



Reading for Women and all the Family



Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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(Continued)
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 Frontier stage line, but he refuses.

CHAPTER II—De Spain sees Nan dancing with Gale Morgan, and 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 Calabasas inn and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sassoan, gunman 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.

CHAPTER IV—Sassoan knives Elspao, the stage driver, and escapes to Morgan's gap, the stronghold of the Morgans. De Spain, Lefever and Scott go in after him, and De Spain brings out Sassoan alone.

He tried again: "Where are you, Shike?" he growled. "What's this stuff on the floor?" he continued, shuffling his way ostentatiously to the other side of the room. He felt his way toward the inner door. This was where he expected to find it, and it was closed. He laid a hand gingerly on the latch. "Where are you, Shike?" he demanded again, this time with an impatient expetive summoned for the occasion. A second fearful snore answered him. De Spain, relieved, almost laughed as he pushed the door open, though not sure whether a curse or a shot would greet him. He got neither. And a welcome surprise in the dim light came through a stuffy pane of glass at one end of the room. It revealed at the other end a man stretched asleep on a wall bunk—a man that would, in all likelihood, have heard the stealthiest sound had any effort been made to conceal it, but to whose ears the rough voices of a mountain cabin are mere sleeping positions.

The sleeper woke to feel a hand laid lightly on his shoulder. The instinct of self-preservation acted like a flash. His eyes opened and his hands struck but like cat's paws to the right and left: no knife and no revolver met them. Instead, in the semidarkness a strange face bent over him. His fists shot out together, only to be caught in a vise that broke his arms in two at the elbows, and forced them back

A TREATMENT FOR NERVES

Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY Henry Gilbert & Son

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



against his throat. A knee, like an anvil, pushed inexorably into his stomach and heart and lungs. Another lay across his right arm, and his struggling left arm he could not, though his eyes burst with the strain from their sockets, release from where, eaglelike claws gripped at his throat and shut off his breath. He lay still.

"Are you awake, Shike?" Sassoan heard from the gloom above him, but he could not place the voice. "You seem to move around a good deal in your sleep. If you're awake, keep still. I've come from Sleepy Cat to get you. Don't mind looking for your gun and knife. Two men are with me. You can have your choice. We've got a horse for you. You can ride away from us here inside the gap, and take what hits you in the back, or you can go to Sleepy Cat with us and stand your trial. I'll read your warrant when the sun gets a little higher. Get up and choose quick."

Sassoan could not see who had subdued him, nor did he take long to decide what to do. With less trouble than he expected, the captor got his man sullenly on horseback, and gave him severely plain directions as to what to do. Sassoan, neither bound nor gagged, was told to ride his horse down the gap closely ahead of De Spain and neither to speak nor turn his head no matter what happened right or left.

In the growing light the two men trotted smartly a mile down the trail without encountering a sign of life. When they approached the Morgan ranch-house De Spain rode close to his prisoner, told him what would happen if he made a noise, and even held him back in his pace as they trotted together past the gap stronghold. When they left the house behind and the turn in the road put them out of range of its windows, he closed up the distance between himself and Sassoan, riding close in to his side, and looked back for a fraction of a second. When he looked ahead again he saw confronting him, not a hundred yards away, a motionless horseman.

CHAPTER V.

Heels for It.

With a sudden, low command to Sassoan to check his horse, De Spain pressed the muzzle of his gun to his prisoner's side. "You've got one chance yet, Shike, to ride out of here alive," he said composedly. "You know I am a rustler—cousin of John Rebstock's. My name is 'French'; I belong in Williams cache. I rode in last night from Thief river, and you are riding out with me to start me on to the Sleepy Cat trail. If you can remember that much—"

De Spain stopped half-way through his sentence. The figure revealed in the half-light puzzled him at first. Then it confused and startled him. He saw it was not a man at all, but a woman—and a woman than whom he would rather have seen six men. It was Nan Morgan.

