

Storm Country Polly

by Grace Miller White

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Polly combed her hair and washed her face and hands. Billy-gont Hopkins was in his place at the wood-box eating a handful of oats she had gleaned for him along the roadside. Polly wished that she might take him, too, but as long as she could not, Billy should have a better feed than usual.

After everything else was attended to, she unwrapped the silken dress and put it on. Her bare feet showed from under the hem, but she had decided she looked better without the boots, and as she stood gazing at herself up and down, she regretted that she had not asked Evelyn for a pair of shoes too. Being careful not to soil her skirt, she knelt and allowed Jerry to climb on her shoulders.

The moment she stood outside the shanty in the rain, she shivered. The damp air nipped at her uncovered arms and neck. To travel the long distance to the station, so illly covered, was out of the question, and the gown would be drenched through in a few minutes. She turned back into the shack and placed Jerry on the cot.

"Jerry wants to see Daddy Hopkins," the child whimpered. "Ain't we goin', Pollyop?"

"Yep, sure!" said Polly. "But sister's got to put on her boots. She can't go this way. It's too cold and the walk to Ithaca's too long, honey."

Her brow puckered into a frown as she drew on her father's heavy boots and slipped into his ragged coat. Then she tucked the dress into the top of the boots that it might show as little as possible and went out again.

It was a long climb to the boulevard, and the boy was heavy. But he was very quiet, and a sudden rush of tears almost blinded her as she turned toward the city. How delighted both Jerry and Daddy would be when they spied each other! Gulping down her tears, she shut out the thought that perhaps some one would catch her breaking the law and clap her in jail too.

Granny Hope and her toothless smile flashed before the eyes of her terrified soul.

"Ask and it shall be given thee," seemed to leap from the vision of old age.

"I did ask," Pollyop cried aloud, "but Old Marc said I couldn't."

In the past months which had taken away three of her loves, many of the lessons Mrs. Hope had taught her had been effaced. She had even given up the habit of asserting with utmost faith: "Underneath are the everlasting arms."

She was almost overcome with terror and fatigue as she neared the station. One thing seemed to clear her

could not go to Daddy Hopkins. Then under the side-seat that ran lengthwise, Polly crawled, and after she had completely secreted herself, she drew down the velvet half-curtain that hung from the seat. It seemed hours before she heard a sound. She hissed a warning to Jerry, then waited in nervous tension.

From the station platform voices seemed suddenly to rise up from every quarter. Pollyop closed her eyes, too confused to think of anything to dissipate the agony of mind she was undergoing.

A few minutes before train time a high-powered motor car drew up to the platform.

"We've got the drawing-room, Marc," explained Robert Percival, "and while you three are shopping, I'm going to dig around Auburn a bit."

"I suppose you're going to call on your friend, Jeremiah," taunted MacKenzie. "Bob, I'll give you a pointer. Drop that case! There's no power on earth that can open the prison doors for Hopkins."

To this Robert did not reply. In deep reverie he helped his aunt and cousin from the automobile and followed them to the car.

When Polly heard a number of people come into the station, she put one hand over her lips. She strained her ears to hear if Jerry had made a move. How she hoped the dear baby had fallen asleep, and that he would not wake up until they were in Auburn! As unexpected as the voice of one long dead, the sound of familiar tones came to her ears. The words were:

"Now, Mrs. Robertson, you sit there, and you too, Eve. Then you won't have to ride backward. Bob and I'll sit here."

The squatter girl's heart nearly jumped out of her mouth. There, within touching distance, was her powerful enemy. Her flesh tingled as if bees had stung her. Robert Percival, and Evelyn too, were there. Pollyop shivered and wished that she had waited until tomorrow, or perhaps the day after.

She tried to drive out the fear of being discovered and think only of Jerry's happiness and Daddy's. To make her heart beat less fast, she tried earnestly to think of some words that Jesus would hear and understand. But even that desire was driven from her as two heavy bodies dropped upon the seat above her. Plainly she saw two pairs of men's boots near enough to touch her if she moved an inch forward.

Back against the side of the car she pushed her head, noiselessly drawing her thick curls over her shoulder to make more room. How intensely she wished they were in Auburn! If the train would only start ahead, she was sure she would lose the insane desire to open her mouth and scream.

Then a whistle from the engine, and as if the man at the throttle had heard the inward cry of her frightened young soul, the train began to move slowly. As it crossed the northern end of the town, one of the owners of the boots near her face grew exceedingly restless, and of a sudden he pushed his foot directly against her nose. Gently she shoved it away; and a low exclamation from above followed instantly.

