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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

There was another pause, broken only by the rustle of leaves and the rushing of the river.

"Beulah was right," he said, at last. "Beulah is a wonderful girl, and a beautiful."

"She will not be wanting to go back home with us," said the mother.

"So much the better. Mary, Mary, we have no home to go back to!"

She looked at him with a sudden puzzled, half-frightened expression.

"No home, John? No home? You don't mean that?"

He nodded and turned his face away. "I said I hadn't told you all," he managed at length.

"I sold the farm."

She was sitting on a fallen log, very trim, and gray, and small, but she seemed suddenly to become smaller and grayer still.

"Sold the old farm," she repeated, mechanically.

"Yes, I sold the old farm," he said again, as if finding some delight in goading himself with the repetition.

"I thought I saw a chance to make a lot of money if only I had some ready cash to turn in my hand, and I sold it. I thought I would be rich and then I would be happy. But they took the money last night. They found out about it some way, and took it, and nearly killed our boy. Mary, you worked hard all your life, and today you have nothing. I brought you to this."

She saw it all, and for the moment her heart shrank within her. But she saw, too, the futility of it all. She might have upbraided him; she might have returned in part the sorrows he had forced upon her, for he was wounded now and could not strike back. But she rose and stretched her arms toward him.

"You said I had nothing John. You are wrong. I have you. I have everything!"

"And it was to you, beloved, to you, a woman of such great soul, that I could do this thing. . . . I should be utterly wretched. . . . But I'm not." He spoke slowly and deliberately, as one having ample time, and with the diction of earlier years.

"I should be scouring the valleys with a troop of men, hunting for our money. But I'm not. It seems such a puny thing, it's hardly worth the while—except for the happiness it might bring to you, and Beulah."

When they returned to the house it was almost evening, and they found the doctor from town busy over Allan.

"Would have killed nine men out of ten," he told Harris, quite frankly; "but this boy is the tenth. He's bad-



What a Wonderful Soul He Was!

ly hurt, but he'll pull through, if we can arrest any infection. His constitution and his clean blood will save him."

Before the doctor left Arthur inquired if the police had any further details of the crime. Harris appeared to have lost interest in everything except the members of his family.

"Quite a mystery," said the doctor. "I understand one of the robbers was shot, and I will go on up from here to make an examination, as coroner. Tomorrow the police will bring out a jury, and a formal verdict will be returned. A systematic search will also

be undertaken to recover the money, as I understand that you"—turning to Harris—"suffered a heavy financial loss in addition to the injury to your son. Of course, it is impossible to say how many took part in the affair, but it is not likely the outlaws numbered more than two, in which case they are both accounted for. The one captured had no money to speak of in his possession, but he may have cached it somewhere, and when he sees the rope before him it will be likely to make him talk. They seem to have a pretty straight case against him. Not only was he captured practically in the act, but they have another important clue. He owns up to his name frankly enough, and it seems the revolver found on the scene of the crime had his initials, 'J. T.'—Jim Travers, cut in the grip. In fact, he admits the revolver is— What's wrong, Miss Harris? Are you ill?"

Beulah's breath had stopped at the mention of Travers' name, and she staggered to a chair. Harris, too, was overcome.

"We knew him down east," Beulah exclaimed, when she had somewhat recovered her composure. "I could not have thought it possible!"

"I didn't think he would have carried it that far," said Harris, at length, speaking very slowly and sadly.

"Jim, Jim, you've made a worse mistake than mine."

Mary learned of the disclosure in a few minutes, and followed Beulah upstairs.

"You poor child!" she cried, as she overtook her daughter.

"It's not me," she shot back. "It's Jim. He must be saved, some way. It's impossible to think—I won't think it, no matter what they say! Let them find what they like! . . . But he's in a hole, and we've got to get him out."

The mother shook her head with some recollection of the blindness of love. And yet her own heart refused to accept any idea of guilt on the part of Travers.

