



CHAPTER VII—Continued
—13—

"You're a shepherd," said Kerrigan.

"I am," said the man, with a quick nod of pride. "Only I ain't jus' now. I been fired." He nodded again, his stained mouth open. "I live over 't'other side there in the shed by the Old South Corral. An' when I feel like it some day I'll tear it down."

"Why'll you tear it down?" said Kerrigan.

"It'll make 'em sore," said the man. "You can have anything you want up there. If you want to tear the shack down, I'll help you."

"That's mighty nice of you," said Kerrigan, "but I guess we'll just sit here for a while."

The man watched the fire a little longer. Then he turned and grinned at Kerrigan and said, "Well, I guess I'd oughta get back. Moon's comin' up."

"Well, good night to you," said Kerrigan.

"Good night," said the man, and abruptly started clumping away again.

The late moon floated up clear and brilliant to pale the stars with its gray-blue dusk, and they moved from the runningboard, nearer the fire, to watch that bright drifting.

"You're at liberty," Kerrigan said to Barry, "to lean against my friend Ireland and have a nap."

She gave her soft laugh and relaxed against Hal, as if she'd been waiting for Kerrigan's permission. Her hair touched his cheek as she settled her head to his shoulder; she looked up at him in sleepy comfort, saying: "Too heavy?" then pressed closer to him and closed her eyes. And in the naturalness of that, Hal was near believing he had dreamt the obstacles to their united fortune; her trapped allegiance to that man, that husband, was too grotesque a sacrifice.

Every so often Hal looked down at Barry's face—her dark lashes laid low in a little radiant fringe on each smooth cheek, her vital lips at rest together, her breathing gentle and oblivious of care. And once when Kerrigan happened to glance at him as he looked up, they smiled at each other as if she somehow belonged to both of them.

Then the last fence post fell apart across the low fire.

"D'you s'pose that feila's building a battery?" Kerrigan murmured out of a silence; and he got to his feet in a stiff sort of aimlessness that ended in his lighting a cigarette and sitting down again.

"Hadn't honestly thought of the little—guy all night," said Hal.

He started to take his arm from Barry's waist—to shift his suddenly cramped position; but she stirred against him, murmured something, and he waited, watching for her calm again. Then he began a more careful maneuver: in the middle of it Barry made a quick, plaintive moan, turned as if to hold him, and her sleepy whisper said, "Darling, don't go, don't go, there's time." Her eyes opened. Disappointment chased the dream out of them as she looked from him to Kerrigan, and the high moon. Then she sat up straight, her rueful smile on the last of the fire.

"So we're still here," she said. "Were there ghosts?"

"None," said Hal. "Was that what you were dreaming?"

"I think so—toward the end. Dear Kerrigan, are there ghosts?"

"I would've said," said Kerrigan in a subdued tone, "that it took a ghost to sleep as you have and wake up without a shiny nose. You're not a ghost, thank the Lord, if you allow me—and neither is your nose shiny. So I don't know."

She gave him a little slow smile of affection through her still disappointed drowsiness: "You've never seen a real ghost?" she said.

"I've thought I was just going to—oh, several times; but maybe I was trying too hard," said Kerrigan. "Usually about this time of night. In old countries midnight's supposed to be the time; but out here, I think before dawn—just when the east begins to gray."

There was a car coming from the direction of the highway—its loose noisiness advertised over a distance. They saw a pair of dim headlights stare up and down again over a rise.

"Splash with our battery," said Kerrigan subdued.

"If that's a bet I won't take it," said Hal moodily, and he looked down at Barry. She was staring into the embers, miles off in some somber thought.

The car lurched up over the rock outcrop and came to a chattering stop beside Rasputin, the motor rac-

ing under loud rattles and drummings in the old body. Neither Barry nor Kerrigan moved; Hal got up, stiff and reluctant, and went around, saying without welcome, "That you?"

"Yeah," said Crack lazily, somehow as if he had been gone a matter of moments.

