

CHAPTER XIII-Continued

1º

-13-In the parched air, Silver felt

strangely cold. "Nothing made me change my mind, Corinne," she said some embarrassment. haltingly. "I-I just couldn't go through with it."

Corinne sank down upon the bed. "Oh-what's the use!" she sobbed. "I've done my best-but you're all against me-because you all hate me !"

Silver looked at her half in sympathy and half in anger.

"Don't be such a fool," she said, then stepped to the edge of the bed and laid a hand gently on Corinne's shoulder. "Does Roddy's affection out and the cops will be on Lucas' mean nothing to you?"

"Affection !" Corinne cried. "Don't talk to me about affection. What can you know about it? I'm losing my mind in this hell-and you talk to me about affection. Leave me alone! Go away!"

And Silver, thinking of Sophronia, went without a word out of the room

CHAPTER XIV

IN LESS than two days, the invad-I ing army of locusts had been almost completely destroyed and the hot, brooding air was full of an awesome peace. But it was the peace of death. The Willards' huge cornfield had been converted into a shambles of maimed and ugly stalks.

On the following Friday evening, Jason and Paula drove down in time to have dinner with the old folks. Sophronia, feeling more like herself now, determined to make their visit an occasion for bringing the family together.

"We'll celebrate !" she announced. "There's been enough grief around here the past two weeks, Lord knows! What with me dyin' and the crops burnin' up and the hopers eatin' what's left, there hasn't been much celebratin' in this place. I'll ask Roddy and Corinne to come down for supper and bring old Steve along."

with the news. Dave Erickson, who was in the store at the time, drew

Silver aside. "This Lucas used to be a friend of yours, didn't he?" he asked with

> "Yes," Silver replied. "What has happened, Dave?"

Dave tilted his hat and scratched his blond head. "Well, it might have been worse, of course. Two fellows from Minneapolis got into a poker

game over at the club last night. There was a row and one of them

pulled a gun and plugged the other one. He didn't do much damage, I understand, but the news has leaked neck before night. Mr. Lucas will have to get out-and fast-or he'll be taken in before he's another day

As though she had been there day I came here. I've left a note Silver swiftly reconstructed the telling Roddy he can find the car in scene. Gerald could afford no such publicity, no investigation. He

would have to get out immediately. "I see," she said absently. But she had become quite uncon-

scious of Dave's elaboration of the episode. One thought occupied her mind. With Gerald safely out of the way, there would still be a

older."

chance of Corinne's becoming reconciled to her life with Roddy. It was all working out for the best, of course. And next week Silver would be leaving to take the position that was open to her in Chi-



THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,

These details Silver took in with alarmed comprehension. "Where in the world are you go-

up?" Corinne laughed nonchalantly,

although her eyes flamed in reckless defiance. "I haven't time to tell ry. . . What are you doing? Let the rich, drowning flood of it deme go!" "For God's sake, Corinne !" Silver

panted. "Have you lost your senses completely?" "Take your hands off me!" Corinne burst out. She had gone white with fury as she struggled to re-

lease herself. Silver dropped Corinne's arms and stepped back from her, aghast and bewildered. "Are you going

away with Gerald Lucas?" she demanded. "How dare you interfere with

me?" Corinne stammered, with something of her old imperious ingly. manner, which was to Silver merely pathetic now. "You must be

crazy-" "It's you who are crazy," Silver interrupted coldly.

Corinne seemed to regain control of herself. "Think what you like," she said in a calmer tone. "I have never cared much about what you think of me, anyhow." She pushed back her sleeve with a trembling fore it was too late." hand and glanced at her watch. "All I want now is to get away, That's all I've wanted from the first

front of Haber's store. Let me pass, please !"

Silver did not move from her place before the door. "I can't let you go-like this." "Have your own way, then," Corinne told her. "I'll go out by the

front door." Silver burst suddenly into tears and clung to Corinne. "Corrie-I implore you! Don't do

this to yourself! I know what life with Gerald will be. I've seen enough of it-I've been through it.

