Storm Country Polly

by Grace Miller White

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

THE "ANGEL"

SYNOPSIS .- Occupying a dilapidated shack in the Silent City, a squatter settlement near Ithaca, New York, Polly Hopkins lives with her father, small Jerry, and an old woman, Granny Hope. On an adjacent farm, Oscar Benneti, prosperous farmer, is a neighbor. He is secretly married to Evelyn Robertson, supposedly wealthy girl of the neighborhood. Marcus Mac-Kenzie, who owns the ground the squatters occupy, is their deter-mined enemy. Polly overhears a mined enemy. Polly overhears a conversation between MacKenzie and a stranger, in which the former avows his intention of driving the squatters from his land. The stranger sympathizes with the squatters. and earns Poliy's gratitude. Evelyn Robertson discovers from her mother that they are not rich, but practically living on the bounty of Robert Percival, Evelyn's cousin Polly learns from Evelyn that the sympathetic stranger is Robert Percival. Evelyn charges Polly with a message to Bennett, telling him she can give him no more money. She already bitterly regrets her marriage to the ignorant farmer. Polly conveys her message and Oscar makes threats. He insists Evelyn meet him that night. Polly has her father and Larry Bishop. a squatter, take an oath to do Mac-Kenzie no injury. Evelyn unsuccessfully tries to get money from her mother with which to buy off Bennett and induce him to leave the country, giving her her freedom. She and MacKenzie avow their

CHAPTER V-Continued.

"I wanted to 'fess up to you this a funny thing, but I reckon I care more for your little finger than for Eve's whole body. Maybe some day after I get all her cash ----"

Polly coughed down a lump that persisted in coming up in her throat. "You needn't spiel lovin's to me, Os-

car," she gulped, "an' I believe in bein' honest. So, before your woman comes, I might as well give you a bit of my mind. If I owned you from your cap to your boots, I wouldn't use you for a doormat in front of Daddy's shanty!"

He shot a look of amazement. The confident smile faded from his face, and his lips sagged at the corners Then he arose to his feet.

"I been thinking about you all day," he broke forth, "You've got everything-looks, action and brains, I want you, Pollyop and I'm going to kiss you this time, so help me God!"

ok a step toward her and Polly scrambled up. Just at that moment Evelyn Robertson entered. Oscar Benmett turned swiftly, and Polly, very pule, placed herself at Eve's side. And as the wind foamed the lake to fury and shook Granny Hope's forsaken litgle but, the man and two girls stood silent a long, tense minute.

Then Oscar smiled at Evelyn, a trisimphant, insulting smile

"So you thought it best to mind me my lady," he laughed. "I guess after a while you'll come to know I mean swhat I say."

Eve tried to speak but could not. Polly squeezed her arm encouragingly. "You're a mean duffer, Oscar," she thrust in. "Your woman's scared of you, that's all. Try bein' better, an'

see how she likes it." "She's got a good right to be d-d scared," grunted Bennett. "Now out with it, Eve. What's the rumpus? You

haven't sent me a cent for a month." With shaking fingers Evelyn pushed back her wind-blown hair. "I couldn't get any money, Oscar, she wailed. "My allowance is all gone."

I gave every cent of it to you. You know very well mother won't give me uny more." She had one card left to play, and

she hoped it would take the trick. "I might as well tell you," she conainued, the steel in her eyes wiping away the blue. "Mother hasn't any

ruoney. All I thought we had belongs ## Cousin Bob." She ceased speaking and waited an instant to note how her news struck her husband. He flung up a clenched

"The devil take you, Eve!" he cried. Don't try to put anything over on me like that. You're the biggest liar in

Tompkins county." That he partly believed her showed

In his manner, "I'd never 'a' married you if I'd a

known that two years ago," Oscar asserted hoarsely. "You can be dead. certain of that, my lady. You were pretty careful to keep your money resultes to yourself. Sit down, both of you! You're shivering like two cata! Impulsively Evelyn went toward him.

"Oh, Oscar, listen, listen to me," she said, trying to steady her voice. "I want to be free, I can't, I can't live this way any longer."

