



# Red Raskall

By CLARK M'CEEKIN



**THE STORY THUS FAR:** Lark Shannon is heartbroken when she learns that her horse, Madoc, is to be sold. Her father, Rector Shannon, had died recently, leaving the place in debt. Bethel North, near neighbor to the Shannons, held a note against Rector Shannon, and the sale of the horse, she said, would clear the note. David North, Bethel's son, and Lark's childhood sweetheart, arrives in England and asks Lark if she would like to go to America as his wife, but expresses no love for her. Lark boards the ship Tempora, expecting David to join her, but just as they sail receives word that he had sailed the night before. On the way across a groom by the name of Busby asks Lark to see a sick horse.

**CHAPTER V**

"I've ridden a lot," Lark admitted, "I used to race my own horse, Madoc, at the county fairs when I was a child."

"You've good hands," Jarrod glanced at them knowingly. "And I understand you've friendlier our Lancer here. What's your unprejudiced opinion about the mare?" He glanced anxiously at Lark.

"I think," Lark said with great conviction, "that she should be bred as soon as possible, if you hope to save her."

"By the Great Horn Spoon, you're right," Jarrod said. "Lung fever it is, and no mistake, that's just what I've been trying to tell Busby."

"Red Raskall, that's a good name for the old feller!" Jarrod chuckled. "Now run along, child. I don't want you around while this bleeding's done. It's a nasty business but as soon as Galphine comes we'll get it over with."

Busby stepped forward eagerly and opened the wicket for Lark. "Best go take a lie-down, Miss," he said respectfully. "You're pale as a banshee. It's close and smelly down here and the boat's beginning to roll a bit."

After lunch Clelia, who had missed Lark at the meal, came down again to see about her. "My dear," she exclaimed, "you look really ill, you're positively green! I'm going to send the ship's doctor to take a look at you. Maybe he can give you some medicine that'll make you feel better." She pulled the blanket up about Lark's shoulders and hurried quickly away.

Soon both the doctor and Clink Swalters came down and were most sympathetic. The doctor gave Lark a draft, and Clink suggested a bowl of cinnamon gruel, but Lark shook her head quite firmly and shuddered at the very thought.

"If there's anything, anything at all, I can do to help, just send me word," Clink said with such sincerity that Lark was touched.

For two days and a night the Tempora streaked ahead under full sail. By late afternoon of the third day land was in sight. Over the Virginia coastal islands and the peninsula hung a curious saffron light. Fog was banked up behind it and fingered through the golden veil.

A strange uneasiness became apparent among those on board, and word went round that the glass had fallen astonishingly. The air was breathless and muggy. Toward evening a southeast wind sprang up and sang in the shrouding. A spatter of rain soon turned into a downpour and sent the passengers below deck.

A cold supper was served in the saloon and after it the passengers gathered in worried and fearful little groups. From hour to anxious hour the tension grew, as the lashed furniture broke loose and careened terrifyingly back and forth.

Lark forced herself to remain calm as she heard, above the rising storm, the thin little song of the boatswain's pipe, giving its ordered commands.

Across the room Minnie was down on her knees, praying loudly. In one hand she clutched her embroidered bag, and in the other a bulky carpet mat. Her hysterical sobs clustered about her, weeping copiously. Only Clelia sat quietly reading her Bible. She smiled at Lark reassuringly.

"Why, they were already within sight of land. Almost, one might say, they had one foot on the islands. That was what the passengers of the Tempora kept repeating over and over to one another."

Because Lark acknowledged to herself now the full extent of danger. The Tempora was sinking. It was a fact that could no longer be doubted. That weakened timber had not been able to hold against the mighty pushing pressure of the rams. However, for a moment, could any of them have thought it would, Lark wondered.

She pressed on to the hold ladder. She peered down the opening and saw a great dark pool of water. Somebody had set a lantern on a packing case down there, and, for some miraculous reason, it had escaped the cascades of water that gushed through the torn planking of the hull.

With clinging hands and cautious feet Lark climbed slowly down the ladder. Her feet found the uncertain safety of the floor at last. The water swirled about her knees but, for the moment, rose no higher. To one side of her was the cubby where Busby's and the Moor's hammocks were slung. These were swaying now like precarious bird's nests in a wind-swept tree.

Lancer was down now, his halter tied fast to the manger-board, as

the men attempted to bandage his knees. He was hobbled, trussed up like a fowl in the market. Lark thought, I can't bear it, I can't! It was as if she, herself, was pinioned. Why didn't they cut him loose? They must do that. She tried to tell them so. She tried to speak, but she could not call out. There was an iron band around her throat. A wave of black nausea passed over her, and she retched miserably.

After a time her sight and her senses came back to her. She opened her eyes and peered beyond the horses into the further hold. There were men working there at the pumps. Her clearing vision picked out Clink Swalters' figure among them.

