and Paula are already expecting an

Silver raised her eyes and saw

"Silver-dear, dear Silver," Rod-

Silver sobbed against his throat.

Get On My Own Feet Soon."

in a desperate kind of joy. It was

"I'll leave," she said tonelessly.

He swung about and looked at

hair. But then suddenly a bleak

stood before her, his arms folded,

"You are right, of course," he

Silver stood up very straight.

"And you will keep on working

"until you buy it from me. You

She stretched out her hand. He

held it tightly in his own for a

moment, then turned it, palm up-

wards, to his lips. In the next mo-

When Sophronia came home that

night, she was suffering from a

chill, and on the following evening,

that she was threatened with pneu-

Weeks of illness had bitten deep-

ranged the cushions in the long

chair in which Phronie reclined be-

I'll be the death of . you, if I don't

"Don't get impatient, now," Sil-

your life to deserve a little rest."

-lie back. You can read the paper

for about fifteen minutes, then you

Sophronia looked up at Silver with

white. And your eyes are entirely

"Nothing, except you-and I

flush that lay suddenly upon her

"That fool of a Duke Melbank

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ward's orders."

his shoulders.

way out for us."

we have to."

ment he was gone.

dy breathed and held her flercely

close to him.

SYNOPSIS

sister. Sophronia's household consists | that true, Corrie?" of her husband, and stepsons, Roderick and Jason. The Willards own only half of the farm, the other half of panic and helplessness that darkmakes himself obnoxious. Roderick is on the eve of marriage to Corinne Meader. Silver says she wants to live on the farm, and has no intention of selling her half, which the Willards had feared. Silver tells Sophronia ("Phronie," by request) gambler friend of her father. Roddy marries Corinne. Silver again meets Lucas, who has established a gambling resort near town. She introduces him to Corinne, though against her will. Friendship between the two develops, to Silver's dismay. At a dance Duke Melbank insults Silgrowing intimacy between Lucas and Corinne, Silver tells Roddy she has decided to sell her portion of the farm. Not understanding, he reproaches her for her "treachery." Roddy finds he is falling in love with Silver, and is dismayed. Silver warns Corinne against Lucas. Despite herself, her love for Roddy grows, but she determines to save Corinne from disaster. Corinne returns, with purchases little suitable for farm life, and having spent all the money Roddy has given her. His mild reproaches are bitterly resented by Corinne.

CHAPTER XI-Continued -11-

"I can't stand this business of counting every penny like a newsboy in the street! If that's what you want me to understand, you may as well know now that I never shall. I won't try. You may be used to this hand-to-mouth existence. You probably love it-because of your precious land! I'm the one that has to suffer. I supe i should have bought a twodollar dress and a five-dollar coat and a pair of shoes in a bargain basement !"

She gripped the back of a chair and spoke in a voice so charged with vindictiveness that Roddy found it hard to credit his senses.

"You're evidently too much of a clod-born and bred-to have any ambition beyond groveling in a cornpatch! You've got me to the place now where I'll have to do my own housework. You want to make a slattern out of me. All right-I'll do my best to be one!" Her voice rose hysterically. "But I am going to tell you one thing-it won't be for long! If I ever get the chance

to get away from it. I'll go!" Roddy came over to her. Corinne's tempers were by now nothing new to him.

"You don't mean that, Corrie," he

She snatched her hands away. "Why wouldn't I mean it?" she "What have you done for

Roddy did not know afterwards how it came about. He knew only that some frozen area of despair within him seemed suddenly to burst and boil up into an overpow-

"What have I done for you?" he rasped. "Do you want to know? I've lost my self-respect-and I've almost lost my mind-trying to make you happy!"

Insolent and cold still, Corinne watched him with a wary fascination, her hands on her hips. Then, at her small tinkling laugh he lost complete control of himself, He stepped toward her and the soft collapse of her shoulders beneath the grip of his hands as he shook her only incited him to greater fury.

She wrenched herself free and at that moment a handkerchief dropped from her blouse and fell to the floor. There was a sharp metallic click and Corinne sprang to pick up the square of lace and linen. Something in her manner prompted Roddy to snatch it from her before she had quite recovered it. Folded in the handkerchief was a monogrammed onyx and gold cigarette dy had seen in the possession of Gerald Lucas.

