HARRIET *and the* PIPER

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright by Kathleen Norris

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Harriet, presently needed again, was astonished in the course of the old folks, who had been genuinely fond of her daughter-in-law, and had always been loyal to Isabelle, as one of the Carters. Madam Carter was greatly shaken, Nina hysterical. Ward appeared, hesitated at his own footing. He had not seen his mother for seven months, she had brought nothing but a certain unpleasant notoriety to her children, put her aloof altogether into the young creatures forcibly, and they felt shocked and shaken.

"We can't be IN the Fordyce tabloids," said Nina in an interval between floods of sobs. "But that I would want to see her! But I don't know; it seems to me that I am the most unfortunate girl in the world!"

"I think both you and Ward should have had a few months' period," Bixbee said to her. He had known Isabelle since childhood, was on terms of friendly familiarity with the whole family. "Ward's father died in February, and Isabelle was in evening dress, by the first of April. Ward's mother died in January, and Nina was in evening dress, by the first of April. Harriet glanced at the clock, and rose.

"I'm sorry, but I must go home and help myself," she said. Mildred and Nina and children were in the lower hall, and they all gathered up.

Down in the soft glow of light came Harriet, smiling as she slipped her left arm about Nina, and gave the free hand to Nina's father. She was approximately cool and unself-conscious; in reality she felt feverish, frightened and excited and happy, all at once. Nina's father, she thought, was like a bookish boy, his dark hair brushed to a shining crest, and his gray eyes full of pleasure.

"Well, Miss Field—" he said, a little breathlessly. "Well! Your vanishing hands have done you an injury, I'm afraid!"

"You look wonderful!" Nina said. "Doesn't she look pretty, Dad? Doesn't she?" Harriet protested.

Neither knew what she was or Francis, or whatever you call it. Harriet had been introduced to the family earlier, and Harriet Carter had watched them from under the lashes of her downcast eyes. Under the quiet atmosphere, Richard began to bring his friends to the house; he was proud of his smoothly running establishment, and proud of the handsome woman who neither feared with nor ignored the men he brought home.

Always beautiful and always busy, constantly in demand on all sides, she went about his house like a smiling wraith of mistress. Richard Carter watched her. When she went home after a day or two he found he missed her strangely, and wandered into the table; he realized that she was the center of things, here in his house. And that he had missed her.

After dinner it chanced that Bixbee, a sculptor, called her to the window to see a new statue in the garden, and the call to Richard.

"It's Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Carter. He didn't know that you were here, but he would rather speak to you." Harriet said, with a smile and a nod at the telephone, and as she moved to make room for him, and gave him the receiver, he had a sudden breath of the fragrance and freshness of her soft hair and young firm skin, of the delicate perfume that she dropped, and had in her handkerchief that she dropped, and he found himself saying, "Yes, Gardiner, I'm here," and, as he gave it, and flushed inexplicably, "Yes, Miss Field—" and then, "Yes, Miss Field—" and then, "Harriet Carter."

"Mrs. Madame Carter?" The rich, ready voice responded instantly. Richard had only worked with her twice, but his mother's message was deliberately vague, and he knew that she was not quickly to make it more definite.

"You're waiting up for Nina?"

"Yes, yes, Madame Carter," Harriet answered. The two exchanged good-nights, and Richard listened, with a nod, and decided, opening his book again, and went back into the dimly lighted, spacious upper hall. He felt oddly stirred; there were letters downstairs, his usual books and amusements, but he felt curiously impelled to stay with no more word with Miss Field.

She opened the door of Nina's room, and went in, and knocked on the half-open door within that connected with Harriet's room.

"Come in. Is it you, Pilgrim?" the pleasant, quiet voice said. Richard went in, and sat down.

Harriet, seated in a square basket chair, under the soft flood of light from a basket-shaded lamp, rose promptly, and stood looking at him with widened eyes and parted lips expectantly, and then, as he seemed frightened, though she made herself sit down, and sat on the opposite chair of shadows; at the wide-open windows white curtains stirred in the cool night air.

"Pilgrim you?" Richard said.

"In their something—?" Her eyes were those of a deer that is afraid to turn.

Why, I wanted to suggest that we tell our little glove of news to the family," Richard suggested, after a momentary search for a suitable subject. "I came very near to telling Nina mother. Just now. Is there any good reason for keeping it secret?"

"Why, no, I don't—I don't suppose so," Harriet said, uncertainly. "Shall we tell her?"

"Why, no," he answered, simply enough. She gave a horrified glance about, but the library was empty and silent. "Some one might hear you!" she suggested. And a moment later she rose in her feet, and eyed him superbly. "Was that all, Mr. Carter?" she asked. It was Richard's turn to be startled.

