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Preserving Foods.
A new method has been discovered, says an English paper, for preserving various food products, especially milk powder, the idea being based upon placing the substance in a sealed vessel or packing case with inert gas, so that this latter prevents the usual spoiling of contents by the action of the air. In the French patented process the milk powder is packed in metal boxes of convenient size, which are entirely sealed except for a pin-hole that is left at the top. A number of such boxes are put in a chamber and the air is exhausted by means of an air pump. When this operation is finished valves are opened which allow nitrogen to enter the chamber and fill up the several boxes. When opening up the chamber the boxes are quickly removed and the pinholes soldered before an appreciable amount of air has time to enter. In this way the contents of the boxes are kept in an atmosphere of inert gas, and the process is thus practical from an industrial standpoint.

HEAL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES
With Cuticura, the Quick, Sure and Easy Way. Trial Free

Bathe with Cuticura Soap, dry and apply the Ointment. They stop itching instantly, clear away pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, remove dandruff and scalp irritation, heal red, rough and sore hands as well as most baby skin troubles.
Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Honk! Honk!
The fatalities due to automobile accidents are distressing enough, but one encouraging fact in connection with them, as stated in a government report, is that during the last five years the number of fatal accidents has not increased nearly as fast as the number of cars. The cars have increased 775 per cent, while fatalities have increased only 258 per cent. This seems to indicate more careful driving at present.

Rare Treat.
Tommy wanted to go to the movies, but his mother objected.
"Aw, you never let me go no place," she whimpered.
"Why Tommy," exclaimed his mother, "what shocking bad grammar you use! Can't you speak more correctly?"
"Sure I can," said the boy, "if you'll only give me a chance. You ought to hear me say: 'Yes, mother, you let me go wherever I want to.'"

Strict Neutrality.
"Has the war caused you to economize to any extent?"
"It certainly has," replied the cautious man. "Whereas I used to express my views rather freely, I have lately become quite parsimonious in that respect."

Good Cause.
"What a leaden color your husband has, Mrs. Jones."
"Yes'm; he's don't got de plumbago ma'am."

In this Matter of Health
one is either with the winners or with the losers.

It's largely a question of right eating—right food. For sound health one must cut out rich, indigestible foods and choose those that are known to contain the elements that build sturdy bodies and keen brains.

Grape-Nuts
is a wonderfully balanced food, made from whole wheat and barley. It contains all the nutriment of the grain, including the mineral phosphates, indispensable in Nature's plan for body and brain rebuilding.

Grape-Nuts is a concentrated food, easy to digest. It is economical, has delicious flavor, comes ready to eat, and has helped thousands in the winning class.

"There's a Reason"

THE LONE STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER
BY ZANE GREY
Author of "The Light of Western Stars," "Riders of the Purple Sage," etc.

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
MCMXV

CHAPTER VI (Continued).

"I'll tell you, Duane," she said, earnestly, "I'm sure glad if you mean to bid her awhile. I'm a miserable woman, Duane. I'm an outlaw's wife, and I have to live with a fellow who leads a life of good and evil in Brownsville. I never knew Bland was an outlaw till long after he married me. We were separated at times, and I imagined he was away on business. But the truth came out. Bland shot my cousin, and I had to flee with Bland. I was only 18 then. I've lived here since I never see a decent woman or man. I never hear anything about my old home or folks or friends. I'm buried here—buried alive with a lot of thieves and murderers. Can you blame me for being glad to see a young fellow—a gentleman—like the boys I used to go with? I tell you it makes me feel full—I want to cry. I'm sick for somebody to talk to. I have no children, thank God! If I had I'd not stay here. I'm sick of this hole. I'm lonely—"

"Don't see how you can be so full of the truth of all this. Genuine emotion checked, then halted the hurried speech. She broke down and cried. It seemed strange to Duane that an outlaw's wife—and a woman who fitted her consort and the wild nature of their surroundings—should have wept and pitied her. Duane believed and pitied her. "I'm sorry for you," he said.

"Don't be sorry for me," she said. "That only makes me see—the difference between you and me. And don't pay any attention to what these outlaws say about me. They're ignorant. They couldn't understand me. You'll hear that Bland killed men who ran after me. But that's a lie. Bland, like all the other outlaws along this river, is always looking for somebody to kill. He swears not, but I don't believe him. He explains that gunplay gravitates toward the real thing—that it is provoked by the four-flushes, the bad men. I don't know. All I know is that somebody is being killed every other day. He hated Spence before Spence ever saw me."