Your life will be ruined. Corinne. darling-please-please-please-I won't let you go!" Silver caught her arm, but Co

small, piquant face was frozen with determination.

-hatted and gloved, and wearing ing to no avail again and again over a tailored dark silk dress suitable the entangling meshes of grass, for traveling. In one hand she car. over the familiar and the treacherried a small leather case and her ous ruts of a fallow field which was purse. Under her other arm snug- wavering strangely now with fivid gled Lacbeth, her red Pomeranian, patches of shadow. She paused and glanced over her shoulder to reassure herself that she had come at least half way, when there came ing, Corinne?" she asked. "Don't a sound that was a shrill, demonyou see there's a storm coming lacal whine, followed by a roar that stunned all thought. Then rain came.

The rain, the rain, the blessed rain! Silver threw her arms wide you," she replied. "I have to hur- and laughed in sheer pagan joy as

> scended upon her. It washed away all drouth and hunger and defeat; it washed all error from the human heart and wrong thinking from the human mind.

The rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Presently, from the di-rection of the Willard hill, Silver saw a dark shape plunging toward her. It was Roddy.

"What the devil are you doing out here?" he demanded as he came within speaking distance.

"I started out to find you-when the rain came," she replied halt-

"We hit for the house when we saw it coming," he said.

"You've been home-you've found Corinne's letter?" she asked. "I found it," he replied in

clipped tone. "I tried to stop her, Roddy.

fought with her-but I couldn't do anything. Then I-ran-to get youso that you could go after her-be-

Roddy smiled bitterly. "H-l, they've gone to Mexico !" he said. "That's too far away for me."

"You're going to let her go?" "It isn't as bad as it looks, kid," he said slowly. "Corinne really left me-months ago. But-come along. Steve is out looking for you, and Phronie is having fits because you're not in the house.'

He put his arm about her gently and they walked in silence toward the house. To the eastward, lightning strode across the sky, and all about them the air quaked with thunder.

"Don't you think too much about this. Silver," Roddy said steadily as they went across the field. "I'm giving Corinne a chance to live the life she wants to live. I've known what she wanted-but I've never rinne, with a sharp little jerk of been able to give it to her. I was her body, disengaged herself. Her a d-d fool, I guess. But there's something I want to tell you-Corinne is really in love with Lucas. "I tell you-I don't care!" she I have suspected it all along, but cried desperately. Her head was when she came home last nightproud and high. "I can't let him there was something about her-a go away alone. I realized that last sort of glory in her face that I've night when he told me he would never seen before. I asked her have to leave. I love him-and he about Lucas and she told me she oves me." For an appalling moment loved him. There wasn't anything her face became almost shrewish. "If I could do about it, kid. I told her I don't like the way Gerald lives, she could go when she felt like it." Silver's heart beat so rapidly that worth while out of him-and I she could make no reply. They couldn't do that for Roddy Willard !" | made their way across the field un-Before Silver could reach her, Co- til they came parallel with Roddy's rinne had darted into the front experimental tract of corn. The sky room and out of the door. Silver was lifting now as though the lid ran after her sobbing, pleading, were being raised from a casket clutching at her in despair, but Co- of glowing jewels. Green and gold rinne, in stony, inexorable silence, and blue, in a cleansed and halclimbed into the car and drove off, lowed world-it cast over the heart Silver looked wildly after her, a spell of awe and wonder.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Paging Japan Black Gold Best for War The Mighty Airplane **Two Kinds of Treasure**

When the Japanese plan to absorb a section of northern China with population of 95,000,000

seemed to have been abandoned, chaos broke loose in northern China, Industrious bandits, without fear of Japan's efficiency, began looting stores and Chinese merchants begged Japan to restore order.

Arthur Brisbane tered outside the Great Wall are ready to move in, and Japan will hardly have the heart to stay out under such circumstances. Later Japan will not have the heart to stay out of the Philippines. Japanese confidence in the sun goddess seems justified. The drift is Japan's way, with westerners busy planning to kill each other.

