



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.)

CHAPTER XXVI.
Puppets of Fate.

When Nan rode with De Spain into Sleepy Cat that morning, Le-fey had treated her to the story to Jeffries over the telephone from Calabasas, and Mrs. Jeffries had thrown open her house to receive Nan, weary from exposure, exhaustion and hunger, Nan was only too grateful for a refuge.

One the evening of the second day De Spain was invited to join the family at supper. In the evening the Jeffries went down town.

De Spain was talking with Nan in the living room when the telephone bell rang in the library.

De Spain took the call, and a man's voice answered his salutation. The speaker asked for Mr. De Spain and seemed particular to make sure of his identity.

"This," repeated De Spain more than once, and somewhat testily, "is Henry De Spain speaking."

"I'd like to have a little talk with you, Mr. De Spain."

"Who are you?"

"The vein of sharpness in the question met with no deviation from the slow, even tone of the voice at the other end of the wire. "I am not in position to give you my name," came the answer, "at least not over the wire."

A vague impression suddenly crossed De Spain's mind that somewhere he had heard the voice before.

"Do you suppose I could come up to where you are to-night for a few minutes' talk?" continued the man coolly.

"Not unless you have something very important."

"What I have is more important to you than to me."

De Spain took an instant to decide. "All right," he said impatiently, "come along. Only—" he paused to let the words sink in,—"if this is a game you're springing—"

"I'm springing no game," returned the man evenly.

"Come along, then," "I'll tell you just how to get here. Do you hear?" "I'm listening."

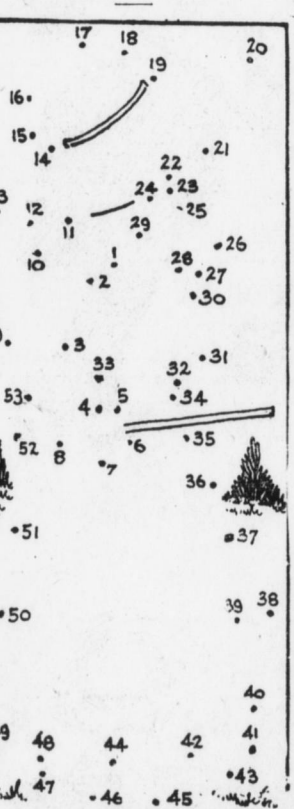
"Leave Main street at Ranchario street. Follow Ranchario north four blocks, turn west into Grant avenue. Mr. Jeffries' house is on the corner."

"I'll find it."

"Don't come any other way. If you do, you won't see me."

"I'm not afraid of you, Mr. De Spain, and I'll come as you say. There's only one thing I should like

Daily Dot Puzzle



to ask. It would be as much as my life is worth to be seen talking to you. And there are other good reasons why I shouldn't like to have it known that I was in the dark the words seemed to carry added mystery—I mean, in the front of the house and in the room where we talk."

"You've got a brother—Joe Pardaloe?" suggested De Spain to trap him.

"No, I've got no brother. I am just plain Jim Pardaloe."

"Say what you have got to say, Jim."

"The only job I could get in the gap was with old Duke Morgan—I've been working for him, off and on, and spending the rest of my time with Gale and Dave Sasson. There were three men in the barn burning. Dave Sasson put up the job."

"Where is Dave Sasson now?"

"Dead."

"Both men were silent for a moment."

"Yesterday morning's fight?" asked De Spain reluctantly.

"Yes, sir."

"How did he happen to catch us on El Cayman?"

"He saw a fire on Music Mountain and watched the lower end of the gap all night. Sasson was a wide-awake man."

"Well, I'm sorry, Pardaloe," continued De Spain after a moment.

"Nobody could call it my fault. It was either he or I—or the life of a woman who never harmed a hair of his head, and a woman I'm bound to protect. He was running when he was hit. If he had got to cover again there was nothing to stop him from picking both of us off."

"He was hit in the head."

"It was a soft-nose bullet," continued Pardaloe.

Again there was a pause. "I'll tell you about that too, Pardaloe," De Spain went on collectedly. "I lost my rifle before that man opened fire on us. Nan happened to have her rifle with her—if she hadn't, he'd have dropped one or both of us off El Cayman. We were pinned against the wall like a couple of targets. If there were soft-nose bullets in her rifle it's because she uses them on game—bobcats and mountain lions. I never thought of it till this minute. That is it."

"What I came up to tell you has to do with Dave Sasson. From what happened to-day in the gap I thought you ought to know it now. Gale and Duke quarreled yesterday over the way things turned out; they were pretty bitter. This afternoon Gale took it up again with his uncle, and it ended in Duke's driving him clean out of the gap."

"Where has he gone?"