"Would Bland object if I called on you occasionally?" Duane asked.

"No, he wouldn't. He likes me to have friends. Ask him yourself when he comes back. The trouble has been that two or three of his men fell in love with me, and when half drunk got to fighting. You're not going to do that."

"I'm not going to spend half drunk, that's certain," replied Duane.

He was surprised to see her eyes dilate, then glow with fire. Before she could reply Euchre returned to the porch, and that put an end to the conversation.

Duane was content to let the matter rest there, and had little more to say. Euchre and Mrs. Bland talked and joked, while Duane listened. He tried to form some estimate of her character. Manifestly she had suffered a wrong, if not worse, at Bland's hands. She was bitter, morbid, over-emotional. If she was a liar, which seemed likely enough, she was a frank one, and believed herself. She had no cunning. The thing which struck Duane so forcibly was that she thirsted for respect. In that, better than in her weakness of vanity, she had a will. He wondered a trait through which he could manage her.

Once, while he was revolving these thoughts, he happened to glance into the house, and deep in the shadow of a corner he caught a pale gleam of Jennie's face with great, staring eyes on him. She had been watching him, listening to what he said. He saw from her expression that she had realized what had been so hard for her to believe. Watching his chance, he flashed a look at her; and then it seemed to him the change in her face was wonderful.

Later, after he had left Mrs. Bland with a meaning "Adios—manana," and was walking along beside the old outlaw, he found himself thinking of the girl instead of the woman, and of how he had seen her face blaze with hope and gratitude.

CHAPTER VII.

That night Duane was not troubled by ghosts haunting his waking and asleep. He awoke feeling bright and eager, and grateful to Euchre for having put something white into his mind. During breakfast, however, he was unusually thoughtful, working over the idea of how much or how little he would confide in the outlaw. He was aware of Euchre's scrutiny.

"Wal," began the old man, at last, "how'd you make out with the kid?"

"Kid?" inquired Duane, tentatively.

"Jennie, I mean. What'd you an' she talk about?"

"We had a little chat. You know you wanted me to cheer her up."

Euchre sat with coffee cup poised and narrow eyes studying Duane.

"Reckon you cheered her, all right. What I'm afraid of is mebbe you done the job too well."

"Wal, when I went in to Jen last night I thought she was half crazy. She was burstin' with excitement, and the look in her eyes hurt me. She wouldn't tell me a darn word you said. But she hung onto my hands, an' showed every way without speakin' how she wanted to thank me for bringin' you over. Buck, it was plain to me that you'd either gone the limit or else you'd been kinder prodigal of cheer an' hope. I'd hate to think you'd led Jennie to hope mebbe she would come true."

Euchre paused, and, as these seemed no reply forthcoming, he went on:

"Buck, I've seen some outlaws whose word was good. Mine is. You can trust me. I trusted you, didn't I, takin' you ever there an' puttin' you wise to my tryin' to help that poor kid?"

Thus enjoined by Euchre, Duane began to tell the conversations with Jennie and Mrs. Bland word for word. Long before he had reached an end Euchre set down the coffee-cup and began to talk, and at the conclusion of the story his face lost some of its red color and beads of sweat stood out thickly on his brow.

"Wal, if that doesn't floor me!" he ejaculated, blinking at Duane. "Young man, I figured you was some swift, an' sure to make your mark on this river; but I reckon I missed your real caliber. So that's what it means to be a man! I guess I'd forgot. Wal, I'm old, an' even if my heart was in the right place I never was built for big stunts. Do you know what it'll take to do all you promised Jen?"

"I haven't any idea," replied Duane, gravely.

"You'll have to pull the wool over Kate Bland's eyes, an' even if she falls in love with you, she'll be just as tight as a drum. You'd better be easy. An' she'd kill you in a minnit, Buck, if she ever got wise. You ain't mistaken her none, are you?"

"Not me, Euchre. She's a woman. I'd fear her more than any man."

"Wal, you'll have to kill Bland an' Chess Alloway, an' Ruggs, an' mebbe some others, before you can ride off into the hills with that girl."

