Storm Country Polly by Grace Miller White

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CHAPTER XI-Continued.

-12into the young man's darkening sensibilities, and the ghost of a smile closed. The strained muscles relaxed he had received a mother's benedicfrom about his mouth, leaving it more | tion; Polly believed this with all her boyish: and thus did the Storm country give back to Evelyn Robertson her for their share; and this new confi-

After that came dark days for Polly- in her side. op. Even the reproduction of The Greatest Mother in the World, which hung in its accustomed place on the load that rested like a stone in her bosom. No more did she stand before it and dream-dream of a deep-toned | gin : voice telling her of love and a future, dream of Robert's arms about her and her head pressed against him.

Up and down she went through the Silent City, unable to smile, well nigh unable to speak a word of greeting to those she met. So sympathetic were her squatter friends that many a fish and pan of baked beans found their way into the Hopkins hut.

Several times Pollyop had made an effort to see Evelyn, but the rich girl never appeared as the little trill sounded just after nightfall in the Robertson garden.

In July came rumors that Evelyn Kenzle; and that he had bought the Bennett farm of Oscar's helrs. Terri- be lost forever. fled whispers went from mouth to mouth in the settlement that he had squatters from the Silent City before the coming of Christmas.

One night the dark messenger to whom no home is closed slipped into the Hopkins shanty and summoned Granny Hope. Although the absence of the old withered mouth made one less to feed, Pollyop missed the oft repeated assurance that somehow, some time, love would make crooked things

Late one day, she took Jerry and the billy goat and walked through the Silent City and on toward the Bad Man's Ravine. The picture she had grown to love in those long-ago spring days still gazed out at her from Marcus MacKenzie's fence.

There for a moment Polly halted and solemnly contemplated the beautiful face. When she had been happy, and that was ages past, she had not realized what the call in the motherplea meant. But as one after another, her loved ones had dwindled away, and none but Jerry was left, a clearer understanding took possession of her. The same cruel force had attacked her and the woman there. They were living in a warring world, trying by might and main to cling to their own, Pollyop and this giant mother. The woman asked aid for her vast army of sick sons; and Polly's sorrow, touched by her broad compassion, lightened a

Behind her she heard footsteps. Slowly she turned her head; and almost at the same instant the person stopped. Pollyop could not move or force a word of greeting from her tongue, for Robert Percival was looking at her, his serious white face holding no hint of smile or welcome. For a long minute they stared at each other; then the young man swung about swiftly and strode away.

Crushed almost into insensibility, Pollyop sank lower and lower until Jerry slid away from her shoulders to the ground. Her beloved had not spoken, nor had the pained lines about his mouth softened even a little bit!

Afternoon shadows began to stretch long over the lake and crowd down upon the Silent City, and still the squatter girl knelt and wept out her sorrow and loneliness with no one near but the large-eyed, sad little child, leaning across the thin back of Billy-goat Hopkins.

At length Pollyop arose, wiping her worn face on her sleeve. Then she hoisted Jerry to her shoulders and turned for a last look at the lofty mother of the world.

For a minute she gazed steadily. And then, through the gathering gloom, she thought she saw a smile hovering about the beautiful mouth. Pollyop went nearer by two steps. The woman was smiling at her, and the squatter girl, overwhelmed with a joy that hurt keenly like a knife's blade, smiled back, the first smile since Granny Hope had left her.

Holding Jerry by one arm, she thrust the other hand upward.

"Biggest an' beautifulest mammy in all the world," she faltered, "bless me an' Jerry an'-an' Daddy Hopkins chestnut curls. away off up in Auburn prison."

Reverently she knelt with her clinging burden, and then, swiftly rising, not to discover that before! How per- ly slipped from her own ragged dress went back to the shanty, her pale face radiant with a world-wide blessing.

CHAPTER XII

and still Pollyop and Jerry held to thued, her voice hoarse with fear, their lonely tenure of the hut. A few heart-broken letters had reached the him about Oscar?" squatter girl from Auburn, and she had painstakingly answered them. Yet in spite of the daily predictions of the | wouldn't," she replied thickly, almost squatter folks that Old Marc would sulleniy. shortly begin again to harass the

a warmer glow about her heart when soul. Jerry and she too had come in dence lifted the shadow from her eyes a little and lessened the stabbing hurt | be at dinner; and I'll slip out and bring

The thing that tormented her most was Jerry's constant mourning for his father. Day by day she had racked shanty wall, failed to lift the heavy her brains for ways to amuse him, but as soon as the novelty of the play had worn off, the old-time cry would be-

> "Want to play horse wif my Daddy Hopkins! Wee Jerry wants Daddy Hopkins!"