The black oily water swirled about their waists and encroached faster than the feeble pumps could suck it up, much faster; terrifyingly, fantastically, faster.

Clink Swalters was working with the strength of ten men, cool and in command of the situation. Like an untiring piston, his arms bent and straightened, bent and straightened again. The unerring and pre-



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cise rhythm hypnotized Lark's unblinking stare. It was only when Big Dan straightened up and said, "My blasted pump's broke. She don't push out no water at all," that the spell was broken.

All hope was finally gone. They cut the horses loose now, so that they would have their one chance in a thousand, and not be drowned like kittens in a tight-tied sack.

Lancer was free at last, Lancer that big Red Raskall, who, in this hour of his almost certain death, was strong and beautiful and wild, urgent and quick with the wish for life. The men tried to coax him toward the ramp but he shook them off, refusing its sharp incline, whirling dangerously in the narrow space.

The gray Dawes horse, Thunder Boy, took the ramp in a powerful scramble and plunged ahead into the raging sea. Lark heard a piercing scream then, as the delicate mare, Penelope, shattered her knees in a crashing fall, heard the dull blow of the ax that, mercifully, ended her agony.

Captain Walesby was very calm, a desperately calm and agonized man. "This way," he said, "slowly now. No pushing, please." He spoke to them as if they were children, small, stupid, deaf children. "Lark!" That was Clelia's shrill voice. Lark, here!

Lark edged over to stand beside Clelia in the line. They took hold of one another's hands and gripped tightly. That moment of companionship, that human touch was a little beacon to light the great loneliness that lay ahead.

Busby pushed the two girls ahead of him into the readying life-boat that was swung now on a level with the deck. Clink Swalters thrust a heavy ar into Busby's hand and lifted him bodily into the boat. The Moroccan groom beside him dived into the open sea.

There was not nearly enough room in the three boats for all, but Captain Walesby was giving the passengers precedence over the crew, which stood waiting in sullen silence beside him.

The boat the two girls were in swarmed with people. It was heavily over-loaded. Lark thought, I'm going to die. It doesn't matter much. There isn't any use of my adding extra weight. She tried to get out, but the davits whined querulously as the captain having given the signal, the rowboat swung free of the pulley and began its perilous descent.

After a long moment it settled like a wounded gull in a valley between two mountainous waves. It rested there for a moment. All life, all heart-beats were suspended

as the wave held its pinnacle above the frail craft for one awful frozen second before it plummeted like an avalanche on the tiny speck of the life-boat which was sucked under in its gargantuan grasp.

Presently Lark found a thin thread of breath in her body. The walls of her chest were like iron bands, busting, one by one, as she gulped ravenously for air.

After a while she reached out for help. But there was no help. The boat was gone. Clelia was gone. Everybody was gone.

The glare of the distress rockets flared and died. Lark's hope receded. For a time she battled against the raging anger of the sea. Then something washed against her. Something hard and slick and buoyant. A spar. Her hands took hold of it. Realized it. Clutched it and held on for dear life.

She woke to feel solid earth under her body. The swing and sway of the sea no longer hampered her. Her eyes opened, turned first towards the stretch of breaking waves on the shingled shore, and then swung towards the beach that lay under her, the clumps of marsh grass, the rocks beyond, the rising hillocks topped by trees.

Trees, land, life! Lark closed her eyes again and let the blessedness of sleep wash out the pain of death.

Slowly, inch by inch, she edged her frozen, aching body up the shelving slope. The sand was warmer here, warm as a bake-oven, delicious! She managed to scrape out a shallow nest. She peeled her wet clothes off, garment by garment, and spread them to dry. She stretched, and let the hot, bright sun caress her back, her arms, the length and curve of her legs. She burrowed down deep into the sand.

It was a sound that woke her, a sound when the sun stood high at noon; a most curious sound, not very far off from her. But she could see nothing. Nothing but the miles of waste sand and scrub with occasional fingers of tall marsh grass reaching down here and there like pointers to the sea.

Now a shrill unearthly scream broke the silence, and Lark hung back for a moment, terrified and trembling. In an instant fresh courage came to her and she plunged forward, stumbling over the shells and driftwood which littered the beach. She topped the rise and peered beyond her.

She could see what it was at last. A horse, a red horse stained almost black by the sea, flecked and ringed with white ruffles where the sweat and salt had dried on him.

Lancer, the Red Raskall, why it was he! It surely was. He was caught in the quicksand and the tow of the outgoing tide! He was sunk above his fetlocks, above his knees, to his belly almost. His eyes were wild and terror-stricken, his head flung up in an agony of frustration as, with every convulsive movement, he sank lower and lower.

Lark tried the wet sand under her feet. It was firm and safe here. Step by anxious step she crept out to him, calling his name softly, holding out her hand lovingly, trying, slowly and cautiously, to creep near enough to catch the dangling halter rope.

