



Reading for Women and all the Family



Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

(Continued.)

He told her the story—of the strenuous efforts he had made to discover the identity of the messenger—and how he had been balked. "No matter," said Nan at last. "It couldn't have been a trap. It must have been a friend, surely, not an enemy."

"Henry," every time she repeated his name De Spain cared less for what should happen in the rest of the world, "what are we going to do now? We can't stay here all night—and take what they will greet us with in the morning?"

He answered her question with another: "What about trying to get out by El Capitan?"

She started in spite of herself. "It would be certain death, Henry."

"I don't mean at the worst to try to cross it till we get a glimpse of daylight. But it's quite a way over there. The question then can we find a trail up to where we want to go?"

"I know two or three," she answered, "if they are only not flooded."

The storm seemed to have passed, but the darkness was intense, and from above the northern Superstitions came low mutterings of thunder. Compelled to strike out over the rocks to get up to any of the trails toward El Capitan, Nan, helped by De Spain when he could help, led the ascent toward the first ledge they could hope to follow on their dangerous course.

The point at which the two climbed almost five hundred feet that night up Music Mountain is still pointed out in the gap. No person looking at that confused wall, will believe it could ever have been scaled in the dead of night. Torn, bruised and exhausted, Nan, handed up by her lover, threw herself at last prostrate on the ledge at the real beginning of their trail, and

THE NEBBY NEIGHBORS

They Live Here in Harrisburg

By Sullivan



from that vantage point they made their way along the eastern side of Music Mountain for two miles before they stopped again to rest.

It was already well after midnight. A favoring wind was blowing from the east, and the granite spruce above the gap, every slender crevice spouted a stream that shot foaming out from the mountainside. The sound of moving waters rose in a dull, vast roar, broken by the unceasing boom of distant falls, launching huge masses of water into rapids far below. The storm-laden wind tore and swirled among the crowded peaks, and above all the angry sky moaned and quivered in the rage of the elements.

It was only the lulls between the sharp squalls that enabled them to cover the trail before daylight. Where they paused before El Capitan the fury of the night seemed largely to have exhausted itself, but the overcharged air hung above the mountains, trembling and moaning like a bruised and stricken thing. Lightning, playing across the inky heavens in constant sheets from end to end of the horizon. Under it all the two refugees, high on the mountainside, looked down on the

Their flight was almost ended. Only the sheer cliff ahead blocked their descent to the aspen grove. Hardly a moment passed after they had started, when a second thunderstorm burst above their heads.

The face of El Capitan presents, midway, a sharp angle, and this angle is thrown forward in this keen angle, the trail runs out almost to a knife-edge, and the mountain is so nearly vertical that it appears to overhang the floor of the valley.

They made half the stretch of this angle with hardly a misstep, but the advance for a few feet was a climb, and De Spain, turning once to speak to Nan, asked her for her rifle, that he might carry it with his hand. When he had done so, he had been had she given it to him, none can tell. But Nan, holding back, refused to let him relieve her. The deed was done, and she was left with De Spain all night was safely turned on hands and knees, and, as they rounded it toward the east, clouds scudding over the peaks, lightning and shot the light of dawn against the beetling arete.

De Spain turned in some relief to point to the coming day. As he did so a gust of wind, sweeping against the sheer wall, tipped him sidewise, and he threw himself on his knees to avoid the dizzy edge. His rifle, which lay under his hand on the rock, slipped from reach. In the next instant he heard it bounding from rock to rock, five hundred feet below.

Greatly annoyed and humiliated, he regained his feet and spoke with a laugh to reassure Nan. Just as she answered not to worry a little snoring scream struck their ears; something splashed suddenly close at hand against the rock wall; chips scattered between them. From below, the sound of a rifle report cracked against the face of the cliff. They were so startled, so completely amazed, that they stood motionless.

De Spain looked down and over the uneven floor of the gap. The ranch houses, spread like tops in the long perspective, lay peacefully revealed in the gray of the morning. He could discover no sign of life around any of the houses. But in another moment the little singing scream came again, the blow of the heavy slug against the splintering rock was repeated, the distant report of the rifle followed.

