# THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,



COPYRIGHT BY RICHARD HOFFMAN

## SYNOPSIS

gers. Let us have introductions." Following his father's bitter criti-His unsmiling look continued past cism of his idle life, and the notifi-Hal in the direction of Mrs. Pulsication that he need not expect any immediate financial assistance, Hal pher. Ireland, only son of a wealthy banker, finds himself practically without less severely; "and that's John funds but with the promise of a sit-Pulsipher, my husband." uation in San Francisco, which city must reach, from New York, within a definite time Nmit. He takes Kerrigan. passage with a cross-country auto party on a "share expense" basis.

#### CHAPTER II-Continued -2-

"Nothin'," said Miller, grinning. "Well, where's everybody else?" "In the office, I reckon." "How about loading 'em in and

starting?" Miller chuckled again. "Guess we

might's well." Hal leaned against a pillar of

the garage-hands in side pockets. quick, sure eyes brooding, mouth ly foreign voice behind Hal said. moodily set between the lean lines of his cheeks-and watched them surprisingly beautiful to hear her file in, his "companions" for an eight-day July ride through coun- at the duplicate rear-vision-mirror try which he vaguely conceived as to see if the Trafford girl's expresthe flat, dusty setting for midwest- sion was as soft and gentle as that ern novels.

clear, possessed profile and the First came Mr. and Mrs. Pulsipher-she almost scuttling, like a brief flow of golden hair under the brood hen who knows that in an- protective rim of her blue hat. other moment panic will be at her heels, and he following close with body's going to speak to you now. lanky bewilderment and the short steps of someone being pushed from ed in a slight smile when Mrs. Pulsibehind. They hurried into the back pher said, 'And your name, young seat.

Then came the nun, who had sat cool and unmoved all the time in expected: "Barry Trafford." "Bara corner of the office, her tranquil ry?" said Mrs. Pulsipher. "That face patient, faintly sad, and im- sounds like a man's name." "I maculate as its tight white fram- know," said the girl quietly; "my ing. And then came Miller, stuff- father liked it." ing soiled money into his soiled "And did well to," said Kerrigan wallet; and then Martin Crack, in grave courtliness, "if you'll allooking like an ambitionless, easily low me." pleased countryman except for the Hal saw her head turn, saw her

special tidiness of his thinning hair blue eyes large and solemn but not and the lazy speculation under his hostile as she said, "Thank you."

himself for getting into such a his grinning mouth and leaned joyless state, would stay real; nor sleepily on the counter. "Say," he that his vivid sense of the girl's said, as if he were a policeman, well-formed, hostile presence be- "is there a good garage in this hind him would. Yet the journey burg?"

and its days undoubtedly lay ahead; A continuance of that was patently once. days, for eight hours, even. The her. "Yup," he said. "Couple stickin'

on his father's name! Good old up while you folks eat." Frederick Ireland. tled that they'd leave him alone

now. Pulsipher had retired into humble perplexity, and there was Chicago in thirty hours." no one on the running board to talk to Hal through the window.

Gradually Mrs. Pulsipher began to prattle about the household of her married daughter in Bridgeport, about places she and John had seen this trip and how they had liked them, about the reasons for sending certain postcards to certain friends back in L. A. Sister Anastasia maintained her sweet, receptive silence all the while; and Barry barely punctuated Mrs. Pulsipher's devious sequences with a soft, almost-husky "yes" or "Did you?" or "No. I've never been there." Each time Hai looked at

"Yes," said Mrs. Pulsipher, inher in the mirror he felt she knew terested beyond distrust now. he was looking; though she never "Burbank. How did you guess?" glanced at him, her eyes seemed "Los Angeles is the capital of to go slowly on their conscious Iowa, mam," said Kerrigan solemnguard.

W.N.U. SERVICE

ney, but I judge we're mostly stran-

"Mrs. Ella Pulsipher," she said.

