## Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

## Putting Up His Hands

By Elsie Endicati

"All right. Here of

But the big gamble

"Got a popper?" shell

The justice of the page

self firmly in the bucke,

beneath the arms, and

hauled to the top, where he

At this juncture Progre

a party of Bill's friends and

began to berate him for an

lated Pronto, "after all

Kain't you tend to jun a

morning and slammed bin a

where he couldn't make a

in again before he gets you

you tomorrow, certain; jar

now while he's handy."

sounded as frivolous as the salogue, but like it, was b

"You bet your neck I die" "Pshaw! Well, I recent

and re-elected the pestien.

finest d— justice San Felixe I'll call it off, Bill. You git on your side, and I'll put up

You can live!"

You shore do anno as

"Got a knife;"

"Yep, but I'm so

"Nope."



ELT along, ole hoss," to youraself; noth- peace. ing ferninst you,

horse.

This dreadful threat must have put fear into Jingo's heart, for he mended Lee Duck wiped glasses feverishly. his pace so noticeably that he almost satisfied his impatient master.

cool his head and whip some of the flush out of his face. "Now I mustn't act too proud." He put on his hat and pulled Jingo down to a dogtrot a halfmile before he reached the Silver Star.

This tavern was a far outpost of civilization, and shades were things tice that lived to serve out his term the open door helped the moon display round these parts; yes sirec." the bunch of horses standing waiting. heads down, for their social owners.

"Texas Barrett must be smiling a mile wide," thought Pop; crowd'll lick up two kaigs of bug-juice easy. It seems reasonable to calculate man, they poured the flery stuff down lights all goin'; horses easy. Smith must be there. Yes, I kin see him; dern his hide; He shore don't love my Bill.'

Jingo's head, swung out of the saddle,

Texas Barrett, proprietor, was smilrude pine bar drinking amiably. Lee ery one waited. Duck, the Chinese waiter, was darting from bar to card tables and back again, his yellow face glistening with the sweat of honest toil.

Pop Demming stepped up to the bar. exclaimed I'o p "Howdy, boys. Set 'em up for the the next justice of the peace of San Demming, "do you house, Texas, I'm going to treat the Felipe, gentlemen!" Again the glasses whole passel." He raised his voice. night to wait for "This here is on me; everybody line "But he won't be Bill Demming!" ad bait? What's keep- up and have a drink; Pop Demming is ed Fly Smith, in an offennsive tone. ing you? You've here for to 'nounce that his boy Bill

beyant, nor behint; jostled forward immediately. There from me. shook hands with him, while the barkeeper measured out the liquor, and

"I'm sure free to remark," said quicker with a gun. Squint Anderson, "that I'm mighty "I'll remind him t Pop took off his hat to let the wind glad to hear it. Pop. That boy Bill o' yourn is a mighty fine justice of the peace, judgin' from this yere term he's just about finishin'.

"Yaas." affirmed Cal Cornell, "what durable. San Felipe never had a jusunknown. Light streamed from every before. Holdin' that office has always window, and the flood coming through yeretofore been a sickly business

"Here's to Bill," said Pronto Bings, lifting his glass; "he's durable and he's honest, too, by Hookety Pelt!" 'Ye up!" cheered the crowd, and opening their hardened throats as one done a drillmaster proud.

Fly Smith spun a big gold goin across the planks to Texas. He reined up, tossed the bridle over ment gentlemen! Join me." He look- ag'in. ed at Pop Demming with a queer expression on his dark face. Demming unknown, so's it turns out-Fly colls looked steadily back; the look was ing, for business was very good. A prolonged. The barkeeper and the a while," score of cattlemen leaned against the Chinaman filled the glasses again, Ev-

Texas broke in as the strain was bepair of gamecocks, be ye?