Then a strong, large hand lifted the velvet hangings; and before Pollyop could stir, a set of fingers took sharp hold of her face. In her frightened state she threw the hand off; and another ejaculation came to her ears. Then two hands came under and groped for a grip. She fought strenuously to hold her place; but the person pulled her out by main force.

Polly Hopkins was almost fainting when Robert Percival placed her on her feet. The silk dress, partly tucked in Daddy's boots and partly out, was covered with dust. In silent embarrassment she stooped and brushed it. Then she glanced up imploringly.

Robert, wax white, was staring at her as if he could not believe his eyes; and MacKenzie, carried away by the rage within him, viciously clutched at her arm. Pollyop dragged herself away from the strong fingers.

"Don't touch me, you," she snapped hoarsely at him. "I'm goin' to Auburn to see my Daddy Hopkins."

Her voice was high-pitched and tensely toned. Her gaze sought one after another until it rested on Evelyn Robertson, huddled back in the corner of the seat.

"You can make him leave me be, ma'am," Polly went on. "I got a right to go to Auburn as well's any one else."

An unfeeling laugh left MacKenzie's lips; and a sharp exclamation fell from Percival.

"You're a thief," Marcus thrust in grimly. "A little thief. You're stealin' a ride."

With all her fighting instinct roused, Polly squared herself.

"Sure, I'm stealin' a ride," she retorted. "I couldn't ride honest; you wouldn't let me. My Daddy Hopkins—"

"It seems to me," interrupted Mrs. Robertson haughtily, "that she's stolen something else besides a ride. That

dress you have on, Miss; where'd you get it?"

Polly's under lip dropped. It seemed as if a thousand hostile eyes were glaring at her.

"It's Evelyn's dress," went on the lady. "Take that coat off and let me see."

Before Robert could interfere, MacKenzie had grasped Pollyop by the shoulders and had stripped off the heavy coat. And there she stood, her bare young arms and sunburned neck exposed, her scarlet face hidden by a handful of curls. She was so overwhelmed with shame she could not say a word.

"Twice a thief," grieved MacKenzie. "I suppose you didn't give her this, Eve?"

With one long finger he pointed at the dress, but his eyes, sparkling with anger, were on Evelyn.

Never had Miss Robertson been in such a dilemma. Never had she felt so much like quietly fainting away.

"Did you?" demanded Marc, once more.

"No, no," denied the girl, trembling. "No, of course I didn't give it to her. Why should I?"

MacKenzie's sharp, "You'll land where your father is, you huzzy," brought Polly's flashing glance upon him. Untaught to deceive for her own advantage, she could not fathom Evelyn's direct falsehood. To lie for a daddy, to keep a squatter friend from prison—yes, she would have done that, but a dress! And Evelyn had given it to her, too! She turned her burning eyes upon the other girl, and there she read with sickening certainty that the gift of the robe must be buried in the grave with Oscar Bennett. If Jerry had not been tucked away back of the skirts of the two women, Polly would have made a dash for liberty, but she could not leave the baby. Would no one help her? Her eyes sought Robert's face, and as if he were awaking from a dream, he picked up the coat.

"I'll hand her over to the conductor," Marcus proceeded. "He'll know what to do with her," and he put out his hand to grasp her.

"No you won't," snapped Robert, moving in front of Pollyop. "I'll look after her myself, and if you folks want to stay friendly with me, just don't mention this." He held out the coat to Polly Hopkins. "Put it on," he ordered; and instantly she obeyed him.

What he was going to do with her, Pollyop did not know, but this thing she did realize: Jerry could not see Daddy Hopkins that day. She longed to be back in the shanty, to get away from MacKenzie's flashing eyes and the haughty stare of Mrs. Robertson. As for Evelyn, she despised the quivering girl with all her straightforward self.

Frowning, Robert stepped to the door and called the conductor; and when the official appeared, Polly shivered to her toes. The very sight of his uniform suggested trouble for her and Jerry.

"A friend of mine came down to see us off," said Robert distinctly, making a gesture toward her. "The train started before she could get off. Just let us stop at MacKenzie's, will you?"

He had a roll of bills in his fingers which he thrust into the officer's hand. Smilingly the man bowed and jerked the cord over his head.

"We're right there now, sir," said he.

