

Prudence Regarded Herself in the

Long Mirror.

self. Miss Mack is doing ner bit for

the honor of the family. She is stiff

with black glitter, and she is smiling.

riving guests. Rodney looked up. The

eyes met Prue's. Her heart grew

wings. He must have forgiven her,

he must want to be friends again, or

he wouldn't look at her like that. He

crossed the hall and met her as she

"K. K. and I began to think you had

passed up our party." He dropped the hand he had seized. "Help make

people feel at home, will you?" he

of ice water. Anger burned away

might expect him to devote himself to

her if he showed even decent civility?

He needn't worry. With chin up she

entered the room in which dancers

generated prickles in her veins. Had

he found out what she had told Rod-

ney? Was he furiously angry? Per-

haps he would sue her for saying that

she was engaged to him. That was a

cheerful thought for this merry Christ-

wicker and cretonnes and plants and

"This is what you've done, Prue,-

we'll get down to facts at once. You

are the finest, the best sport of any

-and twice as handsome?"

"Did he tell you that?"

"Thanks for them kind words, buf

He refused to be diverted by her

realize that you have made me appear

to double-cross my best friend? Why

did you tell Rod that you were en-

"Hold on now, sit back in the seat

and listen. Something went wrong

between him and me the afternoon

you and your brother dropped in on us

at High Ledges. I felt it but I

couldn't get hold of anything. Then

things got in such a mess that I put

Rod's crabbedness down to worry over

the lumbering. Remember when you

I never fainted but once before in my

life, and when I think that I crashed

when I might have helped more, morti-

fication sends my blood pressure down,

"Don't worry about that. The am-

bulance surgeon says you may have a

job with him any time you are ready

for it. When you went to pieces that

night, Rod nearly blew my head off be-

cause I left you. Your brother and

the doctor were with you; I was needed

"Martyr," Prudence jeered softly.

Not that she felt like being flippant,

but to assure herself that her stiff

when we got back from the fire the

whole thing came out. You had told

Rod that you were engaged to me, and

he accused me of underhand methods.

because the day I arrived at High

Ledges he warned me that he intended

"He did. Your eyes look as if they

saw the coming of the Lord! Why

"That night-or morning rather-

somewhere else. I stayed, though."

"Remember! Of course I remember.

collapsed the night of the fire?"

From the stairs Prudence saw Jean

Shall we go down?"

reached the lowest step.

as he turned away.

rhythm of the music.

mastide.

colored lights.

girl I know-"

gaged to me?"

down, down."

lips would move.

to marry you."

"He did!"

THE STORY

CHAPTER I .- Prudence Schuyler comes from New York to Prosperity Farm, inherited from her uncle, to make a new life for herself and her brother, David, whose health has been broken by tragedy.

CHAPTER II.—The second day on her farm Prue adventures into the barn loft after eggs. She slips on the hay and falls to the ground—would have been badly hurt had not strong have been badly hurt had not strong young arms been there to catch her. The arms are those of Rodney Gerard, rich young man, who lives at High Ledges on the neighboring farm. There is at once a mutual attraction between the two. Rod decides to stay at his home throughout the fall and winter, "looking after the timber." But Frudence decides to maintain a cool attence decides to maintain a cool at "looking after the timber." But Prudence decides to maintain a cool attitude toward him. She suspects men pince her sister's husband ran away with her brother's wife.

CHAPTER III.—Len Calloway, a rival of Rod Gerard, tries to buy the timber off Prue's land, but she distinct the standard of the disperse of the trees.

tracts with Rod to dispose of the trees.
On the evening Prue is expecting David from New York she is visited by Mrs.
Walter Gerard and her thirteen-yearold daughter, Jean. They are hateful, curious persons and leave Prue rankled:

CHAPTER V.—They go to the circus, and while they are watching the parade, Chicot, an old clown, is accidentally killed. He was the grandfather of Milly Gooch, one of the circus riders. Rod became friendly with Milly when she and her parents spent a year on Prosperity Farm. Now her parents are dead. Calloway intimidates the available laborers in the district so that they cannot be hired to cut the timber for Rodney Gerard.