A coarse oath fell from Bennett's

"You don't need to," he shouted. You got a home to come to-my home. You can do the work my old another's doing. It's your job, not hers. You're my wife, by ginger, and as I said to Poliyon here, you live with me. or you pay up. I don't give a tinker's d-n which you do."

His voice grew deep as he finished. and an evil, taunting smile drew up their homes, to food, and warmth. How

"You want to be free from me, eh? That's it, is it?" he sneered, "Some other guy looming up to love, I s'pose, Well, I don't miad who gets my leavings if you make it worth my while. But if not-

Evelyn's pale, beseeching face lifted to his. She could not quit him without his promise that she should have her freedom. Neither must be think that she could get him a large sum of money.

"I can't get another dollar," she repented hoarsely. "I simply can't, And

and I must be free." A frown drew the man's heavy brows together until they touched, and he lifted his fist to strike; but Polly Hopkins, by one swift movement, thrust Evelyn from under the man's apraised arm and crowded in between them. Because Evelyn was his wife, he had the right to beat her if he pleased. Polly thought, but he would not dare to strike Polly.

"If you've got to swat some one, Oscar," she gritted between her teeth, 'swat me!"

The beautiful white face came close to Bennett's, and the challenge in the squatter girl's flashing eyes stirred a feeling within him that he never had had for Evelyn Robertson. Oscar had always believed that a woman must fear a man to respect him, and that to respect him meant to love him. He did not want Evelyn Robertson in the farmhouse, but he did want money and Polly Hopkins. If he could master her as he had Eve, she would come to tnorning, Poll," Oscar ran on. "It's him willingly when he was ready for

Working on that principle, he struck out. As the huge fist came in contact with Pollyop's shoulder, she staggered backward. Her low cry was followed by Evelyn's scream. The squatter girl sank to the floor limply. No one had ever struck her before.

"You've killed her," cried Evelyn; and Oscar Bennett, fearful that the girls' clamor would summon some inquisitive squatter, turned swiftly to

"Both of you keep mum about this, my lady," he ordered, "I'm off! See?" With that he tore open the shanty door; and Evelyn stood panting with her hand on her heart until the sound of his running footsteps was lost in the windstorm.

Then Evelyn led Polly Hopkins home. One arm hung at the squatter girl's side; and the pain in her shoulder, where Oscar's fist had landed, was terrific. On nearing the shack, Polly whispered:

"Mebbe he'll be quiet a while now. You'd best scoot home, buh?"

A small box passed from Evelyn's handbag to the squatter girl's pocket. "I brought them for Jerry," said Evelyn softly, "and oh, Polly, whatever can I do for you to even up things? Perhaps-"

"Scoot home," interrupted Polly. T'm goin' in."

Pollyop stole into the shanty in the greatest torment she had ever known. Granny Hope and Daddy Hopkins had gone to bed, and she could hear her father's loud breathing from the back room. She was glad of that, for if he were to learn how she had been hurt, his rage would know no bounds. She lighted a candle and looked about dazedly. The billy goat was snuggled against the wood-box; and Nannie Lamb poked her head up and blinked at the light. Polly put down the candle and slipped the dress from her shoulder. How drendfully it hurt her! Oh, how she wanted something to make her misery less! But squatters did not have money to spend on drugstore remedies.

From an old can she poured a little coal oil on a rag and bathed the injured flesh. Then she took up the lamb and dropped into a chair by the table. In sheer exhaustion her head sank down upon it. After a while she straightened up, threw back her curls, and raised the lamb's face to hers, a wry smile flitting across her lips.

"It's goin' to be a hard job lovin' Oscar and' Old Marc like Jesus loved wicked folk, Nannyop," she said under her breath, "but mebbe now I been

face to face with a angel, I can do it," Again her head fell forward; but almost instantly she arose, and with the lamb in her right arm like a baby, moved to the side of the bed. Then she snuggled the lamb under the blankets and put Granny Hope's Bible beneath her pillow. Carefully she slipped off her clothes and put on a coarse nightrobe. Then, having snuffed the candle, she crawled in beside the lamb.

CHAPTER VI.

