THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,



ney, but I judge we're mostly stran-

gers. Let us have introductions."

"Mrs. Ella Pulsipher," she said.

"You're from Iowa, mam," said

"Yes," said Mrs. Pulsipher, in-

"Burbank. How did you guess?"

Will you get us the names of the

Kerrigan.

other ladies?"

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SYNOPSIS

Following his father's bitter criti- His unsmiling look continued past tain friends back in L. A. Sister cism of his idle life, and the notifi-Hal in the direction of Mrs. Pulsication that he need not expect any immediate financial assistance, Hal pher. Ireland, only son of a wealthy banker, finds himself practically without funds but with the promise of a sit-Pulsipher, my husband." uation in San Francisco, which city he must reach, from New York, within a definite time Nimit. He takes passage with a cross-country auto party on a "share expense" basis.

CHAPTER II-Continued -2--

"Nothin'," said Miller, grinning. "Well, where's everybody else?" "In the office, I reckon."

"How about loading 'em in and went on: "I vote for you for chapstarting?"

Miller chuckled again. "Guess we might's well."

Hal leaned against a pillar of There was a moment of silence the garage-hands in side pockets. and then a very soft, careful, faintquick, sure eyes brooding, mouth ly foreign voice behind Hal said. moodily set between the lean lines "I am Sister Anastasia." It was of his cheeks-and watched them surprisingly beautiful to hear her file in, his "companions" for an say "Ahna-stahzia." Hal looked up eight-day July ride through coun- at the duplicate rear-vision-mirror blew in the other window. Oh, try which he vaguely conceived as to see if the Trafford girl's expresthe flat, dusty setting for midwest- sion was as soft and gentle as that ern novels. name, but he could see only her

First came Mr. and Mrs. Pul- clear, possessed profile and the sipher-she almost scuttling, like a brief flow of golden hair under the brood hen who knows that in an protective rim of her blue hat. Go ahead, look like that; someother moment panic will be at her heels, and he following close with body's going to speak to you now. lanky bewilderment and the short | But her barely pursed lips partsteps of someone being pushed from | ed in a slight smile when Mrs. Pulsibehind. They hurried into the back pher said, 'And your name, young seat. lady?" "Trafford," said the girl,

Then came the nun, who had sat in a tone nearer huskiness than you cool and unmoved all the time in expected: "Barry Trafford." "Bara corner of the office, her tranquil ry?" said Mrs. Pulsipher. "That face patient, faintly sad, and im- sounds like a man's name." "I maculate as its tight white fram- know," said the girl quietly; "my ing. And then came Miller, stuff- father liked it."

ing soiled money into his soiled "And did well to," said Kerrigan wallet: and then Martin Crack, in grave courtliness, "if you'll allooking like an ambitionless, easily low me." pleased countryman except for the | Hal saw her head turn, saw her

special tidiness of his thinning hair blue eyes large and solemn but not and the lazy speculation under his hostile as she said, "Thank you."

himself for getting into such a his grinning mouth and leaned joyless state, would stay real; nor sleepily on the counter. "Say," he that his vivid sense of the girl's said, as if he were a policeman, well-formed, hostile presence be- "is there a good garage in this hind him would. Yet the journey, burg?"

A continuance of that was patently once. 100 fantastic to credit, for eight

days, for eight hours, even. The her. "Yup," he said. "Couple stickin' on his father's name! Good old up while you folks eat." Frederick Ireland.

At least he had pretty well settled that they'd leave him alone humble perplexity, and there was Chicago in thirty hours." no one on the running board to talk

to Ha! through the window. Gradually Mrs. Pulsipher began to prattle about the household of her married daughter in Bridgeport, about places she and John had seen this trip and how they had liked them, about the reasons for sending certain postcards to cer-Anastasia maintained her sweet, receptive silence all the while; and Barry barely punctuated Mrs. Pulless severely; "and that's John sipher's devious sequences with

a soft, almost-husky "yes" or "Did you?" or "No. I've never been there." Each time Hai looked at her in the mirror he felt she knew terested beyond distrust now, he was looking; though she never glanced at him, her eyes seemed

"Los Angeles is the capital of to go slowly on their conscious Iowa, mam," said Kerrigan solemn- guard. ly, "and I was told this crate-this Hal had forgotten about the dog car was going there." Hal thought until it gave a quick whimper, and the man's probably a nut. Kerrigan

Barry an exclamation that made him look around. The dog's foreeron of this emigration, Mrs. P. legs were in Sister Anastasia's lap. his head turned in reproach toward where Barry brushed a shower of embers from the coat upon which he had been lying.

