

-17-

With her eyes on the agonized face, she drew gently at the corners of the rag stuffed into Evelyn's mouth. When It came out, Evelyn gave a deep groan and her cramped jaws settled rigidly. "I'm goin' to feed you now," said Polly, "There ain't no hurry, 'cause

we got all night." Then some minutes passed in slience while the squatter girl, bit by bit, forced the pap between Mrs. Mac-Kenzie's teeth,

"Now drink the water," she urged grimly, "It's warm an' got sugar in

As if in a trance, she got up and placed the cup on the table. She put you with this!" a stick of wood into the stove and, turning, caught Evelyn's eyes upon ered the unhappy girl who had been delivered up to the justice of the Storm country.

Neither of them spoke. One of them was praying dully to herself, and Polly Hopkins was recounting mentally all palm of her hand. the evil deeds of Evelyn and her haughty husband, Marcus MacKenzie. It was necessary to keep Daddy's grief | tears. ever before her mind and listen with the ears of her tortured spirit to Ferry's shricks to be able to keep on the baby. Oh, Polly-" with the gruesome thing she had undertaken.

"You ain't goin' to die till I tell you something, Miss," she broke forth, final- the awful smile that crept across Polly. "It ain't news to you, but I just ly's face. got to make you understand why I'm putting you in the lake."

Weakness kept Evelyn from answering. Her eyes rolled up toward the shanty roof, then shut at the thought of the icy waters of Cayuga.

"I can't hurt your wicked man 'ceptin' through you," went on Pollyop. "We squatters are goin' to learn him a lesson he won't forget as long as he's in this world. You can bet your boots on that I"

As if in support of the terrible words, the shanty shook, rattling the loosened bits of tin on the roof. At the ghastly sound Evelyn began to cry.

'I know just how your man'll feel,' continued Pollyop, a bitter smile distorting her lips into a grimace of pain, "an' so does Larry Bishop, Larry's woman an' baby died when Old Marc sent him up to Auburn, an' the best of me cracked when he grabbed Jerry right out of my arms."

Both girls sobbed loudly. Then Pollyop cleared her throat and wiped her face.

"An' your man railroaded my daddy to Auburn," she gasped, "after plantin' something on him he didn't do; an' you, every one of you, knew it."

Her voice rose to a high-pitched scream as she remembered the last

scene in the county jail. "God, wasn't it awful?" she cried. "An' you-" She leaned over and grasped Evelyn's arm. "You could 'a' let me go to Auburn if you'd 'a' tried. but you didn't. An' then-then you said you didn't give me that dress.

You're all llars-an'-an'-sneaks, you ononey folks be." Her hand reached out and touched the ax, but she withdrew it as if an adder had been under her fingers. She was not yet able to do the deed which she had longed to do and thought would be a joy. Her head sagged for-

weeping face before her. "If you'd 'a' seen my daddy in the Ithaca jall, mebbe you'd be able to think what I'm goin' to do is all right. Yep, all right!" she rasped.

ward, and again came Jeremiah's

Then she went on hoarsely, faltering as she described the horrors that all her loved ones had gone through. Her voice choked and became silent as she thought of Robert. She could not force her tongue to say a word about him, although her heart throbbed bitterly as his name came to her lips.

"Money!" she whispered brokenly, lifting her head. "Did you hear your man say money to us squatters as if ash'd pay for Larry's woman an' Jerry an' my daddy? You heard, didn't you?"

Evelyn's head sagged forward, and a spasm passed over her face as her eyes closed. She looked as if she had dled. Polly Hopkins had seen death enter the Silent City many a time; and her heart-strings tightened.

"Are you gone?" she questioned in

hissing whisper. and never had Pollyop seen such an expression in human eyes in all her

"Not yet," dropped from the blue lips, "and-and-oh, Pollyop, I'm so afraid to die. I don't know how! Oh, God, belp me; I feel so sick."

