

out. Reckon we all know now who she is." His words stung with their open scorn.

What followed Anne never rightly knew. She was conscious only of being thrown violently against the wall, with cartridge smoke in her eyes, the smell of powder in her nostrils, and in her ears the sickening crack of a rifle shot, with a stifled cry ringing above it. Then she was alone in the room but for Creede's prostrate form across the threshold. She was too benumbed to hear the shots and oaths, the swish of horses' feet in the mud and water outside, or, hearing them, to care.

It was minutes before an all but inaudible moan from the figure at her feet brought her to her senses. Weakly she knelt beside him; but he did not reply to her frightened questioning, and she sank back against the wall miserably certain that he was dying—and by her fault! That was perfectly plain to her. Had she not given direction to every event from the instant of Carver's appearance to the entrance of the posse into the bedroom? And this was what had come of it. She stared mutely into Creede's upturned face and wondered if all the years to come could wipe out the accusation of murder those still features seemed to be fastening upon her.

As she gazed a shaft of sunlight through a rift in the downpouring clouds fell through the window and lay full on him. Anne drew in her breath audibly. With this physical illumination came its spiritual counterpart. Phil Creede had won his life and not lost it! And she had helped him win it! And with the knowledge of this spiritual truth came its physical counterpart. A faint tremor passed through the boy's body. Again she was on her knees beside him, bending over him; but a shadow obscured the shaft of light.

THE Sheriff was standing in it speaking gruffly. "Carver made his get-away. Mighty near drowned in the arroyo, though. I couldn't send my men to sure death after him. But you ain't made your get-away, I see."

The insolence of his tone enraged her. Her voice refused to come with her first effort, and when it did it sounded tense and unreal. "This man needs help. We must do something for him instead of spending time exchanging insults."

"My business is with you first. You lied to me about Carver being here, and you tried mighty hard to keep us out of that room. You ain't much of a woman to try to save a scoundrel who shot your husband

—and you the cause of the shooting, at that. I knew you disappeared when Carver did; but never thought you had the spunk to go with him."

The girl leaped to her feet, her eyes blazing, her slight figure rigid with unsuppressed wrath. Beneath her look the Sheriff quailed. Neither of them noticed that the man on the floor between them had opened his eyes; to full consciousness of the scene and then closed them again—but not to oblivion.

CREEDE'S mind was cursedly clear. In a few lightning seconds he had weighed all the evidence and found it—convicting. This girl had come to his cabin unbidden. She had put him in Carver's power when she delivered over the six-shooter. She had warned Carver of the posse's approach. She had proffered her horse for his escape. The whole plan was premeditated—and successful! Carver had escaped, Carver, whom he meant to kill! And then, his brain still preternaturally clear, the evidence did not convict; did not convict because he was glad Carver had escaped and he knew that but for Anne he would not have been glad.

He opened his eyes suddenly. Anne was speaking.

"I'll tell you the truth," she was saying passionately. "I was trying to save this man, this one, I tell you!"

Truth has the quality of being believed, and though the Sheriff could not understand he could not doubt.

"And I would have saved him if one of your miserable bullets—"

"It was Carver's bullet. He thought Creede had given him away." The officer's tone was subdued, apologetic.

"I tried to save him!" Anger was dying from her tone. The vibration in it, however, made the Sheriff look away sympathetically.

"You have." It was Creede speaking, and the girl went down on her knees beside him. He took one of her hands in his reverently. "I ain't exactly fit to live; but I am going to do it!" His voice was steady, determined. "I've got to live to prove I'm worth the trouble you went to, to prove I'm worth saving. I've got quite a few things to do which will prevent me dying at present. Got to see to it that Carver is put right about my not giving him up. Got to let coals of fire sizzle my scalp awhile for doubting you just now."

His voice faltered, but not from failing strength. He closed his eyes and trembled from head to foot; for Anne had laid her other hand on his.