Fly Smith raised his glass. "To were raised; drained; rattled down. "But he won't be Bill Demming!" add-

Demming, senior, stiffened and ingot the whole trail is going to run again for justice of the stantly demanded, "Why won't he be?" "Because he's going to change his A shout was raised and every one mind about running after he hears

zip along, or dern me if I don't ship were sincere congratulations from all "What'll you tell him; all about you out to Los Angeles to be a cab- sides. Those nearest the proud father your trade?" This was dangerous ground for any man to set foot on, for Fly Smith was a professional cardplayer, notably quick-tempered and

> "I'll remind him that he's too imme diate about nosing into other folks' affairs. We want a justice what is a justice, and no sniveling reformer not game enough to turn a card himself."

The old man made a quick reach for I like about Bill is that he's plumb deadly means to resent this, and there was an instant of stient. breathless Then every one saw that Fly hush. had Pop covered from the hip, and Pop's hand dropped away too late. The gambler grinned sardonically.

"Beautiful tableau, folks, great! What's it all about? Pop, are you and Fly Smith disputating on the holy miracles ag'in?"

All eyes turned to a side window from whence the voice came and beit's a orderly gatherin'; no gun play; and rattled the glasses onto the bar held Bill Demming himself, leaning in. with a unanimity that would have resting his loosely folded arms upon the sill.

"Why, no, son, Mr. Smith here 'pears "One mo- to have objections to your bein' justice We fellers all drank twice. once to you and once to some party him the next justice. Come in and stay

The justice came through the window. "Law now, Pop, there's no need for you to get riled at that, is there? ginning to tell. "Well, gents, licker One drink fer me and one fer the oth-up, if you're going to. You ain't no er feller's fair enough." He laughed maybe somebody'll kill him. "Fly Smith's got a good-naturedly.

What The Poor Thing Needed

perfect right to vote for whoever he votes. If you think Pete's the best likes, if I don't suit, and so've the rest of the boys."

"Puffec'ly so," agreed his father. pulling out a plug of tobacco and lean-

ing against the bar. Fly Smith raised his voice. "Say, Bill, let me tell you that your health will be a heap better out of office than Don't run again, 'cause a second term fer you would be like a relapse o' yellow fever, see?" He scowled significantly at the justice of the peace, who was some six inches shorted than himself and turned without waiting for a reply to the eard table, and two minutes later was deep in a game with some swaggering cowpunchers.

The justice of the peace took even this in good part, cut short all protests from his more impetuous friends. and turned to receive the pledges of support offered him under cover of the general hum.

Pronto drew him aside, "Y'know Bill. Fly Smith is a-layin' for you; he's sure figurin' on evaporatin' you out of this yere country plumb entire. He's got Pete Sepulveda to run against you. and if you win it's ten dead gophers against a stack of chips he'll either crease you or git you creased. Bitt, I tell yer he's bostile."

The justice laughed. "Oh, you kin haw-haw and show the linin' of yore gullet to the public gaze. but I'm arisin' fer to say I'd a heap drather have you buying me drinks than me buying posies for yore lonely

Bill laughed again. "Laugh, dern you; I reckon you don't know that justices who've showed themselves too all-fired strong on

justice have had irons pulled on 'em "Pronto's dead right," said Cal, "and we don't need Pete Sepulveda, nohow. Let him be 'lected this term, Bill, and

Boys, I ain't here soliciting no

man fer the job, why, you want to slide him in. I guess maybe if I don't ketch no cold I might live through a second term. Come on, Dad, I blieve I need your protection. So long, Fly, see you

They went out and got their horses. Bill calling over his shoulder, "Remember now, Fly, 'lection day,'

"Son, I reckon you'd better not run again! don't 'pear noways safe; Fly Smith and Pete Sepulveda are a bad pair to buck. You know Fly Smith's been intendin' to let daylight into you for some time past; 'pears that he's about got his shotgun nicely sawed off, ready. Bill rolled himself a cigarette.

Presently his father tried again. 'Just because, compared to the feelin's you got for Fly Smith, you just love rattlesnakes and horny toads, ain't no good sign you got to pull the mustache off'n your luck, is it?"

"Pop, I'm a-goin' to run! You kin cut my laigs off and I'll run on my hands. That crooked gambler can't scare me. But I'm a heap sorry to go ag'in you, Pop. I sure am.