> "Oh, the lining," Mrs. Pulsipher half wailed in sorrow. "Oh, is it ruined?" Then with a grim pounce of her words at Hal: "His cigarette

> what a shame, what a-" "I am most awfully sorry," said Hal, sincerely contrite before the

girl's disinterested look. "The lining's ruined," said Mrs. Pulsipher with finality and triumph. "Ruined."

Barry's eyes-solemn, impersonal. confidently clear of resentmentlooked down at the burn again.



and its days undoubtedly lay ahead; "Is there something wrong with

and it couldn't stay as it was now. the car?" said Mrs. Pulsipher at Miller cocked the toothpick at

son of Frederick Ireland coasting valves. Might's well get 'em fixed

"Gad, sir, why didn't you get 'em fixed yesterday?" Kerrigan asked. "Sleepin' yestiddy," said Miller now. Pulsipher had retired into and sucked sharply. "Come in from

"Look here, speedball," said Ker-

rigan gravely, "we've been delayed enough already. If you crowded the heap this far, you can get through till supper time. We can sleep where we eat tonight and you'll have a lot more time than here."

Mrs. Pulsipher, nodding decisive approval, said: "Yes."

Miller looked sheepish. "Awright -sure," he said; "but I gotta get gas noil." "There's a pump outside." sald one fat sister. Miller looked round at the window with slow suspicion. "Awright," he said.

The others moved upon the tables at the back of the room with apparent intent to have a meal. Hal stayed at the counter, moodily regarding the fly-specked thermom-

eter that stood at eighty-nine. He heard Mrs. Pulsipher saying confidentially, ". . . and lots of onions over it, crisp. I'll tell you about my dessert later." "Bring some ham neggs," Miller said, as if life were too short and weary a thing to permit exercise of imagination. Hal ordered oatmeal cookies at three for

a nickel from under a glass bell. and a bottle of oversharp but ley ginger ale.

Then Crack came to the counter from nowhere in particular, and in his unsurely pitched voice told the

girl, "I'll have the same as him." Hal wondered how much Barry had ordered.

"She's the only one isn't eating enough for a hired hand," said Crack. "Her and that frog sister."

Hal looked at him quickly, but there was nothing definable in the indolent amiability of Crack's lightblue eyes.

"Who d'you mean by 'her'?" said Hal inhospitably-adding to himself, If this guy goes on reading my mind, I'll give it to him as a present; I won't live with it. "The babe they thought was with

me-Trafford," said Crack. Hal finished his ginger ale in a stingy, refreshing gulp and put a dime on the counter. Then he ter, and take her ashore. turned for a look of frank curiosity at the faintly rosy, unaged face

beside him. Even if the fella's would be like a tug boat and a lin- "Sure," agreed the chief. "Mates

The Fascinating Stowaway 88

By GEORGE M. HUNTER C. McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

ILLON, the second engineer, looked down into the defiant blue eyes of the stowaway, Isabella Johnson.

"How'd you pick the Iverson? How come? And who did do it?" Angry that her identity had been

discovered, she told reluctantly how Parry of the Blue Funnel line had shot Biles at the Anchor inn owned by her mother.

She had followed Parry into the garden and raised her hand to stop

Being close together the gardener, the only witness, swore she fired the shot.

"I was trying to stop Parry instead of him trying to stop me." The trains and steamers were being watched so she had slunk aboard the first tramp steamer in the nearest dock and the day before been hauled on deck.

Eight bells Interrupted Dillon's first talk with the stowaway.

Coming off watch he found the fourth engineer by her chair. Angling his thumb over his shoulder, he snapped, "Gwan!" Her eyes protested.

"Fresh kid. Say, you're looking great." He said it with a proprietary air. "Anybody else been snoopin' around?"