CHAPTER VI.—Milly Gooch broke her engagement to Calloway; he be-lieves Rod was the cause and has since been Rod's enemy. After the accident to Chicot, Rod calls on Milly to see if he can be of any help. Prue hardens herself still more against Rod when she sees in the newspaper a flashlight picture of him with Milly.

CHAPTER VII .- Rodney is forced to go to New York for timber cutters. David goes with him and helps select men from among the Rescue Mission hangers-on. After their departure for New York, the ne'er-do-well Walter Gerard arrives, evidently wishing to borrow money from his half-brother.

CHAPTIN VIII .- Walter Gerard becomes a daily, unwelcome, caller at Prue's home, where his daughter, Jean, is staying during Rod's absence. Rod sends Prue roses from the city by airplane. To keep the knowledge of the workers' arrival from Calloway, Prudence enters her timber tract with Calloway on the pretense of bargain-ing with him on the lumbering. He confines her in a cabin.

CHAPTER IX.—An escaped convict

sppears and robs Prudence of her

The Pod arrives and holds

I want to talk to y a gun on Calloway and the convict, recovering the jewels. And, after a series of thrilling anti-climaxes, Gerard orders Calloway to deliver the convict to the authorities, and takes Prudence home. On the way he assumes something of a domineering attitude which the girl resents, and in a spirit of defiance she tells him she is engaged to Jim Armstrong, Rodney's closest friend, but they don't want the engagement made public.

CHAPTER X .- Twenty-five men are brought to the forest and put to work. Three quit after the first day and two ly two weeks later when Prudence visits the scene. She has been keeping aloof, fearing to face Rod after having told him the falsehood that she strong. From Jean, Prudence learns of what seems to her a plot hatched be-tween Calloway and Walter Gerard to witnesses a criminal transaction bewitnesses a criminal transaction detection the two men. Calloway pays Gerard for bringing a truckload of liquor to the timber workers' quarters.

CHAPTER XI .- Rod, Jim, and David the drunken, rioting men. Calloway is surprised when Milly Gooch says she broke her engagement with him, not for Rod, but for Walter Gerard. Then he hastens to the fire that has broken Prudence and Milly Gooch follow him Many of the workers are hurt, but the fire is finally got under control and the drunken workers sobered.

CHAPTER XII .- Prudence, with her old friends, Si Puffer and his wife, at-tends a Christmas party Rodney gives in celebration of his successful job of timber cutting and his victory over the now repentant Calloway. Prudence has fashioned a collar for small Jean's pet kitten, to be a Christmas gift from Rodney to his niece. At the party Armstrong scolds her for her "fib" about their engagement and of course insists she tell Rodney the truth at once. Gerard makes it easy for the girl to explain her momentary foolishness, but she does not whole-heartedly enjoy the party. At home, alone with her thoughts, she realizes how deep is her love for Rodney. Her meditations are interrupted by his appearance. He has come, he says, for the collar he had ordered for his gift to Jean, but in the hush of Christmas Eve there comes perfect understanding, to Prue of Prosperity and happiness, to Prue of Pr Farm, and to Rodney Gerard.

"He's always wanting you, David. I don't know where we would have tucked you into the Puffer car had you waited. Isn't that music heavenly! I've never seen a more glorious Christmas tree! Looking pretty snappy, aren't you?" she approved gaily, to camouflage the surge of thanksgiving which shook her as she looked at him, apparently so strong, so well. are not terribly hard to look at yourdid you tell him we were engaged? Don't answer. Tell Rod." He cleared his voice. "Promise you will explain to Rodney Gerard; you owe that to "Sorry to interrupt this twosome,

Jim, but Prue's brother is looking for her," announced Rodney Gerard behind him.

Armstrong rose. "Great Scott, I had forgotten! This is my dance with the village beauty. Take Prue in, will you, Rod?"

Prudence made a vain effort to clutch his coat. At the door of the living room Gerard put his arm about her.

