

the whip, dashed away up the River

road. A moment later under the big

elm by the barn-lot gate at the War-

resentful at the touch of the whip, the

cardinal made the great elm musical.

A big man with a mighty spread of

shoulder, at work in the cattle pens,

lifted his head and listened. Next mo-

He opened the gate and came out

into the road. The girl smiled upon

him curiously; fumbled in her blouse:

drew out the letter in the formidable

manila envelope and handed it to

him. He took it; gazed at it, and then

"'Not to be opened until his twenty-

"That's what I be'n wonderin'," was

"Six more days," he finished, as the

girl tightened the reins and pulled

Brownie's mouth up from the grass.

"How 'd y'u like t' go ridin'?"

"Mr. Hopkins wants t' go."

He shrugged his great shoulders and

glanced down the road where the

preacher sat on his horse awkwardly

He turned back to her; waited for

"Be nice to 'im. He knows s' much,

He bent his head in respect for the

drowsy day; the girl sat drawing the

cracker of the riding whip up and

He had looked up; the girl turned

"Don't let this-man git no holt on

The girl lifted her face and laughed

"Jack, you're alw'ys so-serious.

He smoothed the mane on Brownie's

"Bring y'ur r'volver-we're go'in' t'

He wheeled back, for the first time

CHAPTER XIII

A Face at the Smudged Window.

Aunt Liza happened to have "drapped

came up the Eagle Hollow road. She

looked up carelessly from her tedlous

task, but grew instantly attentive with

"Come 'ere, Nick-ain't that Big Jack

"Well, I'll be dern'd," grunted the

old man, coming to the window and

looking out, his pipe poised between

his fingers-"what d' y'u think o'

"What I think's a-plenty," the prim-

ly@positive old woman snorted, "out

beaux a-traipsin' after 'er-an' that

preacher in the Flatwoods bar'ly long

t' think right smart o' Texie, but I

cayn't swaller no sich carryin's-on as

she's a-havin' with the new parson.

He ain't never be'n reg'lar installed,

nohow, an' if he keeps on like this, 'e

"Texie Colin may live t' rue the day

takes up with a teetotal furriner, jist

"b'cayse 'e happens t' be gallantin'

"Aw, I dunno," the old man inter-

"That's jist your way," Aunt Liza

and fussing with the snarled knitting.

set 'Is hoss, 'longside o' Big Jack ?-

Hain't no sense in a preacher bein'

Aunt Liza's grim lips twisted into an

the business of it, I-jeeminy."

an' Texie an' the new parson?"

neck; half turned toward the gate.

"How d' y'u know I'm goin'?"

"I 'low I will," he muttered.

y'u. He ain't no man fr-you. His

The dimples flashed at him.

first birthday,' " he read-"what d' y'u

the thoughtful answer, "but I reckon

s'pose Pap Simon's up to now?"

we'll have t' wait till-till-"

"Texie!. W'y-"

looked up at the girl.

"Me?"

"Hopkins?"

"Jack--"

her to go on.

"Texie-"

her eyes toward him.

a triffe uneasily.

"Ain't y'u?"

target shoot."

the first glance.

that?"

won't be.

an' full o' p'laver."

"I am if he is."

ways ain't-our ways-"

CHAPTER XII-Continued.

In the driveway down the yard the girl handed Brownie's rein to her father and ran into the house. When hope homestend, she drew rein. While she returned a moment later, she had Brownie stood prancing, still a mite on a short riding skirt, and was buckling around her waist as she walked girl's head lifted, her throat and lips the holster of a small and very fancy | tightened, and the clear call of a king

The preacher allowed his eyes to stray over the trim figure and rest on the weapon.

"A present from-Jack," the girl ment Jack Warhope appeared around answered to his look, at the same the corner of a shed, vaulted the fence time dropping her fingers to the neat and came striding down the barn lot. holster-"he trapped mink t' git the money."

"Do they-girls, I mean-carry such -things in the Flatwoods?"

"Sometimes-y'u see, Jack and ride t'gether, and shoot target s' much-

"Why, I have one of those-things." "Have y'u-bring it along and we'll shoot target."

