



CHAPTER VIII-Continued -11-

ally upon Bruce that Autumn was er. leading this free life of hers with some ulterior purpose. He could Curly," Bruce interrupted him. not think of her running wild from choice. Nor had he ever been able solence up and down Bruce's body. to understand her violent change Then his mouth twisted to one side of manner toward him, unless the in a drunken leer as he laid his Laird himself had brought it about cards down on the table in front of by something he had told her, by him. some peremptory ban he had placed upon their relationship. Even then he could not credit the change. Autumn was too willful, too independ- the way you're talking." ent, to permit even her father to make up her mind for her. Some- oath, but Bruce pushed him back thing else, something of which he into his chair. Muttering to himwas in total ignorance, was behind self, Belfort sprang up and lifted it all. But whatever it was, there the chair. Before he could swing it. was no other course for him except Bruce's hand had shot out and the a harsh discipline in forgetting.

)

now as he ascended the scantily timbered, wild mountain reaches. Over intervene, old Sandy among them. only a short distance toward the Before they could prevent it, hownorth, in the completely still, mysterious folds of the hills, lay the Dean summer range, skirting his own. Across a deep valley, spread over the palely green mountain-side opposite, one of the units of the Laird's flock was dimly discernible. Trained though his eyes were to the ambiguity of vast distances, it was all Bruce could do to distinguish the flock in that brilliant, thin atmosphere. But across the vacancy there came to him, piercingly sweet, the sound of a bell. He knew that bell-there was only one like it anywhere in the Upper Country. It was Autumn Dean's Basque bell. The sound of it had drawn him across the valley on his last trip, nearly a month ago now, and he had spent an hour of the afternoon with the young Irish lad who was one of the Laird's herders. He would never forget the wistful blue eyes of the boy and the eagerness with which he strove to prolong the visit. As the sound of the bell struck across his senses now, Bruce strove grimly to repudiate the significance, to himself, of that sound. It was sheer sentimentality on his own part that the bell seemed to chime Autumn's name. He resolved that on his next trip into the hills he would leave home early enough to turn aside and spend an hour with the young herder. He would do so to-

gone suddenly white, his mouth fixed | himself during the years since his in a slight, contemplative smile as | wife's death.

It was not until they had left the The conviction had grown gradu- he stood looking down at the ranchtable, however, and had retired to "You've had too much to drink, any inkling of what was on his mind. The Laird had paused in the hallway Belfort's eyes moved in slow into the library or sit in the drawing me." room. Hector had not hesitated in the one spot in the house that be- ing."

"Who's tellin' me?" he asked. "I'm telling you," Bruce replied. The drawing room, on the other 'Only a drunken swine would talk

Belfort got to his feet with an the room what it was. "Of course," Jarvis said, when Hector had expressed his preference. "I might have known. Go in and sit down. I'll fetch the brandy." man staggered backwards and

And now the two men sat on op-An utter loneliness enveloped him stumbled to the floor. The other posite sides of the empty fireplace, men in the room rushed forward to their old-fashioned brandy glasses in health in stately and ancient fash-



Autumn was too willful, too independent, to permit even her father to make up her mind for her.

Bruce shook him coolly off. "Bet-

Belfort had pulled himself togeth-

"Ask him," Belfort snarled.

"What's it all about?" Sandy

"Belfort knows," Bruce replied.

"There was another woman with

"What you said was a lie, then,

"I told nothing but what I saw

"What you implied was a damn

"Think twice before you talk like

A half dozen of Belfort's friends

"I'll talk to you again," said Bel-

"Any time, Curly," Bruce replied,

Sandy scratched his head in relief

as Belfort disappeared through the

CHAPTER IX

The Laird had asked old Hector

and lit his cigarette.

for him if I was you."

side Myers.

had got around him and were urg-

lie!" Bruce challenged, stepping to-

with my own eyes." Belfort retort-

wasn't it?" Bruce prompted.

ed

only talkin'.'

'He has been talking about a cer-

over it. And it would not surprise me to learn that she finds it as painful as you do." "Tommyrot!" the Laird exploded.

over it."