Demming frowned in order to conceal the proud smile on his face, and swore horribly to keep the tremor out

Smith sent word to Bill that he must withdraw in favor of the other candidate, and that if he did not and should be elected, that he, Fly Smith, would personally come to kill him the next day at 8 a. m.

'Rats!" said Bill Demming, turning to Pronto and Cal. "I might have been scared if he'd said noon-but 8 in the morning! Why, he won't be out of bed by then; he never is."

Election day dawned with Bill still

intact. There was a record vote polled. Every man for miles around rode in, grab it and we'll had partly because the justice was exceedingly popular, and partly because Fly and loo near frozen Smith's extreme dislike for him and water over eighteen Smith's extreme distinct to the bucket was hauled his own habit of doing precisely as he. The bucket was hauled threatened were known far and wide, climbed in and went The event promised to be lively, and enemy, every last man of them was sufficiently Roman to relish the idea of such a

The strange absence of Fly Smith from the voting booth; from Main street, where he was wont to swagger: from the Silver Star; from Mrs. Clears' boarding house, and from the face of the earth, so far as any one could discover, became the engrossing theme about the middle of the afternoon, when it was evident that Bill Demming was once more elected.

Evening came, but no Fly Smith. The votes were counted in the Silver Star, and Bill declared winner. The event was fittingly celebrated, along about midnight, Bill started for Just because yore re-tier

ome.

As he rode by Pronto Bing's ranch Arizona, We got his he heard peculiar sounds of distress. He trailed them; found their unusual source, and with a shout, swung You're a fool to fish him as round and spurred back to the Silver Star as fast as he could urge his of his voice. "Billy, I ain't too old to horse. When he got there he demandlarrup you good, and I will, too, whenever you need it." Which ended all mediately forthcoming, he galloped talk of Bill's leaving the race.

Nothing happened until the morning before election day, when Fly A faint voice, far below, began to will he mentally sounded as felicies.

Nothing happened until the morning before election day, when Fly A faint voice, far below, began to will you at all. Get new

groan and then to pray: "Oh-oo, Lord! You know me: I don't ask many favors of you! Perform deadly earnest. a miracle and take me out of this yere well, and I'll be cursed if I ever bother you again! Z-zz!" They could has performed two minches hear teeth chattering and then anothing of me out of this datha

er groan. Bill leaned over the well. "Hey, Fly, is that you down there?" 'Yes, it sure it, consarn you! Get me

out of here, Bill!

By Enos Emory



HE Embroidery Club noon at Mrs. Chrisdozen women seat-

longues. Upon the air lingered a a neighbor. Now, has she, Mrs. Kerr? promising scent of cakes recently the orange pekoe.

cat. Instantly every needle paused. What is it?" asked Malvina Bates

Mrs. Cramp, who was holding back. Meredith says this of the nettle; the curtain, looked at Malvina over her shoulder. "It's the woman next Mrs. Kerr got up to see. "Mrs. Net-

all. I asked her. I thought I had to, she lives so close-"She's going right by," said Mrs.

topher Kerr's. Ev- her. Nobody can," said Malvina Bates. "Go ahead and grasp your nettle, Ol- Club met a Mrs. Peter Filbury's. The "The ery member was "Everybody says she's the officerest ga," she said ironically. "I'd rather weather had cleared and Mrs. Kerr. all?" out. There were a woman living," remarked Miss Jessup. see it done than do it myself. We'll all feeling like a bird set free, was the ed about the big "That house is big enough for a dozen And if you don'tsitting room, all people, and she lives in it all alone with their She's been here close to a year and needles and their she hasn't made a friend yet, nor even

Mrs. Kerr sighed. "It isn't my fault. baked and waiting to be served with I declare I never tried so hard to be nice to anybody in my life, and, as I There was a little stir at the bay told you, she always pays me back window as two or three ladies peered by making me mad. Nettle's a good out suddenly at some object of inter- name for her. The Lord knew what He was at when He named her.'

From the dimmest corner of the room came a sweet voice: "You know

Disturb it, it stings. Grasp it firmly it stings not. On one of these two things She may be coming here, after If you would not be stung it behooves you to settle.

