

Reading for Women and all the Family



"THE INSIDER"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXIX

Although I had feared the effect of the breakfast table conversation upon the relations existing between Mrs. Gore and myself, I saw, to my relief, that her manner toward me was as usual. It may be that she had not forgotten the experience which had proved that it was a mistake to oppose her brother-in-law's will toward me. She had much to lose and nothing to gain by incurring his displeasure and my animosity.

While I was not attracted to Mrs. Gore, and did not entirely trust her, I could understand and sympathize partially with her state of mind. Before my arrival she had stood first in the affections of her small niece. Now that I, once an outsider, had come into the home, Grace clung to me, and her father upheld my management of her and showed his approval of me.

The widow would have been more than human had she not felt a secret resentment and jealousy toward me. Yet as she was, apparently, making an effort to conceal these sentiments, it behooved me to ignore them. When off her guard, as at the table this morning, she said disagreeable things but these occurrences were the exception, not the rule.

So I found it easy to be magnanimous that day and even suggested that she and Grace have their afternoon drive alone together, leaving me at home. Grace protested; but I told the child that it would make "Auntie" happy to have her all to herself, and she submitted with her usual docility.

I flattered myself that I had acted wisely until I heard Mrs. Gore tell Mr. Norton when he came home that, as Miss Dart had not cared to accompany Grace on her outing that afternoon, she herself had taken the child out. I said nothing. I would not tell my employer that I had acted from altruistic motives and not with the desire to shirk my duty.

But, although I held my peace, Grace did not. "Miss Dart said that Auntie would like better going alone with me than having her along in the car," she piped up in her shrill treble.

So, after all, I was justified to my employer.

I was conscious of a childish excitement in dressing for dinner that evening. As on the Sunday night on which I had acted as hostess for Mr. Norton's guests, I donned my little white gown. I did wish that it had been something handsomer than a simple chiffon, but it was quite good enough for the governess of Mr. Norton's daughter.

As I was surveying myself in the mirror a knock sounded on my door. In answering it I was surprised to find Mr. Norton standing in the hall, a box in his hand.

"I want to leave these with you. I am just on my way to see Grace," he explained hurriedly.

He went on toward the nursery, and I closed my door and opened the box. It contained a large corsage bouquet of pink and white sweet peas.

I pinned the flowers at my belt. They gave to my dress just the touch it needed. For months, since my father's death, I had worn no color, only black, white and gray. As I thought of this I felt a throb of gratitude to the man who was bringing bright touches into my somber life. He was indeed my father, surely I might accept favors from him.

I thanked him a half hour later when I came into the dining room. He was waiting for dinner to be announced.

"These are perfectly beautiful," I said, indicating the sweet peas. "I am very grateful to you for them."

He smiled down at me as he stood by me. "And I thank you for not fussing about accepting them," he rejoined. "I am glad to see you wearing them. The pink in them just harmonizes with that exquisite flush in your cheeks."

I was spared the necessity of replying to this compliment by Tom's entrance.

"Good evening!" he greeted me cheerfully. "I say, Miss Dart, you look awfully nice!"

Later, at the table, where I sat opposite Hugh Parker, I fancied I detected a gleam of admiration in the guest's eyes, too. I was young, and the appreciation that I was not unattractive went to my head like wine. I found myself talking as if I had always been accepted as an equal by these people. I let myself forget the side table and rendered me uncomfortable. Mr. Norton, his guest and his son joined in the talk.

So content was I that I was not disturbed by Mrs. Gore's unusual silence. For it was not the silence of bad temper—rather that of thoughtfulness. When spoken to she replied pleasantly, but she volunteered few remarks.

Yet when dinner was over, and the car was announced, she asked me what I was going to wear over my white frock.

"I have only one thing I can wear," I said, "and that is my heavy winter coat. That and the jacket that goes with my new suit are the only wraps I own."

"Let me lend you my black satin cloak," she urged kindly. "You will not need a hat, you know, since you will be in the machine."

I was not accustomed to going to theater parties, and I had forgotten that one must wear wraps appropriate to such occasions.