"You have asked my opinion," Hector said with dignity, "and I the drawing room that his host gave | am giving it."

"I! I thought there was anything to that," the Laird replied, "I'd sell and asked whether they would go up and get out-and take her with

Jarvis shrugged impattently.

'Puppy-love!" he exclaimed. "She'll

get over that-if she isn't already

Hector looked steadily at the Laird for a moment without speaking.

"What you see," he said at last, his voice very low, "is probably the process by which she hopes to get

"I know you would," Hector obmaking the choice. The library was served, "-and accomplish noth-

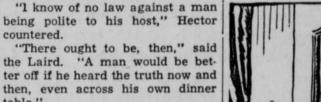
"What do you mean by that, sir?" longed peculiarly to Jarvis Dean. Hector smiled patiently at the Laird. "You ought to know the hand, had been Millicent's and held breed better than to ask that," he still some lingering aroma of her presence there. Besides, Hector's said. "If Millicent's daughter is in hand had done its best in making love, there's very little that either you or I can do about it, I think."

There followed a long silence at the end of which Jarvis helped himself to another drink and poured one for his guest. They toasted each other as cordially as if there had been no disagreement between them, and then the Laird turned their hands, pledging each other's abruptly to talking of things that left no room for difference of opinion.

It was almost midnight when Aua cigar, turning it round and round tumn finally came home, bringing in his fingers as he contemplated it Linda Parr with her to stay for a pensively. Hector drew a cigarette few days at the Castle. The girls from his own case and lighting it. came upon the two old men seated extinguished the match and placed before the fireplace, their brandy it carefully on the tray beside him. glasses in their hands, their eyes "It isn't often," the Laird began, grown heavy from sitting up long 'that I ask a man to help me conpast their time for bed.

"Why, Da-we had no idea you'd be waiting for us at this hour!" Autumn exclaimed, after greetings had gone around. "You should have been in bed hours ago."

She laid aside her hat and gloves "That's a polite remark, sir," he as she spoke and seated herself in one of the Queen Anne chairs, her self, "but it's a prodigious lie, just feet curled up under her, her elbow resting on the arm of the chair, Hector knew his host. To be her chin pressed against her palm. called a liar by Jarvis Dean was no Linda sat near her, comically offense, unless the mood itself prim, her hands folded in her lap,



0

table." Hector coughed lightly. "The average man is no better off, sir, no matter where he hears the truth." Jarvis seemed to consider that matter for a moment, then dusted

"It isn't often you have required

Fashion Trend to Elegance DEPARTMENT By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Lavish Embroidery Bespeaks



with sparkling gold sequins in a leaf

cles is the floor-length evening coats made of handsome wool material. See centered in the group a gorgeous affair styled of red broadcloth enhanced with massive gold applique done in gold kid with embroidered accents.

And now comes the climax of our story-the allover embroidered daytime coat! When Jane Alden, Chicago stylist, flew back from Paris following a week-end to week-end flight she arrived just as you see her pictured to the right in the illustration. Her hurried trip was made to work out special styles with Madame Bruyere of the Maison Bruyere, for use in her talks before the Four-H clubs throughout the United States. She stepped out

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A LAW OF LIFE

"IT IS a law of life that evil days begin for any people when more de-pendence is placed upon legislative novelties than upon old-fashioned virtues."— Justice George W. Maxey, Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets made of May Apple are effective in removing accumulated body waste .- Adv.

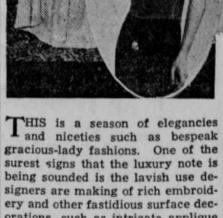
Man Proposes Man proposes, but God disposes. -Thomas a'Kempis.

