

Reading for Women and all the Family

THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By HAZEL DALE

By Hazel Dale

"Karen, did you bring the letter with you?" asked Janet the minute the girl entered the studio.

"Karen started and looked at her quickly.

"Oh, you needn't look around for Jarvis; he's out, but he knows all about it. I have told him, and you ought to be willing for him to know."

"Oh, I would be willing to tell him myself," Karen said impulsively. "That's is, if there were anything to tell. But it's all in my imagination—and it sounds so foolish, somehow. Besides, I don't differently about it to-day."

"Well, sit down, and let's talk it over. Why do you feel differently?" And Janet scrutinized the girl before her lazily out of half-shut eyes. Karen was so lovely to look at that her clothes were almost an incongruity. Janet could almost imagine the girl a countess with her small, high-bred face and her foreign air of imperiousness.

"Here's the letter. Read it, Janet; I want you to, and then I'll tell you just how I feel about it."

The letter from Dick was short and extremely characteristic.

"Dear Miss Mikal," it ran. "I wonder if you would like to go with me to the costume ball that we have all been talking about of late. It might be of advantage to you in a way, for my brother, who is a playwright, is to be there, and if your ambitions lie in that direction, he might be interested in talking with you."

"Well," said Janet, looking up, "of course I suppose you're not going. But it might be a good thing for you if you didn't hate Dick so much."

"But I don't hate him," burst out Karen. "I don't trust him, that's all. But I am going with him. You see, you spoiled me that day you read my reading. Now I can't get over the fact that I really might be able to do something on the stage."

"And you can, too; don't let what Miss Alden said make any difference. They are all like that when they get famous; they forget about how it felt when they began themselves."

"What do you think about my accepting the invitation?"

"I think it would do you no harm, Karen. I don't want to tell you that I think you have misjudged Dick, but I want to tell you something about him that may interest you. He's unusually successful with his work, and he is so good looking that women have spoiled him. He used to hate me, because I refused to worship at his feet and to agree with him in everything he said, but we have raised a flag of truce now."

"He has never once set out to have a thing that he hasn't been able to get. If he ever wanted to know a woman things were made easy for him. Women have just spoiled him and that's the whole thing."

"But about my posing for him—I don't intend to do that. I don't know whether I want to be friends with him even. I wish he were more like Jarvis."

"Oh, no you don't," Janet interrupted, "to tell the truth, Karen, I think you are more than half in love with Dick."

Janet said this teasingly, but Karen's eyes suddenly flamed.

"Don't say that," she said passionately. "I'm not in love with anyone. I'm afraid to be, for fear I would care too much."

"Why, you darling," Janet said softly, "you ought to know a woman when, then, after a moment or two, 'Shall I go on?'"

Karen nodded.

"Well, as long as you know all this about Dick, you ought to know that I mean. He has probably been piqued because you refused to pose for him, and he is determined to meet you personally, so he has taken this manner of doing it. His brother has had several plays that have been successful, and if anyone could be influential for you, he could. Dick is a splendid fellow, Karen; he is generous to a fault, and makes a splendid friend. He needs a woman like you for a friend; if I were you, dear, I would see what I could do about it."

"What Janet did not say, was that she thought Dick's interest was more than usual. She did not tell Karen of the expression she had seen in Dick's hot blue eyes the other evening, nor of the fact that Dick might be caring more for her than his pride and conceit cared to admit. How wonderful if something came of it—something of ultimate good to Karen and of awakening for Dick.

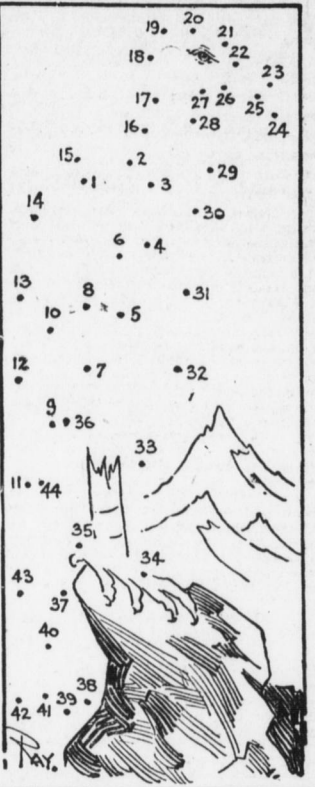
"It would be almost as much like a story as my own romance," thought Janet enthusiastically.

(To Be Continued.)

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



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Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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(Continued)

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 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 Elpasso, 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 leads the Morgans in a saloon and is shot at through the window. He meets Nan again.

CHAPTER VII—He prevents her going into a gambling hall to find her Uncle Duke and inside faces Sandusky and Logan, who prudently decline to fight at the time.



"Hot Day, Sir; Hot Ride."

Spain nodded affirmatively as he dismounted. "Hot ride, sir; a hot day," commented McAlpin as he called a man to take the horse, unstrapped De Spain's coat from the saddle, and followed the manager into the office.