"Oh, something might happen to your cloak," I protested. "I ought not to wear it."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "Come to my room with me. I came down stairs enveloped in a long black satin coat. I knew it was handsome, but not suitable for a girl of my age. Shall I be grateful for it? Over my head I had thrown a black chiffon scarf."

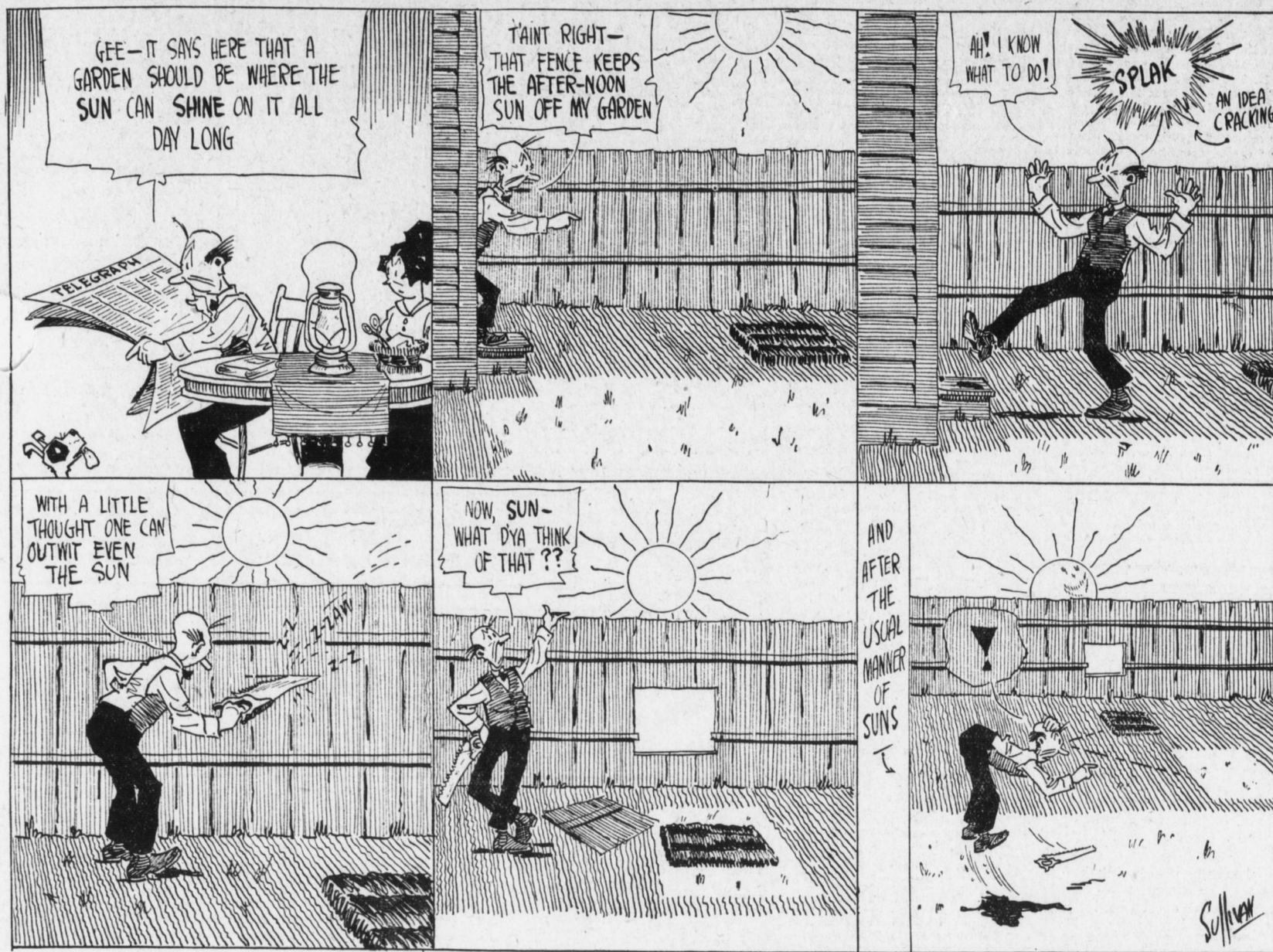
"Why, Miss Dart—you look like a little nun!" Tom declared. "Come on—father and Mr. Parker are waiting outside. Isn't this a lark, though?"