"I want to be alone, mother," said Beulah. "I want to be alone, to think. I'm going down by the river."

As she strode rapidly through the paths in the cottonwoods the girl gradually became conscious of one dominating impulse in her maze of emotions. She must see Jim. She must see him at once. She must see him alone. There were things to be said that needed—that admitted—no witness. She knew that. Arthur or one of the men would willingly ride to town for her, or with her, but this was a task for her alone. They must know nothing until it was over.

Outwardly calm, but inwardly burning with impatience, she returned to the house and went through the form of eating supper. Then she dallied through the evening, giving her attention to Allan until all the household, except her mother, had gone to bed.

"I will watch with Allan tonight," her mother said. "You need rest more than I do. Lie down in my room and try to get some sleep."

Her mother kissed her, and Beulah went to her room. But not to sleep. When silence filled all the house she slipped gently down the stairs, through the front yard, and into the corral. Fortunately her horse had been stabled. She harnessed him with some difficulty in the darkness, and threw herself into the saddle. For 100 yards she walked him; then she drew him off the hard road on to the grass and loosed him into a trot. Half a mile from the house she was swinging at a hard gallop down the dark valley. More than once even the sure-footed ringer almost fell over the treacherous badger holes, but she had learned to ride like the saddle itself, and she merely tightened the rein and urged him faster.

At a crossing her horse almost collided with a boy returning home from some late errand. "Oh, Mr. Boy," she said. "Come here, please, I want you to help me."

The boy approached hesitatingly, as though suspicious that some kind of trick were being played on him.

"Can you tell me," she said, in a low voice, "where the jail is? I'll give you \$1 if you do."

"There ain't no jail here, miss," he replied frankly, evidently satisfied that the question was bona fide. "There's a coop, but you wouldn't give a dime to see it. It's just a kind of a shed."

"That's just what I want to find," she continued, "and I'll give you \$1 to show me where it is."

"Easy pickin'," said the boy. "Steer your horse along this way."

He led her through the main part of the town, to where a one-story building, somewhat apart, stood aloof in the darkness.

"Some coop, ain't it?" said her guide, with boyish irony. "My dad says that's what we git fer votin' against the government. The fire truck's in the front end, an' there's a cell with bars behind. Do you want to see that, too?"

"Yes, that's what I want to see, but I can find it myself now, thank you."

She dismounted and made her way to the back of the building. She saw the outline of a door, which was undoubtedly locked, and further down the same wall was a little square window, with bars on it. There appeared to be only one cell, so there was no problem of locating the right one.

She stole up along the wall, but the window was too high for her. Searching about the littered yard she found a square tin, such as the ranchers use to carry coal oil. Mounting this she was able to bring her face to the bars.

"Jim," she said, in a low voice, listening intently. But there was no response.

"Jim," she repeated, a little louder. She fancied she heard a stir, and the sound of breathing seemed to cease.

"Jim Travers!"

"Yes!" came a quick reply. "Yes! Who is it?"

"Come to the window, Jim."

In a moment she saw the outline of his face through the darkness.

"Beulah Harris," he demanded, in his quiet voice, "what are you doing here?"

A great happiness surged about her at the sound of his voice and the



"What Are You Doing Here?" Said a Sharp Voice.

warmth of his breath against her face. "I might ask the same, Jim, but such questions are embarrassing. Anyway, I am on the right side of the wall."

She saw his teeth gleam in the darkness. What a wonderful soul he was!

"But you shouldn't have come like this," he protested, and his voice was serious enough. "You are compromising yourself."

"Not I," she answered. "These bars are more inflexible than the stiffest chaperon. And I just had to see you, Jim, at once. We've got to get you out of here."

"How's Allan?"

"Getting better."

"And your father? Pretty angry at me, I guess."

"No. Father isn't angry any more. He's just sorry."

"Times are changing, Beulah. But if he would that sack around my neck in sorrow, I don't want him at it when he's cross."