Her face clouded as she told about the chief engineer asking how she was to get ashore in New York. "Aw, now don't worry." He leaned across her chair. "Say, let me get you out of this

mess. You're a swell girl." She glanced shyly at him as the mess bell rang.

Dillon ate silently, scowled when the engineers bet three to one the stowaway would crash the gates of the United States.

Next day when he found her distressed the captain had hinted at deportation.

"Get that worry off your chest, Isabella

"Here's the chief coming. So long." Coming off night watch, Dillon

whispered outside her door. On opening, he drew her into the darkest place on the deck and

learned the chief engineer had offered to pass her off as his daugh-Dillon laughed.

the steward, handed him twenty dollars. "See what Miss Johnson-eh-

wants in clothes. If more money than that let me know." "Yes, sir."

"You know nothing about her." "Very good, sir."

The steward was edging past the longshoremen thronging the deck, when the second mate gripped him by the arm. "Say, Steward," jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the stowaway's room. "How does a fellow buy women's clothes?"

"By de color, sur." "Color, nothin', bonehead! Size mean. How tall is Miss Johnson?"

"Vimmen's buy dress by ze chest, round ze chests-bust inches." "An old man like you should quit lyin'. My compliments to Miss Johnson. Ask the correct size." The steward returned, wiping his hands on his greasy apron. "Thir-

ty-four, sir. A black dress she vants, an' says dank you." "All right, I'll get her a black frock. Here's a dollar for yourself. Don't go boozin' now." Half an hour later the third mate dodged inside the cabin and called

the steward out of the pantry. "Say, that stowaway girl-what does she need most?" "Stowaway-stowaway, sur. Oh,

Miss Vohnson?" "Yes, Miss Johnson."

"Ol, she needs shoes." "Waat size?"

"I don't know, sur." "Go ask her." He returned breathless. "Four

and de black color, sur." At night the fourth mate hurried into the mess room, late for dinner.

'Been, buying something for the stowaway, Miss Johnson. Manicure set, some candy and flowers. Old Melchisedick, the steward, wouldn't

let me see her. I-" The fourth mate stood in the doorway with a paper in his hand, grinning. "Me and the other mates," he said. "Thought we might give that poor girl a lift. Tomorrow the skipper'll take her ashore and put her on the train for Chicago. He subscribed twenty dollars.

The mates have made it up to fifty." The engineer volunteered to make up the even hundred.

"Good sports," complimented the mate.

Next morning as the engineers ate breakfast, a cocky sailor's voice drifted through the window. "Did ye 'ear it. The female stowaway bolted last night! Her room smells like a blinkin' barber's shop."

The engineers walked single file to her room. Wrapping paper, empty dress, shoe and candy boxes littered the bed. "Bet the mates bought that junk,"

"Oh, lor', Isabella, you and him said the third engineer.

ELIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE

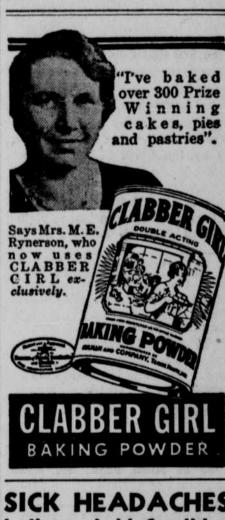
Sold from the library of John Batterson Stetson, Jr., of Philadelphia, Rev. John Eliot's Indian Bible brought \$2,400. Dated 1663, it was a translation into the Indian language and was used by Ellot in his missionary work among the Indians in New England. Approximately 1.000 copies were printed; only 50 are in existence.-Literary Digest.

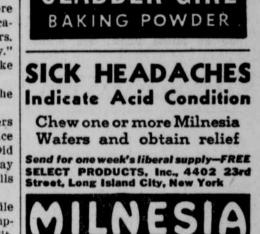
BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes .- Adv.

Ashes of Jericho

One of the novel experiences of tourists to the Holy Land is the privilege of picking up a handful of the ashes of Jericho. The exact outline of the old walls are now well defined.





