

# He's the Lone Wolf

by Louis Joseph Vance  
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...while in the British secret service, he has earned the murder-  
 and the hatred of the Bolsheviks.  
 ANDRE DUCHEMIN is summarily "dismissed" by the government and  
 ordered to leave the country at once.  
 WERTHEIMER, the official who brings the news, gives Duchemin a  
 handsome sum to be used on his travels. Duchemin decides that he can  
 best escape from the revengeful Bolsheviks by following Stevenson's itin-  
 erary to "Travels With a Donkey."  
 He is soon tramping in the Cevennes, the little-known hills in the south  
 of France. Reaching the deserted city of Montpellier-Vieux, he is sur-  
 prised to see a peasant and a man dressed as an American soldier duck into  
 the ruins.  
 Following the pair, Duchemin finds them attacking  
 MADAME DE SEVENIE, while d'Aubrac's fiancée,  
 MADAME EVE DE MONTELAIS; her grandmother,  
 MADAME DE SEVENIE, and the widow of the latter's grandson,  
 MADAME EVE DE MONTELAIS, look on in horror. Duchemin goes  
 to the rescue and succeeds in killing the peasant and driving the man in  
 uniform away.  
 Now go on with the story.

**IV**  
 When she had graciously permit-  
 ted Duchemin to assist her to a  
 place in the carriage, Madame Se-  
 venie turned immediately to com-  
 fort her grandson. It was easy  
 to derive an attachment there, be-  
 cause d'Aubrac and Louise de  
 Montalais; Duchemin fancied (and,  
 as it turned out, rightly) the two  
 were betrothed.  
 But Madame de Montalais was  
 showing his attention.  
 "Monsieur thinks—" she in-  
 quired in a guarded tone, taking  
 advantage of the diversion provided  
 by the elder lady to delay a little  
 before entering the barouche.  
 "Monsieur d'Aubrac is in no im-  
 mediate danger. Still, the services  
 of a good surgeon, as soon as may  
 be—"  
 "Will it be dangerous to wait till  
 we get to Nant?"  
 "How far is that, madame?"  
 "Twelve miles."

Duchemin looked aside at the de-  
 parting conveyance with its unhappy  
 women, and summed up a conclu-  
 sion in a shrug.  
 "Nant is nearer, is it not,  
 madame?"  
 "But Nant is not far from the  
 Chateau de Montalais, and at La  
 Roque-Sainte-Marguerite our auto-  
 mobile is waiting, less than two  
 miles below. The chauffeur advised  
 against bringing over the road from  
 La Roque to Montpellier; it is too  
 rough and very steep."  
 "Oh!" said Duchemin, as one who  
 senses a glimmering of light.  
 "Fardon, monsieur!"  
 "Madame's chauffeur is waiting  
 with the automobile, no doubt?"  
 "But assuredly, monsieur."

He recollected himself. "We shall  
 go what we should see, then at La  
 Roque." With an automobile at your  
 disposal, Nant is little more distant  
 than Millau, certainly. Nevertheless,  
 it is not delay."  
 "Monsieur is too good."

Instantly a hand slender and  
 cool rested in his own.  
 "His own was setting into  
 the hands of Madame de Sevenie,  
 and Duchemin clambering up to his  
 box.  
 "The road proved quite as rough  
 as advertised was its reputation.  
 He surmised that the spring rains  
 had found it in a bad way and  
 was nothing to better its condition.  
 The ruts and a liberal sprinkling  
 of small boulders collaborated to  
 keep the horses stumbling, plunging  
 and pitching as they strained back  
 against the singletrees. Duchemin  
 was grateful for the moonlight  
 which alone enabled him to keep  
 the road and avoid the worst of the  
 going—until he remembered that  
 without the moon there would have  
 been no expedition that night to  
 view the mock ruins of Montpellier  
 by its unearthly light, and conse-  
 quently no adventure to entangle  
 him.

Upon this reflection he swore soft-  
 ly but most fervently into his be-  
 coming beard. He was well fed up  
 with adventures, thank you, and  
 could have done very well without  
 this latest. And especially at a time  
 when he desired nothing so much as  
 to be permitted to remain the foot-  
 path of passage without ties or re-  
 sponsibilities.  
 He thought it devilish hard that  
 one may never do a service to an-  
 other without incurring a burden of  
 blame obligations to the served;  
 but bonds of interest forged in  
 moments of unpremeditated and  
 generous impulse are never readily  
 to be broken.

