Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

Boys Will Be Boys By Walt Gregg.

will be boys, that's out bustin' him a couple times with all. Kegley said," "Dad" in' concluded Winters. "But the critter did have the speed,

For several moments after "Pad" him long enough, he would burn up arms. ceased speaking the the distance remarkable. Warmers' "Well, in the natural course of Club preserved a

days.

severe silence, me members moved up closer stove and indulged in fresh

Chair

Well, now, that idea may be all t as pertains to kids," said "North Peters at last, as he spat delland with precision on the nickim of the stove, "but you take it animals and its different, as I had on to learn once and remember netly. I'll tell you how it was." orth Pole," who derived his monfrom the fact that on the top of head but one brave, lone hair forth in all its naked loveliness vast expanse of baldness, bora fresh chew of tobacco, elevatis feet, and began.

ion't suppose any of you ever Bill MacQuinn, for this hap- again, out West, and besides, was a "'Y ime ago. This MacQuinn had a out there, and I got a job with punching cattle. There was a for five quarters, which is a whole lot to on the place at this time different." was considerable of a speeder is way, and we used to race him all the bronchos around the

orhood, and he always won if ider's whip arm held out. see, MacQuinn got the nag bunch of Mexican horse tradwho had raised him from a colt. seems they formed a habit of in the pony about the first day he born, and had consistently kept it wer since; and whenever Barbwhich was the critter's name. toe the scratch. the Greasers grab a fence picket and break his system in five equal pieces. behind you.' course, with some beasts it have been different, but Barb- er thought of that." got so used to it and his back so cussed tough, that he

thing,' I went on. 'to stick on the top and to enjoy the wallopings, and of a streakin' cayuse a mile and a for the big race in the afternoon, as terms. a Mac bought him he had reached quarter, and at the same time try to Barbwire didn't belong to that class of hilarious stage where no one

"'How different?' asked Mac.

ES. I'll tell you, boys could get anything out of him with- hindquarters at every jump." an ax as a sort of preliminary hear- den-like. 'You're as tough as they around his knuckles or dress him in

"'I'm not much overweight,' I said, and as I said, if the rider could fan but I'm not much overweight.' I said, Barbwire would have been so sur-him long enough he would have his at-

"'Well, it's a week before the race,' replied Mac. 'Suppose you practice up things came the first annual fair of and see what you can do." Tomahawk county, and what did Mac

"Now, I never used that 'spare the do but get it into his bean to enter Barbwire in the big free-for-all sweepstake. Yes, sir, that's what he rod' thing as my motto, and wasn't much of a fellow to indulge in a whole lot of massage treatment with anidone, and when the entry opened he mals, so I started in sort of easy and took me and we went over to Lucky gentle with Barbwire, intendin' to try Strike, the county seat, with the dough. Fifty good hard beans it cost and coax a little speed out of him with sugar and kind words instead of cuss to get an admission into that speedtalk and clubs. The first time I tried fest, but it was worth the chance, anythat program I was surprised at the astonishin' results. Barbwire just way, as it was only one heat, and carried a purse of two thousand. Yep, stood still a minute lookin' puzzled they done things up right in them and sad, then he turned his head sudden, bit me in the leg, tossed me

"'Bob,' said the old man to me. over his head into a fence, and walked believe we can pull down that kale if off filled with gloom. no better plugs than these show up. "I didn't ride any more that day, but Barbwire has beaten all of them althe next morning I saddled the cayuse. ready, and I believe he can do it

hand and a deep, dark grouch tinc-"Yes,' I answered thoughtful. 'but tured with revenge in the other, and remember he beat them only on quar-ter and half-mile dashes, and this is I got tired, and we finished the course we had staked off in two minutes and a half.

