

# 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 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.

CHAPTER III—De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabasas 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.

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

CHAPTER V—He meets Nan, who declares him unfit to be in charge of the Morgans, but lands his captive in jail.

Nan, coldly skeptical, eyed De Spain. "And do you try to tell me"—she pointed to Sassoon's unbound hands—"that he is riding out of here, a free man, to go to jail?"

"I do tell you exactly that. He is my prisoner."

"I don't believe either of you," declared Nan scornfully. "You are planning something underhand together."

De Spain laughed coolly. "We've planned that much together, but not, I assure you, with his consent."

"I don't believe your stories at all," she declared firmly.

De Spain flushed. The irritation and the serious danger bore in on him. "If you don't believe me it's not my fault," he retorted. "I've told you the truth. Ride on, Sassoon."

He spoke angrily, but this in no wise daunted Nan. She wheeled her horse directly in front of them. "Don't you stir, Sassoon," she commanded, "until I call Uncle Duke."

De Spain spurred straight at her; their horses collided, and his knee touched hers in the saddle. "I'm going to take this man out of here," he announced in a tone she never had heard before from a man. "I've no time to talk. Go call your uncle if you like. We must pass."

"You shan't pass a step!"

With the quick words of defiance the two glared at each other. De Spain was taken aback. He had expected no more than a war of words—a few screams at the most. Nan's face turned white, but there was no symptom even of a whimper. He noticed her quick breathing, and felt, instinctively, the restrained gesture of her right hand as it started back to her side. The move steadied him. "One question," he said bluntly. "are you armed?"

She hated even to answer, and met his searching gaze resentfully, but something in his tone and manner wrung a reply. "I can defend myself," she exclaimed angrily.

De Spain raised his right hand from his thigh to the pommel of his saddle. The slight gesture was eloquent of his surrender of the issue of force. "I can't go into a shooting-match with you about this cur. If you call your uncle there will be bloodshed—unless you drop me off my horse right here and now before he appears. All I ask you is this: Is this kind of a cut-throat worth that? If you shoot me, my whole posse from Sleepy Cat is right below us in the aspens. Some of your own people will be killed in a general fight. If you want to shoot me, you can have the match all to yourself. If you don't, let us go by. And if I've told you one word that isn't true, call me back to this spot any time you like, and I'll come at your call, and answer for it."

His words and his manner confounded her for a moment. She could not at once make an answer, for she could not decide what to say. Then, of a sudden, she was robbed of her chance to answer. From down the trail came a yell like a shot. The clatter of hoofs rang out, and men on horses dashed from the entrance of the gap toward them. De Spain could not make out distinctly, but he knew Lefever's yell, and pointed. "There they are," he exclaimed hurriedly. "There is the whole posse. They are coming!"

A shot, followed closely by a second, rang out from below. "Go," he cried to Nan. "There'll be shooting here that

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



## Florin Man Terribly Injured When Caught in Belting

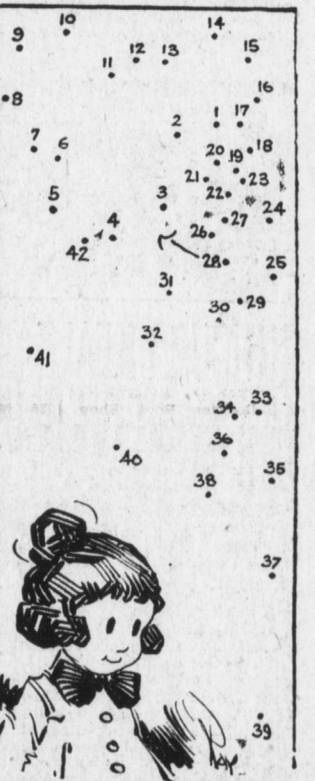
Mount Joy, Pa., April 7.—Harry D. Hossler aged 23 years, of Florin, was seriously injured Thursday when he attempted to adjust a belt on a fly wheel of a tractor. He was caught in the wheel and whirled around nine times, tearing his left arm from the socket, fracturing his right leg and suffering concussion about his head and body. The tractor was operating in a corn sheller and when the belting had become disjunct Mr. Hossler attempted to adjust it while the engine was running. A farm hand who was assisting Mr. Hossler witnessed the accident and succeeded in stopping the engine. He was taken to the General Hospital at Lancaster.

**MISS BERTHA SHARP DIES**  
Newville, Pa., April 7.—Miss Bertha Sharp died at her home in Main street on Thursday morning after an illness of about three weeks. She was a member of the United Presbyterian Church, and is survived by the following brother and sisters: Misses Josephine, Ella and Floe Sharp, of Newville; Mrs. Sharp Creager of Shippenburg; Mrs. Samuel Houston, of Dickinson; and D. Hays Sharp of Oakville. Funeral services were held this afternoon at two o'clock and burial was made in the Newville Cemetery.

**SOLOMON NYE DIES**  
Mount Joy, Pa., April 7.—Solomon Nye of Harrisburg, a relative of the Nye family in East Donegal township, died at his home on Thursday after an illness of several weeks. He was born in 1851 and is survived by his wife, a daughter and two sons and his aged mother, Mrs. Rebecca Nye, of Hummelstown; two sisters, and two brothers, also survive. Funeral services were held this afternoon.