And in that dismal pre-dawn hour, with a low stain of gray across the east and the sharp, mocking flash of the air-beacon in the gloom below it, Hal was heavily oppressed by the sense of ill impending.

CHAPTER VIII

Monday

THEY were in Evanston, on the edge of Wyoming, at sunrise, with the fresh, concentrated red and blue of the restaurant's neon tubes saluting the good blue and red-gold of the crescent morning. The restaurant was in full blast, giving breakfast to two loads of eastbound bus travelers off to an early start. And Rasputin had hardly stopped before the Pulsiphers were bustling toward the door, drawing the others in their wake. Hal caught Barry's wrist as she was passing and kept her back.

"Barry," said Hal, "think of this for me today—before tonight. I must know where I can find your husband. I will know it if I have to follow you like a dog—everywhere you go for years; and I will see him. It'll be so much easier if you tell me. Tonight I shall come to ask you."

Dully she said: "I'll never tell you. Don't you see I have to use every cowardly thing I can think of to keep my bargain—a bargain not to anyone living, not to anyone you or I

can talk to or bribe or bully, but to some one who is dead—my father? Don't you see that?"

"I don't see it," said Hal, quietly secure. "Your father deceived you, cheated you. This man he gave you to is not to be considered, except as an animal in the way. If your father is anywhere now, he knows he cheated you, and he's paying for it until you release him. If he's not anywhere, it doesn't matter. It's between us—no one else."

She tutted at her held arm once, not to get it from him, but to make a gesture of hopelessness. "It isn't that way; I know it isn't that way, Hal, and I have to live with myself, I—"

"You don't," Hal interrupted in low-voiced authority. "You have to live with me."

She looked off into the east, with dark, sullen things trying to soil the blue bravery of her eyes. Then she turned calmly to him and said in husky listlessness: "I'll live with you, after we get to Los Angeles. For a week, I'll go with you somewhere and live with you."

He watched her level, heavy-lidded look of reproach without speaking, waiting for her to show him a trace of warmth behind it, waiting for her to see in his eyes the strength she would have later to meet and fall before. "Not good enough, Barry," he said. "D'you think that after a week I'd let you go—any sooner than I will now?"

"You might," she said dully; and by a quick turn of her head she evaded the issue his unsmiling eyes forced upon her. "Let's go to breakfast!"

As they ran out of Wyoming in the dry, growing heat, Hal became more uncomfortably aware of the division in him, as if there were two people behind the jiggling wooden wheel. One was grown illogically grim in self-persuasion of power, able to wipe off sticking webs of weariness and premonition, but unable to turn where they didn't touch and stick again. The other was a light, unattractive shell of personality, with a saving nimbleness that effected talk and laughter with Kerrigan, quick mourning for a murdered porcupine at the roadside, re-

current pleasure in the twitching, alertness, the busy running, of the fat-bellied gophers.

They were in Salt Lake City near nine o'clock, and Mrs. Pulsipher said it would be a wicked waste not to be able to say they'd seen the Temple while they were here. The avenue up which they turned had clear water running lavishly in both gutters; and tall trees on either side.

"That's the Temple," Mrs. Pulsipher said in sudden energy. "That's the Temple, Mr. Kerrigan."

Hal thought vividly of Crack, there behind him, looking straight down the street that would take them between the files of tall trees, pleased in his private waiting, as if the trees were an ornament for him. After lunch, if Barry wouldn't sit in front of him, Hal would have Crack there—where he could look at him, see his expression, talk to him, and finish the narrow little guy's alien linkage with that under-termined sense of ill.

They stopped for lunch in Fillmore, halfway down the length of Utah, and on Kerrigan's map the three hundred-odd remaining miles to Las Vegas looked long andavorless to Hal—to be covered before night and his final, imperious siege of Barry.

Crack, beside him, looked up from his own scrutiny of the map and, with a shy smile at Mrs. Pulsipher, said: "Las Vegas's too far. We had plenty of ridin' today already."