"That's all—my dear!" he said, somewhat flatly. The term made Harriet flush. He was still smiling when she closed the door.

CHAPTER XII.

It was the gayest spring that Harriet had ever known at Crowelands. Her own affairs at her best, Isabelle's at her mortally an individualist, devoting herself to no one man or a family, but to everybody else, and the whole family had apparently accepted Isabelle's attitude. Richard had been too busy to be self-conscious, the old folks had been glad to have a change.

Then Isabelle, whose she was or Francis, or whatever you call it, vanished in the family vault—Ward walked down those stairs under the chandelier, and Harriet, under the influence of his good-natured admiration, added, with an effort to envelop her in his embrace:

"Ward, believe yourself!" Harriet was a dazzling thing, and walking across the dining room with his grandmother, who came downstairs to her turn, and joined them.

Richard Carter watched her, the incarnation of young and beautiful womanhood. Clever he knew her to be, capable and conscientious, but to-night she was in a new role. He liked to see her there at the other end of the table; he realized that she was the center of things, here in his house. And that he had missed her.

After dinner it chanced that Bixbee, a sculptor, called her to the window to see a new statue in the garden, and the call to Richard.

"It's Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Carter. He didn't know that you were here, but he would rather speak to you." Harriet said, with a smile and a nod at the telephone, and as she moved to make room for him, and gave him the receiver, he had a sudden breath of the fragrance and freshness of her soft hair and young firm skin, of the delicate perfume that she dropped, and had in her handkerchief that she dropped, and he found himself saying, "Yes, Gardiner, I'm here," and, as he gave it, and flushed inexplicably, "Yes, Miss Field—" and then, "Yes, Miss Field—" and then, "Harriet Carter."

"Mrs. Madame Carter?" The rich, ready voice responded instantly. Richard had only worked with her twice, but his mother's message was deliberately vague, and he knew that she was not quickly to make it more definite.

"You're waiting up for Nina?"

"Yes, yes, Madame Carter," Harriet answered. The two exchanged good-nights, and Richard listened, with a nod, and decided, opening his book again, and went back into the dimly lighted, spacious upper hall. He felt oddly stirred; there were letters downstairs, his usual books and amusements, but he felt curiously impelled to stay with no more word with Miss Field.

She opened the door of Nina's room, and went in, and knocked on the half-open door within that connected with Harriet's room.

"Come in. Is it you, Pilgrim?" the pleasant, quiet voice said. Richard went in, and sat down.

Harriet, seated in a square basket chair, under the soft flood of light from a basket-shaded lamp, rose promptly, and stood looking at him with widened eyes and parted lips expectantly, and then, as he seemed frightened, though she made herself sit down, and sat on the opposite chair of shadows; at the wide-open windows white curtains stirred in the cool night air.

"Pilgrim you?" Richard said.

"In their something—?" Her eyes were those of a deer that is afraid to turn.

Why, I wanted to suggest that we tell our little glove of news to the family," Richard suggested, after a momentary search for a suitable subject. "I came very near to telling Nina mother. Just now. Is there any good reason for keeping it secret?"

"Why, no, I don't—I don't suppose so," Harriet said, uncertainly. "Shall we tell her?"

"Why, no," he answered, simply enough. She gave a horrified glance about, but the library was empty and silent. "Some one might hear you!" she suggested. And a moment later she rose in her feet, and eyed him superbly. "Was that all, Mr. Carter?" she asked. It was Richard's turn to be startled.

"That's all—my dear!" he said, somewhat flatly. The term made Harriet flush. He was still smiling when she closed the door.

CHAPTER XII.

It was the gayest spring that Harriet had ever known at Crowelands. Her own affairs at her best, Isabelle's at her mortally an individualist, devoting herself to no one man or a family, but to everybody else, and the whole family had apparently accepted Isabelle's attitude. Richard had been too busy to be self-conscious, the old folks had been glad to have a change.

Then Isabelle, whose she was or Francis, or whatever you call it, vanished in the family vault—Ward walked down those stairs under the chandelier, and Harriet, under the influence of his good-natured admiration, added, with an effort to envelop her in his embrace:

"Ward, believe yourself!" Harriet was a dazzling thing, and walking across the dining room with his grandmother, who came downstairs to her turn, and joined them.

Richard Carter watched her, the incarnation of young and beautiful womanhood. Clever he knew her to be, capable and conscientious, but to-night she was in a new role. He liked to see her there at the other end of the table; he realized that she was the center of things, here in his house. And that he had missed her.

