
**** Mrs. Adams was making preparations for the noon meal when the door opened quickly and a girl about six-

teen rushed in, quite out of breath. "I'm here at last, mother." Mrs. Adams glanced up from her

work. "I was calling Vivian," she

"Why, mother, I am Vivian." The girl threw back her curly head and reckless groups banded together along laughed merrily. "Won't you ever be the ranges, and family and tribal able to tell us twins apart?"

"I thought by the way you came in through the door 'twas Virginia. She always comes in like a shot from a gun. Where have you girls been?"

you first called."

ed both of you girls to her musicale next Wednesday evening. "She said it was going to be just flash. grand. Professor West, who has just sing. He is Sergeant West now, you

know." "You said she invited us both?" Vivian gasped.

"Yes, dear, and I am afraid you will have a hard time deciding," her mother answered.

"There's nothing to decide. It's Virginia's turn. I went to the sociable last month, you know. Oh, how I wish we had more than one best dress!" she exclaimed passionately.

It was not until Wednesday morning that Vivian appeared to cheer up somewhat. She had a consultation with her mother, who interrupted her by exclaiming, "It will never do. Of course there's no harm in it, but if you get into any trouble, don't blame anyone but yourselves.

"No one will ever know about it," responded Vivian confidently.

be willing."

That evening, Virginia, in her pink silk muslin that belonged to her athlete and man of courage. and her sister jointly, went timidly home, feeling very happy.

sorry you both couldn't have some." after him." Virginia was placed where she could see everyone who played or sang. ment. She watched Sergeant West skin cap was instantly doffed. eagerly. It was only in dreams that she had ever heard such tones.

Sergeant West saw her and met the vivid glance of her eyes. He turned to his hostess and said,

"Can that young lady sing?"

Emery proudly.

hand on her shoulder. She looked his death should be avenged." admiringly into Sergeant West's face.

"Will you sing for me?" he asked.

"I'll try," she answered shyly.

voice, and with teaching, you could become a singer. Perhaps I can areach week."

"I'm afraid I am a bit timid," said try."

He was sorry for her as she stood by the piano. Her face was very white, and her lips almost stiff.

"Have courage," said the singer. "You did so well before."

a sudden discord among the keys of to tenderness and longing, "I am not ed about and stared at the trembling tice charged with robbing a bank up girl beside him. "What does it North, of which I was a cashier. It mean?" cried the artist.

has two distinct singing voices, one hide in this wilderness." very high and the other very low."

The girl at whom everyone was now looking, tried twice to speak be- next morning as they sat in consultafore she could say a word. Then she tion. He was arrayed in new attire, stammered. "I-I am the other twin if you please, sir."

first?" he asked.

"No, sir, that was my sister, Virginia. It was her turn with our dress-'

Vivian stammered, then was silent. One half-hour before, Virginia had slipped out unobserved and met her sister at Mrs. Blake's. In their hurry told her sister she had been obliged

The next morning Sergeant West returned to New York. While he a free man at last!" was waiting for his train, he saw two girls in plain gingham gowns, hurrying down the road. It was Virginia that spoke for both.

"Sergeant West, we could not help evenly." coming to see you off-and to thank

Happiness shone in two pair of eyes when he answered, "I shall not forget the lessons I am to give you when I return next month."

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Promise Kept

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By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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It was a district where law and order prevailed only where the community centers showed numerical strength. Outlawry was the rule where feuds ran through two, and even three generations.

It was at Acton that Reuben Lane and his daughter Elsie lived. She was the belle of the county, in the full "Down by the river. The wind bloom of lovely maidenhood. Mr. blew so we did not hear you when Lane was in his little one-story office one evening when a rough looking "Well," said Mrs. Adams, "Miss man mounted on horseback dashed up Emery has just been here and invit- to the place, entered it, there was a shot, the visitor came out swiftly, leaped to the saddle, and was off in a

"It's a murder " announced the first returned from France, is going to man summoned by the echo of the report, as he found Reuben Lane lying

lifeless beside his desk. "And robbery!" added another.