The insinuation, somehow, of placing himself in assured opposition nettled Hal like open insolence, and he dismissed all thought of the tedium in pushing on. "You don't have to drive," he said casually. "All you have to do is sit. If any of the ladies are tired, we'll stop as soon as they want to."

Mrs. Pulsipher asked how far Las Vegas was, and when Crack told her, she looked grimly familiar with impositions and supposed that if anybody was in a great hurry, the others would have to keep on, too.

"Who-who-who's in a hurry?" John asked her out of sudden perplexity.

Sister Anastasia, her faintly worried eyes smiling a little at Hal, said: "Because I asked, Mr. Ireland told me we would be in Los Angeles tomorrow. Per'aps he believes I must be there then. It is not necessary. It would be better to stop this afternoon and rest. We are all tired—Mr. Ireland especially, I think."

Hal denied it, but the nun's gentle diffidence persuaded Mrs. Pulsiph-

erly colored than the incredible nobilities that stood there defying the sun. He could blend the savage temper of such a red, ancient cliff with the pure, devout acquiescence of Anastasia's heart, and make will an instrument to discipline his stars.

Hal, in helping the clerk up with the luggage, made sure that Barry had a room to herself. And after supper, calm in his assurance of strength, he didn't bother her going upstairs with Sister Anastasia. Later he would find her, when the others were in bed and the little hotel was quiet.

Through the plate-glass window—a proscenium upon the street for the rank of oak-and-leather rocking

chairs in the lobby—Kerrigan saw a "star" of the screen, in a highly becoming, absent-mindedness about clothes, advertised outside the movie opposite.

"I could learn to love that little girl," said Kerrigan, a sparkle of pleasure in his eyes. "Go?"

The friendly shirt-sleeved man behind the ticket window advised them to turn south inside the door, because the south aisle was cooler. So they turned "south," in a room not larger than Frederick Ireland's downtown office; but it wasn't appreciably cooler and a slide blandly informed them that the "star" was coming next week. So after half an hour of gangster routine, they went to stroll in the gathered evening.

"Ever drink?" said Kerrigan. "No—I know you don't want one; I can always tell when a man's going to explain that he doesn't feel like a drink, and it always makes me a little sad."

"It's so d—n hot," said Hal apologetically. "And besides—"

"Ah, yes, indeed," Kerrigan murmured. "What time's your audience?"

"In a little while," said Hal.

Saying that, and still sure of the sharp invincibility that armed him, he felt the hollow, nervous emptiness under his chest, the live, almost chill suspense of the middle that comes in the imminence of great possibilities. He drew breath, and it didn't fill the emptiness. He looked at his watch and stopped, saying, "Now, I guess, Colonel. Pray for me a little, or drink at me, or something, will you?"

"I will, sir," said Kerrigan gravely. "If you should want company later, my door'll be open and I sleep light. Night, sport—and luck." It was as if he also said, I wish to God I could help you. And Hal was somehow oddly reluctant to leave him.

There was only one light in the lobby, and the clerk was locking a drawer at the desk. He looked up and said, "Your name Ireland?"

"Yes," said Hal, over quick, repressed apprehension.

"Message for you," said the clerk, and handed him an envelope.

He thought he would have guessed it was Barry's hand in any case—the characters frank, large, and fearlessly curved. "Hal," he read. "There's no good in it, truly. Everything you say will only hurt; and if it hurts more, I shall die. Leave me alone, dear darling, for both our sakes. Except tomorrow, in daylight—before it all has to end, Barry."

As if he had expected it, he pushed the paper into his pocket, said good night to the clerk, and went upstairs. There was light around Barry's door and he knocked softly. He heard the bed creak, her deliberate footfalls come, her low, resigned voice admit she knew who was there even as she asked, "Barry, you've got to come out," he said.

