



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Real Man By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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Then I'll fill it for you. So far as I know—legally, you understand—this raid has never been authorized by the courts; at least, that is what I'm going to assume until the proper papers have been served on me. Therefore I am free to strike one final blow for the colonel and his friends, and I'm going to do it, if I can dodge the police long enough to get action.

Starbuck's tilting chair righted itself with a crash. "You've thought it all out?—just how to go at it?" "Every move; and everyone of them a straight bid for a second penitentiary sentence."

"All right," said the mine owner briefly. "Count me in."

"For information only," was the brusque reply. "You have a stake in the country and a good name to maintain. I have nothing. But you can tell me a few things. Are our workmen still on the ground?"

"Yes, Ginty said there were only a few stragglers who came to town with him. Most of the two shifts are staying on to get their pay—or until they find out that they aren't going to get it."

"And the colonel and Williams; the marshal is holding them out at the dam?"

"Uh-huh; locked up in the office shack, Ginty says."

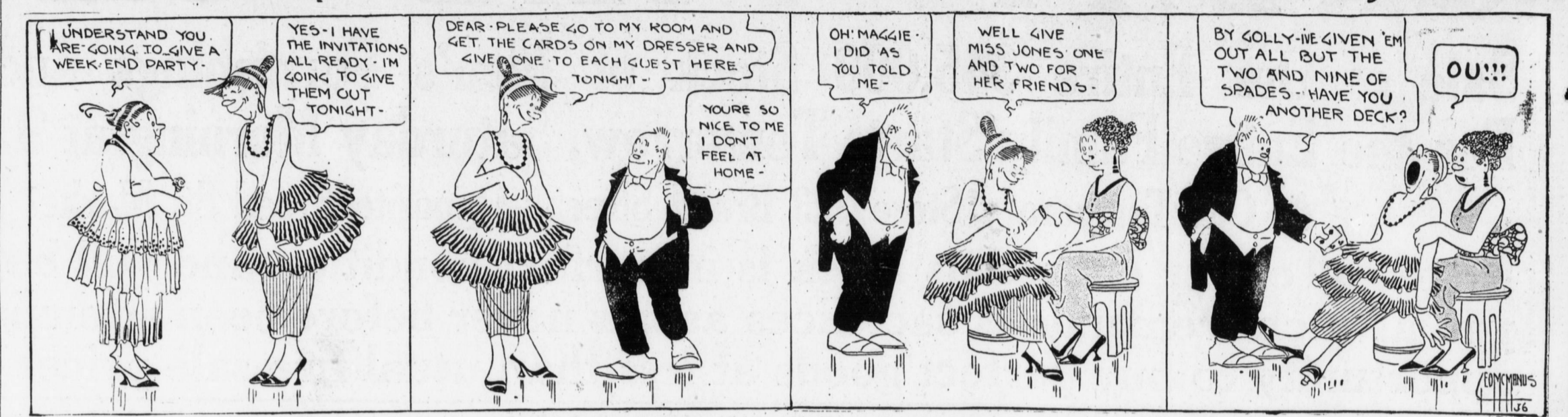
"Good. I shan't need the colonel, but I shall need Williams. Now another question: you know Sheriff Harding fairly well, don't you? What sort of a man is he?"

"Square as a die, and as nervy as they make 'em. When he gets a warrant to serve, he'll bring in his man, dead or alive."

"That's all I'll ask of him. Now go and find me an auto, and then you can fade away and get ready to prove a good, stout alibi."

"Yes—like fits I will!" retorted the mine owner. "I told you once, John, that I was in this thing to a

Bringing Up Father



finish, and I meant it. Go on giving your orders." "Very well; you've had your warning. The next thing is the auto. I want to catch Judge Warner before he goes to bed. I'll telephone while you're getting a car."

Starbuck had no farther to go than to the garage where he had put up his car, and when he got it and drove to the Kinzie building, Smith came out of the shadow of the entrance to mount beside him.

"Drive around to the garage again and let me try another phone," was the low-spoken request. "My wire isn't working."

"Yes, He'll meet me at his chambers in the courthouse as soon as he can drive down from his house."