Then it was that she remembered the spar on which she herself had floated to land. With the last strength in her body, she found it and managed to drag it to the horse, to force it in the small space left under his heaving, exhausting body, and to steady it, as, with almost human intelligence, he seemed to understand its possible help, and, after a moment of stillness, made a last tremendous thrust, feeling the momentary purchase under him, making use of it and jerking himself free.

With a fusing on a scramble, he found a footing on the pebbly shelving shore and staggered toward safety, standing there, trembling and panting, with Lark's arm flung around his neck, her sobbing face buried in his mane.

Shirley Temple's certainly grown up. Formerly, the studios called Mrs. Temple, and got an immediate "Yes" or "No" when they asked if Shirley could do something. But when asked if Shirley would do a personal appearance recently, she said, "I'll ask Shirley."

The guests at an old ladies' home in Galveston wrote John Charles Thomas, saying that they'd always listened to his Sunday radio program till recently, when their luncheon hour had been changed; radios weren't allowed in the dining room. Thomas promptly arranged to have the program recorded for them. So now he sends them a record each week.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

By VIRGINIA VALE

**HOLLYWOOD** executives are breathing easier now that the shortage of male stars is easing up, with old favorites being released from the armed forces. Andrew Stone set John Carroll for a starring role in "Beside Manner" a few days after the army air force captain got his medical discharge; Metro has Lieut. Comdr. Robert Montgomery for "They Were Expendable," now that he's out of uniform, and is lining up stories for Clark Gable to choose from. Bruce Cabot's completed his first picture, "Salty O'Rourke," since he was under fire in North Africa; Paramount also put Alan Ladd into "And Now Tomorrow" when he left the army some months ago. Columbia recently welcomed Glenn Ford out of the marines.

Don't look for love scenes between James Cagney and Sylvia Sydney in "Blood on the Sun." Says James, "A quick kiss here and there is all right, but long clinches, heav-



JAMES CAGNEY

ing chests and sultry eyes are not. The kids in the audiences hoot, holler and whistle at such scenes these days. Anyway," adds James, "I'm not the type." Speed and activity, he believes, are more important.

If you're one of the thousands of devotees of the Hardy family pictures it's a question how you'll like the new set-up. Now that Mickey Rooney's overseas in the army, there'll have to be a new Andy Hardy. The other regulars—Lewis Stone, Fay Holden and Sara Haden will all be present. And Metro's gone lavish and engaged the famous Booth Tarkington to supply the story for the next picture.

Edith Arnold, who plays underworld roles in the CBS "Crime Doctor," has been offered a role in the picture series of the same name. But—Edith is one of those Hollywood-born gals who came east to become a success, and she refuses to return.

Pity Marjorie Reynolds—a dozen star-shaped ornaments were stuck to her arms, shoulders, chest and back with liquid cement, for "Bring on the Girls," which stars her with Veronica Lake, Eddie Bracken and Sonny Tufts. Taking them off and replacing them the next day was impractical, so for 3 days and nights Marjorie had a star-studded torso.

Not many film stars are consulted about the musical numbers they'll do, but the Hoosier Hot Shots of National Barn Dance renown have the privilege of selecting their own songs for the series of eight Columbia pictures they are filming this year.

Jennifer Jones won fame as a saint in "The Song of Bernadette"; Gregory Peck is doing it as a priest in "The Keys of the Kingdom." So, David O. Selznick, who owns all of Jennifer and one-fourth of Peck, has cast them as a siren and an outlaw in "Duel in the Sun."

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## Farm Topics

### Treated Fence Posts Last Twenty Years

New Method Cost Reduced to Six Cents

THE chlorinated phenol dunking method of treating fence posts, a comparatively new wood preservative, can be used at a cost of from 5 to 6 cents per post. Tests conducted at the University of Idaho experiment station show that the life of soft wood posts, properly treated by this method, will be from 15 to 20 years. They found that the



bottom of the post will last the life of the top.

Not only is it possible to treat fence posts, but fence rails, gates, barn sills, bridge timbers, irrigation gates, and similar pieces can be treated.

Chlorinated phenol is a liquid concentrate, and can be obtained full strength or diluted with various amounts of oil. Blending in concrete form saves shipping and storage; it can then be diluted in proportions of one part of concentrate to 14 parts of diesel oil, stove oil or old crank case drainings. Not only for this purpose but for spraying purposes, it is usually possible to secure crank case drainings at service stations at little cost.