The dreadful news utterly crushed Elsie. It was only after the funeral that she regained composure and fortitude. Over that sunny face came a cloud, into the depths of her eyes a purpose. She was almost stern as she said:

"'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' that was ingrained with my dead father. I know what he would have me do. I will divide my fortune and marry the man who will bring to justice the cowardly assassin."

That day there appeared at the office of Lawyer Barton, the executor of the estate, a man who was considerable of a mystery in the section. He was known as Alvin Morse, and had come to Acton about a year previous. He grew a long beard that covered up "I'll go down to the village now and all of his face except the bright, magcall at Mrs. Blake's. I know she will netic eyes. He made his living by hunting and acting us a guide to pros-Mrs. Blake lived across from Miss pectors and speculators looking for Emery's, and she received Vivian cor- iron and coal prospects. Rough lookng, uncouth, he entered the lawyer's office with the bearing of a natural

"I just heard of the killing of Mr. up the path leading to the Emery Lane," he said. "I understand that so far no trace of the murderer has Miss- Emery, in beautiful brocaded been reported. I saw the sheriff. He silk, was passing through the hall gave me two clews; the revolver dropwhen Virginia was shown in by the ped by the assassin, and a description of his horse. I have seen both be-"Which one is it?" she asked. "I'm fore. I know the man and I am going

There was a rustle, and for the first time the visitor noted a veiled figure Then she gave herself up to enjoy- seated back in the shadow. His coon-

> "You know the reward." snoke lawyer. "Miss Lane here will divide her fortune with the man who brings her father's murderer to justice and will become his wife, if he so elects."

"I shall ask no reward," returned Alvin Morse in clear, resonant tones. "Indeed she can," answered Miss "Any real man would be glad to be at the rector's appearance. His keen of service to a woman in distress. Mr. The next moment Virginia felt a Lane was an honor to the town and

"We have met before," spoke Elsie. "It was you who seized me to swing "I will play for you and you may with me from the river trestle just in sing what you please. Are you will- time to save me from an onrushing train.'

"And get my own imperiled self out It was nearly an hour later that of danger as well," lightly remarked Sergeant West again remembered the Morse, but his heart was aquiver as he recalled that dreadful, yet delicious "I want you to sing once more," he moment when, clasping her dainty said. "I have a plan. You have a form, he swung a hundred feet over a yawning abyss.

Then two weeks passed by and one range to give you a couple of hours day a forlorn travel-worn figure in deed entered the office of the lawyer. "The murderer is in the town jail,"

the girl, "but since you ask me I will announced Morse quietly, "but dying. He drew his revolver on me; it caught in his coat, but I have what I promised-I got your man."

"I must send for Miss Lane at once," spoke Mr. Barton. "The reward-"

Morse held up a silencing hand. The accompaniment began; but "Let all that be forgotten," he said. when an untutored, but rich contralto "The money I would not take. As to voice commenced the song there was the girl herself," and his voice lowered the piano, and Sergeant West wheel- of her grade. I am a fugitive from juswas some burglar, but I was accused "It cannot be possible that this girl unjustly and fled, a broken man, to

It was a new Alvin Morse who startled the lawyer and Elsie Lane the the thick beard was gone, youth, vivacity, intelligence, hope showed in "You are not the one that sang every feature of that handsome face, and Elsie regarded him with height-

ened color. "I have a strange story to tell," narrated Morse. "I felt a pity for the prisoner, on account of his destitute wife and child, and I promised to see that they were provided for. Then, as he told of his many past criminal in exchanging gowns, Virginia had not deeds, he chanced to confess the burglary of the bank where I was employed. He made a written confession, ly at Mollie's door. completely clearing me of guilt. I am

> "A Lane never went back on a pledge sacredly given," spoke Elsie. "I will keep my promise, Mr. Barton. We will divide my father's estate

"I shall never accept it!" declared Morse with finality.

