



Red Raskall

By CLARK McMEEKIN



THE STORY THUS FAR: While voyaging from England to America, Lark Shannon's ship goes down. She is cast upon an island, and Galt Withe, bound servant, rescues her. She is made a prisoner at the inn, but escapes and is found by her sweetheart, David North, who is disguised as a gipsy to get a line on Dr. Matson and his shady dealings. Lark and Galt fall into the hands of Dr. Matson, but escape at night, and after weeks of hardships arrive in Norfolk where Lark expects to meet David. She is told by Mara Hastings, at whose home she stops, that David North is not in town. Lark is shocked when Mara announces that David North is her fiancé. They soon leave Mara's home.

CHAPTER XVII

"He come home last night." Cup-sie was pleased to oblige. "He mad at Miss Mara 'case you gone. She mad at him, too, an' tell him heap o' ugliness 'bouten you. Then he mad at you. Ev'ybody mad. I took m' foot in m' hand an' lit outen dar."

Lark said, "Cupsie, I can't keep you. I can't pay you. I'm looking for work, myself. I'm sorry I made trouble with Miss Mara and Mr. North. But you'd better—"

"Go right out to the dairy shed," Minnie cut in blandly, "an' go to skimmin' cream. You was pretty good in the dairy, Cupsie. You know where things is at."

While Taffy was finishing getting breakfast, Minnie showed Lark and Galt her place, with pride, with childlike boastings.

"I got me a few darkies an' I works the Barnes' as tenants when I can ketch 'em. I got 'bout thirty acres, but they needs a farmin' man to see to right."

She glanced at Galt, and he nodded. "I'm your man. I've walked your place, early. You've got rich land, Minnie, but you'll need a lot of stump burning and straightening around."

"Go right to it," Minnie's voice had a purring sound. "I got ideas for Lark, too. Like racing Red Raskall at the Fair. Fair opens up in Norfolk, end o' the month. Me an' her—"

Lark said, "Minnie, you've been so—more than kind—but I'm going to take Red Raskall to Squire Terraine. After that—"

"Don't cross a bridge till you come to it," Minnie said. "We'll eat now an' plan later."

"Barnes had a sight of gossip on him when he come to milk this dawn." Placidly she forked an unfinished chicken leg off Lark's plate. "Seems old Jarrod Terraine bet his whole plantation on a horse race last week, an' lost. Lost to Placutt Dawes' gray imported nag, Thunder Boy. Remember Thunder Boy? He swam to shore from the Temp, you know."

"Before you take Red Raskall to Greatways you ought to be told the Terraines ain't there. They left, kit an' caboodle, for a place they got in Kentucky, a thousand miles off, on the Wilderness Trace. Ain't that a sight? Left last night."

Lark said, "Minnie, you knew that last night! Didn't you?"

"I knowed they lost the hoss race, last week. How'd I know old Placutt was puttin' 'em out so quick? How'd I know the Terraines was takin' foot for Kentucky right after the weddin'?"

"Lord," Minnie said cheerfully, "don't try to talk sense to a fool! All right, honey, you two take an' light out after the Terraines. They ain't got more'n about twelve hours' start on you. You're bound to ketch 'em in a couple weeks up in the wilds of the Kentucky mountains. Jarrod Terraine's got no reward money to give you. He's got no right to Red Raskall. But you take an' give him the hoss, an' all you got to fret about is gettin' back to civilization with your scalp still tight on your head. I give up. . . . No, I don't! Now you listen!"

"You got the horse, hauled him outen quicksand, brought him to shore, risked your life an' limb to get him to Greatways, got here too late to help Jarrod, and through no fault o' yours. If some fella was to dive into the old Temp tomorrow, an' fetch your precious lost gold pieces outen that brine-soaked wreckie it's in, whose would the gold be? Yours or his? Ask Galt."

Galt said, "It would be his, Lark. That's the way anybody on the coast would figure. Like I figured about those gold pieces we found. But you saved Red Raskall. I'm not going to persuade you, either way."

"Lord, listen at him!" Minnie snorted. "You ain't never goin' to ketch a pullet thataway, my boy. You got to boss 'em."

During the last warm red-gold days of October, Lark began to regret the feeling of strength and bubbling life. She no longer woke in the night, cold, drenched with perspiration, imagining she was back on the Tempora, on the island, locked in her miserable loft room at Vurney's Inn. Her sense of obligation increased with her energy and she spoke to Minnie about it.