She was looking at him one mornand wistfully considering if there might be a way to hurry him off to to her bedroom. Auburn for a day, when Evelyn Robertson suddenly appeared in the shanty door.

For a long time Evelyn's conscience though her days were exceedingly There's the dinner gong." busy, the remembrance of the squatter girl's pale, pleading face tormented her, and she was fearful Pollyop Robertson was to marry Marcus Mac- might not keep the promise she had made, and Marcus MacKenzle would

So astounded was Polly Hopkins to see the girl that she neglected to ask boasted how he was going to clear the her in. Overlooking this, Miss Robertson stepped into the room in embarrassment.

"Pollyop," she began, catching her breath, "I just had to speak to you. I'm going to be married to Mr. McKenzie, and I came to talk to you about it and-and to bring the baby some

Her expression grave with surprise, Polly scrutinized her coldly. "Jerry'd rather have his Daddy

Hopkins than candy," she retorted, frowning. Miss Robertson drew back a little,

shaking her head. "I couldn't manage that, I'm afraid," she said soberly, "but-"

Pollyop shifted uneasily. "Mebbe you could get Old Marc to say I could take Jerry to Auburn, then?" she ventured. "Jerry'll die if he don't see his daddy. He's gettin' thinner an' thinner every day. He's

been yelling like mad all mornin'." Evelyn pondered on this an instant. "Yes, I could do that, I'm sure," she answered, smiling broadly, "I'd love

to do it. too." The forlorn droop at the corners

of Polly's mouth disappeared. "Mebbe, if I could get something to

wear-" she hesitated. It had never occurred to Miss Robertson how Pollyop managed for clothing. She had so much herself she was blind to another's need; but, as she had come to demand a favor, then perhaps she had better offer as much as

she could. "Polly," she ejaculated, "you've been awfully good to me, and you can have any one of my dresses you want, and keep it too. And I'll persuade Mr. MacKenzie to get you a permit to go

to Auburn." Polly felt her heart grow big. Then, after all, she could take Wee Jerry to his daddy.

"I s'spose-I s'spose," she hesitated, trembling, "you couldn't tell your cous-Her throat caught in a sob but she cleared it, and went on, "just tell 'im Oscar wasn't my man?"

Evelyn Robertson had often lived over the horror of the minutes when the shameful secret of her marriage to Oscar Bennett was so nearly disclosed to Robert Percival. More than once had she congratulated herself her escape had been at the expense of Polly's reputation. She regretted the necessity but reasoned that a good name could not be much of a loss to a squatter.

"Of course I couldn't do that," she

you want-" The squatter girl's gaze lifted to the speaker's face, and tears welled Jerry, ma'am," she whispered. "Mebover the fringed lids. Then Evelyn read the truth; and her eyes glinted just once at me." and narrowed.

"Merciful Heavens, you're in love with my cousin?" she exclaimed. "Is ure. It was a delicate shimmering that what you mean?"

The brown head fell forward, and a flame-hot face was hidden in the

"And he loves you, too," cried Evelyn, in disdain. "What a fool I was fectly awful! That's what has been the matter with him for months." shook her.

"It's absolutely mad of you to think Midsummer was full upon them; of my cousin in that way," she con-"Promise me again you'll never tell

Pollyop shook her head. "I've never told nothin'; I've said I

Then Evelyn smiled. The dimples

Polly was happier. She could not have | played hide and go seek at the corexplained, if she had been asked, why neds of her lovely mouth. The steely-Pollyop's sobbing voice penetrated the agony of doubt had given place to blue glint faded from her eyes, leaving them the color of heavenly tints. she thought of Daddy Hopkins. Away | She was certain her secret was as safe crept to his lips. Then slowly his eyes off up there in the gloom of the prison, in the breast of Polly Hopkins as it was in the heart of the dead Oscar.

"You shall see your father," she said, dropping her hand, "and you can have any dress I have to wear. Come up tonight, at seven. The folks will you in."

Then she went away, leaving Polly Hopkins alternately plunged into the depths of despair when she thought of Robert Percival and singing with gladness over the joy in store for Wee Jerry and Daddy Hopkins.