"Then-then-the further pledge-"Let time tell!" spoke the lawyer, seeking to relieve the pending embarrassment of the moment and spare the blushes of Elsie and the delicacy of feeling of the young man-and it did!

By EDNA FOREST.

*************** Mollie had been playing a game, a very interesting and secret game, and she had never been so happy in all her life. The game was "Hide and Seek," of an entirely new, and romantic nature, and Mollie returned from her last exploit in high, but subdued

Eleanor, the married sister, whom she visited, must not suspect the delightful pastime of her summer afternoons. Eleanor, strictly conventional. would be horror stricken. The secret game had begun by chance, and on Mollie's side was the advantage.

When she had arisen early one inviting morning slipping silently down past closed rooms to a dewy garden beneath, she had intended to take but a brief dip in the sea, and when Mollie. disporting herself among the waves, looked down the isolated beach, she fancied herself monarch—or perhaps monarch "ess," of all she surveyed.

As she sat upon a great stone in the early sunshine, she saw, however, that another as ambitious as she, was swimming about in the blue.

Mollie in embarrassment, darted again into the water, going further out than she had heretofore ventured, and being roughly brought to her senses by the swimmer himself.

"It is dangerous for you to be out here alone," he said. "I am returning to the hotel. You'd better come back." Mollie suddenly weakened, request-

ed breathlessly, his help. When the two reached the shore, she him, beginning in her pretty way, a sort of 'holding' conversation.

The man at least was held by it, for he made no motion to carry out his hours." he said. "I've got to make a intention of returning to the hotel. trip to Lyndon," and Pearce made a And this was Mollie's advantage from | wry face, for that town was where his the beginning. She recognized at once "disobedient relatives" lived and he to finance him in business. It was true woman? What could come to in her rescuer, a certain noted curate had little liking for it. Pearce eyed from the city, whose arrival at the re- his friend keenly, but there was nothsort had been heralded a few days be- ing in his face to indicate that he was had worked side by side with him at a and so there was for that famished fore. Eleanor, indeed, was an attend- concealing any ulterior motive in the ant at his city church.

in quick farewell, and literally disap- his eyes. Mr. Sutherland, Eleanor innocently

regretted, was returning to the city at the end of the fortnight and she feared she would have no opportunity of entertaining him at the cottage. Mollie, in her secret planning, de-

cided to completely disappear from

ing in the rector's favorite book as he came down into the glen. Her dress was blue cotton, her white collar and cuffs neat and plain. Her wide eyes expressed surprise

eyes expressed pleasure. When Mollie would have politely departed, he begged her to remain. The sun proclaimed the noon lunch-

eon hour, when she finally took from Mr. Sutherland, the volume of poems which he had been reading aloud.

"Good-bye," laughed Mollie, and was instantly lost to view among the trees. Though the rector arose in quest of her, Mollie was gone. Which

branching path she had chosen he did not know. But he went back to his seat beneath the oak-to sit again and dream of her. Then at last, Eleanor brought Mollie's fascinating game to an unexpected end.

"Mr. Sutherland, the rector is coming to dinner at five tonight," she said. around to a niche where the portrait "I cannot be back from our motor trip of a man in Union army uniform was until six. Be here to welcome him, Mollie, and, do make a pleasing im- stripes. pression, dear. Mr. Sutherland's opinion is worth while."

no memory romance after all, and to ful loving sister. the man she would be but a commonplace girl, in a commonplace, modern

in the closet that he had made himself | eagles to fill that war helmet to overfully Mollie fumbled along the wall, and I brought them along so you could finding there evidently a maid's enveloping apron. Frantically she stuff- You can reimburse me later. Here you ed her hair into the starched cap's are. Dump them into the helmet, leave crown, her feet, sandals and all, went | your card by the side of it and, having into the shoes, then Mollie opened the done an act of justice, go home with

The rector stared and Mollie stared at a reflection of herself in the mirror. stormily. Freda's borrowed apron was far from the stair.