Constipation Relief That Also Pepsin-izes Stomach

TCPSIII-IZCS SLUIIDACII When constipation brings on acid indi-gestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste, and bad breath, your stomach is probably loaded up with cer-tin undigested food and your bowels don't move. So you need both Pepsin to help break up fast that rich undigested food in your stomach, and Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels. So be sure your laxative also contains Pepsin. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative, because its Syrup Pepsin helps you gain that won-derful stomach-relief, while the Laxative Senna moves your bowels. Tests prove the power of Pepsin to dissolve those lumps of undigested protein food which may linger in your stomach, helps relieve it of such distress. At the same time this medicine wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your distress. At the same time this medicine wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your bowels to relieve your constipation. So see how much better you feel by taking the laxative that also puts Pepsin to work on that stomach discomfort, too. Even fin-icky children love to taste this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Lax-ative—Senna with Syrup Pepsin at your th Syrup Pepsin at you

Quick to Speak

The rushing flow of speech and



signers are making of rich embroidery and other fastidious surface decorations, such as intricate applique design, exquisite beadwork and resplendent sequin embellishment, also (very important is the news) latest costume collections declare the revival of handsome old-fashioned, now new-fashioned, passementerie.

Been treasuring for years a bit of precious passementerie that adorned grandmother's wedding gown, or perhaps her best Sunday-go-to-meetof the plane wearing a dark green ing dress? Now's the big moment to bring it out. If it is just a single ornament, applique it near your heart on your smartest blouse or frock and it will serve as effectively as a jewelry gadget. If it's two motifs of a kind you've hoarded, one atop each sleeve will bring infinite style prestige to your best gown. Embroidery is wielding its magic in every direction, enhancing with gaily decorated sleeves afternoon gowns of silk crepe, sheer wool or velvet, electrifying the formal evening gown with resplendent glittering note, adding intrigue to sports sweaters with yarn-worked posies, stressing the sumptuous trend in formal evening sweaters (now so stylish) with all sorts of dazzling gadgetry. Speaking from the accessory standpoint, ornate with embroidery Diamonds have entered a new era will your gloves and your handbag of popularity, both as jewelry and

day but that he had to get back in made that night with a buyer in was rushing at Bruce.. Kamloops.

It was late that evening when Bruce drew up to the curb and got struck again and Belfort crumpled from his car before a gray, weath- to the floor. ered building that had served as a trading post in the old days. The about Bruce. "Stop it, lad!" he structure housed a billiard parlor cried excitedly. "Stop it, or we'll now and was known locally as have the law on us!" "Sandy's Place." It had become a rendezvous for cattle and sheep ter not step into this, Sandy," he men, ranch hands seeking employ- advised. "Belfort has something to it about," he said. "In my day a ment, and nondescript transients. say to me or one of us has to take But despite the determination of the a licking, law or no law!" years to mold it to a less romantic form, there clung about it still some er with painful difficulty. Bruce of the pungent, zestful air of times strode over to him, but old Sandy gone by when sourdoughs and chestepped between them and faced chahcos drifted in for a night's lodg-Belfort. ing and a game of poker. The proprietor was a rugged old Sootchman who had himself been a prospector about, Curly?" on Williams Creek.

There were not more than a half dozen idlers in the front room of the begged of Bruce, maintaining his place when Bruce entered. He position stoutly between them. looked them over and sauntered into the back room, pausing in the doorway to glance about for the buyer tain young lady whose name-" he had come to see. He discovered his man in a far corner of the smoke-filled room, seated at a poker her, damn you!" Belfort screamed, table with four others. Bruce moved his face livid. "And another man! The car was broke down." across the room and spoke to him.

The buyer looked up. "Hello, Landor!" he greeted.

Bruce spoke to the other men at the table.

"Buy a stack and sit in, Landor," one of them invited.

"Not tonight," Bruce replied. "I'm | ward him. going home to bed as soon as I've had a word with Myers, here."

"I'll be with you in a minute," said Myers.

Bruce lighted a cigarette and it that way," he admitted. "I was watched the progress of the play. He was not sure just what had drawn his attention to a conversa- that again," Bruce advised him cas- ger in the house. More than half tion at the table behind him, but ually, taking a cigarette from his presently the mention of Jarvis shirt pocket as he spoke. Dean's name caused him to glance around. Curly Belfort, a rancher from the Ashcroft district, was do- ing him toward the door. ing the talking while the others listened. Belfort had evidently been fort, over his shoulder. drinking. Bruce gave his attention to the game at Myers' table.

