOMEN'S and MISSES' \$17.50**  
Newest SPRING COATS.

For coat day we have grouped together all our higher priced coats and will offer them to you at this one price \$17.50. The styles, materials and shades are exquisite.



WE NEVER CHARGE FOR ALTERATIONS.