Galt was certainly happy. He had done remarkable things with Minnie's land already, managing her lazy field help, planning next year's crops, readying the land. Minnie was greatly pleased with Galt and said so a dozen times a day. Her affection for Lark was plain and outspoken, and Lark recognized a very real bond between them, but she had

no feel of belonging here, no faintest sense of permanence.

Lark had tried not to show her own feelings, her keen disappointment that David North had never so much as tried to find her—as far as she knew—her unhappy conviction that she had no tangible right to Red Raskall, her feeling of rootlessness, of tension let down too quickly, of an almost painful inertia.

Minnie encouraged her to get out occasionally, to ride, to gather nuts with Galt, to fish from the little pier on the river. She never mentioned the argument they'd had over the ownership of the red-brown horse. Once Lark wrote a letter to Squire Terraine, but she had her doubts that the address Minnie obligingly found for her was right.

One bright morning Minnie announced that she was going to the Fair on the Norfolk outskirts. "You an' Galt can go," she told Lark. "See a few sights an' a lot o' people."

David, Lark thought. She means I'll have a chance to see David. And then she thought, maybe David



"You been figditing, Lark."

couldn't find me, maybe I've been unfair to him. Maybe I ought to go.

"Take your two nags," Minnie suggested, "an' pick up a bit o' racin' money. Right good races up to the Fair."

"I'm liable to stay a month, once I get there," Minnie said placidly. "I'll follow 'em to Richmond an' maybe Charlottesville. You been figditing, Lark. You just take yourself one good Fair day, an' come back here an' run my house while I'm gone. That'll be a favor. You won't feel extra-cargo when Manny Barnes gets drunk an' takes off, an' Midge's gone, an' you got the gate an' the house to tend, with Taffy's fits an' Cupsie's lip to put up with. I'm offerin' you a job. You goin' to take it?"

"I'd do anything you ask, Minnie," Lark said. "Gladly!"

Minnie was ready for her month's Fair career in remarkably short order. She lectured Cupsie and Taffy and the field hands in direct and simple terms. She threatened Manny Barnes with a ducking in the river if he went to sleep and missed too many toils. She threw a few clothes into a canvas sack, put on her fair costume, a red and white creation that billowed and clung, by turns, as she took her place in the chariot Midget brought to the door.

"Greatest Show Ever Conceived by the Human Mind to Please, Instruct, and Horrify. See Two-Ton Minnie and her black Bantam Bodyguard, weight 55 lb., and can whip Minnie's Weight in Wild Cats, and Yet Sleeps in the Palm of Her Hand."

"Dan made that," Minnie said proudly. "It kind of takes the eye now, don't it?"

Lark said it certainly did. She was dressed in the black riding habit, pinned to fit by the eager Cupsie. Galt brought Red Raskall and Dosta to the mounting block and gave Lark a hand up. He swung his booted, leather-trousered leg over the Raskall's back and reined him in to suit Dosta's easy trot.

They made the trip to town, stopping a time or so for rest and food from Minnie's hamper, in a little over three hours. It was past noon when they turned into a woodland where handbills and pennants proclaimed, "The Virginia Circle Fair, With Racing, Trading, Auctioneering, Fruits and Prize Tobacco. Come one, Come All!"

Midget, on his high, precarious box of Minnie's chariot, gave a loud "hrrap," flapped the lines, and brought the ponies in between the big gate-tree, with a flourish.

"That there's my tent!" Minnie all but tipped over the chariot, pointing it out. "I'll take you two to the track an' make you know to some

gent friends who'll spot you for a race or two. But keep your eye on your hoss-flesh, on account these boys is like to sell 'em off when your backs is turned!"

Minnie shouted greetings to the Schwassel-box man, a gaunt sharp-faced fellow, sitting on a wagon tree mending the costumes of his PUNCH and JUDY players. She yelled at two cronies who were stirring a pot of Bubble and Squeak. She made a lewd remark or so to the snake charmer, and greeted the auctioneer with a mighty hug and kiss.

People were gathered near an encampment of gypsies in the creek ravine, below the bumble-puppy game. Lark glanced toward them and pulled up Dosta. A boy's figure, in soft white silk blouse and velvet trunks, stood silhouetted against a white-pine upright board. As she looked, Lark saw a silver flash in the air, heard a faint ping and a dull, soft reverberation. A knife had gone through the air and had struck the pine board, burying its tip deep in the wood a quarter inch from the boy's statue-like arm.

The crowd watched, breathless, and Minnie called to Midget to pull up, for God's good love, because this was something! Fast as flying birds, the bright-bladed knives came, outlining the boy, making the soft silk of his blouse shiver and flutter, pinning a lock of his black hair to the board, piercing the wood so near his pulsing throat that a long sigh went up from the crowd.