Twice had the golden sun sunk in welter of splendid colors behind face saddening. West hill, and twice had the warmth the lakeside since the encounter in the again. hut, and Polly Hopkins was making ready for her daily walk through the Silent City.

It was her custom to go among the squatters and give them courage, to tell them that they had a right to his lips, Evelyn shuddered and swayed, her girl's heart ached for their dumb mother to every hurt boy and brings ham Age-Herald.

fered in the past year! Many a boy had been taken from his home and sent to France, and many a mother had crept about the settlement with grief-worn face, waiting for news from over the sea.

Pollyop understood what war meant, The squatters were always at war! Granny Hope had explained to her that, whenever people fought and were cruel to one another, that was war. Hadn't she warred but two nights ago with Oscar Bennett?

She had not seen him since, and the pain and humiliation he had dealt her had been lightened by Granny Hope's assurances that love was the leveler of hate. So Polly, having quantities of love and sympathy to spare, sent it broadcast over the hopeless ones in the settlement and promptly put Oscar Bennett's cruelty out of her mind, She did not even remember sometimes how much the milk Oscar had begrudgingly given her was missed in the shack. To offset that deprivation, she was free from him and the ugly quarrels she had had to settle almost daily between him and Evelyn.

This morning, while Daddy Hopkins with her many loves for a walk. On her side, in stately dignity, stalked the | that she had written it, billy goat, and tied to one of her arms by a small rope gamboled Nannie Lamb Hopkins,

Through the Silent City she wanyoud the row of shacks was the fence keep the squatters from trespassing had passed and left on the fence a picture that caught her attention.

It was a beautiful woman, her eyes saddened with tears, and she looked straight out of exquisite coloring at chattering like a magple. the wide-eyed squatter girl. In her arms was a withered, sick, little man, and Pollyop knew that somewhere over the ocean an enemy, perhaps a man like Old Marc, had hurt him. The woman held him close as she looked at Polly, and for a moment the girl's eyes stung with tears. Then she went



Then She Went Closer to the Fence and Spelled Out the Words Under the Picture: "The Greatest Mother in the World."

closer to the fence and spelled out the words under the picture: "The Greatest Mother in the World."

Ah! So she was, this protector of the hurt and the sick! The Red Cross poster carried its wondrous message to the very bottom of the squatter girl's heart.

A sound, close at hand, caused her to turn swiftly. A man on horseback had drawn up on the side of the road. The blood came in swift leaps to Polly's face. There was the "beautiful angel" looking down upon her! What could she do but stare back at hlm? In another instant he had dis-

mounted and was coming toward her. Jerry slid from her shoulders to the ground. Pollyop's hand clasped his; but she did not speak. What had happened to her "angel?" He looked different; more like the other men she occasionally saw on horseback. That was it! He was not wearing the olivedrab uniform! To add to her confusion Robert Percival was smiling at her in the most friendly way. Then he glanced up at the picture, his fine

"The Greatest Mother in the World, of his rising scattered the naists from little girl," he said, and he smiled

"The Greatest Mother in the World," repeated Poltyop, in awed tones. Does that mean she's mother to the squatter kids what was hurt in the

war, mister?" "Yes," he replied after a short pause, "Yes, it means that, and more. She's

and Polly slipped one arm around her | misery! Surely the squatters had suf- | comfort to every one on earth that needs help,"

"Golly, she's some mother, ain't she?" breathed Polly soberly. "She's beautiful too. Squatter mammies has too many kids to stay handsome like her." She made a backward motion with her thumb toward the fence and searched his face gravely.

A choking sensation in Robert's throat made him cough. The girl's statement was like a charcoal drawing in which a few broad lines tell the whole story. He felt his interest in her increase. She was the quaintest, prettiest and most solemn child he had ever seen. Yes, he knew she was an inhabitant of the Silent City by the year, clothes she wore, and the thin, bowlegged child, to say nothing of the bewhiskered goat and woolly lamb that were with her.