"What are you hoping to do, John? Judge Warner is only a circuit judge; he can't set an order of the United States court aside, can he?"

"No; but there is one thing that he can do. You may remember that I had a talk with him this morning at his house, I was trying then to cover all the chances, among them the possibility that Stanton would jump in with a gang of armed thugs at the last minute. We are going to assume that this is what has been done."

Starbuck set the car in motion and sent it spinning out of the side street around the plaza, and beyond to the less brilliantly illuminated residence district—which was not the shortest way to the courthouse.

"You mustn't pull Judge Warner's leg, John," he protested, breaking the purring silence after the business quarter had been left behind. "He's too good a man for that."

"I shall tell him the exact truth, so far as we know it," was the quick reply. "There is one chance in a thousand that we shall come out of this with the law—as well as the equities—on our side. I shall tell the judge that no papers have been served on us, and so far as I know, they haven't. What are you giving all the way around here for?"

"This is one of the times when the longest way round is the shortest way home," Starbuck explained. "The bad news you were looking for 'has come.' While you were phoning in the garage I put one policeman wise."

"He was looking for me?" "Sure thing—and by name. We'll fool around here in the block streets until the judge has had time to show up. Then I'll drop you at the courthouse and go hustle the sheriff for you. You'll want Harding, I take it."

"Yes, I'm taking the chance that only the city authorities have been notified in my personal affair—not the county officers. It's a long chance of course; I may be running my neck squarely into the noose. But it's all risk, Billy; every move in this night's game. Head up for me. The judge will be there by this time."

"The Insider" By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXXI. (Copyright, 1917, Star Company.)

The spell was broken by a sound from my own room. It was not loud, but in the silence of the house it reached me through the open doors leading from the nursery and my chamber into the dressing-room between Grace's quarters and mine.

Someone was tapping cautiously at my door. "I had not forgotten that my employer had told her that I was engaged to him. I was sure it was of this she wanted to question me. But her agitation made me appreciate how essential it was that I keep my own nerves steady."

"I am afraid that Brewster would be very angry if he ever knew I mentioned this to you," she began irrelevantly. "He gets very angry sometimes. But I hope you won't tell him. You won't will you?"

"Certainly not," I replied. "Elizabeth surprises her. 'You are very young,' she went on, 'and I think you ought to know the truth. Brewster has told me that you are engaged to be married to him.'"

"I am not engaged to him!" I denied. She looked at me as not understanding, then nodded. "Perhaps not here—but you will be as soon as he is sure it's settled—what he hasn't told you, I mean."

"She was watching me narrowly, as a cat watches a mouse. Her gaze puzzled me. 'I don't know what you're talking about!' I declared. 'She did not take her eyes from mine. About his wife—Grace's mother. What do you know about her?'"

"But four words, yet as I heard them the room reeled for an instant, then steadied itself with a jolt that jarred my brain. 'She is not dead!' I heard myself repeating the short sentence as if I had been another person."

"No!" she whispered hoarsely, her face close to mine, her eyes wide and staring. "Oh—how Brewster would hate me if he knew I was telling you this! I don't know what he would do to me to get even with me. But I made up my mind you should understand the engagement that will mean that what should be Grace's money will be yours—that the home that was my sister's home when she was a bride and she loved will go to a woman who never knew her—that you will get all that would have been my sister's or her child's if you had never come here."

Her fingers had fastened on mine like hooks of steel. I saw that she was almost beside herself. I must calm her. "Be quiet," Mrs. Gore! I said sharply, all my wits suddenly alert. "You do not know what you are talking about. I shall never marry your brother-in-law—never!"

"You will if he makes you," she insisted, still gripping my hand. "He is asked."

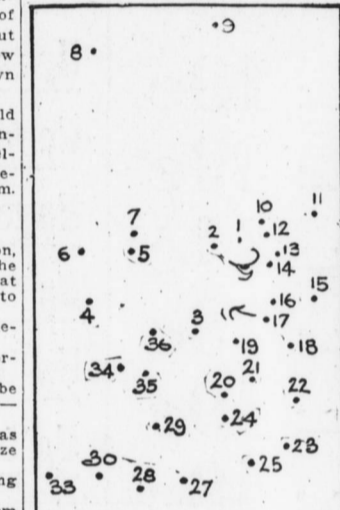
"I returned to the room in which the sleeping child lay. I glanced about carefully. I told myself I was foolish to do this, for what could be here to harm anyone. The sensation I had had of being watched did not recur, and I persuaded myself that the uncanny experience had been the result of my overstrained nervous condition. Mrs. Gore's arrival had brought me from the reign of imagination down to commonplace reality."