"You're from Iowa, mam," said

other ladies?"

ly, "and I was told this crate-this Hal had forgotten about the dog car was going there." Hal thought until it gave a quick whimper, and the man's probably a nut. Kerrigan Barry an exclamation that made went on: "I vote for you for chaphim look around. The dog's foreeron of this emigration, Mrs. P. legs were in Sister Anastasia's lap, Will you get us the names of the his head turned in reproach toward where Barry brushed a show-There was a moment of silence er of embers from the coat upon

and then a very soft, careful, faintwhich he had been lying. "Oh, the lining," Mrs. Pulsipher "I am Sister Anastasia." It was half wailed in sorrow. "Oh, is it ruined?" Then with a grim pounce say "Ahna-stahzia." Hal looked up of her words at Hal: "His cigarette

blew ip the other window. Ob, what a shame, what a-" "I am most awfully sorry," said name, but he could see only her Hal, sincerely contrite before the

girl's disinterested look. "The lining's ruined," said Mrs.

Pulsipher with finality and triumph. "Ruined." Barry's eyes-solemn, impersonal. confidently clear of resentment-



"Is there something wrong with

and it couldn't stay as it was now. the car?" said Mrs. Pulsipher at 100 fantastic to credit, for eight Miller cocked the toothpick at

son of Frederick Ireland coasting valves. Might's well get 'em fixed

"Gad, sir, why didn't you get 'em At least he had pretty well set- fixed yesterday?" Kerrigan asked. "Sleepin' yestiddy," said Miller and sucked sharply. "Come in from

> "Look here, speedball," said Kerrigan gravely, "we've been delayed through till supper time. We can sleep where we eat tonight and here."

Mrs. Pulsipher, nodding decisive approval, said: "Yes."

Miller looked sheepish. "Awright -sure," he said: "but I gotta get gas noil." "There's a pump outside." sald one fat sister. Miller looked round at the window with slow suspicion. "Awright," he said.

The others moved upon the tables at the back of the room with apparent intent to have a meal. Hal stayed at the counter, moodily regarding the fly-specked thermom-

eter that stood at eighty-nine. He heard Mrs. Pulsipher saving confidentially, ". . . and lots of onions over it, crisp. I'll tell you about my dessert later." "Bring some ham neggs," Miller said, as if life were mit exercise of imagination. Hal ordered oatmeal cookies at three for

a nickel from under a glass bell, and a bottle of oversharp but ley ginger ale.

Then Crack came to the counter from nowhere in particular, and in his unsurely pitched voice told the girl, "I'll have the same as him."

Hal wondered how much Barry had ordered. "She's the only one isn't eating

Crack. "Her and that frog sister." Hal looked at him quickly, but there was nothing definable in the indolent amiability of Crack's lightblue eyes.

"Who d'you mean by 'her'?" said Hal inhospitably-adding to himself. If this guy goes on reading my mind, I'll give it to him as a present; I won't live with it. "The babe they thought was with

me-Trafford," said Crack. Hal finished his ginger ale in a dime on the counter. Then he ter, and take her ashore. turned for a look of frank curiosity Dillon laughed.

at the faintly rosy, unaged face

blue hat its chic.

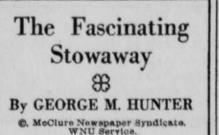
was

if to a pleasant little boy, and

looked off to see where the dog

"How're you?" he said,

"I'm not sure I'd say that."



ILLON, the second engineer, looked down into the defiant blue eyes of the stowaway, Isabella Johnson.

"How'd you pick the Iverson? How come? And who did do it?" Angry that her identity had been

discovered, she told reluctantly how enough already. If you crowded Parry of the Blue Funnel line had the heap this far, you can get shot Biles at the Anchor inn owned by her mother.

She had followed Parry into the you'll have a lot more time than garden and raised her hand to stop him.

Being close together the gardener, the only witness, swore she fired the shot.

"I was trying to stop Parry instead of him trying to stop me." The trains and steamers were being watched so she had slunk aboard the first tramp steamer in the nearest dock and the day before been

hauled on deck. Eight bells interrupted Dillon's

first talk with the stowaway. Coming off watch he found the fourth engineer by her chair. Angling his thumb over his shoulder, he snapped, "Gwan!" Her eyes protested.

"Fresh kid. Say, you're looking great." He said it with a proprietoo short and weary a thing to per- tary air. "Anybody else been snoop-

> Her face clouded as she told about the chief engineer asking how she was to get ashore in New York.

He leaned across her chair. "Say, let me get you out of this

She glanced shyly at him as the mess bell rang.

the engineers bet three to one the the United States.