"Daddy were sick, too," shot back Polly, "an' Jerry's turned up his toes | saying : by this time! I ain't heard a word from him since he was took away. Mebbe I could a' seen him if you hadn't made your cousin believe I were g bad woman! What d'you know sight of her flashing, radiant face, out a shaking hand,

they are? You're as wicked as h-I! Ithaca'll be better off when you're food for the fishes. I'm glad your man'll live, though, Lordy, how I

toke on Old Mare?" The speaker held Evelyn's stare, the chestnut eyes glittering as the ques-

laughed when he busted into the

shanty. And there was you right be-

tion was fairly spat out. "I can't die, Pollyop!" groaned Evelyn, her head drooping against the cot, "Oh, Polly dear, listen-please-'

Polly reached out for the ax. "Don't you dare 'Polly dear' me," she gritted convulsively, "or I'll hit

"God!-Jesus!" came from between Evelyn's chattering teeth. "No, don't her. Then she sat down and consid- pick it up! Don't! Oh, I want to tell you something, Polly Hopkins." "Then fire ahead," Polly grumbled

sullenly. She withdrew her fingers from the ax-handle and leaned her chin in the

Evelyn straightened up and bent forward, her eyes swimming with

"Polly," she gasped, "Pollyop, in the summer God's going to send me a lit-

The squatter girl scrambled up as the speaker dropped back, terrified at the exultant fire in the brown eyes and

"Glory be to God in the sky!" she cried. "Two of you belongin' to Old Marc goin' with one swipe of the ax." She wheeled around and paced the length of the shanty. Old Marc's baby! Old Marc's woman! Both to go out of his life forever! And by her hands -hers, Polly Hopkins' hands!

She lifted them up, those slender, brown fingers, and looked at them against the candlelight. But a few months ago they had been the most willing fingers in all the county! But tonight-Marc's baby! Evelyn's baby!

Like a hive of bees, the joy of dissipating the home of Marcus Mac-Kenzie buzzed through her brain. No sound came from the girl on the floor, for Evelyn MacKenzle had given up all hope. The squatter girl was crazy. No human being could entertain such a ghastly purpose and be in his right mind!

Presently she called Polly's name faintly, and then again; because Polly gave her no heed, she cried louder: "Pollyop, my feet hurt so! I can't

bear it!" Polly paused, leaned against the

wall and glared at her. "I'm glad they do that," she mut-

tered. "You can't hurt anywhere too much to suit me!"

Then something gave way behind her, and wheeling around, she found herself staring into the face of "The Greatest Mother in the World." Daddy's dust-covered coat which had hidden the picture all the past weeks lay at her feet.

As she looked, the glare left Polly's eyes. The serious face that had once that love was stronger'n hate an' I smiled at her, the smile that had been a benediction for herself and Daddy Hopkins, was there no longer. Rather was there an expression of sorrow. Death rested in the nurse's arms, but from her whole reverent attitude the sense of protection swept out at Polly Hopkins.

Then suddenly she heard a man's voice. It seemed to drift into the hut through every crevice and crack. "And you're the Littlest Mother in

the World," came plainly to her. Like one struck, she stood rooted to the spot. Evelyn MacKenzle over there against the bed faded from her mind. Old Marc's imaged face went away as if it had never secred her want 'em. Oh, how I want 'em!" vision. Over and over the delightful words Robert had spoken to her rushed into her ears and stamped themselves in golden fire on her mem-

"I love you, Polly," touched her like a caress, and, "You're my little giri," fell upon her like the tender Her thoughts whirled. So great was hand of Granny Hope's God.

"The Greatest Mother in the World," whispered Pollyop; and then something bard and hateful within her broke, and the flood-tides of love came pouring in. As when a dam bursts, the pent-up waters sweep away all the The other girl's lids lifted slowly, accumulated rubbish in the old, unused channels, so was the squatter girl's heart cleansed of every unlovely emotion. To her uplifted vision "The Greatest Mother in the World" smiled again in benediction; and beyond her. dim in the background, appeared a wrinkled, toothless smile, and Polly heard Granny Hope's withered lips

"Love's the hull thing, brat. Just love, an' love, an' keep on lovin'." Full of the tenderest compassion, Pollyop turned swiftly, and at the

Evelyn tainted, toppled forward and rolled almost under the bod,

The squatter girl bounded to her side, her frantic fingers tearing loose the ropes that Larry and Lye Braeger had made secure around Evelyn's body, They fell away, leaving the girl but a little heap on the floor.

