

# Reading for Women and all the Family

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

Martin G. Keller, Aged 80, Dies at Elizabethtown

### "THE INSIDER"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

**CHAPTER XXIV.**  
(Copyright, 1917, Star Company)  
It had been an easy matter for me to promise Tom that I would have a talk with his father. It was not so easy to make an opportunity to see Mr. Norton alone.

When he came upstairs in the evening for his twilight chat with Grace, it was always about dinner time, and I could discuss no subject at length with him. Nor did I wish to drag Tom's need forward unless the father himself made an opening for me to do so.

I cudgelled my brains to find a way to accomplish my ends. And then, one morning, I had an inspiration. I might request my employer to give me a few minutes, and when he did this I would make as my excuse my desire to learn if he was content with Grace's progress in her lessons.

I really did want to be sure whether he thought the child was advancing satisfactorily, yet my need to know this was not pre-emptory. It would, however, serve as the entering wedge to the conversation I had planned.

On the morning following my promise to Tom, I came into the hall as Mr. Norton was putting on his overcoat preparatory to going downtown. "Excuse me," I ventured, "but shall you be too busy for the next day or two to spare me five minutes? I want to ask you about one or two matters."

"Why, no," he said kindly. "I will be glad to talk with you at any time. Shall it be to-night when I come up to see Grace?"

I shook my head. "I think not. I do not want her to fancy that we are discussing her, and it is, of course, not her that I wish to speak. Moreover, dinner is always ready by the time you come out of Grace's room."

"That is true," he admitted, "and," with a smile, "as Mrs. Gore likes people to be prompt, she might not be pleased if we lingered talking."

**No Comment Made**  
It was the first time he had referred to his sister-in-law's jealous tendencies, and I made no comment.

"I tell you what you do!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Meet me at the Waldorf this afternoon and have tea with me--will you?"

"I can't," I demurred. "Grace has to have her supper at 6 o'clock."

"Some one else can give it to her if you are not at home by that time. Meet me in the Turkish room at 4. Let Maggie attend to Grace's supper for once. You will reach home before the child's bed hour."

"But Mrs. Gore may not"--I began.

I got no further. Striding past me, he called to his sister-in-law, who had lingered in the dining room to give some orders.

"Adelaide," he announced, "I have just been telling Miss Dart of a little business matter I want her to attend to for me this afternoon. She will have to get out into the street with me. Look after Grace during Miss Dart's absence--unless you yourself can arrange to be with the little girl."

"I can keep her with me in the afternoon until her supper-time," Mrs. Gore replied. "Then Maggie will have to give her her supper--if it is impossible for Miss Dart to get back by then."

"It may be impossible," Mr. Norton informed her briefly. With a nod to his sister-in-law, he turned to me.

"You understand what I want done, Miss Dart?" he asked. "You have the address all right?"

"Yes," I told him, I had the address.

I felt like a hypocrite as I met Mrs. Gore's eyes. No suspicion lurked there, yet I was sure that she expected me to tell her what the errand was upon which I was going.

"I must find Grace," I remarked hastily. And, to avoid any questions, I hurried upstairs.

Tom was home to luncheon that noon, and the subject of my going out was not broached in his presence. The lad was evidently trying to be as polite as he could. I forced myself to talk of indifferent matters, and he did his best to be agreeable.

**A Bit of Diplomacy**  
After luncheon, Mrs. Gore inquired when I was to start downtown.

"About three-thirty," I said.

"When I was ready to go out, I took Grace to Mrs. Gore's room."

"Do you want the little girl in here with you?" I asked.

"Yes," the widow answered, "she can stay here with her old auntie--can't you, darling?"

I think she was secretly glad to have the child alone to herself, and I was only too thankful that she was in a good humor. Grace gazed at me longingly, but voiced no resentment at my leaving her. I had explained to her that I had some business to attend to, so could not take her with me.

And kissing me, she said clinging to me and kissing me, "Please come back soon."

