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CAROLINE RODMAN The Accomplice

By JANE GILL

PART III.
Caroline's voice stopped them again. "I was going to buy a farm with that money." Jack laughed insolently. "Take care, he said, 'and we'll consider this the first payment.'"

"Anyhow, you've got my money," said Caroline, wistfully, "and you didn't even put the transom in for me."

David, hand on the door, looked back anxiously. "The transom's blown out of the front door," he explained, "and I thought you'd help me put it back. I can't get it back alone."

"I'm sorry," Jack began. "Caroline didn't let him finish. 'I see you're a little bit of a miser,' she said to him. 'Don't you see, the sheriff may turn up any minute? Paul protested. Caroline ignored this."

"And you are these men and I'm only a girl. I signed part of that money myself, teaching and teaching's hard work."

"Now, look here," David cried, coming a step toward her, "you've got to understand why we're borrowing your money."

She steeled her heart. "They're horse thieves," he reminded her. "I must keep remembering that."

Aloud she said, "I don't want to understand. I want that transom put back."

"All right," said David, promptly, and walked to the hall.

Paul and Jack stood aghast. "Great Scott, Dave!" cried Jack. "Are you crazy? We can't stop for that."

"We can," said David. "Come here and help."

He stood on the chair and Paul lifted the heavy transom up to him. Starely he fitted it into its place where there was a sound of men's voices—men yelping into the yard.

The desperate look came back into the faces of the boys and the hand of David went to his revolver.

"Quick!" Caroline whispered. "Quick! Come with me! They won't find you! Quick!" David whispered back, revolver in hand. "Let 'em come on."

For five years Caroline had marshaled boys in her Latin class, and she did not give up now. "Come," she repeated authoritatively.

David shook his head. "I'll fight," he said. "I'm not going to be hidden away by a woman."

The voices were very near now. "Because I ask you," Caroline begged.

And suddenly David yielded, and she was shutting the pantry door on the three of them just as there sounded a peremptory knock.

She went to the kitchen door. The sleet had turned to a heavy, clinging snow that blew into the kitchen as she opened the door. Two men came in, stamping the snow from their feet, shaking it from their clothes. It was the sheriff and Peter Helm, standing before her and blinking at the kitchen light.

She closed the door behind them with a hand that was unsteady and tried to hide her nervousness behind a smile. "Why? I thought you were all over to Carrington arresting the Stacey boys!" she exclaimed.

"There is some of us still here," the sheriff explained. "We split up forces and I come over here," his eye was shrewdly upon her, "because we heard reports of them being seen over this way. A man came into the store at the corners a little while ago and he said he saw some one who might have been the Stacey boys coming toward your place."

"My goodness!" cried Caroline. "Suppose that even now they are hiding in the barn or in the woods across the road?"

"We couldn't get you on the phone from the corners," said Peter Helm, "and we wondered whether your wires mightn't be cut. I wouldn't put it past 'em." He shook his head ominously. "Mercy!" cried Caroline. "But maybe it was only the storm. The storm often puts the phone out."

The sheriff and Peter Helm both looked doubtful.

"You more good than to have them in jail and not get a cent?"

"We wouldn't be arresting them," Peter Helm explained half apologetically. "If there was a chance of my getting either my money or my horses. But what chance is there with them getting away as fast as they can?"

"I don't wonder they want to get away," Caroline broke in hotly. "I'd want to get away, too, from all these men whom I had thought to be my friends, and who never lifted a hand to help in time of trouble. And I hope those boys do get away, and I hope they get a fresh start among new people and better people than you are, and I'd like to think that even now, while I am detaining you here and talking and talking to gain time, that they are getting farther and farther down the road."

The sheriff gave a little start. "By gum!" he said. "That's just what they are doing, getting farther and farther down the road!" He opened the door. "We've got to move along."

"I know," agreed Peter Helm; yet he hesitated at the door, uncomfortable over Caroline's harangue. But Caroline closed the door behind them.

Silently three figures came out of the pantry. From his pocket David took the wallet and laid it without comment on the table.

"Oh! but you'll need this," said Caroline. "You'll need this to get away."

"We don't take money from our friends," David told her gravely. "We didn't know we had any friends before."

(The End.)

"Look here!" Paul broke out. "Tell us how you knew? How did you know that that was the way we felt and all?"

"I didn't know when I first started," Caroline explained. "As I talked it just came to me."

"And how did you know the way we felt about the old place, kind of silly over it, as if it were a person?" Jack demanded.

"I don't know," said Caroline. "I just know you understand." David said gently, "especially about how we'd like to start all over again, and pay the mortgage. At first we didn't care what we did, but we do care now, only there isn't any chance."

"There is a chance," said Caroline, "if you'll only take it." "What do you mean?" David demanded. "What chance is there?"

