

Reading for Women and all the Family

By Sullivan

They Live Here in Harrisburg

THE NEBBY NEIGHBORS

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

(Continued.)

The two men were sitting in De Spain's room. De Spain was staring through the broad south window at the white-capped peaks of the distant range. He was silent for a time. "I believe you're right, John," he said after a while. "I know you are. In this case I am tied up more than I've ever been tied up before; but I've got to see it through as best I can, and take what comes without whining. My mind is made up, and strange as it may sound to you, I feel that I am coming back. Not but what I know it's due me, John. Not but what I expect to get it sometime. And maybe I'm wrong now; but I don't feel as if I'm coming till I've given all the protection to that girl that a man can give to a woman."

CHAPTER XXIII. A Surprising Slip.

Scott was called by Lefever to conclude in secret the final arrangements. The ground about the quaking asp grove, and nearest El Capitan, afforded the best concealment close to the gap. And to this point Scott was directed to bring what men he could before daybreak the following morning.

"It's a short notice to get many men together—of the kind we want," admitted Lefever. "You'll have to skiffish some between now and midnight. What do you think you can do?"

Scott had already made up a tentative list. He named four—first Farrell Kennedy, who was in town, and said nobody should go if he didn't; Frank Elpaso, the Texan; the Englishman, Tommy Megerson; and Wickwire, if he could be located—any one of them, Lefever knew, could give an account of himself under all circumstances.

While Scott was getting his men together, De Spain, accompanied by Lefever, was riding toward Music Mountain. Scott had urged on them but one parting caution—not to leave the aspens until rain began falling. When he spoke there was not a cloud in the sky. "It's going to rain to-night, just the same," predicted Scott. "Don't leave the trees till it gets going. Those gap scouts will get under cover and be hunting for a

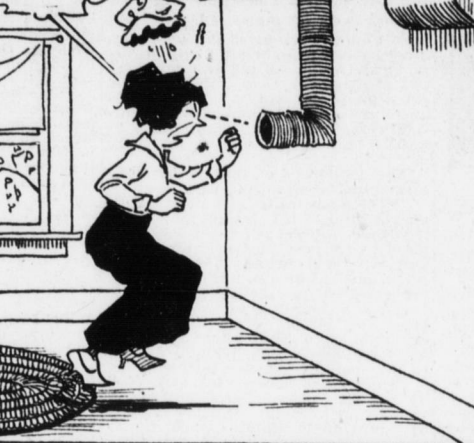
I'LL STAY UP HERE UNTIL THEY'RE THROUGH HOUSE-CLEANIN'—FURDERMORE, I CAN SMOKE NOW, AND MY WIFE WONT KNOW IT.



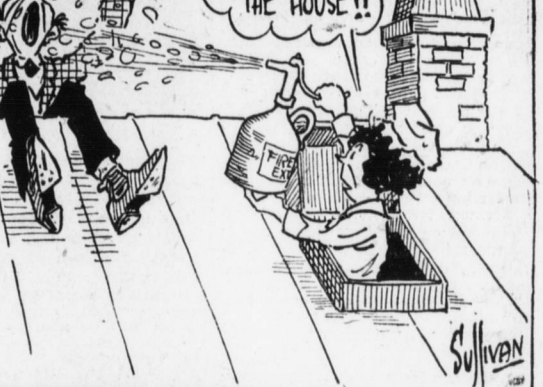
HERMISH DONT KNOW I HAD THIS "PERISMOKE" RIGGED UP SO I COULD WATCH HIM



WHY THE OLD DOOBER!! HE'S SMOKING AFTER I TOLD HIM NOT TO!!!



WHAD I TELL YOU ABOUT SMOKING 'ROUND THE HOUSE!!



drink the minute it gets cold—I know them. You can ride right over their toes, if you'll be patient." The sun set across the range in a drift of grayish-black, low-lying clouds, which seemed only to await its disappearance to envelop the mountains and empty their moisture on the desert. By the time De Spain and Lefever reached the end of their long ride a misty rain was drifting down from the west. The two men had ridden into the quaking aspens when a man coming out of the gap almost rode into them. The intruder had halted and was sufficiently hidden to escape notice, had not Lefever's horse indiscreetly coughed. The man from the gap reined up and called out, Lefever answered.

"It's Bull Page," declared De Spain, after the exchange of a few words, calling to Bull at the same time to come over to the shelter of the trees.

"What's going on in there, Bull?" asked De Spain after Bull had told him that Gale had driven him out, and he was heading for Calabasas. "You tell me," retorted Page. "Looks to me like old Duke's getting ready to die. Gale says he's going to draw his will to-night, and don't want nobody around—got old Judge Druel in there."

De Spain picked up his ears. "What's that Druel?" he demanded. Bull repeated his declaration. Lefever broke into violent language at the sleepy cat jurist's expense, and ended by declaring that he would should be drawn in the gap that night by Duke Morgan or anybody else, unless he and Bull were made legatees.