### Agriculture In the News

W. J. DRYDEN

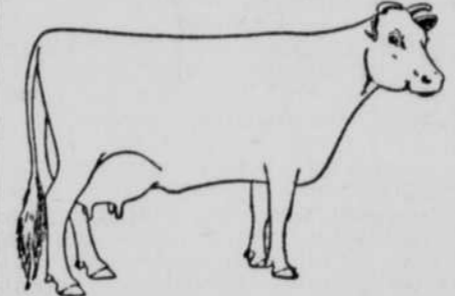
**White Ash.** The white ash is not only America's leading hardwood but its most important ash. It grows from Nova Scotia westward to Minnesota and southward almost to the Gulf of Mexico. It is a stately tree 75 to 125 feet high.

The wood of the white ash is heavy, hard, strong and stiff, seasons well, takes a good polish and is free from taste or odor. Its principal uses are for handles, cooperage, furniture, motor vehicle parts, sporting and athletic goods, as well as railroad ties, veneer and fuel.

### Select Dairy Cows On Standard Basis

In selecting dairy cows certain definite points must be looked for. Among the most important are:

1. Ample digestive capacity, which means good length, width and depth of body.
2. A good constitution as shown by great chest capacity.
3. A large udder of soft quality.



A good type dairy cow.

4. The rump should be long, wide and level and the hip bones should be wide apart.
5. The hide should be thin, loose and pliable, and the bones of medium size, with the head showing general refinement.
6. Must have dairy temperament, or tendency and ability to produce milk.
7. Generally, the larger the dairy cow the better. Size and quality, however, must be properly correlated.

**FARMERS HAVE SAVED MONEY**

BALANCES IN CHECKING ACCOUNTS IN COUNTRY BANKS

At the start of war in Europe

May 1st 1944

5,343,000,000

INCREASE — 198%

### SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLECRAFT

### Newest in Crocheted Chair Set

7403



EVERYONE will want to follow suit when they see your chairs beautified with this lovely pineapple-crochet basket filled with daisies.

Daisy medallions—easy to memorize—fill this simple crocheted basket in the lovely pineapple design. Pattern 7408 has instructions, stitches.

### ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

- The Questions**
1. What is the "arena of the bears and bulls"?
  2. When does cockscrew?
  3. What does the Statue of Liberty hold in her left hand?
  4. What droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven?
  5. What is the protagonist of a story?
  6. At the foot of what statue did Julius Caesar die?
  7. How many bananas are required to make a pint of banana oil?
  8. What land is called the "Land of the Midnight Sun"?
  9. Which of the six continents is the smallest?
  10. What is meant by bending a sail?

### The Answers

1. The stock exchange floor.
2. Early morning.
3. A tablet inscribed with the date of the Declaration of Independence.
4. The quality of mercy.
5. The one who takes the leading part.
6. The statue of Pompey.
7. Banana oil is not made from bananas.
8. Norway.
9. Australia.
10. Securing it to its spars.

### Expensive Wire

A platinum wire, now used in this country, is drawn so fine that, although sold at \$1.50 a foot, the cost of one pound, avoirdupois, would be \$217,500,000.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. 364 W. Randolph St. Chicago 30, Ill. Enclose 16 cents for Pattern No. Name Address

### St. Joseph ASPIRIN

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

### "HOARSE" SENSE!

for COUGHS due to COLDS

really soothing because they're really medicated



Millions use F & F Lozenges to give their throat a 15 minute soothing, comforting treatment that reaches all the way down. For coughs, throat irritations or hoarseness resulting from colds or smoking, soothe with F & F. Box, only 10¢.

### SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

During at least the first three years following the end of the war, experts believe that 70 million tires will be needed annually in the U. S. alone. The peak year, 1941, saw a production of 62 million tires in this country.

Greater use of mechanical farm implements in post-war years is expected to make agriculture one of the largest consumers of rubber.

Despite the Far East war, the Foreign Economic Administration expects that 73,100 tons of natural rubber will be shipped to the U. S. from Ceylon and India during 1944.

In war or peace

## B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

—Buy War Savings Bonds—

GEE—SHE LOOKS OLD TODAY

**DUE TO MUSCULAR PAINS!**

## SORETONE

soothes fast with COLD HEAT ACTION

in cases of MUSCULAR LUMBAGO OR BACKACHE due to fatigue or exposure MUSCULAR PAINS due to colds SORE MUSCLES due to overwork MINOR SPRAINS

YOU BET you show it when those cruel pains shoot through arms, neck, back or legs. Do something. Rub on SORETONE Liniment. Get the blessed relief of Soretone's cold heat action. Quickly Soretone acts to:

1. Dilate surface capillary blood vessels.
2. Check muscular cramps.
3. Enhance local circulation.
4. Help reduce local swelling.

Developed by the famous McKesson Laboratories, Soretone is a unique formula. Soretone contains methyl salicylate, a most effective pain-relieving agent. For fastest action, let dry, rub in again. There's only one Soretone—insist on it for Soretone results. 50¢. Big, long-lasting bottle, \$1.

**MONEY BACK—** IF SORETONE DOESN'T SATISFY

"and McKesson makes it"