With her head never more decisively set under her mannish hat, her waist never more attractively outlined in slenderness, she silently faced De Spain in the morning gray. His face reflected his chagrined perplexity. He could already see Nan's eyes. They were bent keenly first on him, then on his companion, and again on him. De Spain kept his face down as much as

he dared, and his hat had been pulled well over it from the beginning.

They were now almost abreast. The very instinctive knowledge that her eyes were bent on his made him steal a glance at her in spite of himself. The next instant he was shamefacedly touching his hat. Though nothing was lost on her, Nan professed not to see the greeting. When she spoke her tone was dry with suspicion.

"Wait a moment, Sassoan. Where are you going?" she demanded. Sassoan hitched with one hand at his



He Saw It Was Not a Man at All, but a Woman.

trousers band. He inclined his head sulkily toward his companion. "Starting a man on the trail for Sleepy Cat." "Stop," she exclaimed sharply, for De Spain, pushing his own horse ahead, had managed without being observed, to kick Sassoan's horse in the flank, and the two were passing. Sassoan at the resolute summons stopped. De Spain could do no less; both men, halting, faced their suspicious inquirer. She scrutinized De Spain keenly. "What is this man doing in the gap?" "He came up from Thief river last night," answered Sassoan monotonously.

"What is he doing here with you?" persisted Nan.

"He's a cousin of John Rebstock's from Williams Cache," continued Sassoan. The yarn would have sounded decently well in the circumstances for which it was intended, but in the searching gaze of the eyes now confronting and clearly recognizing him it sounded so grotesque that De Spain would fully as lief have been sitting between his horse's legs as astride his back.

"That's not true, Sassoan," said his relentless questioner. Her tone and the expression of her face boded no friendliness for either of the two she had intercepted.

De Spain had recovered his wits. "You're right," he interposed without an instant's hesitation. "It isn't true. But that's not his fault; he is under arrest, and is telling you what I told him to tell you. I came in here this morning to take Sassoan to Sleepy Cat. He is a prisoner, wanted for cutting up one of our stage—"

THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By Hazel Dale

"Do you know, Janet," said Karen, looking up suddenly from the book she was poring over, "I don't trust Dick Armstrong."

Janet had been working steadily for two hours over her department work and she now raised her head and pushed back her things with a sigh of relief. "There, that can wait," she said decidedly. "Why don't you trust Dick, dear? I have been going to ask you ever since the other night about him and it has slipped my mind every time."

Janet had stretched and had begun to walk a few times around the studio. "Shall we have some tea?" she suggested quickly. "Just wait a minute and I'll ask Liza to fix some."

Karen came over and looked down at her. There was a decided difference between the two girls—Janet with her ruffled tawny hair and her half-closed gray-blue eyes, her slim relaxed figure, and the figure just as slim that stood straight and uncompromising before her. Karen's eyes were wide open and almost malevolent.

"I tell you I don't trust him," she repeated slowly. And there was such an undercurrent of meaning in her words that Janet sat upright and drew the girl down beside her.

"Tell me all about it," she said quickly.

"That's it, there's nothing to tell. You don't believe in intuition, do you, Janet? A sixth sense of something of that sort?"

"Certainly I do. I think it is very strangely marked in some people, particularly in those with temperament." "Then you won't laugh when I tell you that Dick Armstrong has made me uncomfortable from the first night I met him. I know that he is going to hurt me some time. Isn't that foolish?"

Karen laughed as she spoke, but Janet did not even smile. She repeated her question, and the look in Dick's eyes the other night, when

to Jarvis about Dick. Karen simply must not be annoyed.

"And the sketches, boy," she questioned eagerly, "how were they, all right?"

"Pretty good," said Jarvis frowning a little, "but let me tell you it's not an easy thing to sketch from the audience. Every time I snapped on my light an old dowager glowered at me from the right. There was a fairly decent chap on the other side of me, who was interested. We talked between acts. I think he's on your magazine, Janet."

Janet immediately exclaimed over the coincidence and began to question Jarvis.