MILK OF MAGNESIA WAFEF

blue eyes. After him came the girl, Even without looking in the mirror, and Hal realized that, without he was conscious of her-both in it knowing it, he had been waiting to and behind him. Relax, you, d-n see her walk. It had the grace that it, relax; I won't speak to you. comes from unconsciousness of effect, the charm that is near awk- then, with a lazy sort of modesty wardness, like the walk of a long- neither amiable nor otherwise, and legged boy, suggestive of inquiry, of expectance.

You can still go to the devil, Hal thought, but if you walk to him that way, I shall watch you with admiration. But he wished Crack hadn't said

that about broad shoulders and slim ankles.

"The ladies usually starts off in back," Miller said, and waited for Pulsipher to lunge forward abruptly and abandon his injured wife.

The nun got in and the girl. The dog wasn't so keen about the idea, body. "Oh, yes," he said. "Eldest stooped to help him. And then Hal saw that another man had comea bulky, ruddy, tough-cheeked man of perhaps fifty, in a pepper-andsalt suit, no waistcoat, gay bow tie, and panama hat.

Miller surveyed him with a halfsmile in his sleepiness and said, but the one son." "You're biggest: you better get in front." And he added a drowsy "Hey" for Hal.

Crack got into the farther jumpseat, Pulsipher took the invention next him, and Hal cramped himself in last. There was a slamming of doors, and the oppression of the slight, wry satisfaction stirred his eight days ahead, crowded among lips; the Trafford girl's eyes-not these dull and mutually distasteful meeting his-were angry as when strangers, was shut into the close, dusty-mohair atmosphere.

Score for the first speech of the knowledge that he was looking at trip went to Mrs. Pulsipher; time: ten minutes. Passing the long, self. He hoped so. stone-faced docks with sunlit masts and flags and funnels visible over pher, with resumed severity, "that them, she suddenly announced, "That's where the boat goes to En. nice to try to make everything rope."

The burly man in the front seat It's not hard to be nice." turned slowly and suspiciously round, a fresh but unheeded ciga- ple," said Barry Trafford's low rette puffing and joggling at the side voice. of his lips as he said. "Which boat. ma'am?"

"All the boats-to Europe," said bad if it's that way, too. They Mrs. Pulsipher, her manner imply- miss so much for themselves." ing she hadn't been speaking to him.

The man edged himself sidewise, with his arm along the back of the seat, and looked at her with a scholar's potential respect. "You've been to Europe,"

stated. "No," said Mrs. Pulsipher severe-

Bridgeport showed us all over and one eyelid flicked down and up, showed us where the boat goes to quick as a camera shutter. Europe. This is where it goes

from.'

Martin Crack announced himself Kerrigan looked at Hal. "Henry Ireland," said Hal, trying

to match the humorlessness of the brown, sedate eyes, even as he wondered if he really saw deep in them a flicker of something youthful and eager.

Mrs. Pulsipher tumbled quick words at him from behind: "Any relation to that Frederick Ire land, that banker, that Ireland who's president of that big bank here?" Hal turned his head as far and favorite son."

Gaunt John Pulsipher, racked by Pulsipher. "It's easily patched. some surprising and hampered really." She leaned to look beyond eagerness, began to stammer, quick, her knees. "Do you s'pose the rest unconvincing laughter in his throat, until he snapped his lean fingers;

"That would still leave me eldest," said Hal drily.

Pulsipher's earnestness slowly faded; he blushed, tried to smile, dropped his eyes, and murmured, "I thought you was foolin'."

Hal glanced into the mirror and a said. she had pulled her dog back from him, angrier, perhaps, for the

her reflection and smiling to him-

"I always think," said Mrs. Pulsiwhen strangers come together, it's way. pleasant as they can for each other.

"It must be hard for some peo-

"Maybe it is," said Mrs. Pulsipher agreed, grimly pleased. "It's too

"They think it's the others who're missing it, so I s'pose that makes

it even." said Barry. Hal chuckled inside: That's the girl; but I'll make you madder than couldn't see with his eyes. Crack's that, too. And before we get to Los amiable smile broadened a little he Angeles, possibly you'll be sorry before he turned his head slowly,

He looked at Kerrigan. The ly. "But we've been in New York brown eyes were thinly sedate over two weeks and my son-in-law from wise sparks of laughter; and then Hal wondered.

There was something funny about where dark screens sealed in heat,

for it.