"Nobody knows yet. Ed Wickwire told me once that your father was shot from ambush a good many years ago. It was north of Medicine Bend, on a ranch near the Peace river; that you never found out who killed him, and that one reason why you came up into this country was to keep an eye out for a clue."

"What about it?" asked De Spain, his tone hardening.

"I was riding some one night about a month ago from Calabasas with Sasson. He'd been drinking. I let him do the talking. He began cursing you out, and talked pretty hard about what you'd done, and what he'd done, and what he was going to do—"

"Nothing, it seemed, would hurry the story. Finally, Sasson says: 'The bound don't know yet who got his dad. It was Duke Morgan; that's who got him. I was with Duke when he turned the trick. We rode down to De Spain's ranch one night to look up a rustler. That,' concluded Pardaloe, 'was all Sasson would say.'"

He stopped. He seemed to wait. There was no word or answer, none of comment from the man sitting near him. But, for one, at least, who heard the passionless, monotonous recital of a murder of the long ago, there followed a silence as relentless as fate, a silence shrouded in the mystery of the darkness and striking des-

door; sit down. What's your name?" The man feeling around slowly, deposited his angular bulk with care upon the little chair. "My name"—in the tenseness of the dark the words seemed to carry added myster—"is Pardaloe."

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The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

"I never intended to go," Jarvis announced laughingly when Janet finally released him. "You made me ashamed of my feelings when you suggested such a thing. Anyway, I didn't want to go off alone, not just now." And then Jarvis, the first few minutes of Janet's surprise over, turned to Mr. Lowry, who stood hat in hand just beyond the little circle.

"How do you do," he said holding out his hand to the older man. "Glad to see you. Did Janet run into you on the way home?"

"Yes, in the subway," Janet said easily, not thinking for the moment how suspicious her entrance accompanied by Mr. Lowry looked.

"I don't know anything about him really," Jarvis was saying brightly, talking in her bedroom where she was removing her things. "Jarvis met him first, and introduced him to me. I have been trying to sell him some of my stories. He's the editor of the Children's Hour, and the couple of other magazines."

"Well, tell us about meeting him. I know Jarvis is dying to know, and I don't want to ask for fear you will call him a typical husband."

"I can't realize yet how you happened to do it, Jarvis," she said turning bright eyes upon him. "You see I was foolish and didn't make any arrangements for myself. I thought Grace Merrick would take me in anytime, but she is away. I had told Liza to go away for the week-end, and I thought of asking Karen to come up and stay with me. Karen wasn't home either, and I was coming back from her place, when I met Mr. Lowry."

"And you were coming up to this apartment with him alone?" Jarvis said quickly.

"But dear, I can take care of myself, and I hope Mr. Lowry is a gentleman, not a villain in a play."

"Janet shivered a little, and his manner of speaking told of the depth of her feelings. He had not realized before that Janet had taken a real risk."

"It was foolhardy," he said passionately, a line of white appearing around his mouth. "I don't care who or what Lowry is, but I care and to bring him up here at night when you knew no one would be here, was more than dangerous. O Jarvis spoke for the first time, and a modern woman and all the rest of it, but the fact still remains that you are a woman, and can't take the same risks that men can after all."

To Be Continued.

The retreating echoes of his footsteps down the shaded street. Minute after minute passed. De Spain made no move. A step so light that it could only have been the step of a delicate girlhood, a step free as the footfall of youth, poised as the tread of womanhood and beauty, came down the stairs. Slight as she was, and silent as he was, she walked straight to him in the darkness, and, sinking between his feet, would her hands through his two arms. "I heard everything, Henry," she murmured, looking up. An involuntary start of protest was his only response. "I was afraid of a plot against you. I stayed at the head of the stairs. Henry, I told you long ago some dreadful thing would come between us—something not our fault. And now it comes to dash our cup of happiness when it is filling."

She stopped, hoping perhaps he would say some little word, that he would even pat her head, or press her hand, but he sat like one stunned. "If it could have been anything but this," he pleaded, low and sorrowful. "Oh, why did you not listen to me before we were engaged! My dear Henry! You who've given me all the happiness I have ever had, that the blood of my own should come against you and yours!" The emotion she struggled with and fought back with all the strength of her nature, rose in a resistible tide that swept her on, in the face of his ominous silence, to despair. Her breath, no longer controlled, came brokenly and her voice trembled.

"You have been very kind to me, Henry—you've been the only man I've ever known that always, everywhere, thought of me first. I told you I didn't deserve it, I wasn't worthy of it—"

(To Be Continue.)

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW

Samuel Armstrong Hamilton

Doubtless many of my readers have in their homes boxes, pots or cans filled with growing young plants which they have been anxiously watching since they planted the seed some time back in expectation of the time when they can be set out in the open ground to grow on and mature crops of vegetables for their home tables. This growing of young plants is one of the great pleasures of gardening—the joy of seeing things grow.