The click of the chips and the monotonous sound of voices lay drowsily upon his senses after a day in the mountains.

Belfort's voice thrust itself boisterously upon his consciousness. Bruce could not help hearing the words.

"-and, by God, if there wasn't old Dean's daughter standin' up out o' the haystack, an' stretchin' herself at seven o'clock in the mornin'. An' I says to young Parr. 'Do you think I'm runnin' a country hotel, or Cardigan to dinner. It was rarely somethin'? Or is this the way they these days that Hector was invited do it in Europe?' I says. But he to dine alone with Jarvis Dean. In kept on tinkerin' with his car." Bel- the old days he had frequently been fort laughed heartily at his own a guest at the Castle, but that, as back here." joke. "Some gal the Laird's brat Hector knew, had been Millicent's has turned out to be, spendin' the doing. There had never been anynight in a haystack with-"

Bruce had got up abruptly and ship between the two men, however, dor." stepped over beside Belfort, his face but Jarvis had lived too much to

the gray ash lightly from the end time for an appointment he had ever, Belfort was on his feet and of his cigar. "Have you heard about this fracas in old Sandy's back room "Stop this, now!" old Sandy ora night or two ago?" he asked dered.

abruptly. But even as he spoke, Bruce "I was told about it," Hector admitted cautiously.

"Aye - and the whole country Sandy flung his arms desperately knows about it. It's a dirty business."

> "But one over which we have little control, I'm afraid." Jarvis' look sharpened. "We have

something to say on what brought young woman's name-if she was a lady-wasn't mentioned in such a place."

"I have no doubt young Landor feels much the same about it-even in these days."

day a young woman gave no rea- the floor-the image of discreet pro-"Here, now," he demanded, son for having her name bandied priety. 'what's all this about? What's it about over a poker table."

> "The times have changed, seems." Hector murmured. "It's our own fault, then. We've let these youngsters get out of hand

with their racing about the country | Linda offered with a smile. in automobiles and their abominable cocktails and the like. Where is it the Laird. "Are you young ladies

going to stop?" Hector sighed, half-amused, and a deal of talk in the district?" yet thoroughly aware of what was troubling the Laird's mind. "They'll probably all marry and

settle down and have children of their own to plague them in their turn," he said lightly.

Jarvis leaned forward in his chair and looked fixedly at his guest. "I want your opinion about that girl of loops the other night?" mine," he said frankly. "What's

she like?" Belfort's head began wagging to Hector smiled. "She's your own absurd." and fro as he watched Bruce in a sort of stupid fascination. Presently daughter, sir," he replied. "You

he nodded. "If you want to look at ought to know her better than I." "I don't. She was never anything but a child to me-until now. Since she came back, she's been a stran-

the time she's not here at all. She'll be back here tonight from the Parr Lodge-not alone, either, I'll warrant-and the place will be like bedlam until she goes again." Hector got up and tossed his cig-

fireplace. He walked to the French garden that glowed palely under summer starlight.

doorway. "Then he shook his head "I have been wondering about the at Bruce. "Yon's a bad actor, lad," with her, too. She is not happy." he said quietly. "I'd be lookin' out "Happy?" Jarvis grunted. "What "I intend to," said Bruce and does she want that she cannot turned again to take the seat be-

have?" But his eyes were half story," Autumn concluded. closed in self-concealment. "She hasn't told me that," Hec-

best.' "What's your guess, then?" my opinion, Jarvis, that the girl has if you are to remain in my house!" been in love-ever since she came

thing but the most cordial relation-

"Certainly," said Hector.

"But we're used to it, Mr. Dean."

"That's not the point, sir. In my her feet placed very precisely on "The hour is no later for me than

it is for you, my girl," Jarvis replied, his voice betraying a little impatience as he spoke.