"What's this?" he demanded. "I bought it," Corinne said in

sullen, defiant voice. He looked at her for a moment before he spoke. "You're lying to you're trying to do. But the fact is, me," he said at last. "Who gave it it may be impossible. Just now I

"What right have you to ask?" Corinne screamed. "Do you ever myself on Corinne." give me anything? If I live to be a hundred-'

"Keep still!" Roddy said frigidly. "You don't have to tell me who There's a place for pride-and stubgave you this thing." He tossed it | bornness, too." on the table, then turned and faced | She withdrew her hand and for about that fellow," he said tersely.

ther. "Corrie," he went on, "it be gins to look like a show-down be Anna ("Silver") Grenoble, daughter of "Gentleman Jim," formerly of you an injustice in marrying you. the community, but known as a But I loved you. When you margembler, news of whose recent mur-der in Chicago has reached the town, comes to Heron River to live with you, wasn't it? It wasn't because Sophronia Willard, Jim Grenoble's you were in love with me. Isn't

She stopped suddenly. The look being Anna's. On Silver's arrival ened her eyes as she turned them Melbank, shiftless youth, upon him now created in him a feeling of utter frustration,

"I can't stand this!" she cried, and flinging herself down upon the couch, burst into tears.

Roddy dropped his hand inertly something-but by no means all-of at his side and went from the room, her relations with Gerald Lucas, through the house and out the back

He stood leaning against the pasture bars, as he had done one night proposed to Corinne Meader. At the sound of a footfall behind him. Determined to break up the he turned and saw Silver Grenoble coming down the palely lit hillside. There was an embarrassing diffidence in her manner as she came and stood beside him.

> "You heard the racket, I suppose," he said abruptly.

Silver hesitated. "I couldn't help hearing it," she told him. "I was on my way up to the house to see what Corinne had bought-"

"It doesn't matter," Roddy replied, resting his arms on the bars once more. "H-l-nothing matters

"That isn't true, and you know 'You've got to take care of Corinne, Roddy. There's no telling what she may do when she gets into a mood like this. I'm afraid for her. You've got to be patient with her."

"Patient!" he echoed. "I've been

and hang herself." Silver tightened her lips. "There isn't any use of my trying to talk one hand feeling the way cautiously

He turned on her suddenly. "What do you know about it? I suppose everybody is aware of what has been going on under my noseeverybody but me."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Silver replied in a remote tone.'

"I'm talking about this rotter, Lucas-who followed you here from drinking. Chicago. He and Corinne have been together in the city."

"Are you sure?"

I'm not asking any questions, about you ever since that night I by her. I don't know just why-but either. From now on I'm going to saw you in Chicago." take a little less for granted. If



You Heard the Racket, I Suppose, He Said Abruptly.

Lucas and his gang, she can do front door. so-but she can't stay here."

Silver put her hand on Roddy's beside the sewing machine and -just fifteen minutes! Doctor Woodcase—a smaller replica of one Rod- begged. "Corinne will realize that to the house and be nice to her."

Roddy patted the hand that lay her. on his arm. "That's all right, kid." he said abstractedly. "I know what don't feel like being particularly nice to anyone. I'm not going to force

"You're just being proud and stubborn," Silver argued. "All right. Let it go at that.

"You'd better run along to the house," he said finally, "and leave voice was uneven with the effort he me to work this out in my own was making to speak at all. "Jase

Without a word Silver slipped addition to the family." away into the darkness. A sensahis face. For seconds they stared tion of being suddenly bereft sufat each other, tense and motionless. fused Roddy as he watched her go. Then, involuntarily, Silver lifted her Cool and remote as Silver Grenoble trembling hands toward him. Rodalways seemed, she had a warm and generous heart. He knew that dy caught them and knelt swiftly beside her. With a soft cry she now. She had a warmth of soul which Corinne, with all her physi- slipped into his arms. cal lusciousness, could not ap-

CHAPTER XII

OR days Silver went about with a feeling of a physical weight the very beginning." pulling downward on her body, as though she had got herself entangled in an ugly gray mesh from which there was no escape.