Some of the information you need at this juncture was given in the article on plants lately published in this department. While the transplanting of these young plants cannot be done to any great extent for some time, it is well for you to have the information at hand, so that you can study it and have it available against that day when it comes. The quick and sure handling of young plants marks the expert gardener, which, I hope, all of you will become.

Just about this time some of the young plants growing in the boxes or flats will be getting crowded, and it is a good practice to transplant the surplus ones to other flats or pots for two reasons. It is well not to crowd young plants which are not grown for their tops, and it does some kinds a lot of good to transplant them to compel them to grow a larger mass of fibrous roots than they otherwise would.

You have doubtless noticed that when you break off the end of a vine or plant which has been cut or broken into several pieces, the roots of young plants act in a similar way when you take them up in the process of removing them many of the fibrous roots are broken off, and in place of these the plant throws out many more. The larger the mass of fibrous roots that a plant has (such plants as we are now considering), the better it will be nourished and the better the crop should be.

This applies to such plants as cabbage, tomatoes, peppers, celery and many others, which are commonly transplanted into garden beds. But you are not to understand that you shall put them out of the dry soil in order to fear off as much of the original roots as possible. With the ordinary care involved in taking them up with a table fork, trowel or dibble, you are sure to tear off enough without any particular effort to do so. So it is better to use some care in this respect or the plants may be ruined.

The Correct Method
When transplanting from one flat or pot to another flat set them side by side. Have the soil in the flat in which the plants are growing wet, while that in the one to which

they are transferred may be dry if made fine and loose. One and the common way is to make a hole with the small dibble in the dry soil, lift out a plant with the fork and set it in, pressing it close with the dibble. A better way is to scoop out with a table or kitchen spoon, at 4-inch intervals, a spoonful of the soil in the depression made with the fork, retaining the ball of soil about the roots as much as possible, set it in the depression made with the spoon, press down gently and arrange the soil about it, and when the flat is filled water gently and settle the soil about all the plants in this way. This will leave the roots remaining on the young plants in relatively their former positions and growth be uninterrupted.

If you transplanted young tomato plants from flats into 2-inch pots in March, look at them now to see if they need to be shifted into 3 or 4 inch ones. They are ready to be shifted when they are "pot-bound" in the 2-inch pots. By pot-bound is meant when the pots are filled with roots and they have formed a white mass all over the ball of soil in the pots. To ascertain if this be the case, takethe pot in the left hand, place the right over it with the plant between the fingers, turn upside down and strike the edge of the pot a firm blow (not too hard) on the edge of a board or table and the plant, ball of soil and all, will come out into the right hand, when the roots can be examined.

Aim to keep your young plants short and stocky by giving them plenty of room, light and air. A good garden loam will do for transplanting young plants in, but it will be well to give it a dusting of lime and bone meal, if these have not been added to the soil within a year.

4-inch one, put in an inch of soil, set in the plant from the 2-inch pot, fill fine soil around it nearly full and water gently to settle the soil. When all are thus finished off, go over them and refill with soil to the top, water again and allow to settle.

Putting Young Plants Outdoors
Later on there will be plants to set out in the garden from the seed bed, which I hope most of you made. Some of these will be transplanted from the small pots, while others will go out from the flats in which they were planted from the seed. Use the same care in handling these as when transplanting from one flat, or pot, to another for the same reasons.

There is a feeling abroad among the people that it is not feasible to transplant into the open except on a rainy day, or, at least, just after a rain. This is not the case with plants grown in small pots or those transplanted twice into flats if they are properly handled. But they should not be set into dry soil; it is always possible to wet it, and they should be shaded for a day or two against the late afternoon sun. If the operation is neatly done the plants will not feel that they have been moved.

However, plants which have been growing in a greenhouse or in a room in the home will keenly feel the effects of a strong wind. Many persons seeing a rain approaching have hurriedly set out young plants. The rain was accompanied by high wind and many of the plants were ruined.

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



THERE is something very attractive about the Turkish skirt worn by a young girl and this frock is just as pretty as it can be, adapted to the afternoon dance or to the afternoon tea or to any occasion of such sort. Here, it is made of a soft lustrous taffeta with lace, but you could, of course, copy it in any material that you like, or, if you want an evening frock you can make the sleeves short. To produce the panel effect, the skirt is pushed back over the lining and the flounces are arranged over the latter, but if you prefer you can make the plain gathered skirt.

For the 16-year size the bodice will require, 1 1/2 yards of taffeta 36 inches wide and 1 1/4 yards of lace flouncing 27 inches wide to make as illustrated. For the skirt will be needed, 4 1/4 yards 36 inches wide with 3/4 yard of flouncing 15 and 1/2 yard 26 inches wide.

Both the blouse pattern No. 9401 and the skirt No. 9399 are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.