Tears streamed over her dark lashes as Pollyop gathered the limp head of Evelyn MacKenzie into her arms, And then she prayed as Granny Hope had taught her to pray. "Our Father which art in heaven," The rest of the petition slipped from her mind, and she quoted with chattering teeth, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not

Her strong arms lifted Evelyn and as she rolled over on the cot, Polly Hopkins stood up and cried:

"Underneath Old Marc's woman are your everlasting arms, God dear!"

#### CHAPTER XVI

"Can you speak to me?" Pollyop's voice was as tender as when she had repeated beavenly promises to the sad ones of the Silent City and had taught them that love was ever present.

side me! Huh? Wasn't it a good Evelyn gazed at her electrified. The brown eyes were softly luminous. The lips which only a little while ago were strained and blue now were scarlet and fraught with sympathy. What wonderful thing had happened? Pollyop had taken the rope off her feet and hands. She could wriggle a little, although her flesh hurt dreadfully when she tried it.

Prompted by the attempted movement, Pollyop dropped to her knees and began to chafe the injured an-

"I'm goin' to give you back to your man," she said, quaking. "But you got to swear to him I swiped you, an' not any squatter men. He'll jail me forever, mebbe, but I don't care about that. I love Larry an' Lye Braeger too much to haul 'em into this."

Then her face fell beside Mrs. Mac-Kenzle's, and she wept hysterically. Evelyn's fingers clutched at the chestnut curls.

"Pollyop, oh, Polly, darling!" This was all she could say, for she,

too, was weeping even more wildly than the other. In the presence of such divine unselfishness, the petals of her withered soul seemed to lift and open, as she groped for a broader understanding.

"Granny Hope learned me a lot of things," came up to Evelyn brokenly. "She always said, Granny Hope did.



'I'm Afraid Everybody," Gasped Evelyn.

must just pray your man wouldn't be to wicked to us squatters,"

The glistening brown head rolled back and forth in consuming agony. "Don't, Polly darling," Evelyn begged. "Don't, it's all right now.

And my husband will-" Polly sat up, brushing back damp ringlets from her brow.

"He won't do nothin' to help me," she shot out. "Nothin' at all! First, know him better'n you do. Then next, I wouldn't ask him, 'Cause-'cause I'm that bad, I ought to be without my Daddy Hopkins an' my Jerry baby." Her voice rose in wild appeal. "But, God dear, how much I

The words cut into Evelyn's heart with the keenness of physical pain. Only a little while before she had stood alone at the brink of the grave. There had been no hope that the summmer would bring a helpless wee thing to hold her close to Marcus. But nowher faith in Polly Hopkins that she knew in a little while she would be back in her husband's arms.

The attack of weeping over, Pollyop arose and beat again into pap the hard bread and hot water. This time she took all the sugar left in the cupboard. Daddy would not be home for over two years, and Baby Jerry probably never, and she-she wouldn't be in the shanty long. Groaning, she whipped the spoon so fiercely that some of the contents of the cup splashed on the floor.

"It ain't very toothsome," she said, coming back to the cot; "but the hut's cold, an' you need a lot of warmin' up. I'm goin' now an' get your man. You get this hot pap into your stom-

ach while I'm gone," Evelyn waved the cup away, holding

"I don't went you to go wellout me, Pollyop," she cried, "Plense, don't leave me here alone. I'm terribly scared, 1-1-'

The grave young squatter contemplated her for the space of twenty

econds, perhaps. "You're afraid of the fishermen, ain't you, Miss?" she asked. "Well, you've got a right to be! Larry's different from the rest, though he was as willin', up to this night, to chop off your head, as me. But Larry's heart's soft and kind, Larry's is."