Next day when he found her distressed the captain had hinted at

"Get that worry off your chest,

long."

On opening, he drew her into the darkest place on the deck and learned the chief engineer had ofstingy, refreshing gulp and put a fered to pass her off as his daugh-

the steward, handed him twenty dollars. "See what Miss Johnson-eh-

wants in clothes. If more money than that let me know." "Yes, sir." "You know nothing about her."

"Very good, sir." The steward was edging past the

when the second mate gripped him by the arm. "Say, Steward," jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the stowaway's room. "How

does a fellow buy women's clothes?" "By de color, sur."

"Color, nothin', bonehead! Size mean. How tall is Miss Johnson?" "Vimmen's buy dress by ze chest,

round ze chests-bust inches." "An old man like you should quit lyin'. My compliments to Miss Johnson. Ask the correct size." The steward returned, wiping his hands on his greasy apron. "Thir-

ty-four, sir. A black dress she vants, an' says dank you." "All right, I'll get her a black frock. Here's a dollar for yourself. Don't go boozin' now." Half an hour later the third mate

dodged inside the cabin and called the steward out of the pantry. "Say, that stowaway girl-what does she need most?"

"Stowaway-stowaway, sur. Oh, Miss Vohnson?"

"Yes, Miss Johnson." "Ol, she needs shoes." "What size?"

"I don't know, sur." "Go ask her." He returned breathless. "Four

and de black color, sur."

At night the fourth mate hurried into the mess room, late for dinner. "Been buying something for the stowaway, Miss Johnson. Manicure set, some candy and flowers. Old Melchisedick, the steward, wouldn't

let me see her. I-" The fourth mate stood in the doorway with a paper in his hand, grinning. "Me and the other mates," he said. "Thought we might give that poor girl a lift. Tomorrow the skipper'll take her ashore and put her on the train for Chicago. He subscribed twenty dollars.

The mates have made it up to fifty." The engineer volunteered to make up the even hundred. "Good sports," complimented the

mate. Next morning as the engineers

ate breakfast, a cocky sailor's voice drifted through the window. "Did ye 'ear it. The female stowaway bolted last night! Her room smells like a blinkin' barber's shop."

The engineers walked single file to her room. Wrapping paper, empty dress, shoe and candy boxes littered the bed.

"Bet the mates bought that junk," "Sure," agreed the chief. "Mates ELIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE

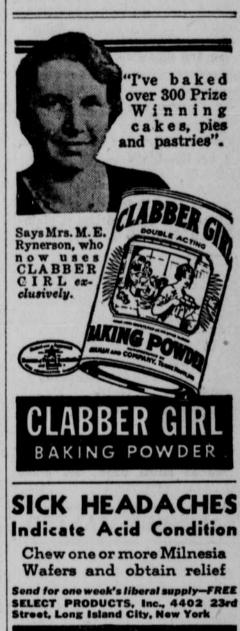
Sold from the library of John Batterson Stetson, Jr., of Philadelphia, Rev. John Eliot's Indian Bible brought \$2,400. Dated 1663, it was a translation into the Indian language and was used by Ellot in his missionary work among the Indians in New England. Approximately longshoremen thronging the deck, 1,000 copies were printed; only 50 are in existence.-Literary Digest.

## **BOYS! GIRLS!**

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes .- Adv.

#### Ashes of Jericho

One of the novel experiences of tourists to the Holy Land is the privilege of picking up a handful of the ashes of Jericho. The exact outline of the old walls are now well defined.





deportation. Isabella.

whispered outside her door.

beside him. Even if the fella's would be like a tug boat and a lin-

in' around?" "Aw, now don't worry."

mess. You're a swell girl."

Dillon ate silently, scowled when enough for a hired hand." said stowaway would crash the gates of

"Here's the chief coming. So-Coming off night watch, Dillon

"Oh, lor', Isabella, you and him said the third engineer.

blue eyes. After him came the girl, Even without looking in the mirror, and Hal realized that, without he was conscious of her-both in it knowing it, he had been waiting to and behind him. Relax, you, d-n see her walk. It had the grace that it, relax; I won't speak to you. comes from unconsciousness of effect, the charm that is near awkwardness, like the walk of a long- neither amiable nor otherwise, and legged boy, suggestive of inquiry, of Kerrigan looked at Hal. expectance.

