

and be my Love

By PEGGY DERN WNU RELEASE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Amos, Annie's husband, revealed that when he was coming home late at night he saw a ghost bury something in a graveyard. Also, Amos revealed that he had seen Meg with Tom Fallon that night. Laurence enlisted the aid of Bob Reynolds, a detective, and they set to work to solve the mystery of Alicia's murder. After careful checking, they were inclined to believe Amos' story. Jim MacTavish came in as Larry. Reynolds and Megan were ready to eat. He was tired, his shoulders drooping. Reynolds announced abruptly that it was an open and shut case, and Jim almost dropped the carrying knife. Later Meg tells Larry that she and Tom had met accidentally.

CHAPTER XIII

"Not as to the identity, no," admitted Bob. "But I'm convinced that it was some prowler—a would-be burglar who was frightened off before he had a chance to steal anything. Though, of course, it's not usual for a burglar to be supplied with a knife as a weapon—I don't believe he brought the weapon with him. I believe that he used one of the victim's own knives—a large kitchen knife—" He broke off, scarlet and embarrassed as he saw Megan's white, twisted face. He apologized hastily. "Good grief, Miss MacTavish—I ought to be kicked! Please forgive me—I'm thoroughly ashamed—Larry, you ought to have better sense than to allow me out with your friends. I'm sorry, Miss MacTavish—I do apologize—"

Megan managed a faint smile and said huskily, "Please don't—I am a bit squeamish, I suppose. You see—I knew her well—"

Bob nodded soberly. "I know—everybody says you are the only real friend she had. Everybody else seemed to dislike her and distrust her. I guess that's the reason I was speaking so frankly. Let's forget it. After all, a meal like this deserves more cheerful and appreciative table conversation!"

When the meal was over, and the men were settled in the living room, Megan stayed to help Annie clear the table. And while she was thus engaged, Laurence came back into the dining room, and stood at her shoulder and said very low, "I just wanted you to know, Meggie, that—everything is quite all right. There's nothing at all for you to worry about."

Megan looked up at him, tears thick in her eyes, her mouth tremulous. "I—met him by accident, Larry. I didn't plan it—truly."

He looked down at her, frowning. "But—good heavens, Meggie, don't you suppose I know that?" he protested, almost as though he resented her feeling that she should offer such an explanation.

She caught her breath and a wave of relief swept over her. She smiled through her tears and said huskily, "Thanks, Larry."

"For what?" The frown still drew his eyebrows together. "For knowing that you couldn't possibly do anything wrong? For knowing that you couldn't make, or keep a tryst with a man tied up as Fallon is? For Heaven's sake, Meggie—I've known you since you were a baby—don't you suppose I know you well enough to know that if you met Tom Fallon on the Ridge at midnight, it was an accidental meeting?"

Laurence hesitated a moment and then he said quietly, "I'd like to ask you something, Meggie—mind?"

"No, of course not."

"Then—are you in love with Fallon?"

The words were quietly spoken, but they took her breath so that she could only look up at him, unable to speak. But the way the color flowed into her face, the look in her eyes gave him all the answer he needed.

"So that's why you—couldn't get excited about marrying me," he said after a moment, very quietly.

She set her teeth hard in her lower lip, not daring to trust her voice to answer him, and after a little he said in a tone of the greatest gentleness, "Poor little Meggie! Always doing things the hard way!"

By now she had steeled her voice, and she faced him straightly. "If you'll j-j-just give me a little time, Larry—" she managed.

His brows were drawn deep now in a frown and his look was puzzled. "A little time, Meggie?" he repeated. "For what?"

"To pull myself together and get over this—this—craziness about Tom," she said. "Because I will, you know. I'll—I'll get over it and—maybe if you haven't got disgusted with me before that—"

"Oh, I'll be around, Meggie. Is that what you mean?" asked Larry, and now there was a grimace in his voice, a coldness in his eyes that chilled her a little. "You are the only girl for me. You've always been. I'm a slow and plodding cuss, but once I get my mind—and my heart—made up, I hold on. Like the good old snapping turtle that gets a grip and swings on until you have to kill him to make him let go. But what makes you so sure that you can get over what you feel for Fallon?"

"Because I'm going to!" she told him with determination.

He turned away from her then as Bob called to him from the hall, and a little later they were gone.

Megan and her father sat in the

living room for a little in silence after they had gone. It was Jim who finally broke the silence.