Caroline picked up her wallet. "I have more money than this," she said. "It's in the bank. I was going to buy a farm, only I got discouraged because there only seemed to be treacherous farmers. But you aren't. I know you feel about it just as I do. Suppose I buy your farm from Peter Helm; suppose you return his horses to him—you heard what he said about letting you off if he got his money or the horses back—then suppose you work the farm for me, and we'll all be partners, on the farm."

"You wouldn't trust us," David began, incredulously. "Contemptuously Caroline waved away the idea."

"How soon will we begin?" she demanded.

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What Makes Fog.
London is famous for its fogs. Why? Because, for one reason, London is a city. Cities make smoke, and smoke makes fogs.

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Butterflies Flee Drought.
Certain butterflies maintain themselves precariously in our rainy climate, writes a correspondent of The London Times, and are periodically reinforced by immigration from overseas. Unlike the regular immigration of birds in spring, these movements of butterflies occur at no fixed intervals—some almost annually and others after varying lapses of years. Though butterflies are emphatically creatures of the sun, few species will endure great drought, and there seems little doubt that the excursions of their countless swarms, which occasionally astonish the seafarer, are due to the oncoming of heat and aridity in their country of origin, which deprive them of moisture and their prospective young of green food. Even the drought of an English July will sometimes drive the common blue and small copper butterflies from the wooded pastures and send them wandering through shady gardens with their watered lawns, and the vast clouds of butterflies which are sometimes seen crossing the Mediterranean from North Africa, or the English Channel from the coast of France, are exiles driven by thirst, seeking cooler lands.

In England the most regular of these butterfly immigrants is the large and beautiful species known as the painted lady. This has never been discovered asleep in hiding in this country during the winter, like the peacock butterfly and other members of its tribe, nor does it pass the winter here in any other of the stages of a butterfly's transformation. There is good reason to believe that it never winters with us, and that the painted ladies which usually appear in May or June are immigrants from the Continent. We see them basking on dry footpaths, often returning to the grass spot again and again, or else feasting on clover blossoms ripe for mowing. In due course they lay their eggs on thistles, and after a few weeks' growth as caterpillars and a short period of quiescence as chrysalides, the butterflies of the new generation are on the wing in August and September. The pink-flashed brown of their marbled and broad wings is often much richer than that of their parents in June, for in them it was often bleached by travel and fierce foreign sunshine to a light reddish tan. Beautiful indeed are these native painted ladies, as they circle at the autumnal scabious heads, or the dahlias ranked in the garden, and their end is a mystery. If they seek some dark hiding place, like the rest of their tribe, it has never yet been discovered; all we know is that they do not reappear in early spring, as their kindred do.

A Successful Wife.
Women, who are now taking their places in all branches of work, sometimes seem to forget, if ever they knew it, a far more practical and vital art to them, and one which can be almost universally practiced—that of wife-hood.

To be a successful wife is perhaps the most difficult art in the world, and demands intelligence, sympathy and usefulness, especially in the case of people with small incomes.

Let us consider the essentials of a model wife.

She must be good to look upon. If she is not pretty she can be dainty, fresh and well groomed.

She must be a good and prudent housekeeper, and be able to cook, even if she can afford servants.

She must have tasteful ideas about house decoration, making her home a nice place of rest and comfort.

She must be a companion to her husband. Sympathy is not enough. She must be able to discuss work, literature and politics intelligently with him and his friends.

She must be comrade and comfort always, and critic when required.

She must be a devoted mother, realizing to the full the responsibility resting with her, of giving to her country moral, healthy and helpful citizens.

And with all these duties, she must never be for a moment without love.

Cold Causes Stale Bread.
Prof. J. R. Katz, of Amsterdam, has been trying to discover what makes bread grow stale. He has found that low temperature is the chief cause. Bread kept at 140 degrees F. was quite fresh at the end of forty-eight hours; but when the temperature was reduced to 122 degrees the bread began to grow stale, and continued to increase in staleness down to about three degrees below the freezing point. Beyond that the staleness grew less until at the temperature of liquid air the bread had again become perfectly fresh. It is suggested that bread can be kept fresh by placing it in a fireless cooker immediately after it is removed from the oven.

Other Way Round.
He was a very small boy, and the apples he was eyeing were very large. He eyed them for ten minutes, longingly and furtively, while the greengrocer bustled about serving customers. Now he edged near the tempting basket. Now he edged away again. And at last the greengrocer thought it time to intervene.

"Now then, Tommy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Nothin'," replied the small boy. "Nothin', eh?" said the greengrocer. "Well, it looks to me as though you are trying to steal these apples."

"You're wrong!" retorted the nipper. "I'm trying not to."