"Thanks," replied Robert. "Thanks;" and "Come," he said to Pollyop.

Jerry! Daddy Hopkins' baby, went through her mind. Wee Jerry asleep under the cross seat!

"Wait a bit, mister," she faltered, "wait till I get the baby. I were takin' him up to see his daddy, so he wouldn't die." Her lip trembled as she looked at Mrs. Robertson. "Get up, please, ma'am," she begged. "He's under there, where you're sittin'!"

Mrs. Robertson and Evelyn rose immediately; and Polly pulled the shawl-bewrapped Jerry into full view. In another instant Robert had snatched up the child and pushed Polly out of the door. He turned about and looked back at the other three, a dreadful expression on his face.

"If you stick your finger in this, Marc," he said huskily, "you can say goodby to me for good." And he followed Polly out of the train as it came to a stop.

MacKenzie's point was on the east side of the lake, about opposite the Hopkins shanty, and when Robert had helped Polly off the train and had seen it pull away north, he stood a moment considering how best to get her back home. He could not make the girl tramp back to Ithaca and then across the head of the lake to the Silent City.

"Stay here with the child," he said curtly. "I'll be back in a minute."

Polly watched him dully as he strode away. When he returned, he had in his hand a large key with which he unfastened a boothhouse on the shore. Almost before Pollyop sensed what was happening, she was in the stern of a boat with Jerry crouched down beside her, and Robert's strong arms were sending the craft swiftly across the lake. Not a word had been said between them until they drew up under the willow trees near Jeremiah's shack.

DAIRY HINTS

BEST TIME TO DROP CALVES

Question Best Decided by Farm Conditions, Considering Feed Supply, Pasturage, Etc.

The best time to have calves dropped is debatable. Some farmers prefer to have them dropped in late February, in March, or early in April, while others prefer September or October. This question is decided by the farm conditions, taking into consideration feed supply, pasturage, equipment and labor. When calves are dropped in the spring they require less close attention and labor during the first winter and less pasture during the first summer, since cows and calves run together, while the cows may be wintered more cheaply by using a greater quantity of coarse roughage.

However, if calves are born in the fall, the cows are in better condition at calving time; they give more milk for a longer period; the calves make better use of the grass during their first summer; they escape flies and heat while small, and may be weaned just before calving time. Fall calves should not be weaned until they are put on grass in the spring. No matter what system is used, all the calves should be dropped within a period of 60 days to give as much uniformity as possible to the calf crop.

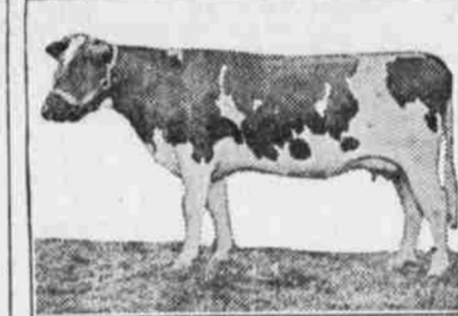
COW TESTING BENEFITS HERD

Profitable Results Obtained by Members of Organization in Wisconsin Community.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"As members of the Cedar Grove cow-testing association for the past three and one-half years we have obtained some profitable results," writes the owner of a Wisconsin farm to a field agent of the Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture. "When we started, our herd averaged 11,829 pounds of milk and 410.2 pounds of butter fat, while last year our average was 13,737 pounds of milk and 502.2 pounds of butter fat. We were encouraged by our tester to mix our rations before feeding and to milk some of our cows three times a day, which in one instance brought an increase in production of over 3,000 pounds of milk in the year.

"Another problem our tester helped us solve was our calf feeding. He encouraged us to mix a good calf ration, and our calves have grown as much as two and one-half pounds a



Testing Association Helps Farmer to Increase the Milk Flow by Better Feeding.

day. Cow testing also showed the difference in the profits of the different cows. Some of the cows made two and one-half times as much as other individuals do.

"It was through the tester's suggestion that we started in with purebred cattle in earnest, and some day we are going to have a good pure-bred herd. Another thing the testing showed us is that we had sold a registered bull to be slaughtered which had five daughters that averaged over 13,300 pounds of milk and 525 pounds of butter fat. A lesson like this one will be remembered a long time.

"Putting it in few words, our association work helped us to feed, care for, and improve our cattle and study the results obtained.

TESTED COW ABOVE AVERAGE

Live Stock Improvement Campaigns Effective in Increasing Dairy Production.