"Did you know that she—was married?" he asked heavily.

"Yes," Megan nodded. "Laurence told me."

Jim's face twisted. "What a laugh she must have got out of me—wanting to marry her. And she told me she would—she never for a moment even hinted that she was not a widow!"

Megan waited, knowing a little of the release that would come to him if he could rid his mind of these revelations.

"It began, at first, as a sort of—well, joke," he admitted. "It seemed to amuse her to give the Pleasant Grove folks something to talk about. I was lonely, and I suppose she got a kick out of making a fool of me—" He broke off and passed a hand across his eyes and looked straight at Megan. "But I didn't kill her," he finished quietly, with a simple



"Then—are you in love with Fallon?"

dignity that was somehow oddly touching.

"I know you didn't, dear," Megan assured him swiftly.

He studied her for a moment and then he asked in a puzzled tone, "Meggie, how did you and I start disliking each other? I've been doing a good deal of thinking lately. I admire you very much. You're a fine girl and a brave girl, and—well, I can't quite understand why it is that we seem to rub each other the wrong way all the time. I'll probably be just as hard to get along with tomorrow, as I was yesterday—only tonight, I'm—well, I'm lonely, Meggie, and tired, and maybe—just a little afraid. Could we sort of—be friends, do you suppose?"

"Of course, Dad!" She bent swiftly and kissed his cheek.

Jim looked at her for a moment and then nodded as though he had reached some sort of decision.

Both Jim and Megan were silent for a bit, each with his own thoughts of their new-found relationship.

He cocked an eye at her humorously. "Of course, you understand that I'm just as lazy and shiftless and generally no 'count as ever, for all that I'm suffering a change of heart tonight. But, you know, Meggie, the whole thing boils down to the fact that I've been jealous of you since the day you were born."

"Jealous, Dad?" the astonished Megan repeated.

He nodded. "I adored your mother, Meggie. I know now that it was a jealous, possessive love, the sort of thing that makes a spoiled little boy say, 'If we can't play my way, then I won't play at all.' We were happy at first. I was first with her; for every thought was for me, for my comfort, my happiness, my well-being. And then—you came along, and took up a lot of your mother's tenderness and thought, and I had to take second place. And like the no-good that I was, I resented it."

"Oh but, Dad—that's—why, that's wicked! Poor Mother!" she said just above her breath. "It wasn't that she loved me more than she loved you; it was that I needed her more."

"And I resented that, too!" said her father.

Megan could say nothing. She could only wait, her hands linked tightly together, her eyes clinging to his face.

"Odd, what a chastening effect it has on a man, when he realizes that he has made a complete and unmitigated fool of himself!" he said at last. "I feel as though I'd been kicked—almost as much as I deserve to be! And that is quite some, incidentally!"

"But it's all over and done with, Dad—we can have a lot of fun together—" Megan began eagerly.

"Over and done with, Meggie?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Don't kid yourself, my dear—we haven't seen the last of this! Nor heard it, either," he corrected her swiftly. "Had you realized that if Amos was on the Ridge that night, as he must have been to tell Larry the story he did, the chances are excellent that he saw you—as well as the eight-foot-tall ghost?"

Megan nodded, her face white but her outward composure commendable. "I know that he did, Dad," she said quietly. "He told Larry."

Her father's body jerked like a marionette on a string manipulated by an inept puppeteer.

"Told Larry—that you were on the Ridge with Fallon?" he repeated sharply.

Megan nodded.

For a moment Jim was very still, like a man suddenly paralyzed. And then very carefully he asked, "Did he tell that fellow Reynolds?"

Megan shook her head, her hands cold in her lap.

"He—didn't seem to think it was necessary," she managed the words with difficulty. "He seemed to think that the fact that I was there gave me an alibi. If I was there at that time, I couldn't possibly have been across the road—even if I had had a motive."

Her father nodded. "Which, of course, means that Larry doesn't know I intended to try to marry her and bring her here," he finished the thought for her. Then he smiled, a mirthless smile that made him look suddenly very old and very tired. "Now if only somebody had seen me going for my walk—"

"Perhaps somebody did," said Megan eagerly.

He shook his head. "I saw no one—after I left Alicia," he said quietly and distinctly.

She stiffened a little and her eyes were wide.

"You—saw her—that night?" she whispered, her lips pallid.