> Olga Kent paused as every eye turned upon her. The members of the I m-

Mrs. Kerr bit her lips. "I expected broidery Club were not used to hear- storm and such cold that it took a piece of old silver you ever saw, a "I don't see how you get along with grew amused and Miss Jessup laughed. "She must be," said Mrs. Bates. look on and cheer you if you succeed. fifth member to arrive.

to pick the pines out of your poor lit-Olga's aunt.

ber of the club and not long married. Romance was still all radiance for her not as happy as herself. She therefore pitied Mrs. Nettle.

"I'll tell you, Olga," said Mrs. Kerr, half tenderly, half lightly, "you see what you can do for Mrs. Nettle and next time we meet you can tell us how meet, remember."

And so the subject shifted. Two weeks followed two weeks of

ing poetry quoted. Some of the faces brave heart to venture far from one's pitcher in repousse work.' own warm fireside. The Embroidery

Olga Kent came last of all, looking 'We'll use our embroidery needles very pretty in a blue dress with a hothouse rose in her wide girdle. "Jimtle hands," said Mrs. Cramp, who was my gave me a dozen yesterday," she Olga Kent was the youngest mem- first anniversary."

"I tell her to wait till she's been married thirty years the way I have," and she pitied every creature who was remarked Mrs. Cramp. "My last anniversary Tom brought me home two rounds of porterhouse and ordered it cooked for his supper."

Everybody laughed a moment and when it was over Olga said: "Well, first anniversaries only come once and you came out. We've all tried our mine was a perfectly beautiful one. ways and been stung bad. They say Aunt Lot over there gave me that pair everybody's got a soft spot somewhere, of towels she's been embroidering-I and maybe she's got one. Maybe you never dreamed they were for me-and can find it. You tell us next time we Uncle Tom gave me a five-dollar gold piece, and Mrs., Nettle-

It was Miss Jessup who interrupted. Then you did grasp the nettle after

"Yes, and see!" Olga held up her pretty hands triumphantly.

You promised to tell us-" urged Miss Jessup.

"Oh, I am going to," Olga replied. There isn't much to tell. I went to when I entered: 'I wouldn't have asked you in only I thought it was the grocer's boy when I heard you knock." I laughed. 'Now, aren't you glad it wasn't the grocer's boy?' I said. 'You've got a sick headache, haven't cure her. I'm going to cure you." took off my things. 'But I don't want husband and two boys and they were you to stay,' she said. 'I'm better all three drowned at one time right bealone.' I never answered, but went fore her eyes. I can't tell you that right to work getting black coffee part-it's too dreadful. But she ready and making a mustard plaster changed from that moment. for the back of her neck. She was hor- couldn't bear to see happiness when Good Lord, to think we did

I had getting her to use my remedies: almost hated God. Ast wa But I succeeded and presently she be-gan to feel better. Then I sat on the floor beside her couch and bathed her forehead and eyes with cold water. 'I wish you'd go away,' she said. 'I don't then she went on gestly: I want you. I don't want anybody. I to her every day for two we hate every one. I hate myself.' And think you'll find her a little then she began to cry, I let her cry, now. I want you all to be then she began to cry, I let her cry, now. I want you all to per and when she'd quieted down I said her; I want you to be good to her: 'I wish you'd tell me why you want you to love her, for, or, or feel like that There is no said. feel like that. There must be some see her and found her with a sick reason, for I'm sure that you must headache. She lay on the couch in have loved somebody and somebody the sitting room and she said to me must have loved you.' Then I began most as much as she need in to tell her about myself and Jimniy, isn't a neitle at all; sich par just prattling, as Aunt Lot would say. and pretty soon she began to talk about herself. Oh, ladies!"