"Why? Can't we plan to be nice to Mrs. Bland and then at an opportune time sneak off without any gun-play?"

"Don't see how you can do that," replied Euchre, earnestly. "When Bland's away he leaves all kinds of spies an' scouts watchin' the valley trails. They've all got rifles. You couldn't get by them. But when the boss is home there's a difference. Only, of course, him an' his class keep their eyes peeled. They both stay at home, but they'll be in there playin' monte or poker over at Benson's. So I say the best bet is to pick out a good time in the afternoon, drift over carelessly-like with a couple of hosses, choke Mrs. Bland or knock her or something, take Jennie with you, an' make a run for it out of the valley. If you had luck you might pull that stunt without throwin' a gun. But I reckon the best fingerin' would include dodgin' some lead an' leavin' at least Bland or Alloway dead behind you. I'm fingerin' of course, that when they come home an' find out you're visitin' Kate frequently, they'll just naturally look for results. Chess don't like you, for no reason except you're swift on the draw—mebbe swifter 'n him. That's the hell of this gun-play business. No one can ever tell who the swifter of two gunmen till they meet. The fact is, a fascination mebbe you'll learn some day. Bland would treat you civil unless there was reason not to, an' then I don't believe he'd invite himself to a meetin' with you. He'd set Chess or Ruggs to put you out of the valley. Still Bland's no coward, an' if you come across him at a bad moment you'd have to be quicker 'n you was with Bosomer."

"All right, I'll meet what comes," said Duane, quietly. "The great point is to have horses ready and pick the right moment. A willingness to spend a little."

"That's the only chance for success. An' you can't do it alone."

"I'll have to. I wouldn't ask you to help me. Leave you behind!"

"Wal, I'll take my chances," replied Euchre, gruffly. "I'm goin' to help Jennie, an' I'll take my chances. I'll be there. There's only four men in this valley, who would shoot me—Bland an' his right-hand pards, an' that rabbit-faced Benson. If you happened to put out Bland and Chess, I'd stand a good show with the other two. Anyway, I'm old an' tired—what's the difference if I get plugged? I can risk as much as you, Buck, even if I am afraid of gun-play. You are correct. 'Hosses ready, the right minnit, then the trick.' That much 's settled. Now let's finger all the little details."

They talked and planned, though in truth it was Euchre who planned, Duane who listened and agreed. While awaiting the return of Bland and his lieutenants it would be well for Duane to grow friendly with the other outlaws, to sit in a few games of monte, or play a willing hand to spend a little money. The two schemers were to call upon Mrs. Bland every day—Euchre to carry messages of cheer and warning to Jennie, Duane to blind the elder woman at any cost. These preliminaries decided upon, they proceeded to put their plan into action.

No hard task was it to win the friendship of the most of those good-natured outlaws. They were used to men of a better order than theirs coming to the hidden camps and sooner or later sinking into their level. Besides, with them everything was easy come, easy go. That was why life itself went on so carelessly and usually ended so cheaply. There were men among them, however, that made Duane feel that terrible inexplicable wrath rise in his breast. He could not help but feel that these men could not trust himself. He felt that any instant a word, a deed, something might call too deeply to that instinct he could no longer control. Jackrabbit Benson was one of these men. Because of him and other outlaws of his ilk Duane had never levelled his rifle at the reality of things. This was a hidden valley, a robbers' den, a rendezvous for murderers, a wild place stained red by deeds of wild men. And because of that there was always a charged atmosphere of the merriest, ildest, most careless moment might in the flash of an eye end in ruthless and tragic action. In an assemblage of desperate characters it could not be otherwise. The terrible thing that Duane sensed was this. The valley was beautiful, sunny, fragrant, a place to dream in; the mountains were topped with a blue haze, and rimmed, the yellow river slid slowly and majestically by, the birds sang in the cottonwoods, the horses grazed and pranced, children played and women longed for love, freedom, happiness; the outlaws rode in and out, free with money and speech; they lived comfortably in their adobe homes, smoked, talked, laughed, whiled away the idle hours—and all the time there was wrong, and the simplest moment might be precipitated by that evil into the blackness of contrast. Duane felt rather than saw a dark, brooding shadow over the valley.