It was still broad day when Polly Hopkins left Wee Jerry playing by the water's edge with some squatter youngsters and started for the Robertson home. True to her word, Evelyn ing after one of his spells of weeping, met her in the grape arbor at seven and hastily led her up the back stairs

"There are the closets," she said. "Take anything you like, Polly, but hurry. 'The cook's in the kitchen, and the other maids are busy. I'll go down had made her uncomfortable. Even for fear someone will come to find me.

> Once alone in the beautiful room, Polly's gaze swept its broad dimenthe least of these gorgeous surroundproud. She swung open a closet door and peered in.

she was in the lane again, she did not breathe easily.

did not know, but of one thing she was | would come again. sure, she had a beautiful dress to

and the door was securely locked, Pol-



As If She Had Been Handling Eggs, She Drew on the Beautiful Robe, Her Bare Neck and Forearms Gleam-Ing White in the Candle Light.

the room lost their shadows; and "The upon the cleverness with which she Greatest Mother in the World" seemed had avoided that danger. To be sure to stand out more plainly than even when the sun shone.

Pollyop placed her warm cheek against the picture and smiled. She earnestly believed this wonder-mother was helping her to go and see Daddy Hopkins. She turned and looked longreturned sharply. "Why-why should ingly at the sick little man, then upward to the woman's face.

> "You've done so much for me an' be sometime you'd make-him-smile

Then she took the bundle from under her cot and spread out her treassilk, and in it was the color of the sun just before he sailed over the western hill on his journey around the earth. There could not be such another beautiful gown in all the world, Polly thought. Then she slowand stopped a moment, contemplating Daddy Hopkins' big boots. Even to She snatched Poliyop's arm and Polly's primitive mind they did not seem to be just the thing to wear with such a dress. So the boots, too,

> came off. As if she had been handling eggs, she drew on the beautiful robe, her bare neck and forearms gleaming white in the candlelight.

Then back and forth she walked, enshe could not see the whole of her Detroit Free Press.

golden glory; so she took down Daddy Hopkins cracked plece of mirror which he had used when pulling out his shaggy whiskers with the tweezers. By the aid of it, she could get glimpses of her slim young figure and the graceful sweep of the skirt. Holding the glass higher up, she studied her slender neck where the sun had tanned it.

Hopkins loved her in spite of it. All at once she heard a knock against the side of the hut. Hastily slipping out of the dress and folding it, she shoved it under her pillow. Then she put on her old dress and opened the door.

But tan did not matter, for Daddy

Larry Bishop was there, extending her a letter. Taking the note in amazement, she smiled and thanked

"Ain't you comin' in, Larry?" she asked. "Kinda chilly tonight, huh?" The squatter stepped inside, his cap in his hand.

"Yep, too cold for summer, Poll," he returned. "Say, brat, how you gettin' on? Got 'nough beans left for a while?"

"Sure, more'n enough, Larry," she replied. "I writ Daddy in my letter been to me. I bet, when I get face to face with 'im, I'll tell things I can't scribble. An' now you go bringin' me

She tapped the letter with her fingers as a mysterious smile touched of them has its distinct character-its her lips. The man shook his head grimly.

"You won't be seein' your dad very soon, Pollyop," he muttered, "not if I guess right!"

"Mebbe I will," she told him, fingering the letter. She liked Larry Bishop very much, but she was eaten up with curiosity to Then some are covered in places with know the contents of the envelope in paillettes to make them glitter in com-

"Where'd you get this, Larry?" she are used to cover. asked, holding it up.

"I was comin' down the lane," exsions. It did not occur to her to covet plained Bishop, "an' a feller asked me if I knowed where the Hopkins are provided with girdles, and others ings. She only wanted something to hut was. I says, 'Yep, I'm goin' there have only their collars of some differwear to Auburn, something to cele- now.' He says, "Take this letter to ent material or trimming to make brate her visit and do Daddy Hopkins | the Hopkins girl, an' I says, 'Yep,' an' -an' I brung it."