"Of course, this was discouragin' to "'It's like this,' I replied, 'Barbwire some extent, but I stuck with it, and din' him at first, and he acted dubiwill run just as long as the jockey's the day before the race I used two ous as if he didn't know whether to arm holds out, and then, good night! clubs and went a mile in 1:20, then I clubs and went a mile in 1:20, then I laugh at the old man or bit me, but fell off from exhaustion and Barbwire after a while he tumbled, and wanted Well, you remember, he's only run three half-mile races, and he nearly never did finish.

lost two of them because the jockey "That made me sick and downheartcouldn't keep up the pace. Now, ed, as it were, and Mac wasn't feelin' any too well himself, and when we therefore, where you going to get a rider who can apply the osteopathic went over to Lucky Strike the next treatment for a mile and a quarter?" day and discovered that a dark horse named Golddust had butted into the "'Why, that ain't such a awful stunt,' said Mac. "I could do it myself." game, we felt grieved and hurt, and 'Sure, sure, but you weigh two wished we were dead, but of course, hundred and fifty with one hand tied there was no way out of it except by losing the entry fee, so Mac said we might as well take a chance anyhow, 'That's so,' answered Mac, 'I nevand pray by the shade of Mercury that

"'It's a terrible and astonishin' my arm would last to the finish

wet nurses and a chambermaid. If any the air smelled a lot like rain, but he I saw the way Keno was picaus the around in Keno's face as if askin' what "How about you? asked Mac sud- valet had tried to wrap bandages was so full of joy and rapture at the openings and handling things general- t'ell had gone wrong. The dark horse a bathrobe or braid ribbons in his tail, tendant's remains all over the distant horizon, so we just tied him to a post out behind a barn and started out to take in the shows.

"We saw three or four punk entertainments, I guess, before we come to Kid Keno, and right away I got a fine idea. Keno was a little duffer who claimed to have been a 'pug' of a whole lot of account in his day, and now he was givin' exhibitions with the punchin' bag and takin' on all comers to teach them the manly art of fallin' easy.

"There's the guy to ride that leath-er-backed son of Satan.' I said to Mac, as soon as I seen the little man perform, and I started toward the back of the tent.

"What d'yu mean?' asked Mac, as he trailed along behind.

"'Did you see the arms on the gink?' mounted the leather with a club in one I asked. 'He's a boxer, and is used to standin' up and fannin' his wings all day. He's the guy to wallop that cay-

use under the wire if anyony a Mac. "'By gee, you're right!' replied Mac. and we descended upon Keno and Mac put up the proposition.

to know the particulars and how much they was in it. 'Can you ride?' asked Mac.

"'I never have yet,' said the Kid. 'but I guess I could.'

"'Howlin' cats!' I yelled. 'He'll need both hands to hold on, unless he's tied to the cayuse."

the idea. We'll tie him on, and then and it was a cinch Barbwire could he can use both hands to the club." "Keno didn't seem to take to that like they was tied to a brick barn, idea with any great amount of enthu- and it would be a dead sure thing for slasm, but at last he consented to take

"It was clouded up considerable

bright outlook of things generally that we didn't pay much attention to the weather.

"'Why, that fellow could play the stick for twenty miles,' said Mac, real jovial, but he had never tried it him-

self. I had, and as I knew I was no weakling, all I was hoping was that the guy would just last to the finish. "I noticed that it was a good deal colder when we saddled the plug up and got ready for a race, and also there was a big bank of tough-lookin' clouds over in the northwest and thunder occasionally, but of course, nothing short of an earthquake could stop

the big event. "Keno was on time all right, and after we put him on the mag we got a rope and tied him there so tight he couldn't have been lifted without bringing the horse with him. I'm glad he never thought of the plug fallin' down. Then, when everything was fixed, we give the Kid some final instructions on how to get away, handed him a good, stout club, and led him out.

"There must have been ten thousand people in the stands that day. and when we come on the track just about ten thousand of them rose up and gave us the merry ha! ha! but they didn't know Barowire, and it just goes to show that where ignorance is bliss it's a shame to get wise. "While they were warmin' up 1 got good look at Golddust, the dark horse, and somehow with all our well-laid plans I felt nervous and wished was home. Golddust was a long. rangy bay, with a shiny coat and a coon jocky dressed in white pants and a yellow silk shirt, while our horse looked like he needed a haircut and shave, and besides he had been roll-"That's the idea,' said Mac. 'That's ing in mud. The other nags I knew, leave them so fast they would look us if only the 'pug's' arm held out, a chance, and him and Mac made and also if the dark horse didn't get

too previous. "They scored up and down severa! play the Anvil Chorus on the plug's rowdy-dows that require a couple of when we came out of the tent, and times before getting away, and when

his quickness from the ring, I suppose, and he caught onto the new

game so fast that anybody would think he was an old hand at it if they hadn't seen the rope. "Then, as they turned and came

down the stretch, every horse was in wind behind it and tears along in line. Barbwire second from the pole, streaks, and it broke right behind and when they passed under the wire Barbwire. Not rain. It was too cold a shot rang out, and they were off in a bunch.