You can still go to the devil, Hal thought, but if you walk to him that way, I shall watch you with admiration.

But he wished Crack hadn't said that about broad shoulders and slim ankles.

"The ladies usually starts off in back," Miller said, and waited for Pulsipher to lunge forward abruptly and abandon his injured wife.

The nun got in and the girl. The dog wasn't so keen about the idea, and he growled ominously as Crack stooped to help him. And then Hal saw that another man had comea bulky, ruddy, tough-cheeked man of perhaps fifty, in a pepper-and- eagerness, began to stammer, quick, salt suit, no waistcoat, gay bow tie. and panama hat.

Miller surveyed him with a halfsmile in his sleepiness and said, "You're biggest: you better get in front." And he added a drowsy "Hey" for Hal.

Crack got into the farther jumpseat, Pulsipher took the invention next him, and Hal cramped himself in last. There was a slamming of doors, and the oppression of the slight, wry satisfaction stirred his eight days ahead, crowded among lips; the Trafford girl's eyes-not these dull and mutually distasteful meeting his-were angry as when strangers, was shut into the close, dusty-mohair atmosphere.

Score for the first speech of the trip went to Mrs. Pulsipher; time: ten minutes. Passing the long, self. He hoped so. stone-faced docks with sunlit masts and flags and funnels visible over pher, with resumed severity, "that them, she suddenly announced, when strangers come together, it's "That's where the boat goes to Eu- nice to try to make everything rope."

The burly man in the front seat It's not hard to be nice." turned slowly and suspiciously "It must be hard for some peoround, a fresh but unheeded ciga- ple," said Barry Trafford's low rette puffing and joggling at the side voice. of his lips as he said, "Which boat. ma'am?"

"All the boats-to Europe," said bad if it's that way, too. They Mrs. Pulsipher, her manner imply- miss so much for themselves." ing she hadn't been speaking to him.

The man edged himself sidewise, with his arm along the back of the seat, and looked at her with a scholar's potential respect. "You've been to Europe," he

stated "No," said Mrs. Pulsipher severe-

ly. "But we've been in New York brown eyes were thinly sedate over two weeks and my son-in-law from wise sparks of laughter; and then Hal wondered. Bridgeport showed us all over and one eyelid flicked down and up, showed us where the boat goes to quick as a camera shutter. Europe. This is where it goes from.'

Martin Crack announced himself then, with a lazy sort of modesty

Go ahead, look like that; some-

But her barely pursed lips part-

"Henry Ireland," said Hal, trying to match the humorlessness of the brown, sedate eyes, even as he wondered if he really saw deep in them a flicker of something youthful and eager.

Mrs. Pulsipher tumbled quick words at him from behind: "Any relation to that Frederick Ireland, that banker, that Ireland who's president of that big bank here?" Hal turned his head as far as he could without moving his body. "Oh, yes," he said. "Eldest

and favorite son." Gaunt John Pulsipher, racked by some surprising and hampered unconvincing laughter in his throat, of it's on the floor?" until he snapped his lean fingers; then he said. "He-he-he ain't got

but the one son." "That would still leave me eldest," said Hal drily.

Pulsipher's earnestness slowly faded; he blushed, tried to smile, dropped his eyes, and murmured. "I thought you was foolin'." Hal glanced into the mirror and a

she had pulled her dog back from him, angrier, perhaps, for the knowledge that he was looking at her reflection and smiling to him-

"I always think," said Mrs. Pulsi-

pleasant as they can for each other.

"Maybe it is," said Mrs. Pulsipher agreed, grimly pleased. "It's too

"They think it's the others who're

missing it, so I s'pose that makes it even," said Barry. Hal chuckled inside: That's the

for it.

Angeles, possibly you'll be sorry before he turned his head slowly, and Hal didn't look away until He looked at Kerrigan. The

. . . .