It was Freda who knocked present- interrupted Dunn buoyantly.

"That man," she said, disgustedly, 'says he must speak to 'other maid.' He don't believe me that I'm the only maid. You go tell him."

With the laughter light of 'hide and seek' still in her eyes, Mollie came, very prettily dressed, down the stair. Eleanor returning later, was astonished to hear her rector happily pro-

"I'm going to see that you stay found, now that I have you at last, Mollie dear."

claiming

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Golden Helmet

By VICTORIA MARSH

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Because his favorite nephew, Earle Winston, had chosen to write poetry and compose music, and because his mother had encouraged her son in "the trashiness and sentimentality of useless, unworthy occupation," Aaron Pearce had closed his doors against both.

The old man removed to another town, bitterness and sneering in voice and manner when he referred to "his ungrateful relative," and experiencing something of vicious satisfaction when he learned that it had been about all young Winston could do to support himself. Then he heard that Earle had gone abroad as a war volunteer. The Lyndon newspapers had half a column about his gallant deeds abroad and the details of an enthusiastic home welcome when the war was over, but Aaron Pearce as soon as he perused the head lines with characteristic perversity thrust the printed sheet from him as if even deserved praise of "the ingrate" was a personal affront.

Pearce had one close friend, Roger Dunn, a man as old as himself but

his direct opposite. Plainly he had many a time censured Pearce severely for his autocratic treatment of sister and nephew, but his criticism and counsel alike were totally ignored by the irascible resting in the warm sands, thanked old man. Dunn appeared at the office of Pearce one day with his automo-

"I want your company for a few suggested auto ride. They chatted But the curate himself was left un- casually as they drove along, but when a charge against it that would insure enlightened as to Mollie's knowledge the machine halted in front of what a competence for his aged parents. of his identity, and ignorant of her Pearce knew to be the humble home own. It was as they were pleasant- of his discarded sister, his face flushed own ideas and enjoy life," reminded

"What is this!" he growled out, "a

"Call it what you like," retorted all my trouble I'm going to carry it tinue." through. Besides, I have some business So, she was seated demurely read-stronger than you, and I'm going to show you something in that house if

Very reluctantly Aaron Pearce allowed himself to be led into the little cottage. As if following out a set program and entirely familiar with the place, Dunn entered a little room hung with the national colors. Upon a table were spread out a variety of war relics and a helmet hat. Beside it were sev-

eral medals and scrolls. "Pearce, old friend," spoke Dunn with a serious emphasis. "those mementoes of a brave young fellow's valor and patriotism tell the story of your nephew's military career. He has come back so poor that he has to wait maybe for years before he can afford to marry the girl of his choice, but with a townful of honest, loyal admirers who recognize his bravery and sacrifice for his country. Another hero!" and Dunn faced his companion hung, decorated with the stars and

Aaron Pearce thrilled. it was the portrait of himself, painted over fifty Mollie sighed. So she was to have years ago and treasured by his faith-

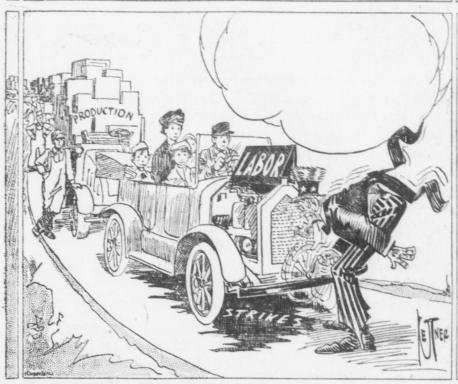
"You can imagine," observed Dunn softly, "how proud Nellie Winston is of the two heroes in her family-Freda was admitting the tall figure brother and son. "It's the true fightof the rector as she reached the foot ing blood and Earle is worthy of you, of the stairs. It was impossible for old friend. Now then, I've anticipated Mollie to retreat. In desperation she what you are going to do, recognizing slipped into a hall closet beneath the as you must the indulgence and duty you owe to this brave young soldier. Mollie knew after a suffocating lapse In this satchel I have enough double comfortable for a long wait. Hope- flowing. I know your generous nature, do the graceful thing without delay. a clear conscience and a happy heart." "See here, Dunn-" began Pearce