"Easier to dance through this bunch. Do you mind?"

She shook her head. His touch set little pulses in her throat hammering, the blood in her veins leaping, her body tingling with a fiery quality of life she never before had felt. He had told Jim that he intended to marry her! She looked up.

"I told you that I was engaged to Jim Armstrong. I wasn't. I don't love him a bit." Was that her voice, so pure, warm, and throbby, or was another girl speaking?

For an instant his eyes flamed with amazement; then he crushed her to him savagely.

"Is that true? What a place to tell I can't-" He bent his head. "Rod! Rod! Not here! Not-"

Color rushed back to his face. "Think I was going to kiss you? Didn't I promise I wouldn't until-" A hand fell on his arm. A prosper-ous young farmer asked diffidently:

"Dance with me, Miss Schuyler?" With a look which set Prue's heart

clamoring, Gerard relinquished her. With the breathless sense that she was walking over a not too slumbering volcano, Prudence laughed and chatted with her partner when the music stopped. Mrs. Walter Gerard, in the latest in platinum metallic hairdressing and a smart black frock, bore

down upon her. "Dear Miss Schuyler, you are ravishing in that frosted green. It brings out your high color marvelously. You've been so kind to my darling daughter. She has a fascinating uncle, hasn't she?'

To Prue's indignant fancy the last and Rodney Gerard greeting the arsentence seemed to ring through the room as if magnificently amplified. color mounted to his forehead as his Her response, she could not have told what it was, shook with anger. Almost she sympathized with Walter Gerard. How could a man live with a winking woman? She turned on her heel almost into the arms of Armstrong.

"What dastardly deed are you contemplating?" he demanded, as gaily as if the conversation in the sun room never had taken place. "Your eyes asked stiffly. "You'll find Jim in the are spittin next room," he flung over his shoulder a hatter." are spitting sparks, you look mad as

"This is some party. Rod is doing His voice had the effect of a shower | himself proud. He and Jean are distributing gifts. He sent me to look the chill. Was he afraid that she after you. Come on, let's eat."

The middle of the long refectory table was banked with red roses; the supper was as varied and delectable as a noted caterer knew how to serve were swinging and humming to the it. The guests' eyes were wide with admiration, their cheeks pink with "Come out to the sun porch, Prue. repletion. Perched on one of the wide The grimness of Armstrong's voice | eat.

"How is the lumbering coming, Jim?" "It's a cinch. The two men who deserted to Calloway slunk back and asked for a job. We took one, but the crew rode Kusciko out of town."

"Why?" "He dumped the truck of liquor."

"I suppose he was doing the dirty "Now what have I done?" she dework of someone higher up." manded in mock terror, as they entered the enclosed porch gay with

"Of course—but he tried to knife Rod. That gets you, doesn't it? Here, drink this punch. It will bring your color back. Don't care much for old Rod, do you?"

"Who are you to try to probe the secrets of a maiden's heart." Her eyes lost their laughter. "How is Calloway?

don't try to soften the blow. What 'Better.' He has made public conhave I done that makes you sit there fession that he was solely responsible looking as grim as an executioner and for dumping that load of liquor in front of the cattle barn and that he will pay the bills. He did it to get gayety. "All right, laugh, but do you even with Rod. When he found out that he was wrong-"

> "He is such a just man," Prudence interpolated crisply.

"He is doing his darndest to be one now. He diverted the girder which would have finished Rod. I had turned away and didn't see it coming."

Prudence shivered. "That's the worst of the horrors of that lurid night. Oh, let's not think of it. I must find the Puffers. They probably want to go home."

As Prudence came down the broad stairs in her green velvet wrap with its broad mink collar, Rodney Gerard was waiting.

"Going? My party has been a knock-out, hasn't it?" The blue of his eyes was black, a hint of passion underlay the laughter in his voice.