There are, California tells you, several kinds of gold: yellow gold that took crowds to California in 1849; another yellow gold that grows on orange, lemon and grapefruit trees; the white gold water power rolling from the mountains, to produce black gold, power and fertility, and the oil in the ground. If you've large proportions to cope with, yet aspire to a slender figure,

day!

Mussolini's determination to keep oil flowing into Italy, even at a risk you'll love this house frock which of European war, shows that oil is more important in war now than Four easy pieces are its sum total yellow gold. It moves great tanks, of chic, one back, one front, and one keeps the planes in the air; it for each sleeve. Don't you love the diagonal rows of buttons at the means motion, and successful motion means victory. shoulder, just where they're needed

Mighty is the airplane in northern Brazil, where the "elbow" sticks out into the Atlantic. Soldiers said by the Associated Press to be guided by Communists decided to run the government and make it better. They locked up their officers and were just starting the new "better" government when official airplanes came along with bombs.

"Bang" went one or two bombs, aerial machine guns said "rat-tattat" a few times.

The revolutionary soldiers said, pattern. Be sure to write plainly

PEOPLE FEAR THE THINGS THEY DO Will Slenderize Figure NOT UNDERSTAND

The beautiful voice of a famous opera singer issuing forth in song caused a panic on board a ship!

Seriously-that is the content of a news dispatch from off the coast of Australia where an American ship carrying explorers was recently anchored. The voice of the singer came through a gramophone, and the audience among whom it caused a panic was composed of natives, who ran in terror from something that they did not understand.

It may seem incomprehensible to us that a beautiful voice should instill dislike or fear. Whatever the language of the song, you may say, is not beautiful singing beautiful to all who can hear-as the trilling of a bird must sound the same to men of any color and any language?

But the beauty of the voice is obscured by the fact that its source is something the natives do not understand. For that reason it is an object of suspicion-and of fear.

If we stop to think about it, it will surprise many of us to realize how much we have in common with those Australian natives in that we frequently refuse to see beauty in the things we do not understand. We too are suspicious and fearful of things we do not know. Most of the world's bigotry and prejudice springs from ignorance. And many of us, if we but realized it, create a spectacle no less foolish and unreasonable than those natives in panic over a beautiful voice issuing from a gramophone when we condemn without investigation, when we turn without consideration from things which are new, things which are different, ways to which we are not accustomed. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Childhood a Guide Childhood shows the man, a norning shows the day.-Milton.



So We've Noticea

Be sure of Success

kind of company for other men.

4C

GIRL

ABBER

Baking

Powder

A man flirt is usually the dullest

for FREE

III.; Phil

And bake

that Holiday

Cake

with the

famous

Eleven Japanese divisions quar-

Here's Chic Frock That

PATTERN 9546

When they were ready to sit down, Sophronia went to the window and looked out.

"There they are now," she said. "We'll get the things on the table, Silver." She hesitated and thrust her face closer to the window. "Where's Corinne, I wonder? She isn't with Roddy and Steve."

"Probably putting on her best dress for the occasion," old Roderick suggested.

In a moment Roddy stepped into the house and greeted Jason and Paula.

"What's keepin' Corinne?" Sophronia inquired. "Supper's ready to go on."

Roddy frowned. "She's not coming," he said.

Sophronia folded her hands in her apron. "She's not comin'? What's away. the matter, then?"

"She was ready to come down with me when she told me that she would have to leave immediately after supper to go over to Harry Richter's place. I told her it might be a good idea if she moved her things over there-and she went off trees drooped like flakes of lead. into one of her tantrums. I can't

do anything about it." "Well-let's sit in, then," Sophronia ordered.

loomed ahead.

"We might give our ideas of what with a wink at Paula.

"He'll be pretty green at it for a while," Roddy laughed.

"I might have had a little practice, my lad," old Roderick retort-

ed, "if you'd done your duty." Silver glanced at Roddy and

that darkened his face as the others laughed.

you!" Sophronia spoke up. She turned to Silver. "I clean forgot off my feet."