Beyond this nothing could be

learned from Bull, who was persuaded without difficulty by Lefever to abandon the idea of riding to Calabasas through the rain, and to spend the night with him in the neighborhood, wherever fancy, the rain, and the wind—which was rising—should dictate.

While the two were talking, De Spain tried to slip away unobserved by Lefever, on his errand. He failed, as he expected to, and after some familiar abuse, rode off alone, fortified by very possible suggestion at the hands of a man to whom the slightest precaution was usually a joke.

De Spain reached Duke's ranch unchallenged. Night had fallen everywhere, and the increasing rain obscured even the outline of the house. But a light shone through one uncertain window. He waited some time for a sound of life, for a door to open or close, or for the dog to bark—he heard nothing. Slipping out of the wet saddle, he led his horse in the darkness under the shelter of the lone pine tree and, securing him, walked slowly toward the house.

Mindful of the admonitions he had been loaded with, he tramped around the house in narrowing circles, pausing at times to look and listen. In like manner he circled the barn and stables, until he had made sure there was no ambush and that he was alone outside. After a time he stepped around to the front of the house, where, screened by a bit of shrubbery, he could peer at close range into the living room.

Standing before the fire burning in the open hearth, and with his back to it, he now saw Gale Morgan. Sitting bolt upright besides the table, square-jawed and obdurate, his stubby brier pipe supported by his hand and gripped in his great teeth, Duke Morgan looked uncompromisingly into his beazer nephew into the fire. A third and elderly man, heavy red faced, and almost toothless as he spoke, sat to the right of the table in a rocking chair, and looked at Duke; this was the old lawyer and justice from Sneyat Cret, the sheriff's brother—Judge Druel.

Nan was not to be seen. Gale, big and aggressive, was doing most of the talking, and energetically, as was his habit. Duke listened thoughtfully, but seemingly with coldness. Druel looked from Gale to Duke, and appeared occasionally to put in a word to carry the argument along. De Spain expected nothing at all that what they were talking about, but he was uneasy concerning Nan, and was not to be balked, by any combination, of his purpose of finding her. To secure information concerning her was not possible, unless he should enter the house, and this, with scant hesitation, he decided to do.

He wore a snug-fitting leather coat. He unbuttoned this and threw it onto a chair, and stepped noiselessly to the door. Laying his hand on the knob, he paused, then, fingering the door unlocked, he pushed it slowly open.

The wind, rushed in, upset his calculations and blew open the door leading from the hall into the living room. A stream of light in turn shot through the open door, across the hall. Instantly De Spain stepped inside and directly behind the front door—which he now realized he dare not close—and stood expectant in the darkness. Gale Morgan, with an impatient exclamation, strode from the fireplace to close the front door.

As he walked into the hall and slammed the front door shut, he could have touched with his hand the man standing in the shadow behind it. De Spain, not hoping to escape, stood with folded arms, but under the elbow of his left arm was hidden the long muzzle of his revolver. Holding his breath, he waited. Gale's mind was apparently filled with other things. He did not suspect the presence of an intruder, and he walked back into the living room, partly closing the second door. De Spain, following almost on his

heels, stepped past this door, past the hall stairs opposite it, and through a curtained opening at the end of the hall into the dining room. Barely ten feet from him, this room "It'll Act as the Second Witness" opened through an arch into the living room, and where he stood he could hear all that was said.

"Who's there?" demanded Duke gruffly.

"Nobody," said Gale. "Go on, Druel."

Druel talked softly and through his nose: "It was only going to say it would be a good idea to have two witnesses."

"Come home," suggested Gale. "Duke was profane. 'You couldn't keep the girl in the room if she had Nita to help her. And I want it understood between you and me, fair and square, that Nan's going to live right here with me after this marriage till I'm satisfied she's willing to go to you—otherwise it can't take place, now or never.'"

De Spain opened his ears. Gale felt the hard, cold tone of his crusty relative's answer, but what he saw something written all over your face? I know, it's the costume ball!" "Yes, it was, last night. I wondered why you weren't there. You said you might go, you know."

"Yes, we had intended to go until the last minute. But tell me all about it, Karen. Did you have a perfectly wonderful time?"

"Oh, yes, Janet, it was all so wonderful to me. I have never had the opportunity before to attend one."

"And you were to meet Dick's brother; well, how do you like him?" "Very much. He is so different from Dick. So safe and kind." Janet looked at Karen keenly. That was a strange remark to make. Janet wondered just what the girl meant by it.

The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

Karen Mikal rushed into the Honeymoon House early one morning to find a heavy eyed Janet presiding over a late breakfast.

"My dear," Karen grasped in surprise. "To see Janet eating breakfast at 11.30 was a strange enough spectacle for anyone to understand. 'What is it, is anything wrong?' 'Mother isn't well, and Jarvis and I were up practically all night, Jarvis had to go out, but we were both lazy this morning.'"

