

Reading for Women and all the Family



THE NEBBY NEIGHBORS

They Live Here in Harrisburg

By Sullivan

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

(Continued.)

"This isn't your house," retired De Spain angrily. "This house is Nan's, not yours. When she orders me out, I'll go. Bring her down!" he thundered, raising his voice to shout at Duke, who had redoubled his abuse. "Bring her into this room," he repeated. "We'll see whether she wants to get married. If she does, I'll marry her. If she doesn't and you've been putting this up to force her into marrying, so help me God, you'll be carried out of this room to-night, or I will." He whirled on her uncle with an accusing finger. "You used to be a man, Duke. I've taken from you here to-night what I would take from no man on earth but for the sake of Nan Morgan. She asked me never to touch you. But if you've gone into this thing to trap your own flesh and blood, your dear brother's girl, living under your own protection, you don't deserve mercy, and to-night you shall have what's coming to you. I've fought you both fair, too fair. Now—before I leave—it's my girl or both of you."

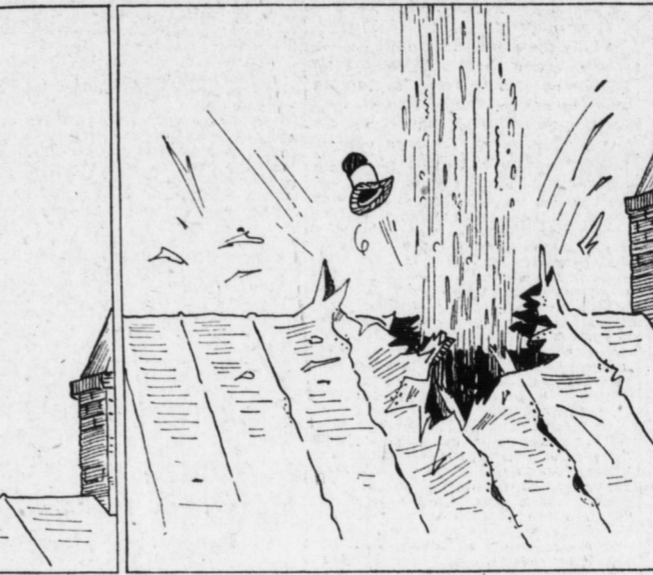
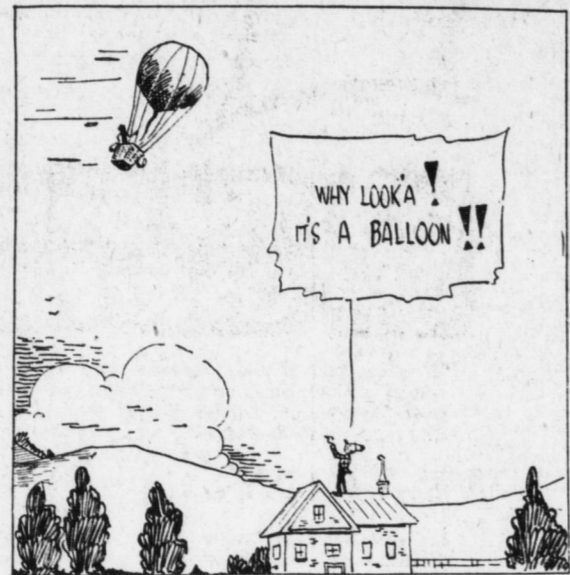
He was standing near Duell, without taking his eyes off the other man, he caught Duell with his left hand by the coat collar, and threw him halfway across the room. "Get up, stairs, you old carter, and tell Nan Morgan Henry De Spain is here to talk to her."

Duell, frightened to death, scrambled into the hall. He turned on De Spain. "I'm an officer of the law. I arrest you for trespass and assault," he shouted, shaking with fear.

"Arrest me?" echoed De Spain contemptuously. "You scoundrel, if you don't climb those stairs, I'll send you to the penitentiary the day I get back to town. Upstairs with your message!"

"It isn't necessary," said a low voice at the hall, and with the words Nan appeared in the open doorway. Her face was white, but there was no sign of haste or panic in it. De Spain choked back a breath; to him she had never looked in her silence so awe-inspiring.