"At eleven-thirty," said Jim and heaved a sigh as he ran his fingers through his magnificent crop of silvery-gray hair. "The way I figure it, she couldn't have been alone, after I left her, more than ten or fifteen minutes."

His fingers trembled a little as he filled his handsome pipe and tamped the tobacco carefully into the melon bowl, but his eyes did not leave Megan's white, frightened face.

"We quarreled," said Jim quietly, distinctly, "when she admitted that she had not the slightest idea of marrying me. She called me a pompous old fool, and a no-'count stuffed shirt and a lot of equally uncomplimentary things. But I did not kill her, Megan, I swear it."

Suddenly Megan was on her knees beside him, her arms close about him, her cheek hard against his, all the ugliness and the animosity that had colored their relations for years wiped out between them in this moment when she ached with pity for him, and when for the first time in her adult life she had begun to have some glimmering of understanding him.

"Of course you didn't, dear—no one could believe for a moment that you did," she told him, her voice shaken with emotion.

Jim put his arm about her and seemed to welcome her nearness, the sheer creature comfort of her warm presence and her sympathy.

"Thank you, my dear—but I'm afraid a great many people could be persuaded to believe that I did," he pointed out to her at last. "The circumstantial evidence against me is pretty strong. We did quarrel. Undoubtedly I am the last person—save one!—to see her alive. And when I left her, in a fury of injured pride and bruised self-esteem, I went for a long walk alone, and saw no one. I returned home here well after one o'clock—by which time she had been dead, according to the doctor, for at least an hour. So you see—"

"But you didn't—you couldn't—have done it, Dad! Nobody could ever make me believe you did!" she comforted him, as though he had been the child, she the parent.

It was long before she slept that night, but in spite of the unpleasant turmoil and excitement of the last forty-eight hours, she was more at peace than she had been in a long time. She could begin to understand her father a little; and to understand it is to forgive.

She was conscious only of the fact that she and her father might hope to live together now with less friction, less animosity than before. And the thought had healing and comforting in it. She was able to fall asleep at last, emotionally and physically exhausted, and when she awoke in the morning, she felt stronger and more refreshed than in many months, in spite of the horror of the last twenty-four hours, and in spite of knowing that the next few days were going to be far from pleasant.

She had finished her morning chores, and was busy with a seed catalog and an order blank when Laurence arrived.

Annie, big-eyed with excitement, showed him into the small den where Megan worked, and hovered anxiously.

"It's all right, Annie—we found something that proves that Amos was telling us the truth—that is, that he did see something at the old burying ground that night," said Laurence quickly.

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Here's Meat for Your Table

(See Recipes Below)

Choice Ways with Meat

The large amounts of cattle butchered recently mean more meat on your table and for many of us, it will mean rounding up those delectable, mouth-watering recipes that make meat so good to eat.

There's no meat to waste, but you'll be able to find a variety of cuts with which I'd suggest you do your very best. Cook it carefully so as not to shrink it or dry it out. Season it well and you'll give the family something to cheer about.

First we'll start off with some very flavorful beef recipes. One uses sour cream which will make rich, delicious gravy along with the meat, and the other uses good seasonings which will do the most for the cut of meat.

*Swiss Steak in Sour Cream. (Serves 6 to 8)

- 3 pounds round steak (2 inches thick)
- Flour, salt, pepper, fat
- 2 onions, sliced
- ½ cup water
- ½ cup sour cream
- 2 tablespoons grated cheese
- ¼ teaspoon paprika

Dredge steak with flour and season with salt and pepper. Brown on both sides in hot fat. Add remaining ingredients, cover pan closely and simmer slowly until meat is tender, about 2½ hours.

Beef a la Mode. (Serves 10)

- 5 pounds beef round roast
- ½ pound fat salt pork
- Pepper
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- Salt, cayenne, flour
- 2 onions, sliced
- 4 tablespoons bacon drippings
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 sprig parsley
- 3 carrots, sliced
- 1 turnip, sliced
- ½ cup boiling water

Cut deep gashes in beef. Slice salt pork very thin, rub with pepper and place in gashes of meat. Rub meat with garlic, salt and cayenne and dredge with flour. Brown onions in bacon drippings, remove onions and place meat in kettle. Place onions, bay leaf and parsley over the meat. Cover and cook slowly until well browned on one side. Turn and brown on other sides. Add vegetables and cook until well browned. Add boiling water, cover closely and simmer for 3 hours or longer, adding more water if necessary. Serve meat with vegetables and gravy.