The preacher handed Rex's bridle rein to her and hurried into the house. The old banker, grinning toward his daughter at the eccentric dominie's mincing step, suddenly seemed to remember something, tapped the breast pocket of his faded coat; drew out the formidable letter addressed to Jack Warhope and handed it to the girl, with the request that she deliver

It at the first handy opportunity. Wondering, the girl looked at the letter and put it away in her blouse, just as the preacher returned carrying in one hand the very dependableboking ivory-handled six-gun that had in front of the red-roofed cottage. thudded against the bottom of the skiff on the day of the seining trip. In the other hand he held a very serviceable-holster, with its pouch for powder flask, bullets and caps hanging from and he was good t' pore-Ken-" the belt.

"I bought them just before setting minor note. The soft purr of the elm out on my journey for the-West," he | twigs came out faintly clear on the explained.

The girl took the beautiful weapon, fully loaded and freshly capped, and down between the stirrup and the tee looked at it admiringly, while the old of her shapely small shoe. banker bent over her shoulder.

"W'y, this gua's be'n shot-a lot," she said, lifting the hammer a trifle and slowly revolving the cylinder.

The preacher dropped a quick look at the weapon.

"Gun," he repeated, with a mite of hesitation that escaped the others-"is that what you call them? The man who sold it to me called it a revolver. Hurry up and git Graylock." I do wonder if he sold me a secondhand one."

The old banker laughed-raspy raucous.

"Cheated a-plenty, parson. This Dolly Varden cannon o' your'n has seen service, 'r I ain't no judge of six-

"Do you mean that it will not he seemed to notice the holster at her shoot?" the preacher asked in anxious | waist. tones

"Lord, no!" the banker returned-"it would drop a man in 'is tracks



"W'y, This Gun's Be'n Shot a Lot," She Said.

but they cheated y'u if they sold it to as the three riders disappeared behind y'u f'r new."

Texie handed the weapon back to house, "jist b'cayse she happens t' go into the holster and stood fumbling she's a-goin' t' take up with 'im." the belt, wrong side out, around his waist. The girl laughed, showed him retorted, still standing at the window how to buckle it on under the somber frock coat, and sprang to the saddle, with an ease and grace that lifted his f'r everybody. Did you look how 'e the broken passes of the bluffs to the spectacled eyes.

tempts he finally succeeded in scram- in the Flatwoods would put up with the narrow valley. bling to Rex's back and followed her sich ridin'. I knowed that preacher down the drive, where the old banker | wouldn't do t' tle to the minute 'e lit. already had the gate open.

Just through the gate the girl fell that good-lookin', nohow-now there's

suddeply thoughtful. "Wait-I'll be back in a minute." acid slience. She bent again over the "drapped stitch"; "picked it, up" at Sports Blouse as last and came back to her rocking

The old man, doubtless glad to rest ifter his long tramp in the woods that morning, sat with his pipe dangling between his fingers and tapping his chair, his head bent forward, pondering the three-angled drama-the eternal triangle—at that moment being staged within the narrow valley.

The click of the busy knitting needles, the muffled tapping of the pipe, fell at length into a sort of rhythm, which, with the tick of the dull-faced clock on the mantel-shelf, seemed to enhance the silence rather than disturb it, and to bring out the peace and repose of the room. Meanwhile, the three riders leisure-

ly followed the eccentric windings of the Eagle Hollow road. Seen through the tangle of vine and bush and tree in teasing glimpses on their left, the erratic little stream that inflicted on the road its many turnings, sparkled by in the sunlight. On their right, across a bicturesque rail fence, rose the wooded bluffs that led to the uplands of the Warhope homestead.

Cleared only to the width of a wagon, so narrow that the bordering bushes sometimes raked their stirruns the road itself was a thing to invite the wood fairles. It lay for the most part in checkered shade, the feet of the horses playing almost constantly among a delicate tracery of leaf and branch and stem, flung down by the sun in dancing patches upon the grassy track. The great trees of the bluffs reached their giant arms over it | models, but will cut the price also. and hovered it in grateful shade, while cliff and scar unwound their successive pictures as the three rode away. More than a mile up the hollow the road passed under the far-flung



Meanwhile, the Three Riders Leisurely Fellowed the Eccentric Windings of the Eagle Hollow Read.

branches of an immense eak, towering so high above its fellows that the preacher reined in Rex and exclaimed: "Grand! Magnificent! Surely its fellow is not to be found in the forest!" "Eagle Oak," the girl observed, reining up Brownie by the side of the taller horse, "the king of the Flat-

woods. "It b'longs to the homestead," she went on. "The line runs right along here at the base of the bluff-that's the line-fence there. Black Rock and Eagle Oak, they're both on the homestead. Jack's-father had the original patent, 'r whatever they call it, made out t' his gran'father, and signed by General Andrew Jackson himself. They

The woodsman fidgered in his sadstitch" in her knitting and had dle; glanced around at her from unstepped to the window the better to see der the edges of his eyes. She caught to "pick it up" when the three riders the look and paused.