## Throwing the Line to Skid

Continued from page 5

self. Course it was my cue to shrivel up and do the low salaam; but all I can think of at the minute is to look her over and grin.

"Get!" says I. "That you're on his trail, eh?"

Maybe it was the grin fetched him; for then square mouth corners thickers a little and he don't throw any at. "Evidently you are somewhat familiar with the circumstances," says he. "May I ask if you are sufficiently favored with the confidence of my new son in law to know where he and my wife happen to be just now?"

"I admit it," says I, "but if you're thinkin' of springin' any hammer music on Skid, you can look for another party, for you won't get it out of me in a thousand years."

"Ah!" says he. "I see Young Lochinvar has at least one champion. Allow me to state that my intentions are pacific. My wife and I merely wish, before sailing, to pay a normal call on our daughter and her new husband. Now if you could give me their address—"

"Why, say, Senator," says I, "if you ain't lookin' to start anything, I can do better. I'm going right up there myself this minute, and if Mrs.—"

"She is waiting down stairs in the cab," says he. "Nothing would suit us better."

And, say, maybe it wa'n't just what I should have done, but blamed if I could see how to dodge it when it's up to me that way. So I'll me climbin' up on the front seat with the driver of a fancy broad taxi, papa and mama behind, and off rolls the surprise party.

WELL, you know them cut rate apartment houses, with a flossy reception room, all marble slabs and burlap panels, and no elevator. The West Indian at the telephone exchange says we'll find the Mal-sons on the top floor back to the left. That meant four flights to climb, which might account for the lack of conversation on the

way up. Mallory, with his coat off, his cuffs rolled back, and his face steamed up, answers the ring himself.

"Ah, that you, Torchy?" says he. "We were just wondering if you would— Why—er—ah—" and as he gets sight of the old couple out in the dark hall he breaks off sudden.

"It's all right," says I. "He's promised to give the peace sign. You know the Senator, don't you, Skid?"

"The Senator!" he gasps out.

"I believe I once had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mallory," says the old boy, comin' to the front graceful. "Hope you will pardon the intrusion; but—"

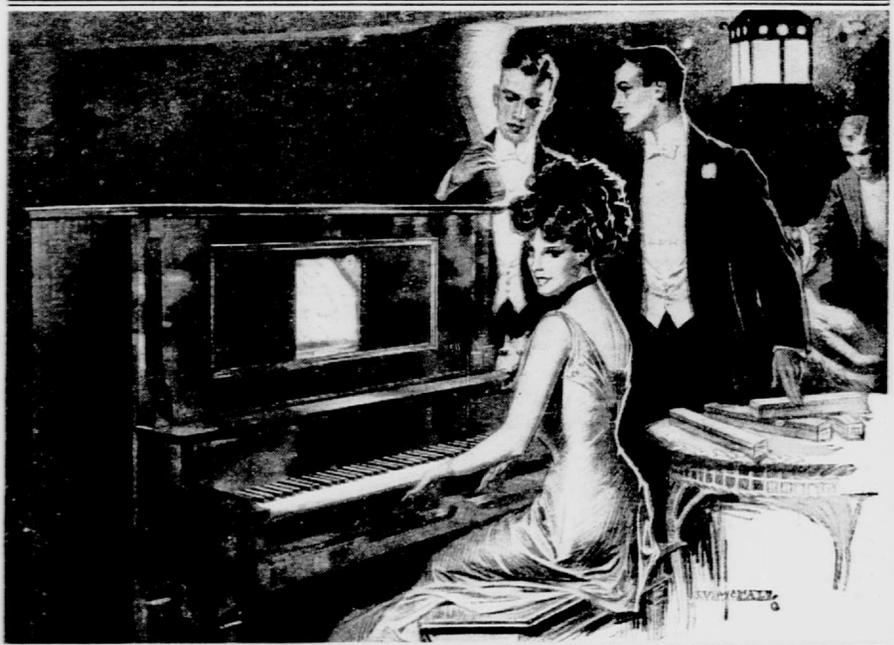
Just then, though, Sis appears from the kitchen, her face all pink and white, and her sleeves pushed up past the dimples in her elbows. Under a thirty-nine-cent blue and white checked apron she's wearin' a lace party dress that was a dream. It's an odd combination; but most anything would look well on a little queen like her. She takes one look at Skid, another at the Senator, and then behind the old man she spies Mother.