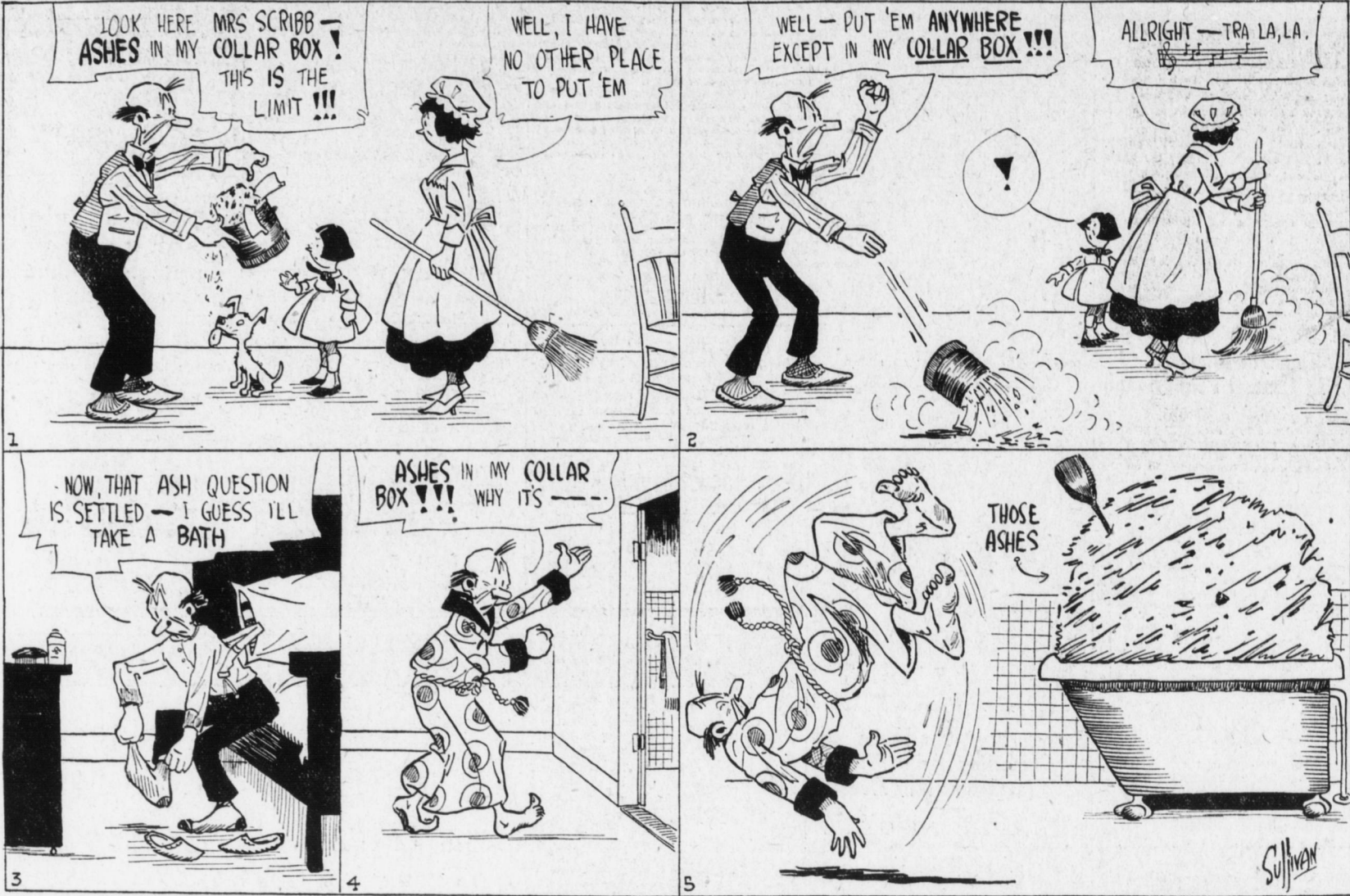
"As soon as I can," I promised.