In the flimsily converted room There was something funny about where dark screens sealed in heat, the unreality of the thing. Hal flies, and the smell of frying ham- mackerel, what is this? Look to

"I believe you, mam," said the couldn't believe that these seven burger and onions, two heavy and your balance here, Ireland, "How man, his deep voice quiet and re- other people, close and real and hot hot sisters clumped about on quick old are you?" spectful. "It's very interesting. My around him now, would stay real; feet - cooking, waiting, finding "About twenty-three," she said, as name is Kerrigan-Giles Kerrigan, nor that his mood, mixed of de- things miraculously without col- if it were quite unimportant, I am looking forward to this jour- fiance, impatience, and anger with lision. Miller put a toothpick into



There Was Something Funny About the Unreality of the Thing.

'It's not bad," she said to Mrs. Pulsipher. "It's easily patched. really." She leaned to look beyond her knees. "Do you s'pose the rest

Hal saw a coal glowing on the carpet and found enough cigarette behind it to pick up. The end was wet, brown and flattened; he threw it quickly out. Barry's blue look -the blue of asters, flecked with small, clear crystals of live yellow -accused him of something then. "That wasn't your cigarette," she

said. Hal smiled a little. "It hardly matters," he said. "I'm so awfully sorry about-it."

"Please don't think of it," said Barry. "It's really nothing." "You're being a sportsman." "No," she said quietly, and her

full lips came together in composed defense, her eyes saying briefly, No, you don't; not that way.

Something made him stop his look on Crack as he turned back. Crack sat there as if the straight, sparsely padded seat were the top of comfort, as if the close, damp heat under the sun-baked roof were the at once, wondering why the devil first beguilment of a spring sun. he'd said that when it was his own

A slight, confident smile held his old suit and he had no brother anylazy lips-lips that had a smooth way. curve of adolescence without being precisely youthful either. Hal

watched him longer than he meant to, interested by something he it better than this country." girl; but I'll make you madder than couldn't see with his eyes. Crack's that, too. And before we get to Los amiable smile broadened a little

> when people take you for an Eng-Crack's full face was toward him. lishman?" What's the little guy thinking now? Why?"

"How old are you now?" langhing as he said to himself, Holy

(TO BE CONTINUED)

standards were totally different er. Shure, girlle, you are a firstfrom his own, what did it matter class liner."

if Hal was rude to him? The lazy, "Oh, it would be better than demischlevous curiosity of his eyes portation," she interrupted. "Don't borrow trouble. Let Bill seemed to be partly ready for re-

buffs. Hal nodded briefly and went | see you through-" The bridge bell clanked eight out into the hazed, dust-smelling sunlight that was just as hot and bells.

caged-in as the screened room. He kissed her hand and hurried The terrier, unleashed, trotted below. Off watch at twelve next day,

around the corner eager for smells, Dillon made straight for the stowand then the Trafford girl came, way's chair. watching him with a thoughtful "Who's been botherin' now?" he smile, the conscious defense of her

large eyes gratefully relaxed. The demanded. h-1 with being a stick. Hal said to "Captain Dart says he'll need to og me. What does he mean?" himself; one honest try, and if she

turns it back at me. I can jolly-well "Why, he's a square shooter. If be rude with comfort. he hasn't you in his log as a stow-He watched her take a couple of sway-he'll not do it."

"But I can't go back," she cried. her sure, deliberate steps. Her smile took away the traces of tough-"All right, girlie, there's a way ness Hal thought he'd noticed before wit."

-accented a smooth delicacy in the "How? What do you mean?" she asked, puzzled. slight in-drawing of her cheeks un-"Say-I-I am hard boiled. Womder the high cheek bones. The en, I've known 'em by scores. I faint pink there wasn't make-up,

either; and her frank lips wore no ain't been a marryin' guy. Never lipstick. They were frank lips, gen- thought about it till I saw you." erous, full without being sensual, She drew away from him. "Say, girlie-" He looked around under their two simple peaks. There was an air about her of and saw Captain Dart coming. reticent vitality, sure and artless "So-long." He gave Dart an ugly look. as the angle which gave her plain

Before going on watch, he slipped Hal pushed his back from the note under her door asking her to meet him at midnight. wall and spoke a quiet "Hello."

In the darkness he gained the Her look at him was startled, alcorner below the bridge and waited. most alarmed, but he met her eyes At the sound of her footsteps, Dilaggressively, smiling. It was an lon turned, reached out his hand, instant before her smile began, the seized hers and pulled her to him. parting of her lips delayed; her "Listen, Isabella." he murmured. look was relieved, but without demonstration. "Hello," she said, as She pulled back.