"Oh, just a minute," he interrupted, "I've forgotten something. A letter came for you, Karen; funny thing to send it to our address, wasn't it? Must be from someone who knows us. Here it is. Why, what do you know about this? It's in Dick Armstrong's handwriting."

(To be continued.)

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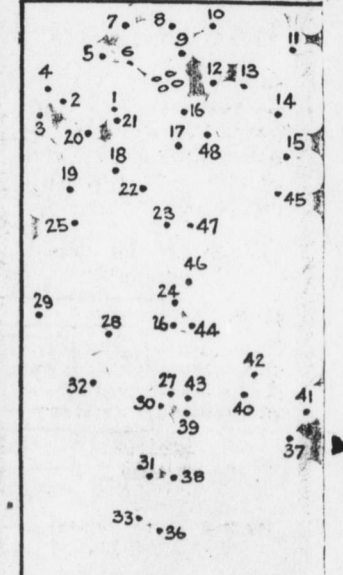
Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

YOU WERE COURTEOUS
Dear Miss Fairfax:
Recently I escorted a young lady to the subway, purchased a ticket for her and parted from her. Now I learn that she is highly offended at my having purchased the ticket for her. Do you consider this attitude justified?
G. W. C. D.

What you did was courteous indeed, and I think the young woman was not only foolish but a little bit discourteous to discuss the matter. If you were not in a position to escort the young lady home it was very kind of you to take her as far on her journey as possible, and since she would not have objected to you paying her carfare had you been with her, she is blundering when she questions your good taste in having paid her fare and practically put her on her car.

WHAT IS "NICE"
Dear Miss Fairfax:
I am eighteen and have a fairly good complexion. I do not use rouge or make-up of any kind, but I do use a little powder. My father is much opposed to my using it, and we have a quarrel most every night on account of it. He says nice girls don't use powder. Now, Miss Fairfax, I would appreciate very much if you would give me your advice on using powder, as I told my father that I would write and ask you.
G. E. M.
Many a "nice" girl has a rather oily skin and uses a soft dusting of powder to make her appearance more pleasing. Your father undoubtedly feels that he does not want to have you seem "made up" or to resemble those women who fairly emblazon cheap coloring upon their cheeks. A girl should look natural, sweet and clean—but a bit of powder judiciously applied will only heighten this appearance.

DAILY DOT PUZZLE



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All sizes and colors. Suits that sold regularly up to \$30. This sounds ridiculous, we realize. Come and be convinced ... **\$8.90** at ... **\$5.98**

One lot of Ladies' Shop-worn Suits; original values \$15.00 to \$20.00 **\$2.98**
150 Mens' Fine Up-To-Date Shirts, regular \$2.00 **89c**
values
250 Mens' Work and Dress Pants; Black, Blue and Mixtures; wonderful **98c to \$1.98**
values
Mens' Dress Hose **8c** "Arrow" and "Lion" **8c**
at Brand Collars **8c**
25 Ladies' Spring Skirts; \$2.25 **98c to \$1.89**
values
MENS' OVERALLS 89c

We carry a complete line of Women's Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Men's and Boys' Apparel, Yard Goods, Dress Materials, Notions, Furnishings, etc., at exceptionally low prices.

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Nothing to Swallow—You Just Rub It On.

Mothers everywhere will be interested in the experience of Mrs. Chas. I. Smith, 623 West Gas Alley, York, Pa. Mrs. Smith tried the Southern remedy—Vick's VapoRub Salve, when it was first introduced in York, and writes—
"Our little four year old boy had a cough for about a week. We gave him everything we knew, and nothing seemed to do any good. So when we got Vick's VapoRub I rubbed it on his chest well for two nights and I have not heard him cough since. I think it is the best medicine I have ever had in the house."
Vick's VapoRub comes in salve form, and when applied to the body heat, the ingredients are released in vapor form. These vapors are inhaled with each breath, opening the air passages and loosening the phlegm. It's a real "Bodyguard in the home" against all forms of cold troubles. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00. At all druggists.



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Keep a little Body-Guard in YOUR home VICK'S VAPORUB SALVE