Reading for Women and all the Family

The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Daviess

Author of "The Melting of Molly"

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(Continued)

Nannette sobbed into her lace and I turned my head away as the tall man bent and laid the frail little hand against his decoration, which he wore almost entirely hidden under the pocket of his tweed Norfolk of English manufacture. Only French eyes like wee Pierre's could have seen it pinned there hidden over his heart. I think he wore it to give him a large courage for his mission that meant bread or starvation to so many of his people.

"Ah, M. le Capitaine," I said to him, with a softness of tears in my throat, "I would that there was some little thing that I might do to serve France. I do so long to go into those awful trenches with that red cross on my arm, as it is not permitted to me to carry a gun, which I can use much better than many men now handling guns with bullets against the enemy. But it is necessary that I obey the commands of my soldier father and take to a safety the small Pierre." And as we spoke he walked beside me to the prow of the large ship so that to us was a view of the heavens of blue beyond which lay our America.

"My child, there is a great service which you can render France," he answered me as we stopped to watch the great white waves flung aside from the ship. "France needs friends in America, great, powerful friends who will help her in contracting for food and all other munitions. A beautiful woman can do much in winning those friends. You go to your uncle, who is one of those in power in a state in that fruitful valley of the Mississippi from which I hope that my lieutenant, Count de Bourdon, whom I sent on that mission, wil get many mules to carry food to the hunry boys in the trenches when mud is too deep for gasoline. Make of him and every one your friend and through you the friend of our struggling country. Tell them of France, laugh with them for the joy to come when France, all France, with Alsace and beautiful Lorraine, is free, and make them weep with you for her struggles. Who knows but that through you may come some wonderful strength added to your old country from the new, whose blood runs in your veins as well."

"All of that I will do, mon capitaine, I so enlist myself." And as I spoke drew myself up unto the greatest height possible to me. "I will be of the army that feeds rather than of that which kills."

"Mon Dieu, child, what is possible to you to do has no limit. Also I say to you watch and be on your guard for aught that may harm France. In America are spies. I have been warned. Also there are those who practice deceptions in contracts. It is for the purpose to so guard that I come to America."

"I also will so guard," I made answer to my capitaine, the Count de Lasselles, as we came in our walk to the side of wee Pierre and old Nannette.

And after that first day there were many hours that the Capitaine the Count de Lasselles spent with little Pierre and the good Nannette as she sat knitting always with the sun on the water reddening her round cheeks, while I had much pleasure with many friends who came to me upon the ship.

Upon the arrival of the ship in port a rain was falling, and my friend of France was gone from me at the beginning of day in a boat that is called tug. Upon Nannette had fallen a rheumatism, and the small Piere was in the midst of shivering chills when we at last were permitted by the very unpleasant officer of America to go from the ship.

"Helas, it was all of the gold that he took from me for an entry into this savage land, where one piece of money is as five of that of France. There remains buta few sous and a gold piece," sobbed Nannette as she came from her interview with the immigration office, while I stood beside Pierre, deposited by a deck steward on a pile of our steamer blankets.

"I beg your pardon,marquise, but her is a litter the dock steward failed to find you to deliver," came in the pleasant voice of one of my fellow passengers as he handed me a large letter. I took it and came with my head out from under the wave which had dashed over me.

And this is the letetr that my epes read with astonihsment, while both the good Nannette and small shivering Pierre sat with their eyes fixed upon my countenance:

My Dear Nephew Robert—Your arrival in America at this time suits me exactly. I need you immediately in my business. If you had been the girl, instead of the little one I would have had to dispose of you some way—even murder. I have no use for women. Leave the little crippled girl and her nurse, who I feel sure is an old fool, with my good friend, Dr. Mason Burns, of 222 South Thirty-second street. He has cured more children of hip joint disease than any man in the wrold, and he will straighten her out for us, and we can give her away to somebody. I've written him instructions. Leave her immediately and come down here tome on the first train. The deal is held up without you. Inclosed is a check for $1,000. If you are like Henry you'll need it, but keep away from Broadway and the women. Come on, I say, by next train. Your uncle,

ROBERT CARRUTHERS,
Hayesville, Harpeth.

CHAPTER II.

Vive la France.

"The uncle of America has come to a confusion of the sex between Pierre and me from a careless memory and the writing of my hand, which is of a great boldness, but not to be easily read," I explained as I read the letter aloud to Pierre and Nannette.