"Hal, no," she said, gently pleading.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sheep and Wool Old Early references to wool and sheep husbandry are found in the old Babylonian carvings and urns; the Bible was full of references to sheep and wool. In Great Britain sheep rearing existed back in Roman times and as early as A. D. 54 a guild of wool staplers was established at Winchester.

"QUOTES"

COMMENTS ON CURRENT TOPICS BY NATIONAL CHARACTERS

LET'S GO HOME

By BRASWELL DRUE DEEN, U. S. Representative from Georgia.

THERE are many reasons why the house and senate should quickly adjourn this session of the Seventy-fourth congress. Chief among the reasons is the fact that more than 20 of our colleagues—to be exact, 26—are now either in hospitals or at their homes suffering from heart trouble or a nervous breakdown. This congress has worked long, and faithfully, and well, and, personally, I insist that the senate bring its business quickly to an end so that we may agree on the matters that must be agreed upon between the house and the senate, and that all future hearings on house bills, many of which I am for, be extended until a session in the fall or the next session beginning in January. This share-the-wealth, soak-the-rich and save-the-poor legislation, some of which I am in favor of, can wait six months longer, because the rich will not get too rich in a few more months, and the wealth can then be shared and the poor are being taken care of now, and I am appealing to the membership of the house to let us adjourn this session immediately.

AMBITIOUS NATIONS

By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, Chairman, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

IT HAS become clear that treaties count for nothing in the face of national ambition and of what the ruling statesmen regard as national security. Therefore Japan is moving steadily toward the extension of her control over a vast portion of Asia. Therefore Italy is feeling her way toward the acquisition of new territory and new economic opportunity in Africa, while Germany is, so to speak, tossing in her bed, stirred with ambition to extend her authority toward the south and the southeast.

To deal with a complicated and very real situation such as this will tax the world's wisdom and the world's statesmanship to the utmost. These conditions, serious as they are, become more so when it is realized how closely they are bound up with the various revolutionary movements now actively going forward in the fields of economics, politics and the social order.

THE SANE LIFE

By DR. HAROLD WILLIS DODD, President, Princeton University.

THE devastation of the World war and its catastrophic aftermath have been interpreted by some as revealing the emptiness of accepted values and the need for newly fabricated loyalties if one is to be modern and free. But every man needs something to live by and to live for, and those who have jettisoned received standards perforce turn to strange gods most astonishingly bizarre and fanciful.

In the look ahead which today I urge you to take, be sure to find a place for intellectual and cultural interests outside your daily occupation. It is necessary that you do so if this business of living is not to turn to dust and ashes in your mouth. Moreover, do not overlook the claims of religion as the explanation of an otherwise unintelligible world.

BRITISH RECOVERY

By STANLEY BALDWIN, Prime Minister, Great Britain.

WE ARE being censured for not having any considered plan. I have never been a slave of a word. If there is a word that has been ridden to death today it is the word plan. I have seen nothing of planning in any foreign country that would lead me to think it is a universal panacea. I don't exactly know what plan is. For some kinds of plans there are books and pamphlets undertaking to cure unemployment.

I have never promised to cure unemployment. I have taken risks for unemployment. I threw away an office and an election because I was convinced that among things necessary to help check growing unemployment were tariffs. I never promised to cure unemployment and I shall never stand on a platform with anybody who does promise it.

PREPARING FOR WAR

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, Former British Prime Minister.

THE situation from the viewpoint of peace is in many respects worse than before 1914.

I was in the business before 1914. Then every one as now was talking about peace, but every one just as now was preparing feverishly for war. The nations were maneuvering for war positions. Watch—for it is going on now. Each of them was as certain as now that their conduct was actuated by a sincere desire for peace and that their armaments were intended exclusively for defense.

I'm Letting You Off Easy

By NARD JONES, McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

WHEE-ee-ee-ee! Dismal yet imperative was the sound just beyond the left elbow which George had thrust jauntily from his straight-eight roadster. With sinking heart he glanced out to see the goggled apparition drawing abreast of him.