"I'm afraid of everybody," gasped Evelyn. "Everybody but you, Polly. Please, take me with you, or-orlet me stay till morning,"

A slight shake of Pollyop's head brought Evelyn to a sitting position, but pain-racked bones and nerves laid her back again,

"There," interjected the other girl, You can see how hard it'd be to get you through the snow to your ma's house. You'd dle before you got there. I'm blest if you wouldn't. No, I got to go alone, Miss."

Noting the fear in Mrs. Mackenzie's eyes, she bent over the cot, "Will you believe something I'm go-

in' to tell you, Eve?" she sald in a wheedling tone. "Surely I will, Polly," answered Evelyn, wiping her eyes, "but I'm so afraid, so awfully afraid."

"That's no lie," replied Pollyop Impetuously, "an' as I said, you got a right to be scared of the squatters. Why, only this afternoon I hated you an' Old Marc as hard as the rest of the Silent City folks-more, mebbe! But-but what I was really goin' to tell you is this. If I lug you along with me, you won't have no baby in the summer. That's God's truth I'm tellin' you, too."

Evelyn lowered her lids, and a painful flush mounted to her hair. "You're wantin' the little thing,

atn't you?" demanded Polly, her voice vibrast with emotion, "Now, be a big woman, an' stay while I'm gone, will you? I'll promise to hustle for all I'm worth."

Mrs. Mackenzie's timid glance ran around the room.

"I suppose so," she whimpered, "but what if some of your people came here?" She shuddered and went on hurriedly: "Polly, what're you going to say to Marcus?"

"I don't know yet," mumbled Pollyop, "but I'll bring him back. Oh, I got it! Say, I'll stick you away in Granny Hope's coop-hole. No squatter'd think to go in there, even if he comes in. Here! I'll help you." Tenderly she coaxed and begged,

but without avail, and patiently Polly sat down on the side of the cot. "Miss Eve," she took up in low tones, "I'm goin' to tell you some-

thing Granny Hope told me. Now, you want to get home to your man, don't "Yes, yes, oh, so bad, Pollyop," cried

Evelyn, "but I can't stay here alone! I can't! I can't!" She did not think then of the many days and nights the other girl had

passed by herself in the same little shack "Mebbe it does seem so, Eve," said Polly Hopkins. "But, honey, when I'm done you'll be thinkin' different. Now, listen; don't you know way down in your insides that your man's near-

ly sufferin' his life away?" Evelyn burst forth into weeping

"Of course I know it, Polly," she

sobbed, "but-"

"An' you want him to be walling all night till daybreak, not knowin' wheth-

er you're in the land of the livin' or not, buh?" This was a solemn question asked

by a very solemn-eyed girl. "Another thing," continued Polly, 'When it comes daybreak, there'll be a lot of squatters about. They come every day to this but. I'd have to leave you then, wouldn't I? Tonight it's stormin', an' most of 'em are in bed. I could run as fast as a rabbit an' be back in a jiffy. Can't you screw up your courage an' let me go?' This long statement Evelyn thought over for a few moments. Then:

"Perhaps I could, if-" "I know you can," interrupted Pollyop. "Now, listen; Granny Hope said anything you want you can have out of love's own heart for the askin'." "But I'm such a wicked girl," moaned Evelyn dismally.

"So be I," returned Pollyop prompt ly. "We're both rotten bad, God knows, but never mind all that now I got to get Old Marc; an' the only way you can help is to stay quiet while I'm out for him. Now, lean on me an' I'il stow you away in the rubbish room till I get back."

Ashamed to make further appeals to the girl who was showing more spirit than she had ever thought possible for any girl to show, Evelyn allowed Pollyop to pick her up and stand her on the floor,

Then the weak leaned on the strong, and when Polly Hopkins tucked the blankets about Evelyn, she whispered: "Granny said prayers in this room

all last year an' way on till she died. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want!' Granny said was one of the best to keep in ufind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Looking Ahead. Wedmore-What's the idea of giving your flancee a cigarette case? Does she smoke?