"Under fire," muttered De Spain. He looked at Nan. "We'd better keep moving," he said. "Come! whoever is shooting can follow us a hundred yards either way." In front of De Spain a fourth bullet struck the rock. "Nan," he muttered, "I've got you into a fix. If we can't stop that fellow, he is liable to stop us. Can you see anything?" he asked, waiting for her to come up.

"Henry!" She was looking straight down into the valley, and laid her hand on De Spain's shoulder. "Is there anything moving on the ridge—over there—see—just east of Sassoon's ranch house?"

De Spain, his eyes bent on the point Nan indicated, drew her forward to a dip in the trail which, to one stretch flat, afforded a slight protection. He made her lie down, and just beyond her refuge chose a point where the path, broadening a little and rising instead of sloping toward the outer edge, gave him a chance to brace himself between two rocks. Flattened there like a target in midair, he threw his hat down to Nan, and, resting on one knee, waited for the shot that should tumble him down El Capitan or betray the man bent on killing him.

Another bullet, deliberately aimed, chipped the rock above him. Nan, agonizing in her suspense, cried out she must join him and go with him if he went. He steadied her with a few words. A bullet struck again very close between them. De Spain spoke slowly: "Give me your rifle." Without turning his head, he held out his hand, keeping his eyes rigidly on the suspicious spot on the ridge. "How far is it to that road, Nan?"

She looked toward the faint line that lay in the deep shadows below. "Three hundred yards."

"Nan, if it wasn't for you, I couldn't travel this country at all," he remarked with studious unconcern. "Last time I had no ammunition—this time, no rifle—you always have what's needed. How high are you?"

"Seven hundred feet."

"Elevate for me, Nan, will you?"

"Remember the wind," she faltered, adjusting the sight as he had asked.

With the cautioning words she passed the burnished weapon, glittering yet with the raindrops, into his hand. A flash came from the distant ridge. Throwing his rifle to his shoulder, De Spain covered a hardly perceptible black object on the trail midway between Sassoon's ranch-house and a little bridge. Then he fired before Nan could believe he had lined the sights. Once, twice, three times his hand fell and rose sharply on the lever, with every mark of precision, yet so rapidly Nan could not discover what he was doing.

The fire came steadily back, and deliberately, without the least intimation of being affected by De Spain's return. She had never before seen a man shooting at kill another. The very horror of watching De Spain, at bay among the rocks, fascinated her. Since the first day they had met she had hardly seen a rifle in his hands. She strove to look through the sights, but the rifle lay close against the red-marked cheek she knew so well, and to the tips of the fingers every particle of the man's being was alive with strength and resource. Some strange fascination drew her senses out toward him as he knelt and threw shot after shot at the distant figure hidden on the ridge. She held out her arms and clasped her hands toward him in an act of devotion. Then, while she looked, breathlessly, he took his eyes from the sights. "He's running!" exclaimed De Spain as the rifle butt went instantly back to his cheek. "Whoever he is, God help him now!"

The words were more fearful to Nan than an imprecation. He had driven his enemy from the scant cover of a rut in the trail, and the man was fleeing for new cover and for life. Bullet after bullet pitilessly led the escaping wretch, suddenly De Spain jerked the rifle from his cheek, threw back his head, and swept his left hand across his straining eyes. Once more the rifle came up to place and flame shot again in the gray morning light from the hot muzzle. The rifle fell away from the shoulder. The black

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"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Why don't you come right up and have a bite of lunch?" Helen said, trying to speak pleasantly.

"Oh, I don't know," Carrie's voice returned, faintly reminiscent of disapproval even over the telephone. "I have little Roy with me, and I don't want to bother you."

Helen knew that remark was supposed to be made only for the sake of form, and she immediately returned:

"What difference does that make, Carrie, come right along and have lunch with me. I am not going to have much, but it will be much nicer to have some one else to eat it with me."