"Ah, it must be fine to have such a holding as that," the preacher commented. "I confess to some such longings myself, sometimes."

The remark not seeming to call for an answer, the girl merely shook the reins on Brownie's neck and they rode on-out from the shade of the great oak; up the narrow ribbon of road, with the picturesquely broken valley unfolding its wonders; the preacher constantly reminded of something he had seen in the Alps, or elsewhere in his gallantin' around like that, with two travels, and overflowing with effusive exclamations punctuated with a laugh so loud and blarey that it fairly enough t' git 'is chair warm. I use'n made his horse shy.

The preacher's laugh was the most strikingly odd expression of his strikingly odd personality-a sert of handforged laugh that did not seem to come into existence naturally; a kind of sarcastic exclamation point that exploded at untimely and most unexpected intervals in his conversation.

she draps a fine lad like Big Jack an' As they passed the spot where the sadly winsome face of the mountain girl had flared forth from the copse that morning and he had picked up rupted, turning away from the window Uncle Nick's trail, Jack Warhope, sitting his horse as only a man trained to a bend in the road a little above the the saddle can and riding for the most part in silence, darted a quick look its owner. He thrust it awkwardly out ridin' with 'im, hit ain't no sign into the bushes-a look that quite escaped the others.

The one girl and the two men-a combination of infinite possibilities-had reached the point where the road left "alw'ys tryin' t' smoothen things over the hollow and picked its way through uplands, when the preacher stopped After two or three unsuccessful at- huh-I wonder the second best hoss his horse and sat gazing up and across

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Honesty of Friends. Most men believe in the honesty of their fellows until after they have indorsed a few notes for friends.

Part of Wardrobe

Garment Helps Out Winsome Combinations; Can Be Made at Home.

The blouse has become a very necessary and decorative part of the wardrobe of every well-dressed woman. By clever planning, observes a fashion writer in the Kansas City Star, it may become a half part of two or three costumes, and the better three-quarters of several others.

You may cut, the cost of the three described in this article either by making them yourself or by engaging a competent sewing woman to copy them for you.

Here are three correct types: The sports blouse, the costume blouse, and the tunic blouse which transforms any skirt it is worn with into a very upto-date dress.

The sports blouse may be of dimity. This type of blouse should be worn only with country clothes, a tailored suit, or as part of a businesslike jersey or flannel dress. It may also be of English broadcloth, in which case its scope is enlarged to include the golfing costume and the riding habit.

The costume blouse is the most important part of the three-piece suit. which is worn more than ever. By purchasing a two-piece suit you will not only be more free in your choice of The most up-to-date model to complete just this sort of ensemble is the monogrammed overblouse of metal cloth, which has been sponsored by several of the most famous Parislan dressmakers. This blouse is expensive at the blouse counters, but could be copied at home

An original way of applying the monogram is to work out an individual Narrow Bands Used to



for Sports Blouse. Medailion Trirae Cestume Blouse.

device of one's own, but the majority in evidence are conventional patterns which are easily transferred and embroidered.

The tunic overblouse is a very smart and convenient development of this scason's craze for things Chinese. It may be made of crepe to match the lining of your suit, or to harmonize with your costume, or it may be made of satin discreetly trimmed with metal. yard and a quarter of satin. *

Chenille Cloth Used for This Overblouse



Featured at a recent New York fashion exposition was this attractive overblouse made of chenille cloth.

Trim Center of Frock

Narrow bands of solid color, so often red bands of Chinese ribbon or Beauvals embroidery, are used to trim a frock down the center front and around the bottom. Nail heads on green leather combine admirably with black kasha or rep. Green quite outshines other colors this season and

even competes with black. A flat back is still the role and aprons in every conceivable form trim the front. There are limitless possibilities where a combination of fabrics, may be employed and thus with evening dresses the designer takes full sway of his imagination.