"I don't like to talk about myself, but," Prue flouted gaily. If only her heart would stop thumping, she wished wildly. "You have immortalized yourself. Good-night." She could feel the throb of his fin-

ger-tips as he held the hand she offered. "Are you sure Si is waiting? Then

I will leave you and speed my other guests." "He didn't say good-night!" Prudence told herself over and over, as she squeezed in beside Mrs. Puffer on

the back seat of the automobile. "Foolish for your brother to drive home alone," Si protested, as he started the car. "Whatta mean is, he might have come along with us. But perhaps there wouldn't be room. I'm lways forgettin', Mother, that you're not so slim as you were in the days when you and I went to the circus.

"The circus! That reminds me, what happened to Milly Gooch?" Prudence inquired.

Mrs. Si drew a long, troubled breath. "She went to pieces the night of the fire, dearie. She had hysterics hanging on to Roddy Gerard-guess if folks hadn't been scared to death thinking where those flames might go there would have been some whispering.'

"'Twouldn't have lasted, Mother. Len Calloway's confession brought out the whole story of how Roddy'd helped her. Walt Gerard had better not set his foot in the village or he'll be tarred and feathered.

"Here we are at your door, Miss Prudence."

Prudence lingered outside the red brick house. Moonlight silvered the dormers. How low the stars seemed! They were like gold dust spangling indigo velvet.

David was standing before the fire, an arm on the evergreen-banked mantel, when she entered the living room. He smiled as he met her eyes. Thank heaven, he could smile.

"I'll call this a day," he said. "It is evening festivity that I am tired." "Oh, I thought we would talk it over

before the fire, David. That's half the at him. fun of a party.". She slipped her hand under his arm and laid her cheek against his sleeve. "Of course you Mack down on the double-quick for are tired, dear. Go to bed. I will another burglar," Prudence warned in

"I want to be full of pep tomorrow Gerard is having a big tree for the poke the kitten down. The black imp! crew at the bunk-house, sort of a house warming." His arm tightened stand on something." about her shoulders. "No matter how dark and problem-logged the path, Prue, you bring life and gayety and courage in your train."

"Why, Dave! Dave!" Prudence hid her quivering lips | -Gerard lunged with the cane. against his shoulder. His praise brought her heart to her throat. He laid his hand tenderly on her ruddy hair.

"Didn't expect your staid old brother to go sentimental, did you?" He laughed. "Well, that's my story and I stick to it. You're stunning in that

frock, Prue. Good-night, dear." 'Good-night, good-night, beloved,' " she hummed in a husky undertone as she watched him cross the room.

She started to bank the fire, threw on a log instead. She was wide awake, she couldn't sleep if she went to bed. She curled up in the wing chair. Why hadn't Rodney said good-night? Per-haps just as she had discovered that she adored him, he didn't like her any more. Why should he? She had been bitter and hateful. Now that love for him had slipped into her heart and taken absolute possession, it had given life a new value, given her a

shortcomings. A vine outside tapped icy fingers against a window. A shutter rattled eerily. The fire purred. Her thoughts raced on and on. The banjo clock wheezed and ponderously struck the

new insight into her own needs and

Prudence counted. Midnight. How still the world was! What would old Santa say if he caught her sitting up for him? Silly, what a kid she was! Perhaps that was the reason Rodney didn't like her any more-he-Someone was watching her! Who had com in? She glanced furtively at the long mirror. Her heart stopped. Rodney

He didn't move. Was he real? Her fascinated eyes clung to his in the mirror. How he had changed since



He Didn't Move-Was He Real? Her Fascinated Eyes Clung to His in the Mirror.

the day she had plunged into his arms in the barn! Determination and the will to grapple obstacles had remodeled his mouth; where it had been sensitive and mobile, it now set in a grim line. She had thought it too boyish. Now its sternness was like a knife in her heart; she didn't want life to hurt him, she couldn't bear it. Was she partly responsible? What would his mother think of the change if she knew?. He moved, and the spell was broken.

"Merry Christmas, Prue of Prosperity farm!"