"All right, I'll come right along, then." And Carrie hung up the receiver with a disagreeable click, while Helen flew into the kitchen to make an inventory of what they had in the house. She never bothered much with a midday meal, as Winifred was at school and Warren seldom, if ever, came home. She and Mary never cared what they had, and as often as not, Helen ate a sandwich and drank a glass of milk.

"Carrie, Mr. Curtis' sister will be here for lunch with her little boy. Have anything to eat?" asked Helen, almost desperately. "Oh, I remember," she said, conscience stricken. "I did tell you that I would bring up Roy, couldn't I? Well, I didn't, I so that you could clean the silver. Well, it can't be helped now, Mary. What have we to eat?"

"I know," she said, and she knew quite well how much Helen had to bear from Warren's sister. She cordially detested the badly brought up Roy, and she had been civilized together with Helen when it became necessary to have them at the house.

"We'll manage somehow, ma'am," Mary said, coming to the fore with her usual easy going manner. "There's potatoes enough, and I'll make some little croquettes with the cold steak. We might use some of the lettuce, too, ma'am, and have a salad."

"What's enough, Mary, and make some tea. Have we some jam for little Roy? He is so fond of it."

By the time that Helen had given Warren's potatoes a hasty dusting and had washed her hands, Carrie had arrived. Helen took her into the bedroom to remove her things, resuscitating a heavy dusting and the hands of the impossible Roy, and at the time Carrie was ready and luncheon was served was already tired out. It was a strain to bear up under Carrie's manner, and as usual Helen said the wrong thing and precipitated matters.

"Mary and I managed to get up some luncheon between us," she said laughingly. "You know I always eat whatever there is in the house."

"And a very bad thing it is, too," Carrie returned, disapprovingly. "You ought to eat a good meal, instead of snatching a bite at all speak running toward the ranch-house, stumbling as if struck by an ax, and sprawled headlong on the trail. Throwing the lever again lightning, De Spain held the rifle back to his cheek.

He did not fire. Second after second he waited. Nan watched the rifle slowly come down, unfired, and saw his adversary slowly relax. Without taking his eyes off the sprawling speck, he rose stiffly to his feet. As if in a dream she saw his hand stretched toward her, and heard, as he looked across the far gulf, one word: "Come!"

They reached the end of the trail. De Spain, rifle in hand, looked back

The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

Janet walked hurriedly over to Karen's one scrupulously neat room on East Twelfth street. Since John Armstrong had undertaken Karen's stage education and had made her his secretary, Karen occupied much better quarters. Before she had debunked in with two other girls in a co-operative tenement, and from what Janet had gathered, living must have been horrible for the sensitive girl.

Janet rang the bell and was admitted by a jolly faced Irish girl, "Miss Mikal lent in, ma'am," she said when she saw Janet, and Janet's heart sank. Where could Karen be, when she, Janet needed her?

"Go right on up to her room, ma'am, I might be mistaken," but Janet found no response when she knocked at the door, and she was forced to turn sorrowfully away.

"I think she went out to dinner," Mrs. More, said Katie sympathetically. She knew Janet, and was very fond of her. "She came in with two boxes and rushed up to her room, and I heard her go out just a little while ago."

"Now, Janet Moore, what are you going to do next?" she asked herself as she went down the flight of stone steps and found herself again in the street. It was almost dark now and the wind was cold and sharp. Janet hurried to the subway and found herself crowded with Mr. Lowry, who was standing at her elbow.

"Well, young lady," he said pleasantly, "if I thought I was never going to see you again, I guess you aren't so anxious to see your things in print as you pretended to be."

His little croquet was not at all of his former overbearing attitude, and Janet was surprised and just a little bit frightened. It was her whole frame of mind, however, and nothing would have seemed right to her just then.

It was difficult to talk about the room of the train, so Janet made an evasive reply and prepared to get out at her station. Mr. Lowry followed her, and they went up the stairs together.

His manner was suave and entirely in keeping with his position. He did not ask her anything more about her work, but talked about general subjects until they reached Janet's door.