He paused, hoping she would open The sound of laughter somewhere in it in his presence. Being persuaded the house sent a wave of terror over she did not intend to, he went out. her. She snatched at the first gown His footsteps had no sooner died away under her hand, rolled it into a bun- than Polly sprang to the door and dle and fled down the stairs. Until barred it. Then she turned the letter over and over and looked at it. Her name was on it; so it must be meant Once back in the shanty, Pollyop hid for her to read. A thrill of pleasure the dress beneath her bed without even ran over her. Perhaps Robert had daring to look at it. How Evelyn was sent her a word of forgiveness. He to arrange the visit to Auburn, she might have written that some day he

With sparkling anticipation she cut open the envelope and by the light of After she had put the child to bed, the candle spelled out its contents. "Dear Polly," she read. "I couldn't ly drew the curtains tightly over the manage that trip to Auburn. So sorry.

Polly looked dully at the paper, the words running into black smudgy lines. Then she could not go to Daddy Hopkins after all; and Jerry might die! Old Marc had once more laid his powerful hand upon her. Overcome with grief, she wept a while. Then she took the dress from under the pillow, rolled it carefully in a clean cloth and put it away.

The shock of Evelyn's cold note brought back the shadows to Pollyop's brown eyes. As the days passed slowly by, and the rich girl did not come to the shack again, Polly lost all hope of seeing her father.

Her decision to go to Auburn in spite of Old Marc followed a letter that she received from Daddy Hopkins. He was very lonely, he said. He was counting off each day as so many hours nearer the time when he could see his dear children. With the picture of Daddy's loneliness stamped in misery on her mind came the thought that no one had the right to keep Jerry from

his father. From the time she conceived this idea, it never left her thoughts. She had often stolen rides on the Lehigh Valley train from Ithaca to the Silent City and dropped off where the engine took a switch while the Buffalo Special dashed by. Why could she not steal a ride clear to Auburn?

While the squatter girl was making arrangements to carry out this mighty plan, preparations for the MacKenzie-Robertson wedding were going rapidly forward. Evelyn, happy in her new love, untroubled by sympathy for the dead Oscar, passed the days mostly at dressmakers and in the shops. Her contentment would have been complete if her cousin Robert had not looked so sad, or if she could have rid herself of the sense of in the Kansas City Star. Flowers, responsibility for his unhappiness. But hoping in her flippant way that and other dainty intimate things are all would come out well after she was married, she gave little heed to him the frivolities with which femininity and none at all to Polly Hopkins.

Early one morning Polly hopped quickly out of bed and after a breakfast of bread and beans, began to dress Jerry in the best he had. The day was chilly, and a fine rain drizzled over the lake.

Pollyop wrapped Granny Hope's old shawl around the little boy and tied a warm rag about his head; and the child, satisfied with his sister's assurance that he was going to see his father, sat on the cot wide-eyed, watching her in silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

O. K. Till Their Fuse Blew Out!

Their meeting was mutual. She being immediately attracted by his magnetic personality, while he was not repelled, for his lips soon made contact with hers, and the sparking grew intense. He proposed with lightninglike precision, then they were united, tranced with its voluptuous leveliness. Their friends were electrified. Wasn't But twist and turn as best she might, it shocking?-K. K. Loafbourrow in

CAPES AND WRAPS

Outer Garment Now Is Important | TO BE WORN WITH SWEATER Part of Wardrobe.

Wraps for All Hours of the Day, From Earliest Morning Until Late at Night.

In Paris the wrap has come to be a most important part of the wardrobe. For the newer long, loose dresses something of the sort is always necessary for an outer covering, and lately, notes a Paris fashion correspondent, the French woman has been rather liking the cape in preference to the coat or the suit.

There is something so genuinely graceful about the wrap-so feminine and so charming. Is it any wonder that French women appreciate its lines?-it makes them so much more beautiful when it graces their forms.

The capes and the cape wraps of the new season are more numerous yesterday how blessed good you'd all than ever and, in spite of the threat that suits would take their place, there seems no immediate danger of that change taking place. There are wraps for all hours of the day, from earliest morning until late at night. And each own way of expressing the feeling of

the occasion. Many capes are made in that voluminous manner of heaping thinness upon thinness until it becomes a composition of varied shadings. Some are trimmed with large hand-made flowers and with wreaths of smaller blossoms. her hand. Perhaps, oh, might it be- petition with the evening gowns they

Numerous capes of silk crepe are to be seen among the Paris openings. Some of them, in the wrapped style, them notable. One interesting wrap is made of black serge and has huge sleeves composed of black moire.