"At the same instant a large wet drop of ice water hit me in the neck, and I saw the storm was coming up fast. Then I climbed up on the fence and fixed my eyes on the ponies.

hold on, and before he had taken a hundred steps Barbwire began to slow up, drop behind, and look surlead and stayed. Then all at once Keno remembered, and the whole-hearted, enthusiastic wallop he landed on that old cayuse filled him with so much joy he seemed to say. 'Ah.

now, we're down to business!' and before the quarter was reached he was up in the bunch again, with Keno yelling in his car and playing the club like a man nailing shingles. "As they came down the stretch our

horse was up showing his speed and had left the field behind, but Golddust still was a good two lengths ahead, and traveling strong. When they hit the three-quarter pole, Barbwire was right up against the dark horse's htp. At seven-eighths our horse was a nose ahead, and when they hit the mile Golddust was three against Golddust's cars. Then their lengths behind, and the coop jockey began to turn white.

"They rounded the last curve with Barbwire still going and Keno beating it off in six-eight time and then-all at once I saw the jockey bring the club down extra hard. Barbwire gave a mighty leap in reply, but the gad had snapped off close to the kid's hand. "For a minute I felt so weak I thought I'd faint and had to leas up against Mac for support. I saw Barb-

ly. I cheered up remarkably. He got rushed up and shot into the lead, And then the storm broke.

"I felt so had I didn'i care if a cyclone struck, but the next instant I saw something which made me stretch my neck and yelp. The storm

was one of that kind which gets a big for that. It was hall, great big, beautiful hallstones about the size of a hen's egg, and the first one to fall, hit Barbwire such a plunk that he nearly jumped out of the saddle. It was a lucky jump, for the wind kept risin' and the storm was tearin' right "Keno seemed a little rattled when down the stretch and playin' the they first lit out, and use his hands to devil's tattoo on that plug's hindquarters.

"As fate would have it, Barbwire went just fast enough that the adprised while Golddust shot into the vance guard of hail kept plunking him over the flanks all the time, and he just lit out so enthusiastic that he overhauled that dark horse and darker rider something amazin'.

"On they came down the long home stretch, Golddust kickin' it off for all he was worth, with the jockey leanin' so far over his neck you could hardly see him, and Barbwire gainin' fast and bringin' the hailstorm right along with him

"A hundred feet from the wire our horse was right up smelling Golddust's dust, and the stands were yellin' like a football game. At fifty feet Barbwire was at the dark horse's flank, and the onrushing hail was trying to knock his poor old tail off. Twenty-five feet and our nag's nose was right up noses were but an inch apart, then a half-inch, then a weak quarter, and ten feet from the finish Barbwire drew his neck back like a snake gettin' ready to strike, and nearly dropped dead. Deliberately pulled his head back a foot behind the other horse. But a foot from the tape, old Parbwire let loose like a jumping jack. His neck uncoiled, and his nose shot out a good fourteen inches ahead of the other horse, and we won bands wire slacken his speed and look down.

Mother's Choice

tion.

of mine."