Well, it's just a squeal from one, and a sigh from the other, and then they've made a rush to the center that wedges us all into that little three-foot hall like it was the platform of a subway car, and before anything more can be said they've gone to a fond clinch, each patten' the other on the back and passin' appropriate remarks.

Somehow, I guess the Senator hadn't quite figured on this part of the program. I expect his plan was to be real polite and formal, stay only long enough to let the young people know he could stand it if they could, and then back out dignified.

Whatever Mother might have meant to do when she started, it was all off from the minute Sis let out that squeal. And no sooner had we got ourselves untangled and edged sideways into the cute little parlor, than Mother announces how she means to stay right here until it's time to start for the

What a difference the ANGELUS makes. To enliven the Summer hospitalities—to make your leisure best worth while. To play it perfectly needs only love for music, not training, and all the world's best compositions are subject to anyone's desire to play!



The New 88-Note

# Angelus Player-Piano

The piano anyone can play artistically with personal expression

The ANGELUS may be familiar to you by hearsay, by repute. You have doubtless heard it played and admired its artistic musical facility. But, not until you yourself have called at the ANGELUS dealer's in your city to have explained to you these wonderful features found only in the ANGELUS, can you really know this marvelous instrument for all that it is.

- The Phrasing Lever** —which gives personal control of artistic tempo—the delicate variations of time necessary to beauty of interpretation
- The Melodant** —which "brings out" the melody and subdues the accompaniment
- The Melody Buttons** and the **Responsive Pedals**—which make easy all those expressive variations of tone, from loudest to softest
- The Artistic Music Rolls** —upon which all changes of musical expression are so plainly and simply marked that perfect interpretation is easy, natural.

It is these wonderful devices that will determine the ANGELUS as your absolute choice among player-pianos.

Owners of ANGELUS instruments using 58-note rolls put in black boxes will hear something to their advantage by writing direct to us. Send for name of nearest representative and descriptive book of the Knabe-Angelus, the Emerson-Angelus and the Angelus Piano.

**THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.** (Business Established 1877) **MERIDEN, CONN.**  
Regent House Regent Street London

YOUR mind can't be at ease if your body isn't.

**B.V.D.**

Loose Fitting Summer Underwear

is cool and restful—takes the fatigue from the body, and the strain from the mind. Every genuine B.V.D. garment has on it

THIS RED WOVEN LABEL



(TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

We make no garments without it.

**Coat Cut Undershirts,**  
and  
**Knee Length Drawers.**

50 Cents, \$1.00 and \$1.50 a Garment.

Sold by nearly every shop everywhere.

THE B.V.D. COMPANY, 65 Worth St., New York.

Also makers of B.V.D. Union Suits (Pat. 4,907) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 a suit.



**Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets**

Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1/3 per cent.

You can buy the well-known Regal Rug, reversible, all wool finish, at \$3.75. Our Brussels Rug, greatest value known, \$1.85. Splendid grade Brussels Rug, 9x12 ft., \$11. Famous Invincible Velvets, 9x12 ft., \$16. Standard Axminster, 9x12 ft., \$18.50. Fine quality Lace Curtains, 45c per pair and up. Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, 11-oleums at Mill prices.

Write today for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, No. 12, Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.

**UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.**  
2452-2462 JASPER ST., PHILA.

**De Long Co. Hair Pins**

Hold the hair firmly and never slip.

All sizes, all dealers. Get the package with the White Band.

**The De Long Hook & Eye Co. Philadelphia**

**DE LONG HAIR PIN**  
NON-SLIPPING  
JET  
THE DE LONG  
JAPAN  
H. DE LONG & CO.