"It's nothing serious, is it?" "No she's all right now, but what about it, Karen. Did you have a perfectly wonderful time?" "Yes, it was, last night. I wondered why you weren't there. You said you might go, you know."

"Yes, we had intended to go until the last minute. But tell me all about it, Karen. Did you have a perfectly wonderful time?" "Oh, yes, Janet, it was all so wonderful to me. I have never had the opportunity before to attend one."

"And you were to meet Dick's brother; well, how do you like him?" "Very much. He is so different from Dick. So safe and kind." Janet looked at Karen keenly. That was a strange remark to make. Janet wondered just what the girl meant by it.

dently anxious to change the subject. "You wanted to know what I wore. I went as a Russian girl. I was terribly extravagant about my costume, but I did want to look nice. It seemed like my one chance to change my life, Janet, and I took it regardless of everything. And I have told you the rest. I am going to go on living where I am at present, and I am going to begin school Saturday. Of course, I am going to pay back all that Mr. Armstrong gave me, and I am going to try so hard to make good."

She did not add that she felt that Mr. John Armstrong had undertaken her career through Dick's suggestion. Neither did she tell Janet that her costume had been voted the best there. She also neglected to mention Dick's attitude. It had been stranger than ever and more at variance with his brother's than one could fall to recognize.

"Dick had been civil enough, but both he and Karen had hardly spoken in the short time they were alone together. Before the others Dick had treated her with his customary negligence. He had introduced her to his brother with a few general words about the find he had made."

"I want you to give her the star part in your next play old man," he had said lightly. But Karen felt an undercurrent that somehow she could not fathom, and Janet in watching Karen as she talked, knew that there was something else that the girl had not confided.

(To Be Continued.)

Daily Dot Puzzle

A grid of numbers for a puzzle, with some numbers circled and arrows pointing to them.

VIVIAN MARTIN'S COFFEE CHATTER

No. 51—Beverages
I don't suppose that there exists a more popular beverage than coffee. In fact every one takes either tea or coffee. An over indulgence in coffee is not good for a person owing to the fact that it is a nerve stimulant which has a tendency to produce sleeplessness. I do not wish to give you the impression that I am writing this from the standpoint of health hints. I only mention that fact because we find coffee very necessary in the studio particularly if we work any at night which is sometimes the case.

My Vienna coffee is the most popular. I remember one night in particular. The wardrobe mistress who usually arranges for the coffee when we work at night, had not appeared at the studio owing to sickness so I volunteered to supply the coffee. There were two sets being filmed at the same time. Dustin Farnum was enacting a scene for the "Son of Erin" while I was just finishing a scene from "The Right Direction." Both of which will be seen at some later date on the Paramount program.

I arranged with the "props" to watch the kettle to see that it didn't boil over while I kept my spare time occupied getting it in shape. Take equal parts of Mocha and Java coffee, allow one heaping tablespoonful of coffee to each person, and two extra to make good strength. Mix one egg with grounds, pour on the coffee one half as much boiling water as will be needed, and let coffee froth, then stir down grounds and let boil for five minutes. After that let the coffee stand on the fire where it will keep hot but not boil for at least five or ten minutes longer and then add the rest of the water. To one pint of cream add the white of one well beaten egg, this to be put in cups with sugar and then add the hot coffee.

Tea—I want everybody to understand that I am perfectly neutral when it comes to showing any preference to either the male or female sex and as coffee is mostly considered a man's drink, I will take up the subject of tea just to please the ladies. Tea is usually considered the drink for old maids but I think I can prove that there is an exception to the rule when I state that I am very fond of tea and that I am not considered or never hope to be a member of that small class of the feminine population.

Teas are of differing strengths but a safe rule is one teaspoonful of dry tea to one half pint of boiling water. The water for the tea should be freshly heated and just boiling. First scald the tea-pot, then put in dry tea and cover for one minute then add boiling water and cover closely. Let stand for three to five minutes and then strain off into a second hot pot. A wadded cozy will keep tea hot for a long time off the fire.

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

THIS is one of the newest and smartest of the one-piece gowns. As it is shown here, it is made of a summer weight serge with a souchated material used as trimming, but it is susceptible of great variation. There is a plain princess gown and over that princess the over portions that are buttoned into place are arranged. To get the trimming effect the plain gown is faced and as a matter of course you can use a contrasting material for these facings or you can use braid or embroider the material of the gown itself. It is very new and very smart and, for a simpler gown, you could use it without the over portions. You will find that any material that can be made in simple severe style is appropriate. The round neck and long sleeves combine to make an interesting feature of the Spring fashions.

For the medium size will be needed, 6 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 4 yards 44 with 1 1/2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide for the facings, to make as illustrated.

The pattern No. 9396 is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

PETEY DINK—Watch Your Step, Mr. Halfsole!

By C. A. VOIGHT