The capes for afternoon wear are very apt to be made of crepe de chine in one of the heavier varieties, and most of them are black. One of these has a collar that is formed of many layers of malines all bunched together to make a picturesque framing for

FOR THE CHILD'S WARDROBE

Some sort of a wrap is usually the first spring apparel investment for the child, although the mother who has her children's clothes made at home

OYSTER WHITE CREPE GOWN



cerise rose-makes an ideal dinner back rather smoothly and the ears are



Even the sweater has its accompanying cape, and this one is of white silk with large black dots.

has probably spent much of the winter in making up little tub frocks and sturdy undergaiments for wear dur-

ing the spring and summer. The newest and smartest coats and wraps for spring will be accompanied by matching hats or caps. High shades, such as hunter's green, various reds, rat..er bright blues are popular in both sllk and wool fabric coats and capes for little girls, and some smart plaids are also shown. With these wraps the hat to match is naturally a tailored affair, trimmed with self-fabric pipings or bands and with clever little feather stickups at side, front or back.

CAPE AND DRESS "EN SUITE"

Outfit Is One of the Newest in Spring Fashions; the Dress Is in One Piece.

Quite the newest costume of spring is the caps and dress "en suite." The short circular cape has set-in pockets; the dress is in one piece and closes at the back. The blouse effect and the body lining are a matter of choice. For both cape and dress use serge, tricotine, gabardine; for the cape wool poplin, camel's hair suiting, double tweed material, etc., and for the dress soft twills, checks, heavy silk crepes, etc. Lower edge of cap9 2% yards; of dress 54 inches.

Thirty-six-inch bust requires for the cape and dress four yards of cloth 54 inches wide and one-fourth yard of flannel 27 or more inches wide. The cape and the dress are becoming to ladies with 32 to 44 bust; they

are also nice for misses.-Delineator.

The Ears Are Revealed. A new thing in hairdressing as interpreted by the French is the fringed bang over the ears. This little bang is the most extreme feature in hair-This gown of cyster white crepe dressing at the present time. Both with georgette sleeves embroidered in high and low hairdressings are worn black, and worn with a black milan with it, although the preference is for hat whose only decoration is a large the high dressing. The hair is drawn

FLOWERS BEDECK THE GOWNS

revealed.

Self Fabric Decorations Now Blooming in Charming Profusion on Many Types of Frocks.

The only surprising thing about the great vogue for frocks trimmed solely with flowers made of self fabric, which have begun recently to bloom in charm. ing profusion, is that the coutouriers had not realized their charming possibilities before, notes a fashion writer along with laces and frills and ribbons such an alluring and essential part of

These soft, simple, graceful frocks, with only the shy appeal of a garland or mass of these hand-made flowers, it the smart uneven line. contrast delightfully and restfully with the elaborate and more exotic gowns to which we have become accustomed for some time since. It is not a far cry from the dainty, tiny satin rosebuds which have long adorned the dance frocks of the young girl to the huge and fluffy chrysanthemums and dahlias which now encircle the waist an inch or helf-inch wide, in rich rainline of a frock as its sole trimming.

same color of the material, making for a far smarter and more subtle effect thus decorated. than if the contrasting color were used, though this is probably contrary to one's first thought on the matter. One of the loveliest types of frocks than the very straight-lined jacket seen this season is the all-white frock they will probably not be seen quite so of clinging chiffons or soft slik with much this spring, but they're on the water lilies defining the waist line all way! And designers say that next

the edges of slender strips of material, wear.

usually the same as the gown, but in naturalistic colors, with ostrich swirls. These flowers lose much of their distinction if they are not closely massed together, unless it be the single flower which is used to catch up a swirling drapery, or one which has apparently dropped carelessly from the mass at the waistline and was caught and held by the end of the sash or a floating panel.

Canton crepe, crepe romain, georgette, chiffon and even broadcloth have that in their texture which make flowers of intriguing realism.

A new idea is the single flower at either side of the front and back of the waistline with long ends falling deboniarly below the hem and giving

A Taffeta Frock.

New jaunty ways to trim the spring taffeta frock are band effects of ribbon or velvet. Graduated black velvet or alternate narrow widths are pretty on blue taffeta, while colored ribbon, bow or orange and henna shades The flowers are very often of the makes a stunning oriental effect on brown. Skirts and bell sleeves are

Monkey jackets are back! Newer fall there will be a very decided waist-These flowers are made by rolling line on the new garments for outdoor