Silver was grateful for the opportunity to leave the table.

standing the hot weather, Jase?" Roddy asked.

the small concerns of the farm. On the following morning Silver noon.

went to the Michener farm to spend the day with Freda. She left be-Gerald Lucas' "back room" the night before.

But when she stopped for a moment in Heron River to buy some on?

peppermints for old Grandma Michener, Haber's store was buzzing and almost collided with Corinne

and Sinister Stillness.

cago. Sophronia had been curious ly resigned last night when Silver had told her of her decision to go

"I think I understand, child," she had said, in a voice that was all sadness. And it was Silver who had cried.

By midafternoon the sky was a sullen, gray-white glare of heat, and the leaves of the Micheners' shade "It's goin' to storm!" Grandma Michener predicted.

Silver was preparing to leave for home when Phil Michene- came They took their places at once back from Maynard. The incident and Sophronia forbade any talk of at the Emerald Bay club had been the plague or the hard times that the talk of the town during the day.

"Strikes me," Phil added, "Rodkind of a grandfather we're going to dy ought to keep that pretty wife make out of pa," Jason suggested, of his away from such placesthough that's his business, not mine.'

> "Corinne wasn't over there last night?" Silver put in.

"She was there with the Richters," Phil told her.

Silver bade a hurried farewell caught the look of embarrassment and started for home. As she spurred Rusty over the short-cut and through the fields, she found "Hold your tongues, now-all of herself shivering with some nameless apprehensiveness that had no connection with the approaching the jar of pickles I set out. I wish storm. Here and there alongside the you'd bring them in. I'm fair run grassy, almost unused road, the cottonwood leaves rustled fitfully. There was no one in the yard as she approached Roddy's house. "How are those young Herefords Roddy and Steve, Silver knew, were

cutting hay in the south field, almost a mile away. The whirr of And so the talk turned easily to the mower cam ; faintly on the dead stillness of the later after-

In the driveway, before the door of the big house, stood Roddy's fore anyone in the stone house had | car. As Silver passed it, she glanced heard of what had happened in into it and saw a large black suitcase lying across the seat. Could Corinne possibly be planning to go

somewhere with the storm coming She flung open the kitchen door

perhaps I can make something and stood for a moment with her that it had grown much darker, that take a chance on the life-" the earth seemed enclosed in an

tears impatiently from her eyes. "Go, then-you d-n little idiot!" she said aloud as she saw the car er speed in the open road.

hayfield seemed immeasurable as saw a rainbow above the land.

she went running, stumbling, plung-

"Dont miss

Silver, her eyes upon the field, hand pressed frantically against her thought of Corinne. "How could mouth. She was vaguely aware she go away from this Roddy-and

Roddy smiled down at her. "Life's airless, suffocating sphere. Then she a gamble-wherever you live it, stamped her foot and brushed the Silver," he said. "It's when you live it with someone you love that makes the difference."

He took her shoulders in his pass through the gateway and gath- hands, and turned her about and looked through almost a year of Suddenly there came into her frustration, despair and defeatmind the clamoring necessity of into the serenity of Silver's eyes. finding Roddy. The distance to the And across his shoulder, Silver [THE END.]

"That will do." and scattered in the interior. It is hard to "rise and

throw off your chains" while capitalism is dropping bombs.

In Jacksonville, Fla., gentlemen fitting out an expedition to hunt for pirate treasure think they know where the gold is. They may find it; probably will not.

Other gentlemen are figuring out similar treasure expeditions in Wall street, regardless of what happened when they did that in 1929. Men hunting pirate treasure and Wall street treasure will have plenty of excitement, and that probably is well worth the effort. "A dull life is no life."

The great Jonker diamond, biggest uncut stone on earth, is to be cut into smaller pleces, since no one rich enough to buy it now would wear so big a diamond.