"What's your name?" he inquired. "Just Pollyop," was the answer, Polly Hopkins. My daddy is Jeremiah Hopkins, the mayor of this set-

Surely! Robert remembered very well MacKenzie speaking of Hopkins. and he remembered too the painted invitation over a hut door as if it was in Ithaca, Pollyop started out were before his eyes. Looking Pollyop over from the top of her curiy head to her shoulder perched Wee Jerry; at the tips of her bare feet, he decided

Question after question he flung at her, and answer after answer came from Polly's lips. She told him where she lived, and how she cooked the dered, helping people here and there beans, bacon and fish Daddy Hopkins to see the sunny side of things. Be- provided; how cold it was in the shanty when the cruel north wind Marcus MacKenzie had erected to swept up the lake; and how wet it was when the rain fell and clammy on his woodland, and in front of it fogs shrouded the world in gray; how Polly Hopkins stood. A bill poster Granny Hope was sick with pains. She gave him an inside view of life in the Silent City. Long before she had finished her recital, Percival's courtesy had put her at her ease, and she was

> "Can I do something for you, Polly Hopkins?" queried Robert, as she finished telling about life in the squatters' city.

She flung out both hands in a comprehensive gesture as much as to say he could see for himself how much she best herd produced more income above "Sure, sure you can," she said with

fierce emphasis. "You can make Old Marc leave us squatters be. You're bigger'n he is! The squatters need you awful bad." Her voice broke. Robert took a long breath. Of course he could help this

girl and her people. He would, too! As far as money gave power, he could equal and surpass Marcus MacKenzie, "I did try to talk sense into Mr. MacKenzle's head," he returned pres-

ently, "but now I will make him leave you alone." In spite of the curved lips about which a smile lurked, there was apprehension in her voice when she asked: "Can you lick 'im to a finish, mis-

"Yes, I think I could," laughed Robert; "but it won't be necessary."

"Then I see us Silent City folks bein' happy again," sighed Polly, "We got a awful lot of things an' folks to take care of here."

Robert made a sweep with his arm that encompassed the group before

"You have, evidently!" he laughed. "An' I got more home," interjected Polly. "I got Daddy Hopkins an' Granny Hope-an' this brat is my brother, an' this goat is Billy Hopkins an' this lamb's Nannyop. Oh, sure, sir, I've got a hull lot to love in this good old city,"

Polly made an upward motion with her hand toward the picture on the

"She's got a bunch to love, too," she said softly. "Ain't she?" He walked to her side and contem-

plated with her the pictured woman, making her silent appeal to them for the wounded boy in her arms.

"Of course she has," answered Percival reverently. "She's the Greatest Mother in the World, Polly Hopkins, and-and-" his gaze dropped upon her, and he continued, "and you're the littlest mother in the world."

A glad smile widened the girl's lips. All the fear that had been as a ton weight upon her had fallen away. She wanted to pay him the highest compliment she knew. When he had mounted, she told him gently:

"Some day you'll be the biggest an' most beautifulest daddy in the world.

"Then Percival stepped in. Two well-planted thumps laid Bennett like a log on the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Sporting Judge. "Thirty days in the workhouse. That ought to cure you of speeding."

"It certainly will, your honor, Would you like to use my car while I'm in durance vile?"

"No, thanks. I've seen you riding in that old bus of yours. It couldn't do over forty miles an hour."-Birming-

DAIRY FACTS

SILO NECESSARY FOR DAIRY

Increase of 71/2 Per Cent Made on Missouri Farm by Feeding Cows on Silage.

No man who is milking a herd of dozen or more cows can ever hope to make maximum returns from his herd without a silo, according to E. M. Harmon, dairy extension specialist for the Missouri College of Agriculture. This statement was proved by the Missouri Cow Testing associations during the past year, as shown in the following results:

Cows receiving silage produced an average of 5,798 pounds of milk, 266.8 pounds of fat and a profit above feed cost of \$108.60 per cow. Cows without silage averaged 5,189 pounds of milk, 252.7 pounds of fat and a profit of \$101.02 per cow. The difference was 609 pounds of milk, 13.9 pounds of fat and \$7.58 cents per cow in one

This means an increase of 71/2 per cent in profit due to the silo. The average man would go a long way to market his wheat for 71/2 per cent more. It is worth that much to build a silo and we must have a lot more of them before we will reach the economy we should in butterfat production.