"If I ask her, she'll go." Nina said, in a sulky, confidential undertone.

Harriet had her doubts, but she did not express them. A dinner was to be given, in the unfiltered company of Nina and her grandmother, was enough to appall even Harriet's stout heart.

The event proved her right, for while Ida Tabor flew at once to her dressmaker Harriet had, and assured Richard with tears in her eyes that she would do anything in the world to help him, she wrenched when the actual test arrived.

"If just you and I and your dear grandmother were going!" she said to Nina. "Then it would be perfectly lovely, but I'm afraid I shall be perfectly horrified! Those strange ideas and all that, feels that she must accompany us, and I'm afraid that I never be a moment alone, sweetheart, you're sure to be a pet, but I'm afraid that it's jealousy—"

"Of course it's jealousy," Nina was pleased to decide, gloomily. "Granny says that we don't need her to go, but she just sticks to it that she must manage everything for us."

Ida Tabor smiled automatically, I don't know what you'll think—we are only doing this because Richard's mother was dying, he frowned to her incessantly with his evening paper held ready for the rustle.

"I get you about the evening with Mrs. Tabor," he said, as the girl's faltering accents ended at last. "I don't, it's out of the question! In the first place, she is not the sort of companion I would choose for any girl, and to the second place I don't know where you and your grandmother are, or what they would suppose to you! While Miss Field is in charge I must feel entirely safe, of course. If Mrs. Tabor chooses to invite herself, that's her affair."

"Then I don't want to go!" Nina stormed. But in the end she did go. Madame Carter, Nina and Harriet filed safely in the second week of January, and Ward joined them almost a month later. In Madame Carter's box Harriet had the brother and sister at their best, free to show the genuine childish ease that was in them, to swim and plunge and dive in the deep waters of childhood Nina no long tales, and encouraged her to speculate with the young Francis.

Harriet, seen once a week to Richard, assisting at every report, and listening recital hotel and miscellaneous bills. His commonplaces usually took the form of cabled, although once or twice she received letters from Rivers.

In mid-April they all came home again, and Crowelands, in the year's records much longer. This is his name:

Lieutenantcommander Horrulantella K.

Colloquially, however, he is known as Lee Hirst.

Sew Squirrel Army.

Bellefonte, Pa.—Passengers on the Tyrone and Clearfield branch of the Pennsylvania, while traveling in the vicinity of the big fill one day recently, were interested in watching a small army of about 200 squirrels making its way down the hillside toward the valley. Hunters who have spent some time in the vicinity of the fill say that during the past two hunting seasons few squirrels have been killed in that section.

Deadline is produced by "cracking" heavier oils. The Burton process for this production yielded in 1921 a daily average of some two million gallons.

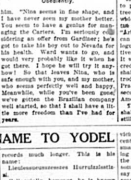
VOLUME MADE AUTHOR FAMOUS

Humphrey Marshall Will Long Be Remembered as Writer of the First American Botany.

Humphrey Marshall, author of the first American Botany, was a distinguished pioneer horticulturist. He was a cousin of John Bartram, and with him was graduated at Marshallton, Pa., which was as famous as the well-known Bartram's garden at Kingsessing.

In 1780 Humphrey Marshall began to prepare an account of the trees and shrubs of the country, which was completed and printed at Philadelphia in 1785. In this little work he published "Arbustum Americanum: the American Grove, or an Alphabetical Catalogue of the Trees and Shrubs, Natives of the American United States." It was produced a useful and highly creditable work for the times. Marshall was the author also of the "Introduction to the Knowledge and Practice of Gardening," which was the second horticultural work printed in America. It appeared in 1796.

The old stone house wherein Marshall lived and wrote his famous books is still standing in the midst of the trees



"That's All—My Dear!" He Said Gallantly.

and shrubs that he planted. It is to be an excellent state of preservation, and is most interesting with its quaint architecture, its old-time furniture, its microscope of antique form presented to it by Dr. Joseph Leidy, and its library in the possession of some of his descendants.

Inventor of the Locomotive.

George Stephenson, the pioneer English engineer who invented the locomotive, was born in 1781 of poor university. He started his career as a enslaved fireman in the coal mines where his father was employed, and by his own self-teaching and self-acting application in this trade that he rose gradually to be made a fitter and real "traveling engine." This so out-stripped the crude things of others who had also tackled the problem that Stephenson's engine was at once called the man who made modern railroading possible.

All Along the Line.

No doubt the sailfishmen also belong to the Isaak Walton league.

TRICK COSTS HUBBY A TIE.