Grasping my arm as if I had been a girl in his own set, he ran down the front steps with me to the waiting motor.

(To Be Continued.)

COLUMBIA BANKS CONSOLIDATE
Columbia, Pa., April 18.—Consolidation of the First National and Columbia National Banks was consummated Monday and the combined institutions will have a capital stock of \$450,000. H. M. North, Jr., has been named president of the consolidated bank, and Horace Detwiler becomes cashier.

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



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 cards 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 Spain, inn and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sasso, gunman and retainers of the attractive woman. 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 III—De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabasas inn and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sasso, gunman and retainers of the attractive woman. 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—Sasso knifes 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 Sasso alone.

CHAPTER V—Sasso kills 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 Sasso alone.

CHAPTER VI—Sasso breaks jail. De Spain beards 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.

CHAPTER VIII—De Spain, anxious to make peace with Nan, arranges a little plan with McAlpin, the barn man, to drive her out to Morgan's gap, and while waiting for her goes down to the inn to get a cup of coffee.

CHAPTER IX—In the deserted barroom he is trapped. He kills Sandusky and Logan, wounds Gale and Sasso and escapes, badly wounded.

CHAPTER X—Bewildered and weak, he wanders into Morgan's gap and is discovered on Music Mountain by Nan.

Crawling, choking with thirst, slowly forward, he reached the water, and, reclining on his side and one elbow, he was about to lean down to drink when he suddenly felt, with some kind of an instinctive shock, that he was no longer alone on the ledge. He had no interest in analyzing the conviction; he did not even question it. Not a sound had reached his ears. Only a moment before he had looked carefully all around. But the field of his vision was closely circumscribed by the walls about him. It was easy for an invader to come on his retreat unawares—at all events, somebody, he was almost sure, stood behind him. The silence meant an enemy. The first thing to expect was a bullet. It would probably be aimed at the back of his head. At least he knew this was the spot to aim for to kill a man instantly and

painlessly—yet he shrank from that anticipated crash.

His thoughts, working in flashes of lightning, suggested every possible trick of escape, and as rapidly rejected each. There was nothing for it but to play the part, to take the blow with no more than a quiver when it came.

He had once seen a man shot in just that way. Brazen to such a determination, De Spain bent slowly downward, and, with eyes staring into the water for a reflection that might afford a glimpse of his enemy, he began to drink. Each mouthful of water was a struggle. The sense of impending death had robbed even the life-giving drafts of their tonic; each instant carried its acute sensation of being the last. At length, his nerves weakened by hunger and exposure, revolted under the strain. Suppose it should be, after all, a fantasy of his fever that pictured so vividly an enemy behind. With an effort that cost more mental torture than he ever had known, he drew back on his elbow from the pool, steeled himself, turned his head to face his executioner, and confronted Nan Morgan.

"Hiding to kill other men!" Nan's accusation as she clutched her rifle was almost explosive.

He regarded her coolly, and with the interval he had had for thinking, his wits were clearing. "Do I look like a man hunting for a fight? Or," he added, since she made no answer, "like a man hunting for a quiet spot to die in?"

"I know you are a murderer," he retorted. "No," he exclaimed sharply, "I'm not a murderer. If you think it"—he pointed contemptuously to her side—"you have your rifle—use it!"

"You came here to hide to kill somebody!" she exclaimed.

"What do you mean by 'here'? I might better ask why you came here," he retorted. "I don't know where I am. Do I look as if I came here by choice?" He paused. "Listen," he said, quiet master of himself, "I'll tell you why I came. I shall never get away alive, anyway—you can have the truth if you want it. I got off my horse in the night to get a drink. He bolted. I couldn't walk. I climbed up here to hide till my wounds heal. Now, I've told you the truth. Where am I?"