It took me just one hour by the clock, siting there on the pile of steamer wraps with the small Pierre in the hollow of my arm to explain and translate the sense of that letter to old Nannette, and I feel sure she would have been sitting upon that spot yet, immovable, rather than let me depart from her if I had not put all of my time and force upon the picturing to her of a Pierre who could come down with her later to me in a condition to me in a condition to run through the gardens of Twin Oaks, which was the home of the American ancestors. With that vision constantly before her she let the porter and me insert her into a taxicab and extract her at the door of the small private hospital of the good Dr. Burns, who was to perform the miracle for the back and hip of small and radiant Pierre.

"But what is it that I do to permit the jeune fille of my beloved mistress to depart into this city of wicked savages and not attended by me? I cannot. Do not demand it!" were the words with which I left her arguing with that very sympathetic and sensible doctor of America. He had not noticed a confusion of sex was between Pierre and me, and he had sent out the check of my wicked uncle and procured the American money for me. Also he had given me a few directions that he appeared to think of a great sufficiency and had ordered a taxi to be in readiness for me.

"Nonsense, nurse," he said to Nannette brusquely, but not with unkindness, when I had translated to him Nannette's weeping protests. "A great strapping girl like that can get down to the Harpeth valley all right by herself. Nobody's going to eat her up, and from the size of the biceps I detect under that chiffon I think she could give a good account of herself if anybody tried. How like you are to what Henry was at your age, child, God bless you! I'd go to the station with you, but I've a patient all prepared for an operation. Shall I send a nurse with you?"

(To Be Continued)

SERVICES IN BASEMENT

New Cumberland, Pa., July 20.—On account of improvements not being completed in the auditorium of Trinity United Brethren Church the preaching services will be held in the basement of the church on Sunday, July 21.

Bringing Up Father

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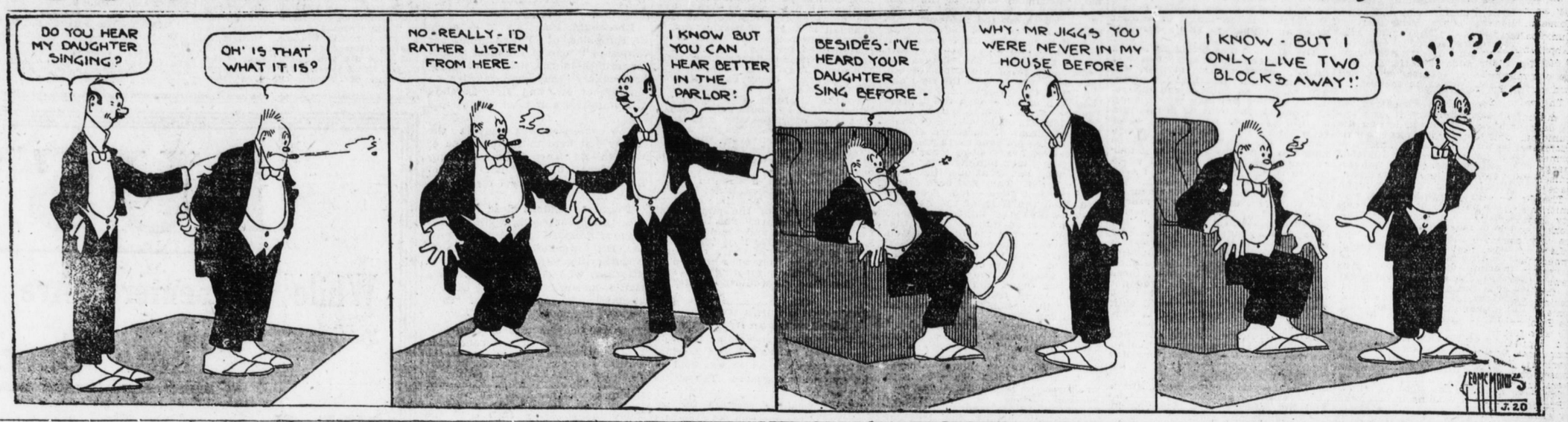
By McManus



Daily Dot Puzzle

Trace fifty-seven and one other
And you'll see my dear old—
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

RAIN ON ELEVEN DAYS

Dillsburg, Pa., July 20.—Yesterday was the eleventh consecutive day that there was rain at least part of the day, and consequently some of the grain and hay has not been harvested. The early huckleberries are ripening and some of the folks are spending the time picking berries. They are in demand and are selling for 12 cents per quart at this place.