He addressed her, holding his left hand out with his plea. "Nan," he



said, controlling his voice, "these men were getting ready to marry you to Gale Morgan. No matter how you feel toward me, you know me well enough to know that all I want is the truth. Was this with your consent?" She stepped into the line of fire between her cousin and De Spain as she answered: "No. You know I shall never marry any man but you. This vile bully—he turned a little to look at her angry cousin—" "has influenced Uncle Duke—who never before tried to persecute or betray me—into joining him in this thing. They never could have dragged me into it alive. And they've kept me locked up for three days in a room upstairs, hoping to break me down."

"Stand back, Nan."

If De Spain's words of warning struck her with terror of a situation she could not control, she did not reveal it. "No," she said resolutely. "If anybody here is to be shot, I'll be first. Uncle Duke, you have always protected me from Gale Morgan; now you join hands with him. You drive me from this roof because I don't know how I can protect myself under it."

Gale looked steadily at her. "You promised to marry me," he muttered truculently. "I'll find a way to make you keep your word."

A loud knocking interrupted him, and, without waiting to be admitted, Pardaloe, the cowboy, opened the front door and stalked boldly in from the hall.

If the situation in the room surprised him, he gave no evidence of it. And as he walked in Nan dis-

appeared. Pardaloe was drenched with rain, and taking off his hat as he crossed the room to the fire, he shook it hard into the blazing wood.

"What do you want, Pardaloe?" snapped Duke.

Pardaloe shook his hat once more and turned a few steps so that he stood between the uncurtained window and the light. "The creek's up," he said to Duke in his peculiarly slow, steady tone. "Some of Satt's boys are trying to get the cattle out of the lower corral. He flung his hat, looked first at Duke, then at Gale, then at De Spain. "Guess they'll need a little help, so I asked Sassoon to come over—" Pardaloe jerked his head indicatively toward the front.

"He's outside with some of the boys now."

"Tell Sassoon to come in here!" thundered Gale.

De Spain's left arm shot out. "Hold on, Pardaloe, pull that door curtain behind you!"

"Don't touch that curtain, Pardaloe," shouted Gale Morgan.

"Pardaloe," said De Spain, his left arm pointing menacingly and walking instantly toward him, "pull that curtain or pull your gun, quick." At that moment Nan, in hat and coat, reappeared in the archway behind De Spain. Pardaloe jerked down the curtain and started for the door. De Spain had backed up again. "Stop, Pardaloe," he called. "My men are outside that door. Stand where you are," he ordered, still enforcing his commands with his right hand covering the holster at his hip. "Leave this room first, Nan, are you ready?" he asked without looking at her.

"Yes, your uncle's face whitened. "Don't leave this house to-night, Nan," he said menacingly.

"You've forced me to, Uncle Duke."

"Don't leave this house to-night," "I can't protect myself in it."

"I can't protect myself in it," "most of all, with that man!" He pointed at De Spain with a frenzy of hatred. Without answering, the two were retreating into the semi-darkness of the dining room. "Nan," came her uncle's voice hoarse with feeling, "you're saying goodbye to me forever."

"No, uncle," she cried. "I am only doing what I have to do."

"I tell you I don't want to drive you from this roof," he said, his face as white as paper. "I'll take you straight to Mrs. Jeffrey. When you are ready, you'll marry me; we'll make our peace with your Uncle Duke together. Great God! What a night! This way, dearie."

"No, to the stable, Henry! Where's your horse?"

"Under the pine, and yours, too. I found the pony, but I couldn't find your saddle, Nan."

"I know where it's hidden. Let's get the horses."

"Just a minute, I stuck my rifle under the porch." He stooped and felt below the stringer. Rising in a moment with the weapon on his arm,

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW

At this time of year when we say beans our thoughts turn to the "snap-short" kinds, which we hope to have in our gardens in the early summer, rather than the "pork-and-ones, which are perennial."