"But we're used to it, Mr. Dean." "So I have been informed," said

aware that your conduct is creating Autumn smiled. "You're not bothering your head, Da, over what the gossips have to say about-"

"I'm bothering my head about you, my girl," he interrupted her. 'Do you know that your name was the center of a scandalous brawl in the back room of a dive in Kam-

"We've heard all about it, Da." Autumn replied. "It was simply

"But piquant," Linda put in. "Belfort is a beast," Autumn went

"A girl with any respect for herself doesn't give a beast any excuse for talking," her father observed. Autumn checked her rising anger. "There were four of us in the party-Lin and I, and Florian and a friend of his," she explained. "We were coming home along the highway from Ashcroft. We got started arette into the empty maw of the later than we had intended and when we got as far as Belfort's ranch the windows and looked out upon the car broke down. While the boys worked on the car, Lin and I went to sleep in a haystack close to the road. Belfort towed us to a garage girl," he said at last. "I have talked about seven o'clock in the morning." "Or we should have been there still," Linda added.

"And that's all there is to the

"I accept your account on its merits," Jarvis Dean said, "but it extor replied. "I can only guess, at plains nothing. The whole escapade was a scandal and an out-

rage, whether Belfort had anything Hector returned to his seat and to do with it or not. There'll be selected another cigarette. "It is no repetition of the like, my girl,

Hector Cardigan remained silent. but every now and then a profound The Laird frowned. There was no sigh escaped him which was to Auescaping the meaning of Hector's tumn singularly audible above the words. "You mean-this young Lan- deep and vehement tones of her father's voice.

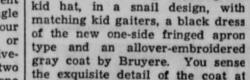
(TO BE CONTINUED)

be this year, your mittens and your as personal possessions of marketascarf, your wide corset-like girdle ble value. In several style shows and even your chapeau will not be recently staged many of the maniimmune from the epidemic of emkins wore this sparkling type of jewbroidery. elry in preference to the spectacular

The charming gold tissue lame gold effects. evening gown to the left in the picture will, no doubt, prove one of the loveliest that goes to parties during the winter social season. It with sapphires, the other a sapphire subscribes to the embroidery vogue surrounded by diamonds. Which do in that the cunning little gray lida you wear in which ear? Well, that cloth jacket that is worn with it is embroidered with sequins and gold makes no difference, but to have a touch of sapphire blue repeated in cord

your dress somewhere scores high It's a gay and very formal sweater that you see portrayed in the oval inset. The sweater is of sheerknit fuchsia wool, tuned to evening brooch or a clip can be used on formality with embroidery worked

Breakfast Jacket



their own eloquence is fatal to first glance, and you are at once many.-Juvenal. impressed with its quiet elegance. The embroidery reflects consummate art in its refined handling and although it is done in an allover DELICIOUS POP CORN B patterning the effect is smartly conservative and practical because of the soft gray coloring of the embroidery that blends into the back-

ground in perfect symphony. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Jewelry Vogue Is For Diamonds Now

New ear-rings from a noted Paris

the coat lapel, at the neckline of a

dress, at the center of the velvet

In Style Picture

neckband or even in the coiffure.

joying this winter, for the letest is

patternings are also shown.

in allure.

The desire for fame is the last desire that is laid aside even by the wise.-Tacitus.



All for Fame

house are called "opposites," in that one earring is a diamond flower set

druggist today!

and my appetite im-proved, I became much stronger and I really felt just fine." Ask your druggist today for Golden Medical Discovery, liquid or tableta.

Good Counsel

For arms are of little avail Diamonds can be worn for day or abroad, unless there is good counevening. One fine piece such as a sel at home.-Cicero.

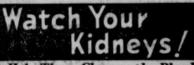


Hurting Ourselves

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves. -Pope.

WNU-U

47-39



Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to re-move impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache.

poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizzinem, getting up nights, swelling, puffinem under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or biadder dis-order are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!





The knitter who is thinking in terms of Christmas presents for her friends will do well to take note of star-shaped nailheads and sequins, this winsome breakfast jacket. You scattered over bugs, snoods, gloves, can make it in no time, for it is dresses and wherever spangled efknitted in an easy effective drop fects adorn. Silk prints with star stitch.