HE song ended ab- fact that he bores me adds to my ruptly, there was a charm-or whatever you are pleased quick step on the to call it."

stairs and the door was flung open and Miss Peggy O'Neill boots facing Lady Mansfield

She locked like a school girl, not an adventuress. She

dressed as Lady Mansfield's ter might be dressed only betand under a halo of fair hair two blue eyes rested inquiringly on Manafield's face.

son tells me that he has prommarry you," said Lady Mans-TINGY

on't you sit down?" asked Feggy She waited until Lady Mansafter a momentary hesitation. berself in rigid insecurity on dge of the big Chesterfield that tawn up in front of the fire, then pulled forward a straight, highchair, where she perched, her set awinging high above the pol-

ar son has asked me to marry she corrected gently.

marriage necessary ?" questioned Manafield coldiy. ty regarded the buckles of her . shees with an absorbing inter-

ssary is hardly the word," she

still more gently. te was the suspicion of a smile curve of her mouth that made Mansfield flush quickly under her She realized her mistake. She a little forward, trying to make her manner and her voice softer

can to any that in your profes-

any marriage rather a draw-It would mean giving up so your life as a married woman be so dull, so commonplace, in

people still think that a can never be quite common-

on know better, surely?" Manafield had not meant to voice quite no cager. ts do you think that you really happy with my son? only a boy, he is fickle, he you must know far more nd amusing men. met her eyes full. about the dullest man I met, and the weakest." as hardly a verdict for a mother of her only son from a woman not consider good enough for

as often heard me say it. You added, in a sudden burst of ome, and so have all your ught-up young ladies he meets and tennis parties, or

"Then why do you want to marry him?"

"I must marry one day. I can't always be what the papers call an 'Idol of the Public,' and so I might as well be a countess-and a rich one, I am promised-while I am about it."

"I wish that he had not a pennythen he would be beyond the clutches of such as you."

"Do you really hate me as much as that?"

Lady Mansfield realized how undignified her outburst had been; she felt of a woman suddenly mortified that this girl should have witnessed her lack of

most pathetic in her attempt to resain her composure. "I am sorry if I hurt you," she said. with a kind of proud humbleness, "but

my son is all the world to me. This marriage would be such a great, such a terrible mistake-a mistake that will he beyond remedy ever again. I am an

old woman, and he is all I care for; you are only a child, still with your life before you. You don't love him, so why can you wish to make me, an utter stranger to you, so unhappy? Why do you wish to wreck his life, a life

that means so little to you, just to satisfy a girlish vanity?" "Vanity is the wrong word. Lady Mansfield. It is to satisfy a revenge.

Lady Mansfield stared at her blank-"You hate me without knowing me. because you hate the type I represent

the pretty, brainless, unscrupulous, ambitious type that understands all the same how to make fools of the dissipated, brainless young men who come to us. But I"-she paused, her eyes full of a shining hardness-"I hate you, not because of your type and the worlds away it places you from

me, but because I know you-you yourself! She went to the writing table and

ook up a small velvet case that lay there. She opened it with a cool deliberation and then held it close for Lady Mansfield to see.

"This is my father's picture." she said simply.

Lady Mansfield was an unemotional woman. All her life she had accepted while others gave, but as she leaned forward, peering wonderingly at painted face, her own went white, the and she gave a stifled cry that was almost a sob.

'I am Doris Weatherfield, and you haps my son would like to hear and broke my mother's heart. the woman who ruined my father

suddenly. It was the first time in all ronadence, "you have spoiled been shaken; she regarded it almost her life that her self-possession had as a breach of good taste that she had been startled into an exclamation of "I knew your father and mother friend's sweetheart.

many years ago, my dear child, but I "After all, it was something to bask think you must apologize for the rein the shadow of an earldom; and a mainder of your speech"-and then life in London, smart friends, a good she made the fatal mistake of explanatime-all these things appeal to an "It was naturally a shock to ambitious and pretty girl.

me-please forgive me if I wound you "When men are young, it sometimes in saying it-that a woman like you happens that they know how to love could be the daughter of old friends very deeply; if they do, it is a love that lasts a lifetime. That was my fa-

"A woman like me," she repeatedther's love for you. It was a wound "and a woman like you has made me that healed in time, but it left its that.' SCAT.