You should be able to find plenty of pork on the market, and there's no more tempting way of preparing pork chops than with apple stuffing. Here's how it's done:

LYNN SAYS:

Pan-Broiling Meat: If you don't have a broiler and want to broil meats, use a heavy, pre-heated frying pan. Do not use any fat in the pan, except when broiling ground meat. Brown meat in the hot pan on both sides. Season only after it is browned, otherwise the salt will draw out the rich juices.

Never add water or cover the pan for pan broiling. The idea is to make it as close to oven broiling as possible.

When meat is browned, turn down the heat to finish cooking. Turn occasionally to cook evenly, and keep pouring off the fat as it accumulates so that the meat will broil rather than fry.

Lamb chops, small steaks, chops and meat patties are excellent when prepared by this method.

LYNN CHAMBERS' MENUS

- *Swiss Steak in Sour Cream
- Green Beans with Slivered Carrots
- Browned Potatoes
- Head Lettuce Salad
- Fresh Cantaloupe with Berries
- Bread Beverage
- *Recipe given.

Pork Chops With Apple Stuffing. (Serves 6)

- 6 thick pork chops
- 1 slice salt pork, diced
- ½ cup bread or cracker crumbs
- 2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley
- 3 tart apples, diced
- ¼ cup chopped celery
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup sugar
- Salt and pepper

Have pork chops cut one to two inches thick, with a pocket cut from the inside. Fry salt pork until crisp, then add celery, and onion and cook until tender. Add diced apples, sprinkle with sugar and cover. Cook slowly until they have a glazed appearance. Add bread crumbs and season. Stuff into pocket of pork chops. Season chops with salt and pepper and brown on both sides in hot skillet. Reduce heat, add a few tablespoons water, cover and cook slowly until done, for about 1¼ hours.

Braised Veal Steak. (Serves 4)

- 2 pounds veal steak
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 2 cups crushed cereal flakes
- 4 tablespoons fat
- 1 small can mushrooms

Have steak cut one inch thick. Cut into pieces for serving. Dip into mixture of egg and milk, then in cereal flakes. Brown in hot fat and cover with mushrooms and their liquid. Cover tightly and cook slowly until tender, about 45 minutes. Thicken the liquid for gravy and serve over the veal steaks.

If you've been lucky enough to get your share of lamb, then you will want ideas for preparing the different cuts. Because of its delicate flavor, lamb takes a different type of seasoning than other meats.

Lamb Hash in Cabbage Leaves. (Serves 6)

- 1 head of cabbage
- 1 pound lamb, minced
- 2 onions, chopped
- 1 cup uncooked rice
- Salt and pepper
- 3 or 4 tomatoes, sliced
- ½ cup water
- Meat stock

Cook cabbage until tender; drain and separate leaves carefully. Combine lamb, onions, rice, salt and pepper and mix well. On each cabbage leaf place a tablespoon of the mixture and roll, turning ends of the cabbage in to secure the roll. Place the rolls in a greased pan, add tomatoes, water and sufficient stock to half cover the rolls. Cook in a moderate (350 degree) oven or until rice is tender.

Lamb en Brochette. (Serves 6)

- 2 pounds lamb steak
- 3 tablespoons cooking oil
- 6 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 onion, minced
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ pound mushrooms

Cut lamb into 1-inch squares. Combine oil, lemon juice, onion and salt and pour over lamb and let stand several hours. Drain lamb and place meat on skewers alternately with mushroom caps. Place 4 inches below moderate broiler heat and broil 12 to 15 minutes, turning several times.

Remember that uncooked meat will keep safely only a few hours unless you put it in a refrigerator or very cold place. Ground meat needs colder storage and keeps a shorter time than unground meat. Leftover cooked meat also needs storing in a cold place.

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Trim Waisted School Frock Side-Button Dress for Juniors



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Household Hints
Pared apples will not darken if dipped in lemon, orange, grapefruit or pineapple juice.

When through sewing, use Junior's magnet to pick up the stray pins.

Never put a dress away immediately after wearing it. Air it to get the wrinkles out.

When handles break off teacups, let them do duty as flower pots. With hammer and nail drill a hole in the center of cup for plant drainage. Easy on the drilling through, to keep the brittle china from breaking.

Moths and beetles breed in a warm place, but if you must choose between a damp closet or basement or a hot attic, choose the attic.

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