Olga looked around with ner pine ty of sunshine." eyes full of tears. "It was so pitiful. Aunt Lot has it-and I always She had been a happy woman, a loved woman, just as I thought. She had a "Mrs. Nettle!" they all cried. ribly sick, or I think she'd have put hers was all gone. She bated every-by our own feelings just in the same the loveliest me out of the house. And what a time body, I think." Olga's voice fell, "She needed!"

love. I want you to as he's this club and the Ladies Mis her lots to do. She needs ! rose that has lost all its be that only thorns remain it bloom will return if we gink

She had ended. Every the room was weeping into broidery. It was quite a with even Miss Jessup could spail she went over to Olga and list "You've given us a real in said. "That poor creature! We She her and be good to her from !

and many charming people is

unhappy all this makes you."

aptitude for business. Just #1

Many a woman manages a large

ness of her own. Only rest

read that a wife was her

business pariner."

You think women have me

George kissed her tear-stains

"That's right," he cried. "You

"we can save enough this 25

then I'll know what to say it is

bossed me a good deal, asi l

ashamed to let them see how it

der men when they come

George," she confessed,

Elsie brightened. Til like to

## The Money In The Envelope

By Annette Angert



envelope on the ta- cach month." before his young wife.

ed into the cuvelope like a child ex- just as clever as his mother!" "There's a lot here." pecting a toy. 'It must last all the month, and we act delighted her. She shyly boasted

should put some away for emergen- of it to the young woman who lived in ries." George reminded her, half the spartment next her own, amused, half dismayed. "Then you "Of course, he should give and lunches and other little expenses. of an anemic clerk.

"Oh, you old take-back! Giving me a time. He planks down all he gets all this money and then wanting it outside of his car fares and lunches."

ATHER always gave again," laughed Elsic.

necessities. I know you'll be as ciessaid George Mor- er as mother, and she always man- top floor, who happened out in her hall slice. ion, laying his pay aged to tuck a bit away in the bank just then.

pleasure and peep- but her thought was: "Of course, I'm plump neek, Before her marriage Elsie had nev-"let's go out and have a er given a thought as to who should He was an agreeable youth who set the. Elsie, glowing with generosity, or Carson," she faltered. hold the family purse. Her husband's

"Of course, he should give you his would keep, he assured her, must let me have enough for car fares money," cried Mrs. Barnes, the wife "I wouldn't stand for it if Jim doled me out a dollar at

A Suit Case Problem

Unconscious of this neighborly Elsie lifted her chin with the be- comment. Elsie looked admiringly at witching motion which first charmed her new friend and determined to have

man with a little air of importance.

cuts, but he had such handsome eyes like a prying sneak," inspected the she readily believed his promise to se- larder. lect a fine piece for her. He kept his

"That's why 'Jim' wears threadbare promise but always sent more than his money to moth"Well, you have all the rest to spend coats, and shabby hats, while you she could use. He explained that one
or, and I'm going to for food and viothes and household sport silk stockings and swell millicould not get a good cut of steak, for nery," muttered the neighbor on the instance, unless one took a generous

> If she mentioned the cheaper cuts, he assured her they were more ex-

Elsie flushed with George into believing her an angel, gold beads like those round her order man who had been unjustly dismissed by his employer and was work-Elsic received the grocer's young ing up an independent order route. She would like Elsie to help him a litforth the value of his wares like a patronized the new man. This gave fairy tale. Elsie laid in a good sup- her a number of callers; the two gro-Some things among them she cery men, the meat man, and the almost never use, but they Italan who sold her fruit. Each one seemed to have a claim on her for or-When the butcher's man came, she ders, and the result was distressing much hurt. "I thought you underrealized her ignorance of the different when, at last, her husband, "feeling

months be came home one evening nasty note he had received from the arms. firm which employed the young man with the handsome eyes and a con-

tempt for cheap cuts. 'What does this mean?" be demandensive in the end.

ed. hotly. "Carson sent me a bill for Mrs. Barnes told her about another three months, and a stiff note. Of course you pay every month. Elsie! Elsie colored. "I paid the fruit man

> then there wasn't any left for Osgood "You don't mean to tell me you are running bills at all these places!" Elsie began to cry. "I didn't think

and some on Johnson's bill and then-

you'd be mean," she wailed,
"I'm not mean," George replied, stood that my salary must do us for each month; I have no other income, You knew this when you married me.