She laughed a little, mirthful ripple. Then, with sudden seriousness, "But,

Jim, we shouldn't be jesting. We've got to get you out of here."

"I'm not worrying, Beulah," he answered. "They seem to lay the drop on me, but I know a few things they don't. Shall I tell you what I know?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it would seem like arguing—trying to prove you are innocent. And you don't need to prove anything to me. You understand? You don't need to prove anything to me."

She felt his eyes hot on her face through the darkness. "You don't need to prove anything to me," she repeated.

"Have you thought it over, Beulah?" he said. "I have no right, as matters stand, to give or take a promise. I have no right—"

"You have no right to say 'as matters stand' as though matters had anything to do with it. They haven't, Jim. No, I have not thought it over. This isn't something you think. It is something that comes to you when you don't think, or in spite of your thinking. But it's real—more real than anything you can touch or handle—more real than these bars, which are not so close as you seem to fancy—"

And then, between the iron rods across the open window, his lips met hers.

"And you were seeking life, Beulah," he said at last. "Life that you should live in your own way, for the joy of living it. And—"

"And I have found it," she answered, in a voice low and thrilling with tenderness. "I have found it in you. We shall work out our destiny together, but we must keep our thought on the destiny, rather than the work. Oh, Jim, I'm just dying to see your homestead—our homestead. And are there two windows? We must have two windows, Jim—one in the east for the sun, and one in the west for the mountains."

"Our house is all window, as yet," he answered gayly. "And there isn't as much as a fence post to break the view."

"What are you doing here?" said a sharp voice, and Beulah felt as though her tin box were suddenly sinking into a great abyss. She turned with a little gasp. Sergeant Grey stood within arm's length of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Joke Was on Conjuror.

A very well-known and popular conjuror, who shall be nameless, has many amusing stories to tell of incidents which have befallen him during his career. He says: "I do not think I was ever so nonplussed in my life as I was when performing my card and rabbit trick, some time ago. I ask a member of the audience to tear a card into small pieces and give them all to me except one. Later in the trick I produce a rabbit from a box, and tied round its neck is a card with a piece missing. It is then found that the piece which the member of the audience holds exactly fits and completes the second card. On this particular occasion I allowed the rabbit to remain in the box too long, and when I produced him found that he had chewed the card on his neck to bits. Needless to say, the laughter, when the audience grasped the trick the rabbit had played on me, was loud and long."

A Stiff Upper Lip.

Keeping a stiff upper lip is all right, but there's nothing commendable about it. Everybody keeps a stiff upper lip; has to. The upper lip can't be anything but firm. Ever watch a child overcome by emotion? It's the under lip that trembles, and then the jaw drops, to open an exit for the roar. Next time tell him to keep a stiff lower lip. It won't sound right, it will lack punch and probably will fail to inspire the subject to the proper degree of steadfastness, but you'll have the approval of the purist.—Louisville Herald.

SCOUTS LOCATE STOLEN CAR.

The new plan whereby police reports are sent broadcast by wireless every evening had an immediate, interesting and worthwhile result. On a certain evening a large amount of police data and reports were relayed to the high power radio station of the American Radio and Research corporation in Medford, Mass., and hurled through the air in a 100-mile radius for the information of some 5,000 amateur operators. Among the items reported were the number, make, engine, etc., of a car which had been stolen from Harvard square, Cambridge, the day before. Among the "listeners in" was a boy scout named Barney, who wrote down the details of the theft, for practice in receiving. The next day, walking along the street in his home town, the lad noticed a car standing deserted by the roadside which was of the make of the stolen roadster. He made a quick, mental note of the number and ran home to compare it with his radio notes. The two tallied and he at once telephoned the police and the car was restored to its owner.

SCOUTING A WORTH-WHILE JOB.