It might have been sold to a Russian czar, Turkish sultan or Ethlopian emperor for use in a crown, "to increase majesty." But czars and sultans have vanished, Ethlopia'. ruler is short of cash. The big diamond will be cut

into small pieces and sell for about \$1,500,000. The largest "piece" will weigh 100 carats, the rest from 10 and so they hasten to take you down to 50 carats. Interesting opportunity for deserving Hollywood stars.

John S. Ciemiengo, sixteen, sentenced to die next January in the electric chair, helped George H. Hildebrand, twenty-six, to rob and murder an old poultry farmer.

Sixteen seems rather young for an electric chair candidate, but the judge and jury felt that by disposing of the young murderer now they would avoid robberies and murders in the future. Recent history of youthful criminal makes that probable.

"Foreign observers" in Ethiopia believe that Ethiopia .s fighting a lost cause; also that, as the num ber of wounded increases and the case looks more and more hopeless. there might be a general massacre of whites. If this should happen the "50 to 1" gentlemen of the League of Nations would have themselves to blame.

The "sanctions" and boycott will not prevent Italy defeating Ethiopia, but they do make the Ethi opian ruler over-confident, persuading him to sacrifice lives unnecessarily.

Bishops of England's Anglican church, the archbishop of Canterbury, leading, denounce Chancellor Hitler's persecution of German Jews, as they well may, and they hope that Christians in Great Britain and elsewhere will "exert their 'nfluence."

C King Features Syndicate, inc. WNU Service.

your NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO Dept. W1150, Wiebita, Kans : Los Angules, Calif. NUMBER and SIZE. Send your order to The Sewing

9546

Circle Pattern Dept., 232 West Eighteenth St., New York, N. Y.

breaks lines in just the right places.

for inexpensive decoration? Pointed

belt-ends nip in your waist, and a

wide, square neck makes this frock

a jiffy, over-the-header. You've all

the novelty cottons to choose from,

so hurry, send for your pattern to-

Pattern 9546 may be ordered only

in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38,

40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires

3% yards 36 inch fabric. Complete

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins

or stamps (coins preferred) for this

diagrammed sew chart included.

Oldest Fortification in the Western Hemisphere

Cuba's Castillo de la Fuerza (the Castle of the Armed Forces) is believed to be the oldest fortification in the Western hemisphere. It stands at the foot of O'Rellly street in the oldest part of Havana. It was begun in 1538, thereby antedating Morro castle by about 50 years. The history of La Fuerza gues back to the time of Hernando de Soto. It was there that Dona Isabel de Bobadilla, De Soto's wife, threw herself into the sea upon learning of her husband's death and his burial in

Fault Finding Is Habit Fathered by Jealousy

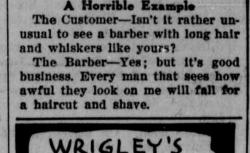
the Mississippi river.

What a gift some people have of finding fault. Praise anything, no matter what, and they will immediately confront you with a "but." It really seems to hurt them when you take pleasure in admiring anything. a peg. It is a petulant habit arising from envy or jealousy.

Let us look well to ourselves, lest we help to swell the list of these unappy fault-finders.

A Horrible Example The Customer-Isn't it rather un The Barber-Yes; but it's good

WRIGLEY'S



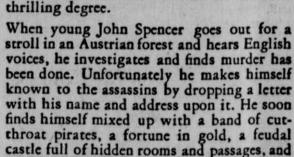
IS COOLING

TO THE TASTE!



DRUG STORE, FIRST CLASS





STORM MUSIC"

Says New York Review

"ABOUT BOOKS AND AUTHORS"

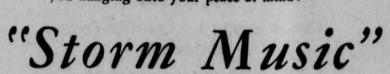
Dornford Yates' new serial novel, which be-

gins next week in this newspaper, is adven-

ture and romance carried to the fastest, most

The rest is lightning adventure that will keep you hanging onto your peace of mind!

a beautiful countess.



BY DORNFORD YATES

Begins next week in this newspaper!