The month drew to a close in parching and unseemly heat. Except for an ineffectual shower or two there had been no rain. Sophronia weeded and watered the vegetable garden with an almost religious zeal. She and Silver carried water sprinklers where the hose would not reach, and moved on hands and knees down the long gray furrows of earth, pulling weeds and watching against the ravages

At nine o'clock, old Steve had gone to bed in Roddy's house. There was no one else on the Willard farm except Silver. She had finished basting the seams of a figured linen dress and was taking it to the sewing machine in the corner of the dining room when she noticed that almost a year ago after he had the sky had darkened curiously, and that the dry, hot wind that had been coming in through the dining room window had suddenly died.

Hopefully she went to the doorway and looked out. But no. The rain was passing to the southwest, and a baleful, green-white rim on the distant mass of cloud meant that somewhere farther away the tender new fields would be leveled

Silver thought apprehensively of Sophronia, who had gone to the Ericksons' with only a light sweater over her shoulders.

It was a little after ten when she had the last stitch of her dress cut and tried, and was about to put it ginning." it isn't," Silver answered quickly, over her head when the outer door

Silver looked around and saw Duke Melbank close the door behind Roddy. him and lean against it, smiling.

"I've been peeking through the window," he chuckled. "I wouldn't fool I've been!" too d-n patient! I've let her go 'a' had the nerve to come in if anybody was round."

Silver backed away from him, Silver who drew away. behind her. "How dare you come in here!"

she said quiefly. "I told you I was coming to see her, his eyes darkening in a savyou some night, didn't I? Well, this age, trapped way. With a desolate is the night." feeling she watched him run his

"Get out of this house!" Silver fingers agitatedly through his rough ordered him. He came weaving toward her and and frosty sort of calm seemed to Silver realized that he had been descend upon him. He came and

"There's no use in you pretending and stared down at her with a to me, Silver," he said. "I seen you twisted smile of bitter resignation. come out o' Lucas' place in the Roddy hesitated. "I'm not sure of morning, didn't I? I'm a better man said in a harsh voice. "You and Ianything," he evaded finally. "And than him-and I've been thinking we have to do the decent thing-

> Silver was aware of only two things: Duke Melbank's inflamed, greedy eyes were the eyes of all the this land, Roddy," she said swiftly, men who had tried to stroke her hair or touch her bare arms during know now that I never really wantthose years when she had been in ed you to leave it." desperate fear of them all, during those years of undercurrents of violence before her father had died; and somewhere, behind her, on Sophronia's sewing table, there lay a heavy crystal paper-weight, a halfsphere that held magnified within it a scene of Niagara falls.

"You don't have to be afraid of me, Silver," Duke persisted. "I want | Doctor Woodward told old Roderick to marry you." "You're drunk!" Silver tempor- monia.

ized, and moved back cautiously toward the sewing machine. "Sure I am-drunk with thinking ly into the physical being of Sophro-

about you," Duke laughed. He nia Willard, but had not dimmed lunged toward her. "You've got aw- the fire of her spirit. As Silver arful pretty shoulders, Silver." He was perhaps ten feet away

from her when she stretched her neath the great oak, she glanced hand out behind her and took a firm at the girl's face and said sharply, hold of the heavy crystal sphere "By the looks of you, my girl, you that stood on Sophronia's sewing need this babying more than I do.

It was then that the kitchen get on my own feet soon." screen door opened with a sharp twang from its creaking hinges. A ver rebuked her gently. "There's no footfall sounded at the rear of the hurry. You've done enough work in

Duke drew back immediately. She patted a pillow into place belooked once toward the kitchen, hind Sophronia's head. "There, now Corinne wants to go around with then vanished cat-like through the Silver sank down upon the chair must take a nap. No cheating, now

"Don't talk like that," she buried her head in her arms, A moment later, Roddy stood in she wants you more-more than she the doorway to the kitchen. He narrowed eyes. "I don't like the way wants anything else. Go on back looked at her for a moment, per- you're lookin' lately," she declared with emphasis. "You're peakedplexed, then came and leaned over

> "What's wrong, Silver?" he asked. too big and dark around. What's She strove to speak. "Duke Mel- worrying you?" bank-he was here-just now." "Duke Melbank! Where is he?"