B. K. Willow of Philadelphia, a ten-year scout man, says:

"It has been a great pleasure to be associated in scout work through these past ten years. Whatever it may have meant to the boys it has meant a great deal to me. The seven years when I was actively engaged with the different groups of boys as scoutmaster have brought a great deal of pleasure to me. If every man could come in contact with boys thus intimately he would find it helpful in many ways even though it takes time and means the sacrifice of things men hold dear. "After the experience of these ten years in connection with work for boys I am convinced that there is no better program for character building than the scout program and I hope that I may have a hand in it for years to come."

STUDY MOSQUITO WARFARE.

Boy scouts of Newark recently went on an inspection hike to the nearby marshes to observe the methods and practice of mosquito extermination as conducted by the local mosquito extermination commissions. The boys will camp on the meadows,

BOY SCOUTS



(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

WHY I AM A SCOUT

The following statement, written by a boy scout, appeared in a Chicago newspaper in connection with a campaign for scout funds:

"I am a boy scout because I believe in the doctrine of the Boy Scouts of America—America first. I believe in the service to others which the boy scouts have made the premier issue, and I believe that the future of this government, if not of the world, rests in the hands of the boy scouts of today.

"But what have the boy scouts done and why should they be helped? During the war they were ready to answer the summons of their country at any time. Being too young to shoulder a gun, they set to work at home to raise money for the Red Cross, to sell Liberty bonds and war savings stamps, only in the last few days of the campaign, to the few who were not touched before. They were ready to respond to their country in giving first aid, carrying messages, or doing anything they were called upon to do. For this they received only a word of gratification from their government, but they were not after praise.

"The boy scout is trained to rescue a person in danger, and to apply first aid to his wounds until the doctor comes. The doctrine of service is ever prominent, for the 'good turn daily' is put into practice all over. A scout can be trusted and will never break his word or commit a theft. A scout is loyal and obedient to the right, kind to dumb animals, of service to man, friendly toward others and cheerful in his actions. He has to pass certain tests which give him a greater knowledge and a broader view.

"You are now being asked to contribute some money to the boy scouts in order that they may continue their good work. What is your return? A safe government for your children, based on the principles of love, unselfishness and common sense. There need be no fear for the future of America if placed in the hands of the boy scouts."

CAME WITH THE GLACIERS

Little Cinquefoil Made First Visit to America Hundreds of Thousands of Years Ago.

Near the very tip of Mount Beacon, on the Hudson highlands, there grows a small white flower known to botanists as "Polentilla Tridactata," or three-toothed cinquefoil. Its history is as long as its name, and goes back hundreds of thousands of years. In that remote period of the world the glaciers came creeping down from the north, burying under snow and ice all the country north of Long Island and central New Jersey. The cinquefoil came with it, for the cinquefoil is a hardy little chap, and loves the bitter weather as much as the familiar snow blossoms.

When the glacier took up the great retreat a few flowers and a few birds and beasts were left stranded in a climate that slowly but surely warmed until the summers were almost tropical in their heat, and, not being designed for such torrid days, the species slowly died out, first the flowers, then the beasts and lastly the birds, until now there are many varieties

that have been destroyed. The cinquefoil is one of the few that remained true to type, and is now found in plenty near the Arctic circle. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild strawberry plant both in blossom and leaf, although the fruit is not edible, being small, dry and bitter.

What the Hair Reveals.

The Turks claim women with short intellect have long hair. The Albanians say with more finality, "Long hair, little brains." Other contributors say much hair indicates ungovernable temper and inclination to melancholy. Even have they gone so far as to say a great abundance of hair meant one were half a fool, as Stevens quotes from Flora, "A tisty-tosty wag-feather, more hair than wit." "If a girl has a great deal of hair," quoth another source, "she will marry poverty, while the girl with little hair will marry rich." Next in bad grace with the folklore authorities is the enviable curly hair. "It's a sign of a scold," says one. "If the hair falls in little curls at the back of the neck it means an early widowhood."

When in doubt abstain.—Zoroaster.