Now because chance had seen fit  
 to put him in the way of saving a  
 hapless party of sightseers from  
 robbery or worse, he found himself  
 helplessly committed to take a con-  
 siderable interest in it. It appeared  
 that their home was a chateau  
 somewhere in the vicinity of Nant.  
 Well, after their shocking experi-  
 ence, and with the wounded man  
 on his hands—especially if he is  
 the Duke-Sainte-Marguerite—  
 the story one confidently expected—  
 Duchemin could hardly avoid offering  
 to see them safely as far as Nant.  
 And once there he would be defi-  
 nitely in the toils. He would have

de Montalais and her grandmother,  
 relapsed once more into unconscious-  
 ness.  
 Learning that Madame de Monta-  
 lais would drive, Duchemin disem-  
 bled a sign of relief and, standing  
 beside the car, doffed his cap to  
 say good-bye. He was only too  
 happy to have been of such slight  
 service as the circumstances had  
 permitted; and if at any time he  
 could do more, a line addressed to  
 him at Nimes, poste restante . . .  
 "But if Monsieur Duchemin would  
 be good enough," Madame de  
 Sevenie interposed in a fretful quav-  
 er—"and if it would not be taking  
 him too far out of his way—it is  
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 silence the landlord's virtuous pro-  
 testations. One could not always  
 avoid being deceived, he declared;  
 he knew nothing of the dead man  
 more than that he had come well  
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 len hand to the task of transferring  
 d'Aubrac to the motor car.  
 "D'Aubrac came to, while this  
 was being accomplished, begged feebly  
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## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



THE CAT THROWS A FIT

## BY AHERN

## THE OLD HOME TOWN



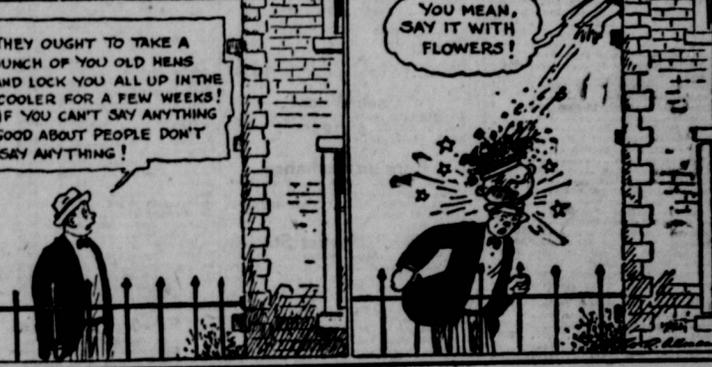
MARSHAL OTEY WALKER SINGLE HANDED TOOK THE SUSPICIOUS STRANGER INTO CUSTODY TODAY—THE EXCITING CAPTURE TOOK PLACE AT THE CENTRAL HOTEL.

## BY STANLEY

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



## Wilbur Does a Little Talking



## BY ALLMAN

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## Wait Till the Castor Oil Is Offered



## BY BLOSSER

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Star Seattle Story Book  
 By Mabel Cleland  
 Page 787  
 APPLE DUMPLINGS  
 The same pioneer who told the soup story told the one about the apple dumplings.  
 Her name is Mrs. Bean and she lives in Centralia now (and, by the way, she told Peggy and David that the "black charger" which Gen. Sheridan rode on his famous ride of civil war fame was bred and trained on her father's place right here in our own Pacific Coast country).  
 Mrs. Newby, Mrs. Bean's mother, had an awfully hard beginning. It was the fall of 1844 when the Newbys came, and after their provisions, which they had brought from home, gave out, they had barely enough to keep alive on that year the Indians wouldn't let the whites have salmon even, and as the Newby cabin was on the Columbia river, the salmon was about all there was to get, so they lived a year on "wheat coffee" and bread.  
 Mrs. Newby was ill for months from lack of proper food, and other hardships, and if dear old Dr. McLaughlin hadn't helped them out with Hudson Bay Co's supplies the chances are that there would have been no apple dumpling story to tell.  
 But the old factor gave the Newbys seeds to plant, and lent them tools to work with so they could build a house, and not try to live in the tent where they had had such a hard year, and he even gave them a few young cattle to start with.  
 So in a little while things grew, and Mr. Newby saved a little money and worked hard, and by and by he built a mill and began to really "make money."  
 But all the time Mrs. Newby was working, working early and late to help him get a start.  
 She didn't have a houseful of children like lots of pioneer mothers; indeed she hadn't even one little baby till after she had been settled in the West two years more.  
 So when her husband built his mill and things seemed to be all brightening up for them she said, "Don't try to get a cook for the mill hands, dear; we shall need every cent we can save if we are ever to get ahead. I'll go to the cook house, and I'll show these poor fellows what home cooking is. I haven't a doubt they'll work better on good food."  
 And maybe they did; anyway, old "Ham" liked it, as you will see for yourself.  
 (To Be Continued)