**EASTER AT BAUGHMAN'S**  
New Cumberland, Pa., April 7.—Tomorrow morning at 10:30 o'clock the primary school and the junior classes of the Sunday school will take part in the Easter entertainment which will be held in the auditorium of Baughman Memorial Methodist Church.

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If your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you, drink lots of water.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 600 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active. Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get your pharmacy about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder why you became of your kidney trouble and backache.

## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXVI.  
Mr. Norton reached a decision before we finished our tea that afternoon at the Waldorf.

He would have a preliminary talk with Hugh Parker and ask him if he would consider coming out to Hillcrest for the summer as Tom's coach. Mr. Norton would also inquire of the principal of Tom's school as to what he knew of the young tutor's ability and character.

In my heart I was certain that the principal's answer would be favorable. My instinct had already told me that. I had been so much interested in conversation that I had actually forgotten to drink my tea. My companion called my attention to this. "Come, come," he rallied me. "You are eating and drinking nothing. You must not be so intent about things that you neglect your food." "I was very much interested," I admitted. "For I like Tom. You may consider me very impatient, Mr. Norton, but I hated the idea of his being away from home all summer. I think he and I are going to be good friends."

"I hope so," he said. Then he looked at me thoughtfully. "I believe," he said at last, "that your coming into our household is going to prove a good thing for us all. It is certainly working wonders for Grace; you seem to hit it off well with Tom—who does not like most people—and, as for myself, why I find it mightily pleasant having you around." "Thank you," I acknowledged laughingly. "Then, more gravely, 'you are very kind.'"

"I don't see it," he demurred. "I have been thinking, as you sat here pouring tea for me, that it was really more homelike than I had expected it to be on my own table, seated opposite my good sister-in-law."

He was watching me so keenly that I was uncomfortable and glanced about to see if others noted his confidential manner.

**A Distinguished Man**  
The room was full now, as it always is between thirty and fifty on a clear afternoon. Overthirty on a clear afternoon. Overthirty on a clear afternoon. The couples were conversing as earnestly as we had been doing. Still others were chatting in a desultory fashion, as if they forced themselves to talk as well as to eat. Surely there was nothing in the bearing of my employer or myself to attract attention. Then, as I gazed at my vis-a-vis, I realized suddenly that the distinguished looking man in the room, I understood perfectly why women and girls glanced at him interestedly. I realized suddenly that Elizabeth Dart, poor, and working for my own living, was seated in a fashionable restaurant with a wealthy man that any girl might be proud of. And I confessed to myself then and there, that I was proud to be in his company.

"What are you thinking about?" he demanded. "You have said nothing in reply to my last statement. It was intended as a compliment."

He smiled and laughed. "What was it?" I parried. "Oh, yes, I do remember. But I took it for granted that it was just a polite speech—as it was—and required no reply. I am afraid I must be going. It is growing late."

## RADISHES

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

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Soil for radishes should be a fertile, sandy loam, and does not do its best during the hot summer months. By means of a sprinkling irrigation system success may be achieved during the hottest weather. The radish is generally annual in character, having a tendency to seed rather quickly, particularly during the summer months. There are three cultural types of radishes—spring, summer and winter. May and June and the winter varieties late in June and early July. All varieties should be planted in rows from twelve to eighteen inches apart except for the fall sowings and the early types. These are commonly sown broadcast. The small kinds should be thinned to about one inch and the larger forms from two to three inches. Well rotted manure is the best material to use in fertilizing radishes. A small amount of nitrate of soda will promote earliness of the spring crop. The principal insect pest of the radish in Ohio is the maggot—a near relative if not identical with the cabbage maggot. In some sections it is almost impossible to grow marketable roots because of the attack of this pest. The nature of the crop does not lend itself to profitable control by means of sprays. The very late sowings are usually immune, as the last brood will have hatched by that season. The damage is similar to that of cabbage. The maggots not only eat around over the surface, but burrow into the roots, causing deformed and unattractive roots. Some intermediate plantings may escape serious injury if they happen to miss the main egg-laying periods.

The Sakurajima or Japanese radish is an extremely large variety, of mild flavor, grown for winter use. It is not a market variety in this country, but worthy of trial in the home garden. The seeds of the radish are especially strong growers and germinate

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(To Be Continued)

## Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

THE CRIPPLE

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a cripple girl of fourteen, and a schoolmate of mine passed some remarks which greatly trouble me. My deformity is not very noticeable, but this girl would always point her finger when I would pass and talk. Dear Miss Fairfax, why should people who are straight mark people who are crippled? Could I help it if I am crippled? Kindly advise me how to speak to this girl, telling her that she hurt my feelings, as I hate to commence fights, and especially she isn't a very nice girl—I mean in character. Please excuse my frank manner of writing, as I'm greatly troubled on this subject. I don't want to tell my mother be-

cause she cries and it hurts her more than me. S. D.  
My dear child, the girl who troubles you is really not worth noticing. If she had any fineness of character she would give you sympathy in your trouble instead of making fun of you. I am sure you are a sweet, lovable child and I admire your unselfishness in thinking of your mother's feelings. Some of the greatest people in all the world have been badly crippled. Your slight affliction need not keep you from doing splendid things and from winning the respect and love of anyone who is capable of thinking, or of appreciating the real worth of a human being. Don't belittle yourself by thinking unkind thoughts of a girl who only acts so badly because she knows no better. The only way you can win her is by kindness, so either ignore and forget her or be very nice to her.