There is an old tradition, common among country people, that the green beans are best for boiling with meat, especially pork, and the yellow-podded or "wax" beans for dressing with butter, pepper and salt, or a white sauce. If you have any such preference, make your plantings accordingly. There are a number of good varieties of each kind, both in bush and pole beans.

Nothing is to be gained by planting the bush beans outdoors too early, as they are very tender and one light frost may either kill or retard them more than a week or more's later planting. Of course, if you are equipped to cover or otherwise protect them and are sure to attend to it, you can get an earlier crop by taking some risk. But, in any case, it will not be wise to plant until the ground is warm and the weather somewhat settled, as beans planted in cold or soggy soil are likely to rot in the ground.

The Various Varieties.

Beans naturally divide themselves in the following classes: The dwarf green and yellow podded, the dwarf shell beans, which are matured, and the tall, or pole, green and yellow podded, and the tall shell beans for winter. Few persons grow any of the shell beans in small home gardens, and we will not further consider them here.

For beans the soil should be rich and mellow. Get them tender at picking time they should have quick and continuous growth, and this is best assured when they are planted in a warm, rich, porous soil, well-drained and given plenty of water. Well-rotted manure, dug into the trench, is best, when applied at the time of planting, and the soil should be made fine with the shovel when digging and finished with the rake.

Beans are planted in two general ways: in hills and in furrows or drills. Cleaner cultivation can be given by the hill system, but more can be grown in the same space of garden by the drill plan.

By the hill system you can hoe all around them, but when planted in drills, if you have two general ways: in hills and in furrows or drills. Cleaner cultivation can be given by the hill system, but more can be grown in the same space of garden by the drill plan.

As some beans, for different reasons, do not germinate, it will pay to plant them rather thickly, and thin out in the drills to four inches apart. Make the drills as far apart as may be convenient, if to be worked entirely with the hoe, eighteen inches apart will do; if to be worked with the wheel cultivator, make

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"But Warren, it's the coat of my new suit," mourned Helen tragically. "What shall I do about it?"

As usual Warren was immersed in the morning paper, and he raised his head to say:

"Huh?"

Helen was holding up the dark blue serge coat that belonged to the suit she had bought at Crofts & Ordway's. It had been lined with white satin, and the satin was spotted all over with water.

"For heaven's sake," Warren exclaimed, "what have you been doing with it?"

"Just pressing it, and the damp cloth made those wet marks on the lining. The trouble lies in the quality. Why, wherever the water has touched it the satin is just as stiff."

"Oh, but it will whenever I take my coat off. I'll have to have it relined, dear."

"What when the suit isn't two weeks old yet, and not even paid for?"

"Well, what can I do?"

Warren was simply enough to give his attention to the matter now.

"Get on your things and come down with me," he said, rising from the breakfast table promptly. "You can see what Crofts & Ordway's will do about it."

"But they won't do a thing, Warren. They'll simply say that I should have known water would spot silk."

"But how could you know such a silly thing. Naturally you would expect a suit that cost forty dollars to have a decent lining in it."

"Besides," Helen went on, "I don't want to take a chance on having another lining like that put in it."

"Of course you don't, but what is it you do want to do?" asked Warren sarcastically.

"I thought I would buy a simple little lining and have the little tailor around the corner put it in," Helen said meekly.

"Well," exploded Warren. "If that isn't just like you. Well, you won't do anything of the kind. At least not until you see what can be done about it. If not, I won't charge another thing there, and that's final."

Helen really had a lot more to say, but Warren in this mood could not be persuaded to reason calmly, so without a word she got into her outdoor things and went out with Warren.

"I just hate to make a fuss," she said as they neared the subway station.

"I know you do. You'd rather pay out all that good money instead of trying to get satisfaction. Remember, now, stand up for your rights. Good luck!" And Helen found herself on the platform alone, while Warren was being whirled downtown.

Helen was still imbued with some of the courage that Warren had pumped into her and she went directly to the nice woman who had sold her the suit. It was early and few people were buying, so Helen had no trouble in finding her saleswoman.