I paused in the lower hall to glance at myself in the mirror. My gray spring suit, although cheap, was becoming. This was the first time I had worn it. The toque of the same color suited my face and I noticed how prettily my hair waved beneath the narrow brim. I was glad I looked so nice.

Yet I demanded of myself as I started toward the subway, what difference did it make how I looked? I was only an employe going to talk to her employer--ostensibly about his daughter--really about his son.

Had I done wrong in acting a part to accomplish my aim? Well, if so, the aims were surely kindly--and in some conditions the end to be accomplished might justify the means used.

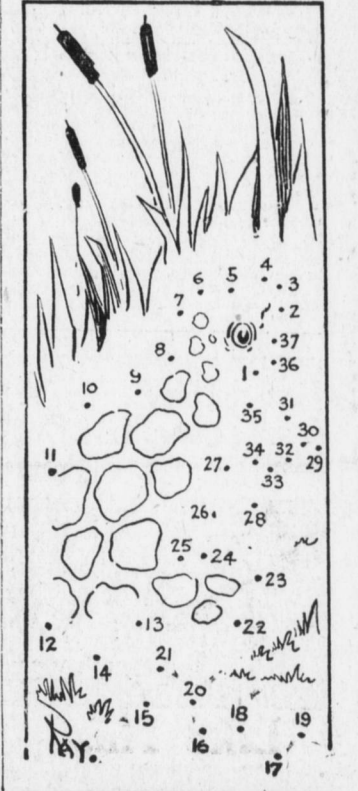
(To Be Continued.)



Elizabethtown, Pa., April 10.—Martin G. Keller, one of the oldest and best-known residents of Elizabethtown died at his home in North Market street on Sunday evening from a complication of diseases. He was 80 years old and was a native of Dauphin county. About twenty years ago he moved here and engaged extensively in the cattle business. He was a member of Borough Council several terms. He was a charter member of the Elizabethtown National Bank and the Farmers' Bank of Middletown. He is survived by his wife and a number of children. His funeral will be held from his late home to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial will be made in the family plot in Mt. Tunnel Cemetery.

**LUMBERMEN WANT HELP**  
Liverpool, Pa., April 9.—Lumbermen in this district are finding it difficult to obtain help at any price. High wages in other industries attract the lumbermen from their profession. During the past week the county newspapers carried numerous advertisements calling for men to peel bark.

### DAILY DOT PUZZLE



## NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank T. Spearman  
Author of Whispering Smith

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(Continued)  
**SYNOPSIS.**

**CHAPTER I**—On Front Street at Sleepy Cat, Henry De Spain, gunman and train-master at Medicine Bend, is beaten at large 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 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.

**CHAPTER IV**—Sassoon knives Elpaso, 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 Sassoon alone.

**CHAPTER V**—He meets Nan, who delays him until nearly overtaken by the Morgans, but lands his captive in jail.

**CHAPTER VI**—Sassoon breaks jail. De Spain beards the Morgans in a saloon and is shot at through the window. He meets Nan again.

Morgan threw the brim of his weather-beaten hat back from his tanned face. He wore a mustache and a chin whisker of that variety designated in the mountains by the appropriate name "Spinach." But his smile, which drew his cheeks into wrinkles all about his long, round nose, was not unfriendly. He looked with open interest from his frank but not overtrustworthy eyes at De Spain. "I heard," he said in a good-natured, slightly nasal tone, "you made a sunrise call on us one day last week."

"And I want to say," returned De Spain, equally amiable, "that if I had had any idea you folks would take it so hard—I mean, as an affront intended to any of you—I never would have gone into the gap after Sassoon. I just assumed—making a mistake as I now realize—that that scrap would be with Sassoon, not with the Morgans."

Satt's face wrinkled into a humorous grin. "You sure kicked up some alkali."