"Pinched," breathed George. "That's what we get for pulling the curtain down," whispered Sarah Anne. "You couldn't watch in the mirror."

George didn't reply at once, for the officer had put one boot on the running board and was reaching inside his jacket for the ticket book.

"Pretty fast for Sunday afternoon, brother," he remarked pleasantly.

George's eyes opened innocently. "Was I over the limit, officer?"

"About ten over," said the law. "Sorry, but I'll have to give you a ticket."

"Okay," said George. He hoped Cora wouldn't sound off from the rumble seat; he wanted to take his medicine like a good sport before Sarah Anne. Probably his wife would start trying to argue with the cop.

But strangely enough, Cora didn't say anything, and neither did Sara Anne's husband. Naturally Pete wouldn't, George told himself sourly. Nor would he offer to split the fine. Funny how he had let the bus go over the limit. With Sarah Anne beside him he might have hopped up the bus without noticing it. If he hadn't pulled down the curtain he might have seen the cop in the mirror and slowed down. George grinned, watching the officer's busy pencil. Well, pulling down that curtain had been worth getting pinched. What a laugh on Pete, telling him the sun was on their necks so they'd have to pull the curtain down—then kissing Sara Anne not a foot from Pete's nose!

"Okay, officer. But the fact is, I think my speedometer's off."

The officer grinned cryptically, his glance wavering just for a second over the golden Sara Anne whose robe did not quite conceal her charming blue bathing suit. "Maybe so. Sometimes the judge takes that into consideration if you can show a speedometer test."

When the officer had roared away, Pete yelled from the rumble seat: "Tough luck, old man," and Cora said: "George, you ought to be more careful."

"I'd think," said Sara Anne, in the acid tone reserved for her husband, "you'd tell George when you hear a motorcycle."

"He was mighty quiet," said Pete plaintively. "He coasted down this hill on us and I didn't know he was there until he sounded the siren."

As he gave his black tie final touches, and admired his chin in the mirror that night dressing for the Beach club dance, George congratulated himself on his smoothness. Not every guy could have a little fun on the side and not get into a jam. Right under Cora's nose, too, that was the scream.

Next day George went to the Motor Fixit shop. From several summers at Romona Beach he knew young Jasper. "Think you could make that speedometer slow—for a couple of bucks?" asked George jovially.

Jasper smiled just a little. Said Jasper, "It'll cost you one buck to have it tested, and maybe it'll really be off. We'll see."

As a matter of fact, it was. Jasper found the speedometer seven miles slow.

"Say, that's great!" George exclaimed. "That makes me liable for only three miles over the limit. The judge ought to let that pass."

"Probably, I'll give you a letter on the test and you can show him that."

So that afternoon promptly at three, George waited with half a dozen other violators. The big Irish cop was present and the sour old judge was slapping on the limit. George heard him impose fines of twenty, fifty, and seventy-five like nothing at all.

When his turn came he handed up his ticket along with the affidavit from the Motor Fixit shop, and winked at the Irish cop. "Fifty dollars," said the judge. "Next case."

George blinked. "Fifty dollars?" "That's what I said."

"But what about that letter there—about the speedometer?" "I saw it," said the judge. "Speed's not the only thing we're watching. Young people spooning in motor cars on the move—that's part of the trouble, so we ring the Blue law fines on that kind."

"But, your honor," said George indignantly. "We were a respectable party. We—"

"Yes, sir. The defendant was going fifty-three miles an hour in a forty-five mile zone. They all had bathing suits on, and the pair in the rumble seat were doing a clinch that would make the movies ashamed of themselves."

Somebody in the courtroom laughed. The judge pounded furiously. "Fifty dollars," he said to George "and I'm letting you off easy."

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.

Wise Words Just sitting around and talking about the good old times that are gone does not get us anywhere in the direction of the good times that are to come.—George M. Cohan.

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