She settled down in her chair again. "He too married-a gentle, good unand though her small, frail face looked selfish little creature who was faithful sweetly child-like under the halo of to him all her life. He left the army her fair hair, her eyes were the eyes when he married and came to London. where his father-in-law offered him a

"I will tell you how that came to partnership in his business-on the be," she said, in a tone that was coolly control, and there was something al- impersonal. "You and my father were prospered steadily, so that you and Stock Exchange, as you know. He girl and boy lovers-you were enand your husband were glad enough gaged in a kind of way ; and then to renew an old friendship that was al-Harold Eliot came to stay with my most forgotten.

people for the shooting one autumn, "It is a bad thing, Lady Mansfield, for a young and pretty woman with and he promptly fell in love with his

extravagant tastes to live on the edge more and more.

of wealth and have none-to have a heart, for when he was not emptyhanded it was a love worth winning. He gave you all he had to give-and more, for there is no "enough" when a woman's wants are to be stilled.

Your husband must have known; he must have been a poor, weak wretch indeed-very like your son today-only the world never knew; you were sheltered by his name. But you were no better than any poor remnant of humanity who sells herself in the street in the shadow of night.'

For a moment a silence hung heavy between them, and then the voice went softly on:

"This continued for years. My mother knew and suffered; but she never complained and she never spoke. She only waited. And then the day came when my father's luck turned. His speculations went wrong; he plunged

"That was the end, and so you partposition, and no money to keep it up. ed-he a broken man; you gently tol-You deliberately probed by father's erant, sweetly sorry, but what else was there for you to do? There was no place in your life for the unsuccessful. "It was then that your husband came suddenly and unexpectedly into

the title and the Mansfield fortune. My father died, and then my mother, and this wretched story was my only inheritance. Perhaps it may interest you to know that I still have your letters to my father-men are like that. Mansfield-and his old pass-Lady books."

She paused again, but Lady Mansfield sat rigid, only her eyes burned, alive and suffering, in the deadness of her face

"I came to London to look for a position as governess or companion-I was fit for nothing else; but I was too young and too pretty for either, and so I fell in with a music hall actor who lived in the same boarding house.

had been well and carefully traned in music, but all my years of study resulted in playing accompanimentsdressed in a violent pink satin frock up to my knees for a man with a Cockney accent and many diamonds that were elaborately displayed on all occasions.

"That was the beginning of a now famous career. It has been a long road. You would not understand the vulgarities, the hardships, the disappointments of such a life; but if I had remained respectable and obscure I should never have had the privilege of your son's friendship or the honor of a visit from his mother.

"And it has made me your equal, Lady Mansfield. I am now as hard, as relentless, as selfish as you, and so I shall marry your son.

Lady Mansfield rose stiffly. "I shall tell my son your preposterous story." she said, in her coldest voice.

"I ask for nothing better, but you will not have the courage, and because you are a coward, and because I am vindictive, I shall marry your son. Lord Mansfield straggled reluctants ly out of his chair when his mother entered the room.

"Morning, mother," he said, with and elaborate cheerfulness.

Lady Mansfield stood still on the threshold, looking at her son as if she had never seen him before. But it, was his singular likeness to his father when he was 23 that struck her painfully.

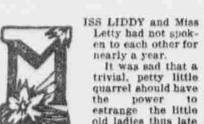
She thought swiftly of the useless, dissipated life that made her husband. a worn and disillusioned man at 40. She felt suddenly old and powerlass to cope with the life she foresaw for her She was filled with an immense pity for herself.

"My boy," she whispered brokenly. and then she looked up into his eyes. They were full of an uneasy sur-He was wondering what she prise. had found out-now-was he in for another lecture? He scowled with a pucker of impatient annoyance, which brought his eyes closer together, giving his weak young face a lowering, suspicious look.

With one swift, comprehending glance his mother read his mind. She neant no more to him than a figurewho had some dim. intangible head right to criticise and find fault with his every action. She turned away from him with a weary helpleas sigh. "The mater looks jolly well faggedlooks her age," her son was thinking, and then she spoke.

"I have seen Miss O'Nelll," she said "I am willing to receive smoothly. her and give my consent to your marriage

Her life work lay wrecked before her; she surveyed it stoically, a smile on her drawn lips. She faced the truth-that even in her sorrow she was a coward. She dared not Lord Mansfield shot his hands in hi



in life. For both had been born upon the same day, played together as children, been chums through a happy girlhood, and

fast friends at middle age, though Miss Letty lived in the stately stone house, and Miss Liddy in the humble brown cottage beside it.