EVERETT TRUE BY CONDO  
 —AND YOU DON'T GET THE POINT? USE YOUR REASON, MAN, AND YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THE LOGIC OF MY CONTENTION. YOUR ARGUMENT HAS NO SENSE! YOU'RE JUST PLAIN PREJUDICED  
 AND THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE! NOW, I CAN SEE BOTH SIDES OF A PROPOSITION WITH A CLEAR VISION; AND WHY? BECAUSE I KEEP AN OPEN MIND!  
 YOU KEEP IT OPEN SO MUCH IT'S EMPTY!!!

"ENTER, THE FLAPPER"  
 BY ZOE BECKLEY  
 NO. 19—TED AND LEE SAVED ON PRECIPICE BRINK  
 At sight of Ted Harker plunging toward him, Lee wheeled and met the onslaught crouching. The shock brought both to the ground.  
 Ted realized at once the professional dancer is not necessarily soft of body and slow of mind. Starting with a supple and muscular frame,

Neither knew this, but the girls screamed had brought Olive and Bobby on the run. Bobby, with a quick understanding glance, slid down toward the thrashing pair and, bracing his heels against the rock, seized them.  
 "Get up, you two fools—or you'll be over the edge!"  
 They were too tightly locked for blows, and dared not let go, now that they themselves realized the danger. At Bobby's words they came to their full senses and, slowly releasing each other, rose and clambered to the road above.  
 But a sudden primitive instinct to finish the battle seized them and again they would have smashed ahead had Olive not sprung in front of Harker and seized his shoulders.  
 "Listen to me, Ted Harker," she cried. "I'm not afraid of what you'll do to Lee. He can take care of himself. But I want you to know what you're fighting for. It's not worth it, I tell you."  
 Ted tried to shake off Olive's hold, but she clung. Over her shoulder she pleaded with Bobby.  
 "Make them stop it—long enough to hear me—please!"

Bobby, suddenly regarding Lee, did not seem moved by Olive's plea. "I've a good mind to smash him one myself," he growled.  
 "Come and try it." There was a sneer in Lee's voice.  
 "Winnie, then—you try!" pleaded Olive, still clinging to Ted's arm. "Can't you make them stop this stupid brawling. Make them remember a little decency."  
 This reminder of respect due themselves, coming from a quarter unexpected, startled them all. Olive followed up the pause:  
 "Listen, all of you. Give me a chance to say what I have to say," she pursued eagerly. "If you decide then Lee is to blame, you boys can do what you think fair to Lee—even if he is my brother."  
 The surprise of this announcement of unsuspected relationship for some reason helped Olive. The crowd remained silent, and the girl released her hold on Ted.  
 Turning slowly, she faced Peggy with contempt in her eyes and determined coolness in her voice as she began to speak.  
 (To Be Continued)  
 (Copyright, 1922, by Seattle Star)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS  
 by Olive Roberts Burton  
 QUEEN'S CAR IS STOLEN  
 The next thing the Fairy Queen had was her automobile.  
 It had been given to her by the Green Wizard who was an old, old friend of the family.  
 It wasn't an automobile like you or I have, my dears, or like the neighbors across the street have.  
 No, it was a very unusual automobile, and it had taken the good old wizard 10 years to make it magical enough to present to the Fairy Queen.  
 Yes, it was magical. So very magical that it didn't need anyone to run it at all and it could think for itself. Anyone who owned it could make it do anything he wished by just wishing!  
 But there was one thing to remember. This wonderful automobile would serve only one master at a time.  
 "Magic auto, do not dally, I wish to visit my Aunt Sally."  
 And whisk! You'd be there! Or "Magic auto, please to stop and let me out at the butcher shop."  
 And there you'd be. Well, that's the kind of a car somebody stole from the Fairy Queen and she sent for the Twins at once to help her.  
 (To Be Continued)  
 (Copyright, 1922, by Seattle Star)

CASTORIA  
 For Infants and Children  
 IN USE FOR OVER 30 YEARS  
 Always bears the name of J. C. Watson