Then, without any solicitation or encouragement from Duane, the Bland woman fell passionately in love with him. His conscience was never troubled about the beginning of that affair. She launched herself. It took no great perspicacity on his part to see that. And the thing which evidently held her in check was the newness, the strangeness, and for the moment the all-satisfying fact of his respect for her. Duane exerted himself to please, to amuse, to interest, to fascinate her, and always with deference. That was his strong point, and it had made his part easy so far. He believed he would carry the whole scheme through without involving himself any deeper.

He was playing at a game of love—playing with life and death! Sometimes he trembled, not that he feared Bland or Alloway or any other man, but at the desire of life he had come to see into. He was carried out of his old mood. Not once since this daring motive had stirred him had he been haunted by the phantom of Bain beside his bed. Rather had he been haunted by Jennie's sad face, her wistful smile, her eyes. He never was able to speak a

word to her. What little communication he had had her was through Euchre, who carried short messages. But he caught glimpses of her every time he went to the Bland house. She contrived somehow to pass door or window, to give him a look when chance afforded. And he was never without the surprise that these moments were more thrilling to him than any with Mrs. Bland. Often Duane knew Jennie was sitting just inside the window, and then he felt inspired in his talk, and it was all made for her, so at least she came to know him while as yet she was almost a stranger. Jennie had been instructed by Euchre to listen, to understand that this was Duane's only chance to help keep her mind from constant worry, to gather the import of every word which had a double meaning.

Euchre said that the girl had begun to wither under the strain to burrow with intense hope which had flamed within her. But all the difference Duane could see was a paler face and darker, more wonderful eyes. The eyes seemed to be entreating him to hurry, that time was flying, that soon it might be too late. "She's been another woman in them, a light, a strange fire wholly inexplicable to Duane. It was only a flash gone in an instant. But he remembered it because he had never seen it in any other woman's eyes. And all through those waiting days he knew that she was fast and especially that warm, fleeting glance she gave him, was responsible for a subtle and gradual change in him. This change, he fancied, was only that through remembrance of her he got rid of his pale, sickening ghosts.

One day a Mexican threw a cigarette into the brush matting that served as a ceiling for Benson's den, and there was a fire which left little more than the adobe walls standing. The result was that while repairs were being made there was no gambling and drinking, observation hung very heavily on the hands of some two score outlaws. Days passed by without a brawl, and Bland's valley saw more successive hours of peace than ever before. Duane, however, found the hours anything but empty. He spent more time at Mrs. Bland's; he walked miles on all the trails leading out of the valley; he had a care for the condition of his two horses.

Upon his return from the latest of these tramps, Euchre suggested that they go down to the river to the boat landing.

"Ferry couldn't run ashore this mornin'," said Euchre. "Rover gettin' low an' sand bars makin' it hard for hosses. There's a greaser freight wagon stuck in the mud. I reckon we might hear news from the freighters. Bland's supposed to be in Mexico."

Nearly all the outlaws in camp were assembled on the river bank, loitering in the shade of the cottonwoods. The heat was oppressive. Not an outlaw offered to help the freighters, who were trying to dig a heavily freighted wagon out of the quicksand. Few outlaws would put out a willing hand to help the despised Mexicans.

Duane and Euchre joined the lazy group and sat down with them. Euchre lit a black pipe, and drawing his hat over his eyes, lay back in comfort after the manner of the majority of the men who were about. He was thinking, thoughtful. He never missed anything. It was his belief that any moment an idle word might be of benefit to him. Moreover, these rough men were always interesting.

"Bland's been chased across the river," said one.

"Naw, he's deliverin' cattle to the Cuban ship," replied another.

"Big deal on hey?"

"Some big. Ruggs says the boss hed an order for 15,000."

"Say, that order'll take a year to fill."

"Naw; Hardin is in cahoots with Bland. Between 'em they'll fill orders bigger'n that."

"Wondered what Hardin was rustlin' in here fer."

Duane could not possibly attend to all the conversation among the outlaws. He endeavored to get the drift of talk nearest to him.

"Kid Fuller's goin' to cash," said a sandy whiskered little outlaw.

"So Jim was tellin' me. Blood poison, ain't it? That hole wasn't bad. But he took the fever," rejoined a comrade.