A long, lonely, miserable year it had been for both of them. They had never realized before how much they de-

pended upon each other. Many of the friends of their own age were gone. and both were now quite alone in the world.

Mias Liddy was subject to severe attacks of bronchitis, which no one but Miss Letty knew how to cure, and Miss Letty was at times so crippled with rheumatism that she could not

walk, and upon these occasions Miss Lady Manafield straightened herself Liddy's touch seemed to possess some wonderful magic which never failed to bring relief to the poor swollen limbs. course, with the ceasing of Of speech between the friends, these mutual ministrations also ceased. dismay. She looked up with unwaver- luckily for a long time neither Miss series of mental exclamation points.

Letty had not spok- Liddy arose with all the familiar not speaking, and her hand dropped en to each other for symptoms of a severe bronchitis at- limply away from the window pape. Her head ached, her chest nearly a year. tack. was sad that a trivial, petty little was sore, and she groaned miserably quarrel should have at the dismal time which she knew power was ahead of her. 10 estrange the little

But little Miss Liddy possessed true old ladies thus late New England grit. "I've just got to keep a-going somehow," she kept repeating bravely, as she dragged herself heavily about her tiny abode. grimly attempting to render more spotless the already immaculate little rooms

About 10 o'clock she peered out of the kitchen window, and to her horror espied Miss Letty come out of ner house and go down the rain-soaked driveway.

For Miss Letty to go out at all upon such an inclement morning was indiscreet enough, but it was not this fact which caused Miss Liddy to gasp with dismay, while involuntarily her hand flashed to the window and almost sounded an imperative tap to arrest the departing figure. Miss Letty was actually going out, on this miserable cold wet morning, at her age, and subject to rheumatism as she was, without a sign of a pair of rubbers to her feet!

was this terrible discovery and It all that it involved, flashing through But Miss Liddy's brain, punctuated by a

As the day wore on, Miss Liddy grew ached, her limbs ached, her throat steadily worse. She sat huddled up in the big rocker by the window, wrapped in a shawl, too sick to move, but too stubborn to go to bed. Sometimes she closed her eyes, but more often she peered out of the window in the direction of her friend's house.

A Strengthened Tie BY WILL SEATON

It was growing dusk when she discerned Miss Letty's little figure going slowly up her walk. She was limping unmistakably. She mounted the long flight of steps stiffly, painfully. Every motion of her body bespoke intense suffering

You careless, careless creature! You

scold until Miss Letty unlocked her front door and went into the house. Then her lips quivered and she began "Poor girl, poor girl! All sole to sob. alone in that big house, all crippled

against the window pane, striving to plerce the darkness between the two houses. But no light appeared at the Stone house windows

Five, ten, fifteen minutes dragged The fire was nearly out and Miss Liddy shivered convulsively beneath her shawi. Her h

But one cold, rainy morning Miss then she remembered that they were Miss Liddy swayed to her feet. After

self.

"Oh, Oh, Oh," moaned Miss Liddy, rocking miserably back and forth.

ought to be shaken!" She continued to

up with rheumatism and nobody to lift a hand!" She pressed her face anxiously

a long time she reached the back door. She wrapped her shawl tightly around her head and shoulders and tottered out into the storm. She groped unsteadily through her

yard and was entering Miss Letty's when she became aware of a black object not more than three feet away which hitched alowly in her direction.

"Ob, Liddy," quavered a tearful voice, "is that you? I saw you sitting by the window and I knew you were sick by the looks of you. You never did know how to take care of your-Liddy, and I was coming to see to you. Seems as though I'd been hours just getting this far an' an' I guess I'll have to g-g-give it up after all.

Miss letty burst into tears.

"Oh, Letty, Letty," moaned Miss Liddy, "you're soaking wet! You ain't any more fit to take care of yourself than a baby! There, there, just you lean on me, dearle. That's right! I'm just going to take you right home and put you to bed. Almost there, almost there, here's the steps, lean on me dearie, lean on me-ah, here we are! Now to perk up the fire and get you nice and warm. Don't try to talk. Everything's going to be all right-" "But, Liddy, I just want to say about that same abominable quarrel-!" And both glad old voices rang out