"Let me go."

"Isabella, girlie," his tones were soft and crooning tender. His arms about her, she sighed

"Fine," she said, her smooth as his lips found hers. voice just off huskiness. She ap-

praised his smiling eyes thoughtthey stood silently for a long time. fully another moment before she "Do you love me that much, Isaadded, "Your clothes are English." bella?" "They're my brother's," he said "I guess I do," she said trem-

She abandoned her struggles and

bling. "But we must forget that--this

ever happened." "Never, I'm crazy about you. "You like England," she said, not

Once I had a poetic guy on my as if he would deny it but as if he watch, and he'd spout about love wouldn't volunteer it. "You like bein' blind. Love me and the

world is mine," "Just leave it to me-"

"You're not sure you wouldn't, Footsteps coming aft, she kissed either, are you? Are you flattered him and vanished.

> He made for his room. Dillon saw her for a moment be-

"Used to be, when I was younger. fore the quarantine doctor came aboard. "The captain says I'm to keep to my room, and Bill, he didn't "Twenty-six." Hal's eyes were write in his log that he had a stow-

away." "Savin' his face, huh!" Bill

grunted. The Iverson passed quarantine. then docked at pier 40. Captain Dart dressed for the city, called then discarded the older birds,

are fools about women." The engineers were lingering near the door, like lovers near an old sweetheart's grave after the funeral when the steward ambled up. "Dat second engineer-he runn'd away, too."

Dillon had not run far. He was sitting in Battery park. She'd just spoil his life, Isabella

Johnson was telling him. "Girlie, I'd stand the spoilin'." "Now, I'm safely ashore, forget me. Bill," she pleaded. "God knows

I love you, but its best. There's the suspicion I can't explain." "Gee, Isabella, betcha I can.

When I glimpsed you on deck, I tumbled. See, I got this from the Sandy Hook pilot when he came aboard."

He spread a crumpled Liverpool Mercury out and she read: ANCHOR INN MURDER

PARRY CONFESSES

"Oh, Bill," she gasped, clutching his arm. "Yeah, ten minutes more an' the

license man in the city hall will be doin' some business."

# When Salt Pork Greased

Paths to High Society To social climbers of the 30's in Livingston county, all that was needed was a side of salt pork, and the snootiest of log cabin dwellers would welcome you to his home. Even more, he would unfailingly call upon you at yours, observes a writer in the Detroit Free Press. But if all your larder boasted was wild turkey, venison, honey, game fish, and squab, the social heights were not for you.

This sidelight on the manner in which salt pork greased the ways to social prominence is given by a son of pioneer parents, in his record of their early struggles.

He writes that in 1837, when pork was quoted at \$25 a barrel and the only way to obtain it at that price was by laborious travel to Detroit, the fortunate possessor of pork was certain to find himself unusually popular, with his neigh-

bors casually dropping in at meal time. Salt pork was regarded as a deli-

cacy to tempt the most feeble appetites when anyone was ill. But wild turkey was plebeian food. If you were too thrifty to waste time and ball and powder in hunting them, one could always be obtained for about two cents a pound or less. One sale is mentioned in which a quart of whisky

traded for a large gobbler. Deer and fish could be had for the shooting or fishing. Honey trees were found frequently, and the pioneer who wanted pigeon.

**KILL ALL FLIES** 150 De Kalb Ave., B'kly DAISY FLY KILLER

# WATCH YOUR **KIDNEYS!**

# Be Sure They Properly **Cleanse the Blood**

VOUR kidneys are constantly fil-I tering impurities from the blood stream. But kidneys get functionally disturbed-lag in their workfail to remove the poisonous body wastes.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains; feel "all worn out."

Don't delay! For the quicker you get rid of these poisons, the better your chances of good health.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They tend to promote normal functioning of the kidneys; should help them pass off the irritating poisons. Doan's are recommended by users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PIL





21-35

WNU-U

For sufferers from the itching, burning and irritation of eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and disfiguring blotches, may be found by anointing with



selling at 25 cents a gallon, was

shot once into the nearest tree and