Gayboy-Oh, no, but she's just about due to break off and send my presets back, and I can use it myself.

exercise. Ways of the Sex. When a young man asks a girl for her photograph she immediately classifles him as a matrimonial possibility. -Boston Transcript.

## DAIRY FACTS

APPLE-PECTIN AS COW FEED

Pulp Should Prove Valuable Adjunct to Fare of Animal When Compared With Silage.

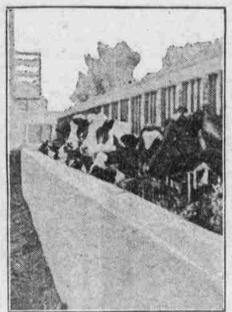
(Propared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

That dried apple-pectin pulp should prove a valuable adjunct to the fare of the dairy cow is the conclusion drawn from analyses and feeding trials conducted by the bureau of chemistry, United States Department of Agriculture, in collaboration with the Bureau of Animal Industry. This feed made a favorable showing when compared with dried beet pulp and corn silage.

Apple-pectin pulp is the by-product remaining after pectin has been extracted from apple pomace, or, as it is sometimes called, cider-press cake. After the pectin has been extracted about three-fourths of the total weight of the pulp is water, rendering it subject to rapid spoilage. Heretofore it has been thrown away, but it has been found that when the pulp is dried it can be kept for a considerable time and, because of its reduced weight, handled and shipped economically. Some manufacturers have recently installed evaporators for drying the pulp in order to market the product for stock feed.

The feeding experiment included a preliminary test with one cow for a period of 20 days, and a later one with 6 cows. The dried pectin pulp was always mixed with three times its weight of water several hours before feeding. In the first test the cow was fed corn silage for 20 days, then, after a transition period of 5 days, she was given pectin pulp for 20 days, and, after another transition period of 5 days, she was fed corn sllage for another 20 days. In all these periods grain was fed in connection with the roughage.

The average production during the corn-silage feeding-periods was 312 pounds of milk and 14.65 pounds of butterfat. During the period when



A Convenient Arrangement for Feeding Cows Which Saves Much Labor.

pectin pulp was fed the cow made 356.9 pounds of milk and 15.68 pounds of fat. Although this test showed that the pulp produced 14.7 per cent more milk and 7.1 per cent more butterfat than the corn silage, the re-

sults can not be considered conclusive.

In the second and more extended experiment the pectin pulp was compared with dried beet pulp, a feed that it resembles more closely than corn silage. The 6 cows were fed for 30 days on beet pulp soaked with three times its weight of water, then, after a transition period of 10 days, they were fed for 30 days on pectin pulp soaked with a similar quantity of water. The soaking was from one feeding time to the next, but in warm weather the pulp should not be allowed to soak for more than one or two hours. The pectin pulp contained approximately 7 per cent crude fat (not all of which is true fat), 7 per cent crude protein, and 26 per cent crude fiber, as compared with 0.5 per cent crude fat, 8 per cent crude protein, and 20 per cent crude fiber in beet pulp. The two feeds are similar in being able to absorb water readily.

The cows while on the ration containing the beet pulp produced 4976.5 pounds of milk and 171.86 pounds of butterfat; while on the pectin-pulp ration they produced 4376.7 pounds of milk and 152.93 pounds of fat. Forty pounds of the wet pulp were offered to each cow daily. The palatability of the pectin pulp did not appear to be so high as that of the beet pulp, since the cows did not eat it so readily. It segms that pound for pound of dry matter the pectin pulp is superior to corn sllage and perhaps intermediate between the silage and beet pulp.

The loss of appetite for the pectin pulp by some of the cows may be attributed to the fact that it was the less familiar feed and that the second test was conducted during the summer when cows are more apt to tire of such feeds.

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A Symphony In Puns. During the sermon one of the quartet fell asleep.

"Now's your chants," whispered the

organist to the soprano, "see if you canticle the tenor.' "You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto.

"You'll wake him up," warned the bass. "I can make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Psalm," re-

marked the boy who pumped the or-

gan, but he said it so low that no one

quartet .- Boston Transcript. Life's immitigable bore is the man



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