"So this is where you live?" he said laughing. "Yes, and on the very top floor," laughed Janet. "I could not dream of asking you to come up."

Mr. Lowry laughed back at her challenge.

"Well, I'm going to take you up on that, and go up with you for a moment," he responded. "I want to see your husband, anyway, about some sketches he is doing of Miss Alden."

"Oh I didn't know that you knew about it," Janet said, so much surprised that she forgot to tell him that Jarvis was out of town.

"Yes, we are going to feature a couple of them in our fashion magazine."

This was news to Janet, who wondered why Jarvis had not spoken to her about it. The thought brought back that feeling of intense loneliness that she had had all afternoon, and for the first time she resented definitely the fact that Mr. Lowry was coming upstairs with her. Everything had happened so naturally

Daily Dot Puzzle

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VIVIAN MARTIN'S COOKING CHATTER

No. 43—Doughnuts

In speaking of doughnuts it is not my intention to ask you who bit the hole in them nor say that every time you make one you cause a revolution; but I shall endeavor to explain to you the intricate nature of their preparation. Those who have ever attempted making doughnuts have found it a rare thing to ever come out of the fry without a few burns from flying hot grease, therefore, I sound a warning and say to you in the words of the newly arrived Englishman to "Look where you are stepping."

Beat well together two eggs and two cups of granulated sugar then add one pint of milk. Mix and sift one quart of flour together with three teaspoonsful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt and one grated nutmeg. Add all together and beat well, adding more flour to make a soft dough. Roll out one-half inch thick, cut in rings and fry brown in a deep kettle of smoking hot fat. Be sure the fat is smoking hot or else the doughnuts will not be successful.

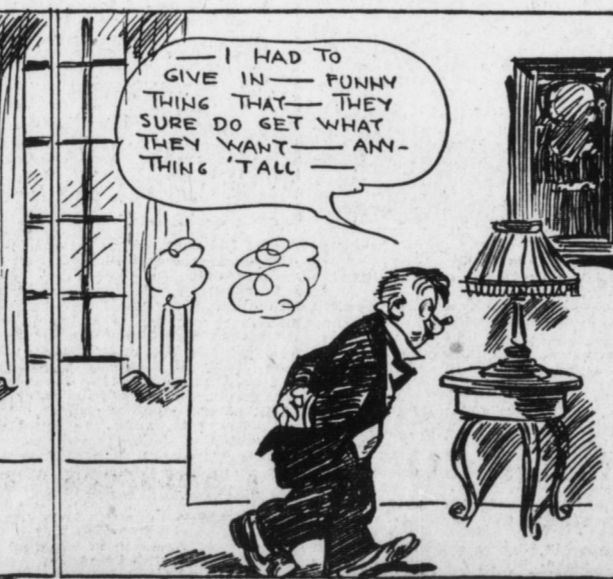
German Doughnuts—Just as different nationalities exist in the human race so do they exist among the doughnut family. It does not necessarily mean that a doughnut to become German must live in Germany, in fact, we have quite a number of doughnuts of German descent still existing under the stars and stripes and receiving the blessings thereof. The only difference between the doughnut and human family is, that the humans must be naturalized while the doughnuts do not. Scald one pint of milk and pour hot over one pint of flour and beat until smooth; add one half teaspoonful of salt and let cool. Beat four yolks of eggs, one teaspoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of flavoring, one half cup of sugar, beaten whites of the eggs, one cup of flour mixed with two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Then add more flour to all to make a soft dough. After all has been thoroughly mixed then roll, cut and fry.

While on the subject of nationalities let me explain to you how the Dutch cruller is made. Two eggs, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one cup of sugar, one cup of cream, one quarter teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder, sufficient flour to mix to a soft dough. Roll out, cut it in squares, cut several times in the center with a jagged iron, then fry brown in a kettle of deep smoking hot fat.

PETEY DINK—But It Doesn't Work Every Time



THEY LIVE HERE IN HARRISBURG



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By C. A. VOIGHT