"Deger says the Kid might pull through if he hed nursin'."

"Wal, Kate Bland ain't nursin' any shot up boys these days. She hasn't got time for it."

A laugh followed this sally; then came a penetrating silence. Some of the outlaws glanced good naturedly at Duane. They bore him no ill will. Manifestly they were aware of Mrs. Bland's infatuation.

"Bete, pears to me you've said that before."

"Shore. Wal, it's happened before."

This remark drew louder laughter and more significant glances at Duane. He did not choose to ignore them any longer.

"Bets, poke all the fun you like at me, but don't mention any lady's name again. My hand is nervous and itchy these days."

He smiled as he spoke, and his speech was drawn, but the good humor in his eyes was not. Then he looked at Duane with significance to a class of men who from inclination and necessity practiced at gun drawing until they wore callous and sore places on their thumbs and incuticated in the very depths of their nervous organization a will to kill. He was the simplest and most innocent motion of the hand end at or near the hip. There was something remarkable about a gun fighter's hand. It never seemed to be gloved, never to be injured, never out of sight or in an awkward position.

The outlaws were grizzled outlaws in that group, some of whom had many notches on their gun handles, and they, with their comrades, accorded Duane silence that carried conviction of the regard in which he was held.

Duane could not recall any other instance where he had felt all a familiar hand on his shoulder, and certainly he had never before hinted of his possibilities. He saw instantly that he could not have done better.

"Orful hot, ain't it?" remarked Bill Black, presently. Bill could not keep his temper. He was a typical Texas desperado, and he never been anything else. He was stoop shouldered and bow legged from much riding; a wiry little man, all muscle, with a square head, a hard face partly black from scrubby bear and red from sun, and a bright, twinkling eye. He was the simplest and most innocent motion of the hand end at or near the hip. There was something remarkable about a gun fighter's hand. It never seemed to be gloved, never to be injured, never out of sight or in an awkward position.

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There was an even balance. "No offense, Bill," said Jasper placidly, without moving.

Bill grunted and forgot Jasper. But he seemed restless and dissatisfied. Duane knew him to be an inveterate gambler. And, as Benson's place was a den of running order, Black was like a fish on dry land.

"Wal, if you'll be afraid of the caids, what'll you bet on?" he asked, in disgust.

"Bill, I'll play you a game of mumbly pegg for two bits," replied one.

Black eagerly accepted. Betting to him was a serious matter. The game obsessed him, not the stakes. He entered into the mumbly peg contest with a thoughtful mien and a corded brow. He won. Other comrades tried their luck with him and lost. Finally, when Bill had exhausted their supply of two-bit pieces or their desire for that particular game, he offered to get on anything.

"She the turtle-dove there?" he said, pointing. "I'll bet he'll scare at one stone or he won't. Five paves he'll fly an' he won't fly when some one chuck a stone. Who'll take me up?"

That appeared to be more than the gambling spirit of several outlaws could withstand.

"That thet. Easy money," said one.

"Who's goin' to chuck the stone?" asked another.

"Anybody," replied Bill.

"Wal, I'll bet you I can scare him with one stone," said the first outlaw.

"We're in on that, Jim to fire the darnick," chimed in the others.

The money was put up, the stone thrown. The turtle dove took flight, to the great joy of all the outlaws except Bill.

"I'll bet you all ne'll come back to the tree inside of five minnits," he offered, imperturbably.

Hereupon the outlaws did not show any laziness in their alidity to cover Bill's money as it lay on the grass. Somebody had a watch, and they all sat down, dividing attention between the timepiece and the tree. The minutes dragged by to the accompaniment of various jocular remarks anent a fool and his money. When four and three-quarter minutes had passed a turtle dove alighted in the cottonwood. Then ensued an impressive silence while Bill calmly pocketed the 50 dollars.

"But it ain't the same dove!" exclaimed one outlaw, excitedly. "This 'n his money, when four and three-quarter minutes, I'll bet any of you even money that you can't scare him with one stone."

Not proof against this chance, the outlaws made up a purse, in no wise disconcerted by Bill's contemptuous allusions to their banding together. The stone was thrown. The dove did not fly. Thereafter, in regard to that bird, Bill was unable to coax or scorn his comrades into any kind of wager.