Lark said, "It's Chal, Galt."

Galt nodded. When the performance was over they rode to the group. A white-haired woman was putting away the knives. She was Chal's mother and Dosta's. She nodded briefly when Lark spoke to her, thanked her for her help that dreadful night. Then she went into her red tent, fastening the flap behind her. Chal and Ginko were going through the crowd with tambourines, begging money, boasting of the breath-taking skill of "Mother Egypt."

Ginko was pleased to see Lark and Galt. "I told you, Colombo, that some day I would ask a favor of you." He grinned at Lark. "The mayor wishes our band to leave Norfolk, why, God knows. You can get us permission to stay and make money by asking your great and powerful friend, David North, to speak to this stupid mayor."

Lark's pulse began to quicken. She said, "Very well. I will see him, Ginko. . . . I should like, too, to return this mare to Mother Egypt."

Ginko shook his head. "She feels the black mare bewitched her daughter. She is a fool but she throws her knife well, no?"

Lark walked slowly toward the Cargoe Riske cubicle under the rusty magnolia. She could see several men inside. One of them was standing up, coming toward her, into the sunshine. . . . David.

He was beside her, taking her two hands, his face thin and tired and eager. He said, "Lark—where under heaven have you been?"

She told him the things that had happened. He frowned when she mentioned living at Minnie's toll-gate house. He said, "You could have stayed at Mara Hastings' till I came. I don't feel that Minnie is a suitable friend for a young and tender female. I—Lark, I am deeply troubled about you."

Lark said, "I've been with more unsuitable people than Minnie. After the Vurneys and—Dr. Matson, she's wonderful. . . . And I couldn't have stayed at Mistress Hastings', David. I am sorry."

"I will come to you, Lark," David said firmly, "as soon as I am free to. My case against Matson will have to be settled, of course. It is of great importance. But I do not want to neglect you, Lark. You are sweet and brave, if a little impulsive. But do not think I have forgotten you, because I have not. I have worried greatly about you. If you would only come back to Mara's—"

"David," Lark said, "David—you're so different. . . . I keep seeing you in that gipsy dress, your hair wild, your life in danger, and now—David, I hardly know you. I don't know you—at all."

David looked worried. He said patiently, "Of course you know me, Lark. I joined the gypsies because I had to, to catch Matson."

"To make money for your company. . . . But, David—"

"It was my job to catch him," David said reasonably. "Of course I was troubled over you, Lark. I must reward Galt suitably for bringing you safely to Norfolk. But if I hadn't got my evidence when I did—"

"Of course," Lark said. "You had to get it. . . . But, I don't believe I would offer Galt anything, if I were you, David. It might—"

Someone called David from the Riske cubicle. He excused himself. He would see Lark later, he said. Lark walked to the track, the weather-beaten stands. Galt was entering Red Raskall in a race. A tug of excitement caught at Lark, a sudden wish to ride the horse in the race, to dash into the wind, to gallop, gallop. She touched Galt's hand. She said, "Could we—"

"Two pound entry," Galt said. "I paid it. . . . Lark, I want you to ride Red Raskall. Will you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Extend the Meat With Noodles and Gravy (See Recipes Below)

Point-Easy Patterns

Some of our homemakers feel that rationing has become so tight, it is difficult to set a tasty dish before the family. It's true we are learning to use a great variety of foods, but all these can be made delicious as well as pleasing as to appearance.

Humble meats like hamburger and liver can be dressed attractively and made to taste like high-point foods. Imagine eating golden brown, wafer-thin pancakes, filled with a well-seasoned meat mixture. Good? Of course, pass the seconds, please.

You can stuff small slices of liver with your favorite celery or onion dressing and braise them in a savory tomato sauce. There's little better.

If you have taken it a little bit easy on the main course, you can always go the limit with the desserts. Cream pies are luscious even though their whipped cream toppings are missing. Frothy egg whites are just as pretty and tasty.

Fresh vegetables and fruit platters are ideal for adding color to the table. Try a freshly cooked snowy white cauliflower in the center of a platter and surround it with slivered green beans and tomato cups with golden corn kernel centers. If it's a fruit platter you've set your cap for, then you'll like melon (preferably cantaloupe with its center scooped out and filled with a fruit gelatin salad, and garnished on the platter with slices of pineapple mounted with fresh berries or grapes.