HUMANE SOCIETY ORGANIZED

Marietta, Pa., July 20.—The Women's Humane Society of Lancaster county has been organized and a charter granted. The purpose of the society is for the prevention of cruelty and the care of children, etc. Miss Maude Haldeman, of Marietta, was chosen president. The districts represented are Lancaster, Marietta, Bainbridge, Columbia, Christiana, Mount Joy and Lititz.

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Warren came in tired and wet to find a deserted apartment. The rain had been falling all day, and the fact that he had forgotten to take an umbrella had not added to his material comfort.

"Mary," he called from the dining room, "where is Mrs. Curtis. Funny she's gone out on a day like this."

"She expected to be back before now, Mr. Curtis," Mary returned, coming to the door in neat cap and apron. "I can't think what's keeping her."

Warren did not answer, but went into the living room and turned on all the lights. Somehow even their effulgence did not give the place the cheery, homey look it invariably had when he returned to it at night. It must be the weather, he reasoned to himself, and he flung himself into a chair with the evening papers. But he was not comfortable long. His shoes were wet through and they felt uncomfortable; besides, his throat began to feel raspy, and he wondered irritably if he had taken cold.

He got up restlessly and went into the bedroom for his slippers. After he had changed he went back to the dining room.

"You don't know where she went, do you, Mary?"

"Why, yes, sir; she went to a little school entertainment that they had over at the school where Miss Winifred goes."

Warren nodded brusquely and once more went back to the living room.

"What on earth ails me?" he said out loud, after a few minutes, throwing down the paper for the fourth time and marching over to the window. He did not stop to realize that Helen had not allowed him to come home and find her away since he could remember. No wonder the house seemed strange. Then suddenly he did think that the feeling might be due entirely to Helen, and he grinned sheepishly. There was a ring at the bell, and he hurried to the door and opened it himself. But it was only the delivery boy with his suit from the tailor's.

"Wonder if anything could have happened to her," he growled, finally, and picked up, with a feeling strange to him, a book of Helen's that lay on the table. It was one of a list that Mrs. Canders had given her, and Warren looked it through with raised eyebrows. That Helen could be interested in such stuff did not seem possible to him, and that she had been reading to improve her mind, of course, he did not know.

"Funny how empty the place seems to-night," he mused to himself, and then the doorbell rang again, and this time it was Helen, with Winifred hanging on her arm.

"I'm sorry to be late, dear," Helen said, raising her face to his as he came to meet them.

"Did you have a good time?" Warren returned, without a word about waiting for her. "Not wet, are you?"

This solicitude was very sweet to Helen, and she responded gaily:

"Not a bit, but it's damp in here. Have you been home long, dear? You oughtn't to be sitting in this damp room."

Before Warren knew what was happening, Helen had lighted the gas logs and had drawn his chair up to their cheery warmth.

"Run along in to bed, girlie," she called out to Winifred, "mother will be there in a moment."

Warren watched her as she flitted about the room. She pulled the shades down, shutting out the dreary rain, she straightened something here, picked up something there. She pulled his ash tray near him, and then finally flitted off to her room, leaving behind her that atmosphere so unmistakable to a man accustomed to a home.

The room was just exactly the same, and yet it was not the same. It looked livable.

"Gee!" Warren muttered to himself, "I wouldn't have believed it." And he settled down in his chair before the cheery logs and picked up the evening papers with renewed vigor.

Helen came back in a few minutes and looked at Warren a moment.

"Warren, does it hurt you to swallow?" she observed, looking at him closely.

Warren loked up. "A little," he returned. "My throat felt scratchy when I came in to-night."

"Then you've taken cold, dear. It's this awful weather. We'll have to ward it off with a dose of something. It would be just as well if you took it before dinner, too."

"Oh, I don't need anything," Warren returned irascibly. "Don't start to be fussy now, you know I can't stand it."

"But, Warren," protested Helen, "you know how quickly you take cold."

"I don't think I have taken cold. Anyway, leave me alone. A woman has her place in the scheme of things, but darned if she doesn't always spoil the good effects by nagging a man about something she might better leave alone."

(Watch for the next instalment of this interesting series.)

WAR TIME NERVOUSNESS

In these war times many people are living in an unnatural condition of nervous excitement. Unless something is done to correct it the inevitable result will be a nervous breakdown, an exhaustion of nervous energy that may take a very serious and unforeseen turn.

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