Two outstanding novelties among recent imports are worth noting and when well handled offer a suggestion and a possibility to one who wishes to add a very new note to a straight line frock of wool rep. The one is merely the application of rows of black cire braid, about three-quarter inches width. Alternating stripes of the braid applied in parallel lines with stripes where the braid was interlaced in simple basket weave emphasized the pencil silhouette. The other suggestion was an apron of fine braiding on georgette in the same tone as the Tunic Blouse of Chinese Type. Dimity dress itself. A plaiting of the georgette lined the cuff in mushroom style,

Sleeves, instead of being long and tight with a flare cuff, quite often reveal below the elbow beige chiffon or ecru lace and net as a sort of under sleeve, a puffing as it were, which is fitted in snugly at the wrist by a band of the fabric. Plaitings of net often insert themselves along the outside opening and from thence around the hand to break the severity.

Addition to Demure Frock

To be thoroughly in the fashion it The self-sufficient plain blue wool should be of satin, either white or school dress, when it does permit itblack. It should 'fit easily to the self to be adorned, has a way of chooswaistline, and flare slightly from the ing extremely smart accompaniments. hips down, and it should be trimmed The newest favorite has a plaid ribbon with a touch of metal-the smartest Lady Jane tie strung under loops from way is in small buttons or narrow the left shoulder across the back and lines of metal braid. You will need a down the front at the right side opening to the hem, ending in a self-fringe.

Lace and Feathers Are

Features of New Fans trich feathers, the shade of which is a decollete gown at the theater. mirrored in the pearl of the framework, which forms an oval as it opens. Many Bags and Cases

Another fan in which one visualizes a grand dame of the Faubourg, is of medium size, opens in arch form, and is made of exquisitely fine chantilly lace upon a tortoise-shell frame, There is a tracing of fine gold on the outer ribs, the handle is of gold and the rivets are set with emeralds.

The handsome fans are not now covered with feathers, but have ostrich feather in sprays or delicate fringe interlaced with the covering, tracing a pattern or finishing the edge. These are fairy-like and fantastic, and adda whimsical note to the most elaborate evening tollet.

Brilliant Colors for

The scarfs seen in the shops make a perfect blaze of color. Every conceivable sort of scarf is dyed vividlythe woolen mufflers and wrap-arounds. and the filmy chiffon and lace affairs in many lovely shades. Spanish lace scarfs are particularly effective, dyed deep orange, vermilion, green, blue, violet or flamingo scarlet. These are picturesque, and women love to possess them, if not to wear, to carry or there.

to have about for the grateful note of

Charming scarfs light as clouds are There is always something new and cut like a cape or the diagonal fold artistic in fans. The most elegant fan of a small shawl-a triangle that covseen among the Paris novelties is very ers the shoulders well. They are large, with mother-of-pearl sticks and trimmed around the edge with a wide a platinum loop handle set with dia- feathery fringe of ostrich of the same monds. The fan itself is covered with shade. One of these sheerest scarfs old-rose point lace, and at one side is furnishes just the necessary bit of profastened a spray of pale green os tection required for the shoulders in

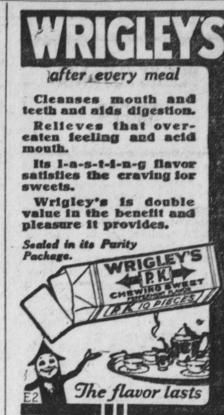
for Stylish Dressers

It is good fun to follow the styles in bags and cases, the changes are so swift and the fancies so many. With some of his newest models in evening gowns and wraps a Paris maker has sent over an evening "vanity" of black moire, lined with orchid silk, which holds in addition to the usual tollet equipment a tiny pair of opera glasses. The clasp and fittings of this case are of gold.

A day-time bag from the same house is larger, of black moire with silver frame, and contains a place for spectacles or lorgnon, a comb for bobbed locks, and a coin purse. Another maker reverses the usual order Scarfs and Mufflers and lines his silk purse bags with patent leather. Some of the largest bags for street dress are made of the pretty colored leathers, with the clasp and monogram upon a little flap in gold, silver or platinum.

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