He tried them with a multiplicity of offers, and in vain. Then he appeared at a loss for some unusual and seductive wager. Presently a little ragged Mexican boy came along the river trail, a particularly starved and poor-looking little fellow. Bill called to him and gave him a handful of silver coins. Speechless, dazed, he went his way hugging the money.

"Bill, he drops some before he gets to the road," declared Bill. "I'll bet he runs. Hurry, you four-flush gamblers."

Bill failed to interest any of his companions, and forthwith became sullen and silent. Strangely his good humor departed in spite of the fact that he had won a considerable sum.

Duane, watching the disgruntled outlaw, marveled at him and wondered what was in his mind. These men were more variable than children, as unstable as water, as dangerous as dynamite.

"Bill, I'll bet you ten you can't spill whatever's in the bucket that peon's packin'," said the outlaw called Jim.

Black's head came up with the action of a hawk about to swoop.

Duane glanced from Black to the road, where he saw a crippled peon carrying a tin bucket toward the river. This peon was a half-witted Indian who lived in a shack and did odd jobs for the Mexicans. Duane had met him often.

"Jim, I'll take you up," replied Black. "Something, perhaps a harness in his bag, or a pair of shoes, or what he caught a leaping gleam in the outlaw's eye."

"Aw, Bill, thet's too fur a shot," said Jasper, as Black rested an elbow on his knees and sighted over the long, heavy, oval tin bucket.

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CHAPTER VIII.

What a contrast, Duane thought, the evening of that day presented to the state of his soul! The sunset lingered in golden glory over the distant Mexican mountains; twilight came slowly; a faint breeze blew from the river cool and sweet; the late cooling of a dove and the rattle of a cowbell were the only sounds; a serene and tranquil peace lay over the valley.

Inside Duane's body there was strife. This third facing of a desperate man had thrown him off his balance. It had not been fatal, but it threatened so much. The better side of his nature seemed to urge him to die rather than to go on fighting or opposing ignorant, unfortunate, savage men. But the perverity of him was so great that he dwarfed reason, conscience. He could not resist it. He felt something dying in him. He suffered. Hope seemed far away. Despair had seized upon him and was driving him into a reckless mood when he thought of Jennie.

He had forgotten her. He had forgotten that he had promised to save her. He had forgotten that he meant to save her many lives as might stand between her and freedom. The very remembrance sheered off his morbid introspection. She made a difference. How strange for him to realize that! He felt grateful to her. He had been forced into outlaws; she had been forced between her people and carried into captivity. They had met in the river fastness, he to instill hope into her despairing life, she to be the means, perhaps, of keeping him from sinking to the level of her captors. He became aware of her people and a beating desire to see her, talk with her.

These thoughts had run through his mind while on his way to Mrs. Bland's house. He had left Euchre on ahead because he wanted more time to compose himself. Darkness had about set in when he reached his destination. There was no light in the house. Mrs. Bland was waiting for him on the porch.

(Continued Next Week.)

WHAT THE FRENCH MAID TOLD MARJORIE

The Need of Slip Covers.
"I know you should have some slip covers for the furniture this summer, but I really don't know what to get," remarked Marjorie to Marie one day as she spied the dainty pink coverings in her aunt's boudoir.

"There are many reasons why the summer covering of furniture is advised today," returned Marie. "First, it does away with the hot and heavy appearance of the winter year-round house—a condition unpleasantly noticeable at the first breath of summer.

"One should realize that the stuffiness is largely accounted for by the popular preference against spending unbearable summer in the city and that with the proper summer comfort, one could really settle down to comparative ease. It is true that after one learns to take the proper care of possession the seemingly perishable things assume more the light of necessities.

"If you can meet these requirements, light slip covers should have no terrors for you—and you will have a mighty cool looking house. The second great advantage to be gained by summer furniture covers is that of furniture protection. Who has not noticed the inconvenience of having those blue-white spots appear on their mahogany furniture—caused by perspiring backs and hands?

"A slip cover will eliminate this, as it also will the fading of upholstery stuff and the sitting in dust from open windows. And the third slip-cover seat, which will strongly appeal to many, is the good chance afforded them to indulge that unsatisfied longing for cretöne furnishings which has heretofore been denied them, on account of their being possessed of a few excellent pieces of furniture of another date to have been able to furnish with the more modern upholstery of cretöne.