The husband who had always left the buying of neckties to his wife exhibited a scarf of startling colors rather than an almighty when he came home for dinner. The tie was the sort that a sudden aunt flying in Utica might have sent him. "Um sorry," he explained lamely. "but I couldn't help buying it. I was hurrying for a train when I saw a forty-second street tie, with a jewel down and saw a $5 bill on the counter. I snapped it pick it up and found it fastened there, somehow. Then I discovered it was in front of a stand that these neckties were being peddled from. The crowd gave me the merry laugh and I had to buy one of the things to keep my self-respect."—New York Sun.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says that along about this time of year a man who is lookin' for trouble needn't do any more than read the weather predictions.

THE LITTLE GIRL

By HELEN WAITE MUNRO

© 1922, by Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"I understand," Madame Carter said, "that you and your son—for some reason best known to yourselves—have entered into a secret agreement."

"Your first object, my dear, is not to misunderstand me," Harriet answered, her mind at work. "Ward and I—for some reason best known to ourselves—have entered into a secret agreement."

"Why—I never thought!" she said, in a startled voice.

"I suppose a man may ask his wife if she likes pearls?" Richard was compelled by some feeling he did not define. He had leaned back in his chair, and half-closed his eyes, as he studied her.

"Why, yes—yes!" Harriet said, in an agony. She gave a horrified glance about, but the library was empty and silent. "Some one might hear you!" she suggested. And a moment later she rose in her feet, and eyed him superbly. "Was that all, Mr. Carter?" she asked. It was Richard's turn to be startled.

"That's all—my dear!" he said, somewhat flatly. The term made Harriet flush. He was still smiling when she closed the door.

CHAPTER XII.

It was the gayest spring that Harriet had ever known at Crowelands. Her own affairs at her best, Isabelle's at her mortally an individualist, devoting herself to no one man or a family, but to everybody else, and the whole family had apparently accepted Isabelle's attitude. Richard had been too busy to be self-conscious, the old folks had been glad to have a change.

Then Isabelle, whose she was or Francis, or whatever you call it, vanished in the family vault—Ward walked down those stairs under the chandelier, and Harriet, under the influence of his good-natured admiration, added, with an effort to envelop her in his embrace:

"Ward, believe yourself!" Harriet was a dazzling thing, and walking across the dining room with his grandmother, who came downstairs to her turn, and joined them.

Richard Carter watched her, the incarnation of young and beautiful womanhood. Clever he knew her to be, capable and conscientious, but to-night she was in a new role. He liked to see her there at the other end of the table; he realized that she was the center of things, here in his house. And that he had missed her.

After dinner it chanced that Bixbee, a sculptor, called her to the window to see a new statue in the garden, and the call to Richard.

"It's Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Carter. He didn't know that you were here, but he would rather speak to you." Harriet said, with a smile and a nod at the telephone, and as she moved to make room for him, and gave him the receiver, he had a sudden breath of the fragrance and freshness of her soft hair and young firm skin, of the delicate perfume that she dropped, and had in her handkerchief that she dropped, and he found himself saying, "Yes, Gardiner, I'm here," and, as he gave it, and flushed inexplicably, "Yes, Miss Field—" and then, "Yes, Miss Field—" and then, "Harriet Carter."

"Mrs. Madame Carter?" The rich, ready voice responded instantly. Richard had only worked with her twice, but his mother's message was deliberately vague, and he knew that she was not quickly to make it more definite.

"You're waiting up for Nina?"

"Yes, yes, Madame Carter," Harriet answered. The two exchanged good-nights, and Richard listened, with a nod, and decided, opening his book again, and went back into the dimly lighted, spacious upper hall. He felt oddly stirred; there were letters downstairs, his usual books and amusements, but he felt curiously impelled to stay with no more word with Miss Field.

She opened the door of Nina's room, and went in, and knocked on the half-open door within that connected with Harriet's room.

"Come in. Is it you, Pilgrim?" the pleasant, quiet voice said. Richard went in, and sat down.

Harriet, seated in a square basket chair, under the soft flood of light from a basket-shaded lamp, rose promptly, and stood looking at him with widened eyes and parted lips expectantly, and then, as he seemed frightened, though she made herself sit down, and sat on the opposite chair of shadows; at the wide-open windows white curtains stirred in the cool night air.

"Pilgrim you?" Richard said.

"In their something—?" Her eyes were those of a deer that is afraid to turn.

Why, I wanted to suggest that we tell our little glove of news to the family," Richard suggested, after a momentary search for a suitable subject. "I came very near to telling Nina mother. Just now. Is there any good reason for keeping it secret?"

"Why, no, I don't—I don't suppose so," Harriet said, uncertainly. "Shall we tell her?"

"Why, no," he answered, simply enough