"I believe you, mam," said the couldn't believe that these seven burger and onions, two heavy and your balance here, Ireland, "How man, his deep voice quiet and re- other people, close and real and hot hot sisters clumped about on quick old are you?" spectful. "It's very interesting. My around him now, would stay real; feet - cooking, waiting, finding name is Kerrigan-Giles Kerrigan, nor that his mood, mixed of de- things miraculously without col- if it were quite unimportant, I am looking forward to this jour- fiance, impatience, and anger with lision. Miller put a toothpick into





There Was Something Funny About the Unreality of the Thing.

'It's not bad," she said to Mrs. of it's on the floor?"

Hal saw a coal glowing on the then he said, "He-he-he ain't got carpet and found enough cigarette behind it to pick up. The end was wet, brown and flattened; he threw it quickly out. Barry's blue look -the blue of asters, flecked with small, clear crystals of live yellow -accused him of something then, "That wasn't your cigarette," she

> Hal smiled a little. "It hardly matters," he said. "I'm so awfully sorry about-it."

> "Please don't think of it," said Barry. "It's really nothing." "You're being a sportsman." "No," she said quietly, and her full lips came together in com-

posed defense, her eyes saying briefly. No, you don't; not that

Something made him stop his look on Crack as he turned back. Crack sat there as if the straight, sparse- fully another moment before she ly padded seat were the top of added, "Your clothes are English." comfort, as if the close, damp heat under the sun-baked roof were the first beguilment of a spring sun. he'd said that when it was his own A slight, confident smile held his old suit and he had no brother any-

lazy lips-lips that had a smooth way. curve of adolescence without being precisely youthful either. Hal watched him longer than he meant wouldn't volunteer it. "You like

to, interested by something he it better than this country." and Hal didn't look away until Crack's full face was toward him. lishman?" What's the little guy thinking now? "Used to be, when I was younger.

. . . In the flimsily converted room

the unreality of the thing. Hal flies, and the smell of frying ham- mackerel, what is this? Look to "About twenty-three," she said, as (TO BE CONTINUED)

standards were totally different er. Shure, girlie, you are a firstfrom his own, what did it matter class liner." if Hal was rude to him? The lazy, "Oh, it would be better than de-

mischievous curiosity of his eyes portation," she interrupted. seemed to be partly ready for re-"Don't borrow trouble. Let Bill buffs. Hal nodded briefly and went see you through-"

The bridge bell clanked eight out into the hazed, dust-smelling sunlight that was just as hot and bells. caged-in as the screened room. He kissed her hand and hurried

The terrier, unleashed, trotted below. Off watch at twelve next day, around the corner eager for smells, Dillon made straight for the stowand then the Trafford girl came, away's chair. watching him with a thoughtful

"Who's been botherin' now?" he smile, the conscious defense of her large eyes gratefully relaxed. The demanded "Captain Dart says he'll need to h—l with being a stick, Hal said to

bog me. What does he mean?" himself; one honest try, and if she turns it back at me. I can jolly-well "Why, he's a square shooter. If be rude with comfort. he hasn't you in his log as a stowaway-he'll not do it."

He watched her take a couple of "But I can't go back," she cried. her sure, deliberate steps. Her "All right, girlie, there's a way smile took away the traces of toughness Hal thought he'd noticed before sut." "How? What do you mean?" she

-accented a smooth delicacy in the asked, puzzled. slight in-drawing of her cheeks un-"Say-I-I am hard boiled. Womder the high cheek bones. The

blue hat its chic.

was.

Why?"

wall and spoke a quiet "Hello."

if to a pleasant little boy, and

"How're you?" he said.

"How old are you now?"

"Twenty-six." Hal's eyes were

laughing as he said to himself, Holy

en, I've known 'em by scores, I faint pink there wasn't make-up, either; and her frank lips wore no ain't been a marryin' guy. Never lipstick. They were frank lips, gen- thought about it till I saw you." She drew away from him. erous, full without being sensual, under their two simple peaks.

"Say, girlie-" He looked around and saw Captain Dart coming. There was an air about her of reticent vitality, sure and artless "So-long."

as the angle which gave her plain He gave Dart an ugly look. Before going on watch, he slipped Hal pushed his back from the a note under her door asking her to meet him at midnight.