The average dairy cow in this country produces annually about 4,000 pounds of milk and 100 pounds of butter fat. According to 40,000 yearly individual cow records just tabulated by the United States Department of Agriculture, the average cow-testing association cow produces 5,980 pounds of milk and 246 pounds of butter fat a year. The world's records are 37,381.4 pounds of milk and 1,252 pounds of butter fat. The average dairy cow has plenty of room for climbing, and such commendable live stock improvement campaigns as the "Better Sires—Better Stock" drive will be effective in increasing the efficiency and production of American dairy stock.

Wedge-Shaped Cow. The good dairy cow is wedge-shaped in two directions. She is wide in the rear and narrow in front. She is narrow on the top of the shoulders and wide between the forelegs. This shape gives room for a big heart, denoting a strong arterial circulation.

Way to Spoil Good Cow. If you want to spoil a good cow quickly, neglect to milk her at regular hours and stripping her clean at each milking. The cow wants you to like milk well enough to take all she has.

"Get out," exclaimed Robert, holding the boat that it might not tip.

Pollyop scrambled to the bow, bringing Jerry with her, the beautiful dress now hanging in limp folds around her feet. Very pale, Robert lifted her, almost fainting, from the boat, and picking Jerry up in his arms, walked ahead to the shanty.

In the terrible moment that Polly bent under his dark gaze, she felt she must tell him the truth. How could she let him go away thinking her twice a thief, besides believing Oscar Bennett had been her man?

She dared a timid glance at him.

"What in heaven's name can I do for you?" he demanded hoarsely. "You don't seem to have any honor at all! Can't I say something that would make you a better girl?"

Polly swayed and pushed back her curls. Her tired head fell forward on her chest, and she bit her tongue to keep back the rush of words.

"Get Wee Jerry back his Daddy Hopkins," she gulped presently, "an—"

"No, no," denied the girl, trembling. "No, of course I didn't give it to her. Why should I?"

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SPENT HALF HER TIME IN BED

Farmer's Wife Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her a Well Woman

Carter's Creek, Tenn. — "Three years ago I was almost an invalid. I spent



half of my time in bed, being afflicted with a trouble which women of a certain age are apt to have. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I am a well woman now and have been for two years. I can work as well as a farmer's wife I have plenty to do for I cultivate my own garden, raise many chickens and do my own housework. You may publish this letter as I am ready to do anything to help other women as I have been so well and happy since my troubles are past."—Mrs. E. I. GALLOWAY, Carter's Creek, Tenn.

Most women find plenty to do. If they are upset with some female ailment and troubled with such symptoms as Mrs. Galloway had, the smallest duty seems a mountain.

If you find it hard to keep up, if you are nervous and irritable, without ambition and out of sorts generally, give the Vegetable Compound a fair trial. We believe it will help you greatly, for it has helped others.

Piles

are usually due to straining when constipated.

Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food waste soft and therefore prevents straining. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

Nujol

For Constipation

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Pickpockets in Hard Luck. A social worker reports that New York pickpockets who used to slip a finger into a vest pocket and get a watch, now get only a scratch from a pin used to hold the watchless chain in place.

NAME "BAYER" IS ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear, if You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

If you want the true, world-famous Aspirin, as prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

The "Bayer Cross" is stamped on each tablet and appears on each package for your protection against imitations.—Advertisement.

In Tahiti serious crimes are punished by tattooing a mark upon the forehead of the delinquent.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces. To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum. Advertisement.

You can't get a man of big caliber to run a corporation unless he has his way.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS 25c and 75c Packages, Everywhere



She Was Almost Overcome With Terror and Fatigue as She Nears the Station.

brow of wrinkles and lighten the load she was carrying. Not a soul was in sight. Even the station appeared to be deserted.

At the northern end of the Auburn car, which was waiting for the engine to pick it up, Pollyop halted. She walked around it stealthily, and then climbed up the steps. A little cry of joy leaped to her lips as the door opened under her touch.

Holding her breath, she shifted Jerry to her arms and crept slowly in. Happily she examined every corner; but all the places large enough to hold them both were in plain sight of anyone walking through. At the extreme end she discovered the state-room; and when she went into it, a thankful feeling swept over her. It was as if that empty cabin, with its many dark places, had been built there just for them. Here she could stow Jerry away and hide herself out of sight.

Under one of the cross seats she placed the child, whispering a warning that he must be very quiet because a big man found them, he