The grip of her hands on the rifle might have relaxed somewhat, but she saw his deadly revolver in its accustomed place and did not mean to surrender her command of him. Nor would she tell him where he was. She parried his questions. He could get no information of any sort out of her. Yet he saw that something more than his mere presence detained and perplexed her. Her prompt condemnation of him rankled in his mind, and the strain of facing her suspicion wore on him. "I won't ask you anything more," he said at length. "You think I've no right to live—that's what you think, isn't it? Why don't you shoot?"

She only stared at him. "Why don't you answer?" he demanded recklessly. "Nan summoned her resolution. "I know you tried to kill my cousin," she said hotly, after he had taunted her once more. "And I am going to think what to do before I tell you anything or do anything."

"You know I tried to kill your cousin?" he asked nothing of the kind. Your cousin tried to kill me. He's a bully and a coward, a man that doesn't know what fair fighting means."

"You are safe in abusing him when he's not here."

"Send him to me!" His voice shook with anger. "Tell him I'm wounded; tell him I've had nothing to eat since I fought him before. And if he's still afraid"—De Spain drew and broke his revolver almost like a flash. In that incredibly quick instant she realized he might have threatened her life before she could move a muscle—"tell your fine cousin I've got one cartridge left—just one!" So saying, he held in one hand the loaded cartridge and in the other the empty revolver.

gaze impelled her to break the spell of it. "What are you doing here?" she demanded with anger, curbing her voice to control her excitement as best she could.

De Spain, still looking at her, answered only after a pause. "Hiding," he said harshly.

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going to send your cousin and his men here, it's only fair I should know it now—isn't it?"

"My cousin is wounded," she said, pausing. And then with indecision: "If you stay here quietly you are not likely to be molested."

She stepped down from the ledge as noiselessly as she had come. Shaken by the discovery she had so unexpectedly made, Nan retreated almost precipitately from the spot. And the question of what to do worried her as much as it worried De Spain. The whole range had been shaken by the Calabasas fight. Even the men in Morgan's gap, supposed to be past masters of the game played in the closed room at Calabasas, had been stunned by the issue of the few minutes with Jeffries' new man.

Nan, who had heard but one side of the story, pictured the aggressor from the tale of the two who lived to tell of the horribly sharp action with him. But Nan's common sense whispered to her, whatever might be said about De Spain's starting the fight, that one man locked in a room with four enemies, as dangerous in an affray, was not likely to begin a fight unless forced to—none, at least, but a madman would do so.

Unhappy and irresolute, Nan, when she got home, was glad of an excuse to ride to Calabasas for a packet of dressing coming by stage from Sleepy Cat for Gale, who lay wounded at Satt Morgan's; and, eating a hasty luncheon, she ordered her horse and set out.

Should she tell her Uncle Duke of finding De Spain? Whenever she decided that she must, something in the recollection of De Spain's condition unsettled her resolution. Tales enough of his bloodthirstiness, his merciless efficiency, his ever-ready craft and consummate duplicity were familiar to her. Yet only a few of these stories appealed to Nan's innate convictions of truth and justice. She lived among men who were, for the most part, not truthful or dependable even in small things—how could they be relied on to tell the truth about De Spain's motives and conduct? As to his deadly skill with arms, no stories were needed to confirm this, even though she herself had once overcome him in a contest. The evidence of his mastery had now a fatal pre-eminence among the tragedies of the Spanish sinks. Where he lay he could, if he meditated revenge on her people, murder any of them, almost at will. To spare his life imperiled to this extent theirs—but surely he lay not far from death by exhaustion. And if he was not helped soon he would die.

But who was to help him? Certainly none of his friends. If she told them they would try to reach him. That would mean an appalling—unthinkable—fight. All came back to one terrifying alternative: Should she help this wretched man herself? And if he lived, would he repay her by shooting someone of her own kin?

The long ride to Calabasas went fast as the debate swept on, and the vivid shock of her strange experience recurred to her imagination.

She drew up before the big barn. McAlpin was coming out to go to upper. Nan asked for her package and wanted to start directly back in. McAlpin refused absolutely to

hear of it. He looked at her horse and professed to be shocked. He told her she had ridden hard, urged her to dismount, and sent her pony in to be rubbed. While her horse was cared for, McAlpin asked, in his harmless Scotch way, about Gale.