"And when you get blue, or cross, or clean. Mollie's hair was escaping from stubborn, think of the joy you are Freda's cap. Speechlessly, she fled up bestowing in making it possible for two young hearts to become united,"

"Anything else?" questioned Pearce

satirically. "Why, yes. In a day or two come around here by yourself, shake hands with your sister, slap that brave nephew of yours on the shoulder and greet him as a fellow soldier who has done his duty well. Then kiss the bride that is to be, and instead of acting the gruff, unmannerly bear you pretend to be, become the goodhearted, helpful brother and uncle nature intended you should be. A helmet of roing to return to ill of bright, lasting peace and joy!"

Stalled



Famished Soul By EVELYN LEE

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It might have been wicked that Madge Griscom experienced a sense of relief when the funeral of her husband was over. She had never loved have read this letter. It seems to inhim and he knew it, and she could volve some cherished undertaking you not regret the sense of freedom that cannot encompass because of lack of had come to her. To the last hour of capital. Will you allow me to finance his life she had been kind, attentive you and share your risk and profits?" and considerate towards him. She What could come of it all but suchad fulfilled every wifely duty, she cess for Paul Derby, strengthened by had even given over to him the means the sympathy and co-operation of a true that she had now inherited the Madge Griscom, after all the sordid same, many times augmented, but she years, but an awakening heart longing, desk, and the first thing she had done soul the glory of the later real love of in taking over his estate was to place her life.

"And now you can follow out your START ROAD WORK IN SOUTH ly chatting that she waved her hand and there came a wrathful gleam into her sister, but Madge's lips were set A!I States Now Actively Engaged in milelessly.

> "No. Edna," she responded. "The best years of my life are gone. I feel as though my heart was dead. There Dung coolly, "but I have an object in is a certain interest that is not unview in bringing you here, and after pleasant in business and I shall con-

here," and he lifted from the auto a thing!" Edna later imparted to a spe- far greater scale than ever before in Mr. Sutherland's life before the end of satchel so heavy apparently that its cial friend. "You know Madge has the history of that section of the counhis fortnight, leaving to him ever af- weight made him quite lopsided. led a life of positive slavery for ten try. ter but a romantic, and, she hoped, a "Don't you pull back, Pearce, for it years. I don't know how it was that In Virginia, West Virginia and won't do you any good. I'm bigger and papa took a strange liking to Mr. Gris- Kentucky the work of making percom-nothing would do but Madge manent and new highways cannot get must marry him. He chilled her, full swing during the winter season, I have to carry you there. Don't fret, froze all that was tender and gentle but extensive preparations are under now-no one is at home, I've arranged in her nature. He tied her down to a way in these states for intense activdesk-oh, it was dreadful!"

home of Edna. The latter, after half work can be done in the winter as in a dozen years of marriage, was just the summer, big starts have already Madge was not in harmony. She felt in Louisiana and Mississippi. and acted old.