> haven't been worrying much about Silver made a gesture toward the you since you started getting betopen doorway. "He went-when he ter," Silver assured her, but the faint heard you coming."

> Rolldy hurried to the door and smooth cheeks was not lost on Sostepped out into the darkness. Pres- phronia. ently he came back and stood silently beside her.

hasn't been botherin' you again, has "Something will have to be done he?"

"I'll have to talk to him when I go Hefty Chap Omitted Few to town tomorrow. I came down to see if the folks were back." His Items in Simple Modesty the waiter, reading out the menu.

A hefty countryman on one of his rare visits to the big city entered a tryman. "Bring me tomato soup, oxsmall restaurant which advertised tall soup, sole, hailbut, beef, puda special lunch—as much as the cus- ding, spuds, jam roll, and some tomer cared to eat for two shillings. cheese and coffee."

The waiter showed him to a table. "Will you take the special?" he "What's it consist of?" asked the

grilled sole, boiled halibut, roast Answers.

"That's champion," said the coun-

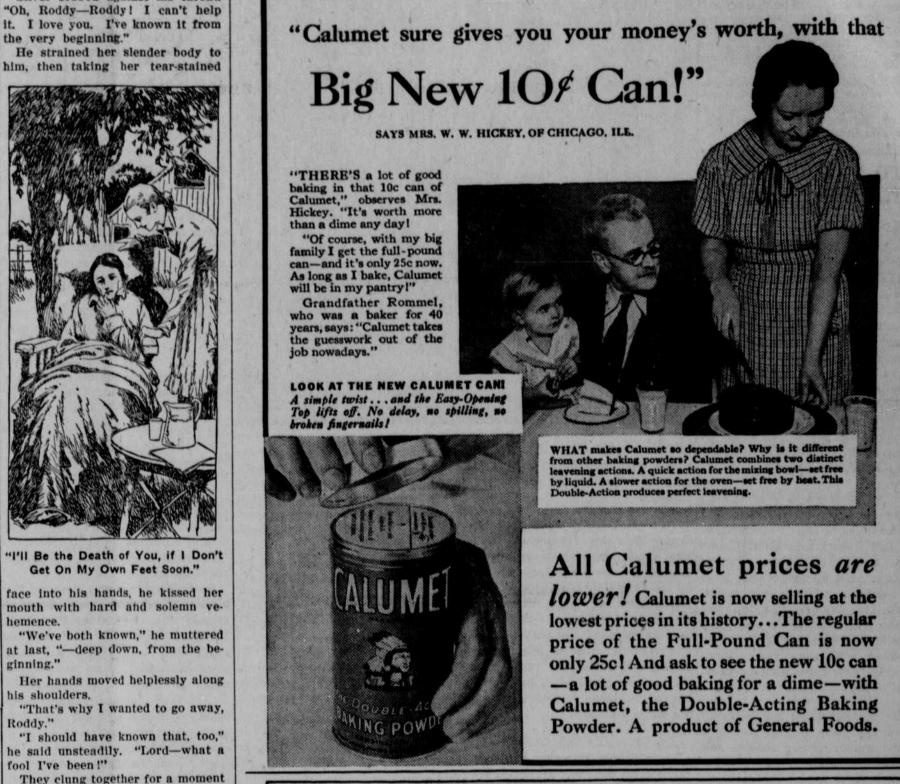
"Will that be all?" asked the as-

beef, Yorkshire pudding, new pota-

toes, apple tart and coffee," replied

tonished waiter. "That's all," said the other. "Then may I ask," put in the waiter quietly. "what's wrong with LONGEST FIRE-BREAK

The Ponderosa Way, said to be the ongest fire-break in the world, is nearing completion, J. H. Price, writing in American Forests, reported recently. It extends lengthwise through a major part of California, from the Pitt river in the north to the Kern river in the south, a distance of 650 miles. It varies in width from 50 to 200 feet, and follows the lower edge of the Ponderosa pine-belt, pro-"There's tomato soup, oxtail soup, the apple tart and cream?"-London tecting the pines from fires starting in the foothills below.















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