Hamburger Filled Potato Pancakes (Serves 6 to 8)

- 1 pound hamburger
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons fine, dry bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 4 cups grated raw potatoes
- 2 tablespoons grated onions
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 tablespoons milk

Combine meat, 1 teaspoon salt, milk and bread crumbs. Mix well and shape into thin patties. Brown in hot fat. Combine potatoes, remaining salt, pepper, eggs, flour and milk. Mix well. Remove meat from frying pan. Add more fat. Place a small amount of the potato mixture into hot fat. Top with meat patty. Then cover with more potato mixture (potato mixture should form a thin coating). Fry slowly until brown. Turn and brown on other side.

These Hamburger Filled Pancakes may be served with sauerkraut. Place the kraut in the center of a platter and arrange pancakes in a border around it.

Lynn Says:

Meat Memos: Extend low-point meats with breading, garnishing and fillings to make them appetizing and point-saving.

Bacon can be dipped in beaten egg and bread crumbs, then fried and served as an appetizing meat course.

Honeycomb or pocket tripe becomes savory when given the egg and bread crumb treatment. Serve it with broiled bacon and tomatoes for flavor contrast.

Ground lamb patties take on flavor value when served with grilled fresh pineapple and tomato slices.

Small shoulder roasts will stretch further when stuffed with bread, celery, parsley or onion dressing. Make plenty of rich gravy for a fill-in feature.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- *Curried Shrimp with Noodles
- Slivered Carrots and Green Beans
- Fresh Pineapple and Strawberry Salad
- Corn Sticks Beverage
- Date-Nut Bars
- *Recipe given.

*Curried Shrimp with Noodles. (Serves 4 to 6)

- 6 tablespoons butter or substitute
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons curry powder
- 1 pound cooked shrimp
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 1/2 teaspoons chopped parsley
- 1/2 teaspoon rich meat flavoring
- 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
- 1/2 pound fine noodles

Make a cream sauce of the first five ingredients. Add shrimp, cleaned and cut in halves or quarters, depending upon size. Add seasonings, and lastly, cooked noodles broken into small pieces. Garnish with parsley and whole shrimp.

American Eggs Foo Yeung. (Serves 4)

- 1/2 cup cooked fish such as salmon
- 1/2 cup green peas, cooked
- 3 stalks raw celery, diced
- 1 onion, minced
- 1/2 cup green pepper, chopped
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon seasoning sauce
- 6 eggs, beaten

Mix fish with peas, celery, onion and green pepper. Add seasonings, seasoning sauce and beaten eggs. Mix well. Have fat hot in skillet. Pour small ladleful of mixture into skillet and brown on one side, turn cake and brown on the other. Serve with spicy tomato sauce.

Mashed Potato Omelet. (Serves 6)

- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup mashed potatoes
- 1 teaspoon onion juice
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 4 eggs, separated
- Bacon

Mix heated milk with mashed potatoes. Add onion juice, salt and pepper. Mix in well beaten yolks of eggs. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a greased frying pan and cook on top of stove until bottom is brown. Brown top under broiler. Serve with crisply fried bacon.

Fruit Platter.

- Fresh pineapple, sliced
- Grapefruit in sections
- Peach halves
- Grapes, seeded or marachino cherries
- Small wedges of cantaloupe or other melon
- Cream mayonnaise
- Head lettuce
- Red apples

Peel grapefruit and remove pulp by sections, then cut in half crosswise. Arrange platter by placing cups of lettuce all over the platter. Into each cup place a slice of fresh pineapple, cored and peeled (or canned slice of pineapple.) On top place melon wedge and then grapefruit sections. Arrange strips of red apple on top and then sprinkle with cherries or slivered grapes. Serve with dressing made by mixing mayonnaise or salad dressing with sour cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts, if desired.

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FILLED BUNS

2 cakes Fleischmann's Yeast	2 eggs, beaten
1 cup lukewarm water	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 cup shortening	Few drops lemon extract
1/2 cup sugar	1 cup milk, scalded and cooled
1 teaspoon salt	2 cups sifted flour
	1 cup jelly or jam

Dissolve Fleischmann's Yeast in lukewarm water. Cream shortening, sugar and salt; add well-beaten eggs, nutmeg, flavoring and lukewarm milk. Add to yeast. Add 3 cups flour and beat well. Add remaining flour; turn out on floured board and knead lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm place, free from draft, until light, about 2 hours. Turn out on floured board and shape into round rolls. Dip in granulated sugar and set on well-greased baking pan 1/2 inch apart. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk, about 45 minutes. Make an indentation in center of roll, fill with jelly or jam. Let rise again until light, about 15 minutes. Bake in moderate oven at 400°F. about 20 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

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