· Across the corridor from the office suite was a room fronting on a court, and more than once Madge had noticed its occupant, a delicate looking young man with refined features and a gentle gravity of manner that seemed akin to sadness. Somehow she was attracted, and if she had closely analyzed her impression she would have found that something in the quiet, resigned manner of the young man had suggested itself as akin to her own somber frame of mind. One day there came the impulse to learn something closer concerning her opposite neighbor and opportunity abetted it. The postman had misdelivered a letter addressed to Mr. Paul Derby, and that was the name on the door of the office. Mrs. Griscom took the letter across the hall. It was a bare, dismal place, looking out upon a court, and the such scant direct ventilation. The script which he seemed to be studying Griscom learned that he was a translator and a master of several lan-

He arose somewhat confused, but the courteous gentleman complete, certain characterization of Pickwick and accepted with thanks the letter tendered by his attractive looking visitor, who could be most gracious and smiling when occasion or her mood accorded. She could not very well remain, but she observed, less casually than it seemed on the surface.

"It must be very warm and oppressive here when the breeze is not right, It is admitted that there are many Mr. Derby," and then: "One of our offices is directly opposite, and if its door was kept open, you would have a direct draft through to the court," | mon weakness for the use of resoundand the pleased expression in the ing and dignified speech; both had young man's face encouraged his little difficulty in summoning immense thoughtful visitor to the extent that reserves of dignity to suppress the imwhen she returned to her own office pudent or the flippant, and both had and opened the door, the effect of the great hearts. current of air was noticeable in the

and into the private office where ars. ness and impatience with pretense."

Griscom sat. It was a brief letter, directed to Derby, and it notified him that the manuscript of an unpublished work by Spain's most noted writer could be had of a priest for two thousand dollars cash and a like amount on time. At the bottom of the sheet was a penciled reply: "I am in despair. It would be impossible for me to raise one-tenth of the amount named, so I must allow this great opportunity of my life to drift by."

Madge was grave and thoughtful as she took the letter and crossed the corridor.

"Mr. Derby," she said clearly, "I am a business woman and inadvertently I

Improving Highways for Better Transportation.

Road construction, which has been suspended or partly suspended in every part of the South since the United States entered the war, is re-"To keep from thinking, poor suming in all southern states on a

ity in the spring. In the balance of Madge became a boarder at the the southern states where as good as much a girl as ever, but somehow been made. Great activity is reported

ROADS FOR PASSENGER HAUL

Highways Are Now Used to Greater Extent Than Railroads-Change Made Recently.

The need for good voads is the acknowledgment by government officials that for passenger haul the public roads are used to a greater extent than the railroads. This condition has been created within a single genera-

SEES PICKWICK AS JOHNSON

Canadian Writer Believes Dickens Famous Character Was Sketch of the Great Lexicographer.

A discussion, has arisen between E. R. Thompson in the Nineteenth Cenheat was oppressive on account of tury and a writer in the Toronto Mail and Empire as to whether Dickens' young man was bent over some manu- famous character of "Mr. Pickwick" is an adaptation of the personality of closely and transcribing. Later Mrs. Dr. Samuel Johnson. The magazine writer holds that this is the case; that the novelist was inspired by James, Boswell's "Life of Johnson" and that the alleged plagiarism is proved by a which coincides almost to a word with one of Boswell's descriptions of Johnson.

> The Toronto writer believes if Dickens did copy his character from the noted lexicographer he did it unconsciously and without any attempt to steal the fruits of Boswell's writing. points of resemblance between Pickwick and Johnson. Both were rather portly, burly men. They had a com-

"But," says the Mail and Empire fluttering of the papers on the desk writer, "we have not the imagination of the translator, and he sat more to picture Doctor Johnson disporting erect and comfortable as though en- himself on skates after the fashion of joying the change in the temperature. Mr. Pickwick, and there is a sort of As time went on Madge, as she kindly credulity about the latter that passed down the corridor daily, would | we find distinctly lacking in Johnson. nod in a friendly way to Derby and Moreover, we never suspect Mr. Pickhe seemed to brighten up because of wick of being a bully, although it is the attention. Then one day there to be admitted that when he orders was a change of wind and a sheet of the skates of Mr. Winkle to be repaper came fluttering across the hall moved he shows a Johnsonian stern-