De Spain nodded candidly. "More than I intended to. And I say—without any intention of impertinence to anybody else—Sassoon is a cur. I supposed when I brought him in here, after so much riding, that we had better offer enough to keep him." He looked at Druel with such composure that the latter for a moment was nonplussed. Then he discharged a volley of oaths, and demanded what De Spain meant. De Spain did not move. He refused to see the angry sheriff. "That is where I made my second mistake," he continued, speaking to Morgan and forcing his tone just enough to be heard. Druel, with more hard words, began to abuse the railroad for not paying taxes enough to build a decent jail. De Spain took another tack. He

and fired sidewise through the window at the sound. That was all. The bartenders breathed and looked again. Men were crowding like mad through the back doors. De Spain, at the cigar case, looking intently into the rainy street, lighted from the corner by a dingy lamp. The four men near him had not stirred, but, startled and alert, the right hand of each covered the butt of a revolver. De Spain moved first. While the pool players jammed the back doors to escape, he spoke to, without looking at, the bartender. "What's the matter with your curtains?" he demanded, sheathing his revolver and pointing with an expletive to the big sheet of plate glass. "Is this the way you build up business for the house?"

Those close enough to the window saw that the bare pane had been cut, just above the middle, by two bullet holes. Curious men examined both fractures when De Spain and Lefever had left the saloon. The first hole was the larger. It had been made by a high-powered rifle; the second was from a bullet of a Colt's revolver; it was remarked as a miracle of gun-play that the two were hardly an inch apart.

In the street a few minutes later, De Spain and Lefever encountered Scott, who, with his back hunched up, his cheap black hat pulled well down over his ears, his hands in his trousers pockets and his thin coat collar modestly turned against the drizzling rain, was walking across the parkway from the station.

"Sassoon is in town," exclaimed Lefever with certainty after he had told the story. He waited for the Indian's opinion. Scott, looking through the water dripping from the brim of his seasoned derby, gave it in one word. "Was," he amended with a quiet smile.

"Let's make sure," insisted Lefever. "Supposing he might be in town yet, Bob, where is he?" Scott gazed up the street through the rain lighted by yellow lamps on the obscure corners, and looked down the street toward the black reaches of the river. "If he's here, you'll find him in one of two places. Tenison's."

"But we've just come from Tenison's," objected Lefever. "I mean, across the street, upstairs; or at Jim Kitchen's barn. If he was hurried to get away," added Scott reflectively, "he would slip upstairs over there as the nearest place to hide; if he had time he would make for the barn, where it would be easy to catch his rifle."

Lefever took the lapel of the scout's coat in his hand. "Then you, Bob, go out and see if you can get the whole story. I'll take the barn. Let Henry go over to Tenison's and wait at the head of the stairs till we can get back there."

De Spain found no difficulty in locating the flight of marble stairs that led to the gambling rooms. It was the only lighted entrance in the side street. No light shone at the head of the stairs, but a doorway on the left opened into a large room brilliantly lighted by chandeliers. Around three sides of this room were faced the keno layouts, roulette wheels, faro tables and minor gambling devices. Off the casino itself small cardrooms opened.

Lefever whirled and shot instantly toward the heavy report. He had whipped out his gun

DIRECTORS TO AID LIBRARIES  
Marysville, Pa., April 10.—Miller township school directors have decided to aid all schools of their district to obtain libraries, where the proper efforts have been put forth by the scholars and teachers to bring about this result. The condition imposed is that the school hold an entertainment to provide a nucleus for its library fund. The board then has agreed to deposit seven dollars to the credit of the school.

TO PRODUCE "ESMERALDA"  
Marysville, Pa., April 10.—Seniors of the high school have selected Tuesday, April 24, for the date of their production, "Esmeralda," which will be given in the Galien Theater. This work which the high school Thespian will produce is the collaboration of the celebrated playwrights, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and William Gillette.

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(To Be Continued.)

### Doctor Tells How to Quickly Strengthen Your Eyesight at Home

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