"The door from the nursery into the hall was open. There was no key to it. Doors were seldom locked at Hillcrest. The neighborhood was a safe one and we felt no need of locks and bolts to our rooms."

Turning of the light in the nursery, I went back to Mrs. Gore. She had seated herself upon my couch, where she had sat on that first day of my arrival at Hillcrest. But how different she looked now! "Please come and sit by me," she quavered. "Then we can talk without disturbing anybody."

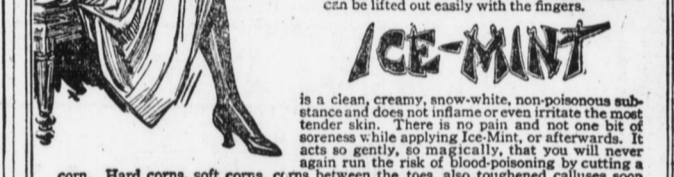
HOME AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS Mechanicsburg, Pa., July 6.—After an absence of thirteen years, Mr. and Mrs. David J. L. Miller, of Los Angeles, Cal., with their son, Richard, arrived in their native town, Mechanicsburg, yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Miller is the daughter of Eli Mumma, Marble and York streets, whom they will visit with other relatives and friends. Mr. Miller is employed with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

Daily Dot Puzzle



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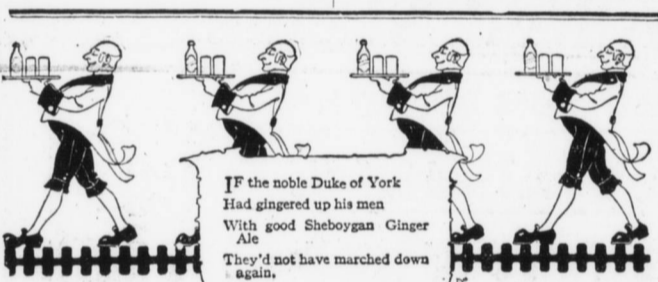
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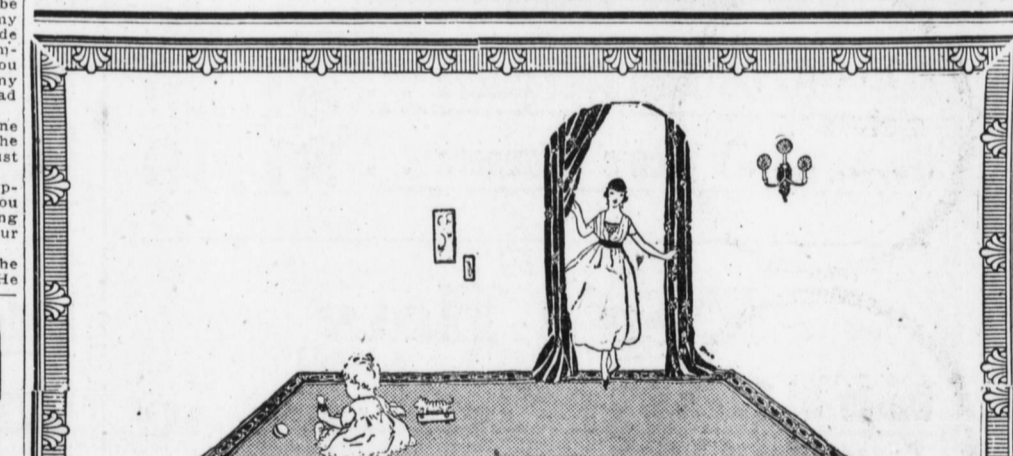
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8.3x10.6 Body Brussels Rugs, worth \$32.50. Sale Price \$25.45
9x12 Axminster Rugs, worth \$37.50. Sale Price \$27.95
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