The heat was oppressive, and De Spain unbuckled his cartridge belt, slipped his revolver from the holster, mechanically stuck it inside his trousers waistband, hung the heavy belt up under his coat, and, sitting down, called for the stage report and asked whether the new blacksmith had sobered up. When McAlpin had given him all minor information called for, De Spain walked with him out into the barn to inspect the horses. Passing the very last of the box-stalls, the manager saw in it a pony. He stopped. This wiry, sleek-looking roan, contentedly munching at the moment some company hay, was Nan Morgan's.

"What's that horse doing here?" demanded De Spain coldly.

Before answering, the barn boss eyed De Spain very carefully to see how the wind was setting, for the pony's presence confessed an infraction of a very particular rule. "You see," he began, cocking at his strict boss from below his visorless cap a questioning Scotch eye, "I like to keep on good terms with that Morgan gang. Some of them can be very ugly. That little pony is Nan Morgan's."

"What's her horse doing here?" asked De Spain.

McAlpin made even the most inconsequential approaches to a statement with a keen and questioning glance. "The girl went up to the Cat on the early stage, sir. She's coming back this afternoon."

"What is she riding away over here to Calabassas for to take the stage, instead of riding straight into Sleepy Cat?"

Once more McAlpin eyed him carefully. "The girl's been sick."

"Sick?"

"She ain't really fit to ride a step," confided the Scotch boss with growing

confidence. "But she's been going up two or three times now to get some medicine from Doc Torpy—that's the way of it. There's a nice girl, sir—in a bunch o' ruffians, I know—though old Duke, she lives with, he ain't a half-bad man except for too many cards. I used to work for him—but I call her a nice girl. Do you happen to know her?"

De Spain had long been on guard. "I've spoken with her in a business way once or twice. I can't really say I know her. Anything sick, Jim?"

asked De Spain, walking on down the barn and looking at the horses. It was only the second time since he had given him the job that De Spain had called the barn boss "Jim," and McAlpin answered with the rising assurance of one who realizes he is "in" right. "Not so much as a sore hoof in either alley, Mr. De Spain. I try to take care of them, sir."

"What are we paying you, Jim?"

"Twenty-seven a week, sir; pretty heavy work at that."

"We'll try to make it thirty-two after this week."

McAlpin touched his cap. "Thank you kindly, sir, I'm sure. It comes high to live out here, Mr. De Spain."

"What did you say," asked De Spain indifferently, "had been the matter with Nan Morgan?" Her name seemed a whole mouthful to speak, so fearful was he of betraying interest.

"Why, I really didn't say, sir. And I don't know. But from what she says, and the way she coughs, I'm thinking it was a touch of this p-neu-monia that's going around so much lately, sir."

His listener had already made all arrangements to meet the occasion now presenting itself. Circumstances seemed at last to favor him, and he looked at his watch. The down stage bringing Nan back would be due in less than an hour.

"Jim," he said thoughtfully, "you are doing the right thing in showing some good-will toward the Morgans."

"Now, I'm glad you think that, sir."

"You know I unintentionally rubbed their backs the wrong way in dragging Sassoon out."

"They're jealous of their power, I know—very jealous."

"This seems the chance to show that I have no real animosity myself toward the outfit."

Since De Spain was not looking at him, McAlpin cocked two keen and curious eyes on the amiable speaker's face. However, the astute boss, if he wondered, made no comment. "When the stage comes in," continued De Spain quietly, "have the two grays—Lady and Ben—hitched to my own light wagon. I'll drive her over to the gap myself."

"The very thing," exclaimed McAlpin, staring and struggling with his breath.

"In some way I've happened, both times I talked with her, to get in wrong—understand?" McAlpin, with clearing wits, nodded more than once. "No fault of mine; it just happened so. And she may not at first take kindly to the idea of going with me."

"I see."

"But she ought to do it. She will be tired—it's a long, dusty ride for a well woman, let alone one that has been ill."

"So it is, so it is!"

(To Be Continued)

NOMINATE HARVARD OVERSEERS

Cambridge, Mass., April 13.—Bishop Rhinelander, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, is one of the twenty men nominated for the

board of overseers at Harvard. Other nominees selected by the postal ballot include General Leonard Wood and copal diocese of Pennsylvania, is one of the twenty men nominated for the

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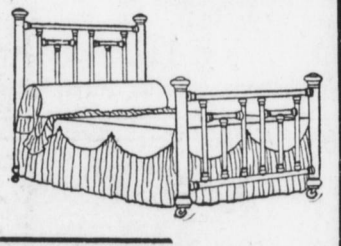


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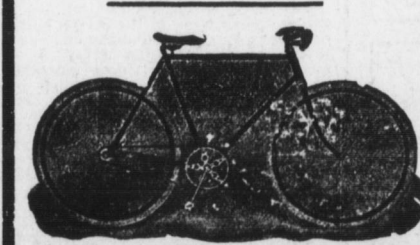
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