In the darkness he gained the Her look at him was startled, alcorner below the bridge and waited. most alarmed, but he met her eyes aggressively, smiling. It was an At the sound of her footsteps, Dillon turned, reached out his hand. instant before her smile began, the seized hers and pulled her to him. parting of her lips delayed; her "Listen, Isabella," he murmured. look was relieved, but without dem-She pulled back. onstration. "Hello," she said, as

"Let me go."

"Isabella, girlie," his tones were looked off to see where the dog soft and crooning tender. His arms about her, she sighed

"Fine," she said, her smooth as his lips found hers. voice just off huskiness. She ap-She abandoned her struggles and praised his smiling eyes thoughtthey stood silently for a long time. "Do you love me that much, Isa-

bella?" "They're my brother's," he said "I guess I do," she said tremat once, wondering why the devil

bling. "But we must forget that--this ever happened."

"Never, I'm crazy about you. "You like England," she said, not Once I had a poetic guy on my as if he would deny it but as if he watch, and he'd spout about love

bein' blind. Love me and the world is mine." "I'm not sure I'd say that." "Just leave it to me-"

"You're not sure you wouldn't, Footsteps coming aft, she kissed either, are you? Are you flattered him and vanished. when people take you for an Eng-

He made for his room. Dillon saw her for a moment be

fore the quarantine doctor came aboard. "The captain says I'm to keep to my room, and Bill, he didn't write in his log that he had a stow-

away." "Savin' his face, huh !" Bill the shooting or fishing. Honey grunted.

The Iverson passed quarantine, then docked at pier 40. Captain shot once into the nearest tree and Dart dressed for the city, called then discarded the older birds,

are fools about women." The engineers were lingering near the door, like lovers near an old sweetheart's grave after the funeral when the steward ambled up. "Dat second engineer-he runn'd away, too."

Dillon had not run far. He was sitting in Battery park. She'd just spoil his life, Isabella

Johnson was telling him. "Girlie, I'd stand the spoilin'." "Now, I'm safely ashore, forget ne, Bill," she pleaded. "God knows

I love you, but its best. There's the suspicion I can't explain." "Gee, Isabella, betcha I can.

When I glimpsed you on deck, I tumbled. See, I got this from the Sandy Hook pilot when he came aboard."

He spread a crumpled Liverpool Mercury out and she read:

ANCHOR INN MURDER PARRY CONFESSES

"Oh, Bill," she gasped, clutching his arm. "Yeah, ten minutes more an' the

license man in the city hall will be doin' some business."

When Salt Pork Greased

Paths to High Society To social climbers of the 30's in Livingston county, all that was needed was a side of salt pork, and the snootiest of log cabin dwellers would welcome you to his home. Even more, he would unfailingly call upon you at yours, observes a writer in the Detroit Free Press. But if all your larder boasted was

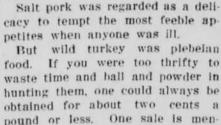
wild turkey, venison, honey, game fish, and squab, the social heights were not for you. This sidelight on the manner in

which salt pork greased the ways to social prominence is given by a son of pioneer parents, in his record of their early struggles.

He writes that in 1837, when pork was quoted at \$25 a barrel and the only way to obtain it at that price was by laborious travel

to Detroit, the fortunate possessor of pork was certain to find himself unusually popular, with his neigh-

bors casually dropping in at meal time.



tioned in which a quart of whisky. selling at 25 cents a gallon, was traded for a large gobbler.

Deer and fish could be had for trees were found frequently, and

the pioneer who wanted pigeon,



WATCH YOUR **KIDNEYS!**

Be Sure They Properly **Cleanse the Blood**

YOUR kidneys are constantly fil-tering impurities from the blood stream. But kidneys get functionally disturbed-lag in their workfail to remove the poisonous body wastes.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains; feel "all worn out."

Don't delay! For the quicker you get rid of these poisons, the better your chances of good health.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They tend to pro-mote normal functioning of the kidneys; should help them pass off the irritating poisons. Doan's are recommended by users the country over. Get them from any druggist



WNU-U



21-35

For sufferers from the itching, burning and irritation of eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and disfiguring blotches, may be found by anointing with