"It will be plainly recognized that with slip cover of cretöne they will be very 'modernly' furnished for fully half a year's time. It is a very desirable feature made on the furniture. A piece of the material is pinned on the part of the chair one has decided to start with, and after it is carefully fitted, it is cut the shape, leaving plenty of allowance for seams."

Just Jam.

"What are you making?" asked Marjorie wonderingly, as she found Marie putting up some delicious strawberries one day.

"Just some strawberry jam," returned the versatile French maid. In this country we do not appreciate or make the use of jam we should. In France jam becomes 'compote' and figures in many ways in the household menu. We eat and enjoy these dainty preparations without realizing that they are not only an addition to a meal, but are in themselves an economy. For as a rule these compotes or jams are made of left-over fruits.

"For example, after breakfast half a saucerful of strawberries remain in the dish. Instead of putting these aside and eating them when they are getting messy, the French housewife puts them into a small preserving kettle with a little sugar and lets them cook slowly on the back of the stove. It may be that at luncheon some half dozen or so of cherries are left from a dish of fruit. These, carefully stoned, are added to the strawberries and again cooked.

"This process goes on until there is enough jam to fill a dozen jars, which it begins over again. We have a way of saying that the Italians and French thrive because they can live on so little. That is true, but we do not add, as we should, that they also have will. This jam from odds and ends is only a case to point.

"Let the American housewife get one of these nice little enameled ware preserving kettles with its wooden handle and then, by the exercise of a little forethought and ingenuity see how many glasses of rich, delicious jam she can put up for the next winter with very little expenditure of either time, money or effort.

"One more hint on jams. They keep so well that they can be put in chipped cups or earthenware bowls, covered with paraffin paper. It is a good plan to make up a quantity of apple jelly when apples are cheap. Never stir a jelly with a metal spoon, as its color is easily darkened. The enameled ware skimmer, ladle and spoon will obviate the danger. A glass of jelly should be eaten as soon as it is opened."

Paper Linens For Summer.
"Oh, dear," moaned Marjorie, "I am so sick of the everlasting wash of tablecloths and napkins and other things in summer."

"Why do you use such things in the summer at all?" asked Marie. "You can make the wonderful little paper contrivances on sale in all shops save much work in summer. They are made to call them in as members of your paraphernalia. They are inexpensive, convenient to use, and—there most valued characteristic—they cannot be laundered, either in the dishpan or the wash-tub. They can be cheerfully consigned to the fire, in the place of the old ones that fate ordained them for such an end."

"To begin with, there are paper towels, which can be put to all sorts of uses in the kitchen. A length of the toweling can be used to keep the hands from burning when hot pots and pans must be lifted. Bits of the toweling can be used to grease pans with. Lettuce may be wrapped, damp and clean, in the toweling and laid on the ice to become crisp.

"Then there are paper napkins. These can be brought, if one wishes, at the price, in heavy quality that is as pleasant to use as damask or linen. Then there are various cheaper sorts and for picnics, for impromptu summer refreshments, the large plain white ones are the best choice.

"For the occasional piece of fresh fruit, the smaller napkins, printed with colored flowers borders, can be chosen, although the pure white ones in the smaller sizes are perhaps even daintier than the ones with colored borders. Some women who try to make summer work easy for servants have a white paper napkin placed on the fruit plate at breakfast, and this is used with the fruit. In this way fruit stains, so difficult to get out are kept from the regular napkins."

Cleveland's bonded debt is \$56,217,618.60.

Her Neighbor's Child.
"He's a terrible youngster!" said Mrs. McBride.

While gazing at Mickey O'Flynn; "He's spoiling my boy, for he can't keep a toy."

And the way that he swears is a sin. I think that my Dinny will be a great man.

Do ye mind the grand shape of his dome? He'd study and plan, the dear little man. If Mickey O'Flynn would stay home."

"I'm proud of my Mickey," said Mrs. O'Flynn.

"He'll be a great statesman some day; that's him alongside of young Dinny McBride."

"They're always together at play. My Mickey ain't wan of thim wanderin' lads."

"That's always a-plannin' to roam; Sure he'd be a fine lad, as smart as his dad, If Dinny McBride wud stay home!"

—William F. Kirk.