Concerning Gale, Nan was noncommittal. But she listened with interest, more or less veiled, to whatever running comment McAlpin had to offer concerning the Calabasas fight. "And I was sorry to see Gale mixed up in it," he concluded, in his effort to draw Nan out, "sorry. And sorer to think of Henry De Spain getting killed that way. Some say," he suggested, looking significantly toward the door of the barn, and significantly away again, "that Henry went down there to pick a fight with the boys. But," he asserted cryptically, "I happen to know that wasn't so."

"Then what did he go down there for?" demanded Nan indignantly, but not warily.

(To Be Continued.)

HERE ARE GARDEN CUTWORM CURES

Poison-Bran Baits Effective; Arsenical Sprays For Extreme Outbreaks

Washington, D. C., April 18.—Tomatoes, cabbages, sweet potatoes, lettuce and other truck plants, especially those which started under glass and transplanted, are subject to serious injury by cutworms. These pests appear sometimes in great numbers in the spring and early summer, and frequently do severe injury before their ravages are noticed. Their method of attack is to cut off the young plants at about the surface of the ground, and as these caterpillars are of large size and voracious feeders, they are capable of destroying many plants in a single night—frequently more than they can devour. Every year these insects, working generally throughout the United States, have destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of crops. By the timely application of remedies, however, as has been demonstrated by entomologists of the United States Department of Agriculture, they readily can be controlled, even over considerable areas. The usual method of control is by the use of poisoned baits.

How to Mix
Take a bushel of dry bran, add one pound of white arsenic or Paris green, and mix it thoroughly into mash with eight gallons of water in which has been stirred half a gallon of sorghum or other cheap molasses. (Arsenic and Paris green are deadly poisons. Handle them with great care.) This amount will be sufficient for the treatment of about four or five acres of cultivated crops. After the mash has stood for several hours, scatter it, in lumps about the size of a marble, over the fields where the injury is beginning to appear and about the bases of the plants set out. Apply late in the day, so as to place the poison about the plants before night, which is the time when the cutworms are active. Apply a second time, if necessary. Keep children, live stock and chickens away from this bait.

Cutworms Travel Like Army Worms
When cutworms occur in unusual abundance, which happens locally, and sometimes generally, they exhaust their food supply and migrate to other fields. This they do literally in armies, assuming what is called the army worm habit. At such times it is necessary to treat them the same as army worms. While the methods which have been advised are valuable in such cases, they may be too slow to destroy all the cutworms, and other methods must be employed. These include trenching, ditching, the plowing of deep furrows in advance of the traveling cutworms to trap them, and the dragging of logs or brush through the furrows. If the trenches can be filled with water, the addition of a small quantity of kerosene, so as to form a thin scum on the surface, will prove fatal to the cutworms. In extreme cases barriers of fence boards are erected and the tops smeared with tar or oil. The cutworms attempt to crawl over.

Spraying With Arsenicals
In extremely severe attacks by cutworms on choice plants there is sometimes no opportunity to prepare the poisoned bait. In such cases an arsenical of lead spray will answer quite as well. One instance, a parsley bed was sprayed with four pounds of arsenate of lead to fifty gallons of water; this killed all the cutworms, whereas if they had been left alone for a day or two longer the field probably would have been destroyed. The result was a perfect stand—the best ever made by the grower. In this case five applications were necessary.

Clean cultural methods and crop rotation are advisable, as are also fall plowing and disking, to prevent recurrences of cutworm attacks. Many cutworms can be destroyed where it is possible to overflow the fields, particularly where irrigation is practiced.

FLAGS FOR CHURCHES
Columbia, Pa., April 18.—Patriotic services were held in two churches here on Sunday when flags were presented to each congregation. In the First English Lutheran church, four members, Grand Army veterans, arranged the presentation, and Dr. G. W. Berntheizer, one of the number, made the address. The Rev. Dr. E. G. Miller, the pastor, responded for the congregation.

St. Paul's Episcopal church received a beautiful silk flag, the gift of H. M. North, which also made the presentation address. It was received in behalf of the church by the rector, the Rev. G. F. G. Hoyt.

DAILY DOT PUZZLE