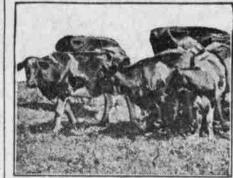
BIG VALUE OF COW-TESTING

Some Convincing Comparisons of Best and Poorest Herd Brought Out by Expert.

(Prepared by the United States Department With figures from a Virginia cowesting association as the basis for his calculations a representative of the United States Department of Agriculture has made some convincing comparisons of the best herd and the poorest herd, that bring out with unusual emphasis the value of testing.

There were 511 cows owned by memers of the association. The best herd consisted of 16 cows, with an average of 306 pounds of butter fat in a year, The poorest herd had 91 cows, averaging 155 pounds of butter fat in a year. The first herd made an average income of \$75 per cow over the cost of feed consumed; the latter made an average return over feed cost of only 64 cents per cow.

The introduction of a few variations on these figures will help to show just how far apart were these cows in the two herds. The average cow in the



A Good Sire is the Beginning of a Good Herd; a Bad One Is the End of Any Herd.

tne cost of feed than all of the 91 cows in the other herd. It would require 117 cows like the average in the poor herd to equal in profit production one of the cows in the top herd. To equal the herd of 16 good cows a farmer would have to keep 1,872 animals like the average cow in this poor

COWS DURING COLD WEATHER

Few Pounds of Corn Chop Will Help to Provide Body Heat and Keep Up Milk Flow.

During cold weather, dairy cows should be fed a little more grain than during milder weather. A few pounds of corn chop each day during the coldest days will help to provide more body heat and enable the cow to keep up her milk flow even in the coldest weather. It is of course necessary that the cow have shelter and not be exposed to the cold winds. On real cold days a blanker will assist in keeping the cow comfortable.

COWS LIKE NICE WARM DRINK

Animals Will Not Consume Needed Amount of Water When It Is Bitterly Cold.

Do not permit your cows to drink ice water, is the admonition of E. A. Hanson, dairy extension specialist at University farm, "Cows will not drink the needed amount of water when it is cold," says Mr. Hanson, "If the stalls are not provided with water buckets, place a tank heater in your tank. It is far cheaper to heat the water with coal and corn cobs in the tank heater than with corn fed to the cows."

Winter Dairying Profitable.

Winter dalrying is profitable with good care and good cows. Better test your cows, weighing the milk night and morning for a week or so, and using the Babcock test to find out how rich the milk is,

Will "Dry Off" in Hurry.

A cow that is in good condition will keep up her milk flow for a time even though she is under-fed; but gradually her system will be robbed of its surplus flesh, and she will "dry off" in a hurry.

I Eat, Sleep, Work and Feel Better Than in Twenty Years --- I Owe This Entirely to

TANLAC

It has made a new man out of me. This experience, related by E. C. Bayne, contractor, of 124 South Honore St., Chicago, may be your experience also if

you take Tanlac, the world's most famous system builder. Feel fine, as nature intends you to feel. Get Tanlac today. At all good druggists.

SLOW

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver,



bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Unromantic Age. "Remember when you used to whisper sweet nothings in your girl's ear?" "Yes; she couldn't hear them now for her ear puffs; it takes the toot

of a waiting automobile to attract

a girl's attention nowadays."-Boston

MOTHER, QUICK! GIVE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

FOR CHILD'S BOWELS

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all, the constipation poison, sour bile and waste from the tender, little bowels and gives you

a well, playful child again. Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for bables and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup,-Advertisement.

At the house Party. "Watch the balls kiss," said the

"You might learn a lesson at billiards," suggested the girl.

ASPIRIN INTRODUCED BY "BAYER" IN 1900

Look for Name "Bayer" on the Tablets, Then You Need Never Worry.

Aspirin, as prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." The name "Bayer" is stamped on each tablet and appears on each package for your protection against imita-

If you want the true, world-famous

If the writer's prejudices agree with ours, then his book fills our "long-felt

tions.-Advertisement.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes That itch and burn, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish, 25c each,-Advertisement.

A blush arso is not beautiful because it overdoes it.



No-Way Streets Suspender Co. Mfrs. Adrian Mic