Elsie cried all the harder. George, dearest girl, this is a bushell tingling with chagrin over a rather feeling like a brute, took her in his

"Poor little girl." he said, tenderly, "I'm sorry I worried you so."

Nevertheless after she fell askep he tiptoed into the pantry and looked around him. He saw baskets of decaying fruit on the shelves, the ice chest filled with half empty bottles of state milk and cream, a large roast that had been on the table once, quite my little partner! Pariners spoiled, half the fish they had used you know, and we'll esting the evening before, and which he much we need to invest in each would have enjoyed scalloped for din- And, perhaps." he addedner, thrown aside. Clearly Elsie was ordering enough to feed at least five pay Carson's bill." persons.

Next morning he suggested kindly that he should relieve her from the

care of marketing. "You have no confidence in me." she flashed indignantly. "Indeed I have," he protested. "But, knew."

By Will Seaton



have an automobile. exclaimed Marie Unusual to Box-

ton, the day had been such a hot. humid one that Ala rie, with her even, gental temper, had become a little out of humor with the

weatherman but not with her agreeable husband.

August the 16th and here it is the 21st. but no telling how much longer it will be before it comes!

wind that new car would produce if available was between two men and passed Edgar her suit case when they were speeding out Commonwealth two young women. Marie hastily clang! clang! The car was turning avenue, passing hundreds of cars, and he felt cooled by the breeze his imagination pictured. "Say, Edgar, I tell you what let's do

I'll make up a nice lunch and we can content to deposit his bag under the take that lovely all-day sail down the bay to Plymouth, and we can eat it What other people do not concern on the beach where we don't need an

scrambled over a dopey looking n narrow space between him and the

two women beyond, while Edgar felt Miss First taking Miss Second's suit knees of the end man and stand out- the rear end of the running board just All went well until South station time Miss Second had gotten off safeme half so much as what we shall do automobile to cool us off. was reached, where the two young ly, when Mr. Dopey, the end seat man, this hot Sunday. Here it is three weeks and more since I turned in my '13 car; the thermos bottle and the hand bag had a suit case, bag and umbrella, as Second, while the car was moving off.

HAT do people do, they promised the 16 model to be here while you hustle the things in it and did Miss second. They were climbing Poor Marie, leaning over Mr. Avoirover Marie and her side companions. Every trolley was crowded, for ev- while Edgar was on the ground aserybody, was going to the beaches, sisting them. Miss First was off safe-Edgar was thinking what a gate of Hailing a wharf car, the only scat ly with her tuggage, Miss Second had the corner for Atlantic avenue-Miss past a man of exceeding bulk into a Second was still on the car, while Edgar was frantically insisting upon case. Making a wild dash, he gained as the car was off again. In the mean-

dupois, fairly screamed to Mr. Dopey 'Please don't that is my bag!" But She now thought herself minus both husband and bag, for she did not know that Edgar was aboard and she had seen Miss Second catch the bag on the fly. "Why, Edgar, where did you come

from? That was our bag.' "No, Marie, that suit case belonged

to that young lady; it was not ours. "But Edgar, this man gave our bag to the second lady when she got off.

Clang, clang, next corner.

and that young lady and get our bag!" After alighting, they looked back. No familiar suit case nor hand bag was in sight

> Edgar looked at Marie. Marie looked at Edgar.

Just then neither was blaming the found Marie patiently waiting automobile people for their predica-

After a hasty farewell they hurried to Rowe's wharf, where the starter informed them that it was against the rules to discharge baggage without So in the owner, but added that they might sail to I flud their bag at the lost and found breeze department at the end of the route, the caused car would reach the terminal in bland work for

The last boat for Plymouth &

gone half an hour when Edge the starter were 'phoning to quarters for a leather bas cost a thermos bottle and lunch ist An hour later Edgar, with the aweltering heat.

"Well, it's lunch time now, we will take this boat which to Nahant and still have our la So in spite of losing the the sea.

sail to Plymouth, they cujored breeze of the ocean and the caused by the mixed before