"I want to show you the lining in this suit," Helen said, unwrapping the coat hastily and holding it up to view. In the light from the huge windows the spots showed up

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THE coat suit is one of the real needfuls of every season and here is a very new and attractive one that you can make yourself without the least little bit of trouble. The skirt gives the new barrel effect. It is cut with upper and lower portions that are circular and the joining gives the effect of width. The coat is just a simple, loose one but the little vestee, the collar and the shape of the sleeves mean distinction. Here the suit is made of blue gabardine and is embroidered with heavy worsted threads, but you can copy it in a variety of materials and in a variety of colors. Sand color is much liked. It is especially smart embroidered with navy blue. Some women will like to make the vest of a contrasting material.

For the medium size the coat will require, 3 1/2 yards of material, 36 inches wide, and the skirt, 3 1/2 yards 36.

The coat pattern No. 9380 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt pattern No. 9390 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

9380 Loose Coat, 34 to 42 Bust. Price 15 cents.
9390 Barrel Skirt, 24 to 32 waist. Price 15 cents.

CHAPTER XXIV. Flight

De Spain, catching Nan's arm, spoke hurriedly, and they hastened outside toward the kitchen. "We must get away quick," he said as she buttoned her coat. And, knowing how she suffered in what she was doing, he drew her into the shelter of the porch and caught her close to him. "I'll take you straight to Mrs. Jeffrey. When you are ready, you'll marry me; we'll make our peace with your Uncle Duke together. Great God! What a night! This way, dearie."

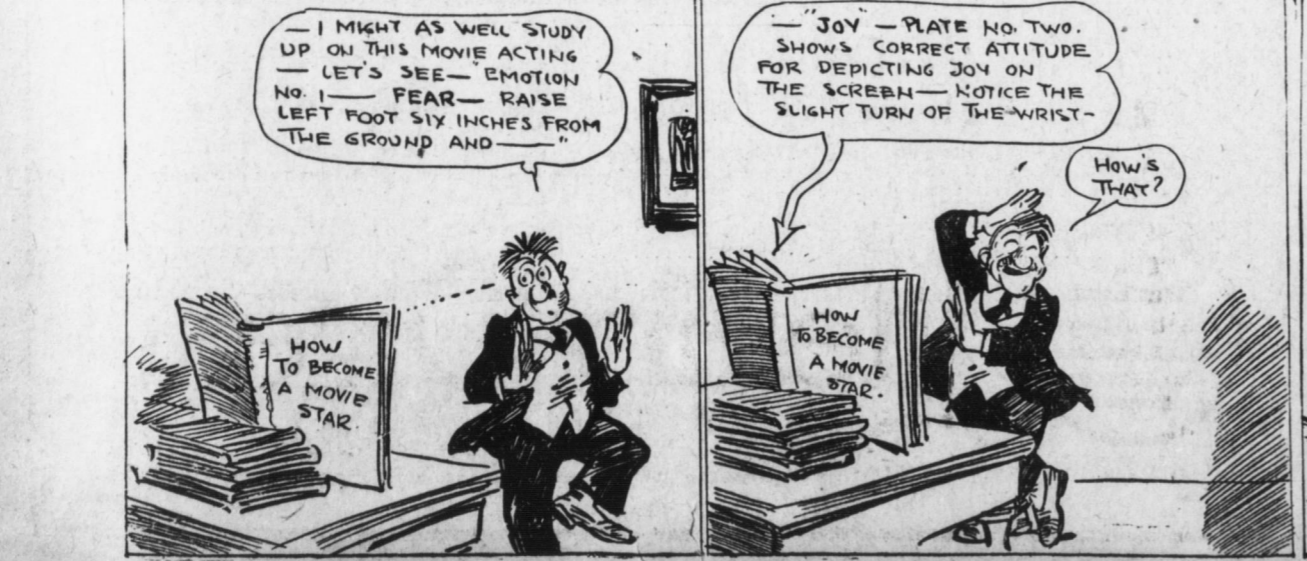
"No, to the stable, Henry! Where's your horse?"

"Under the pine, and yours, too. I found the pony, but I couldn't find your saddle, Nan."

"I know where it's hidden. Let's get the horses."

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PETEY DINK—Petey Could Write a Book on "Anger"



By C. A. VOIGHT