She stood up and caught at the back of the wing chair. The guarded ardor of his eyes took her breath; his mouth was no longer stern, it was young

"Merry Christmas, Rodney." "Don't look at the clock. This isn't late for the night before Christmas. Had to get the collar for the kitten. I've left him in a basket in the hall. Planned to put him in Jean's stocking in the morning. Dave okayed my com-

Was that why her brother had been too tired to stay downstairs? The light in the eyes watching her seemed to get in the way of her breath. She proposed eagerly:

"Come into the shop. The collar is ready. I-I-thought perhaps you had forgotten it."

"Oh, yes?" he responded enigmatically, and followed her with the rustling basket in his hand. Prudence picked up the collar from the

"Take the kitten out and hold him tight while I put it on. There! Do you like it?"

"It's great!" With the squirming kitten clutched in one arm, Rodney seized her hand and held it against his lips. "Darling, did you think I would go

through this night without a showdown with you? I kept away after that dance. I didn't dare trust myself. Why did you tell me you were engaged to Jim Armstrong? Why-"

The kitten squirmed and clawed and jumped. He sprang to the back of a chair. Contracted to a black ball. With a bound landed on the high top so long since I have stepped out to an of the bookcase. His green eyes turned ruby red as he peered over the edge. The man and girl stared back

"Darn! Stop laughing, Rodney Gerard, you'll waken Dave and bring Jane a hoarse whisper.

"Get that cane in the corner and Perhaps you can reach him if you

Gerard balanced precariously on the arm of a chair and poked vigorously. At each thrust the quarry retreated. At the imminent risk of breaking his neck-if not the kitten's

"What the dickens is going on here?" David Schuyler demanded from the threshold, as he knotted the cord of his brocaded dressing gown. Jane Mack, still in her glittering black frock, peered over his shoulder. Gerard jumped to the floor.

"That snooty kitten walked out on us.'

"Oh, was that it? Macky and I thought you had corralled her burglar at last.'

Jane Mack twisted gnarled hands. "I was the real burglar, Prue," said Rodney. "I had asked Miss Mack to get the emerald and diamonds for me because-"

Jane Mack eagerly interrupted him. "Mr. Rodney didn't want you to know he had them. I sneaked 'em from the safe that morning you caught us three coming out of this room. Mr. David knew about it. Every time you took out those packages I nearly lost my mind for fear you would miss the emerald. Finally I couldn't stand the strain any longer, so I just worked up that yell and burglar story, to account for them not being there.'

David Schuyler slipped his hand under Jane Mack's arm. "Come on. they don't need us, Macky. Gerard is the only one who can explain." He looked back and smiled as he crossed the threshold. Prudence waited till the voices on the stairs were still, before she asked:

Rodney Gerard held out his hand. On the palm glittered a ring.

"Grandmother's emerald! Set in my design! What marvelous baguettes! Why did you do it?"

"Is it splashy enough? You said you wanted the stones set, didn't you, -Gorgeous? I would like all my life to give you what you want. You know I love you, don't you? You know that I've been mad about you from the moment I held you in my arms in the barn. Why did you tell me you were engaged to Jim?'

He dropped the ring to the bench and caught her shoulders. "Don't turn away. We'll fight it out if I stay here all night. Answer my question."

"I didn't want to love you." "Why-because of Milly Gooch? Calloway told me that he had poisoned your mind against me. There was not a shred of truth-"

"Please—please don't tell me that. I know it. In my heart I have always known it."

The whiteness of his face frightened her. His ardent eyes confused her. She touched the ring.

"Now that the emerald is set, what are you going to do with it?" Color rushed back into his face, youth and gayety and laughter to his lips.

"Watch me, Gorgeous, just watch me while I make my wish come true!" He caught her left hand and slipped the ring on the third finger.

"All right with you? This means marriage, you know-for always." "For always," she whispered. He looked at her without speaking.

His eyes seemed to draw her heart from her breast. She pressed her cheek against the gardenia on his coat. and challenged with unsteady gayety: "Something tells me that you are letting that silly promise-'

He crushed her so close in his arms that she had barely breath left to add: "Don't you usually kiss a lady when you ask her to marry you? Perhaps,

though, it isn't being done-perhaps -Rod!" The quickly smothered cry, half He peered over the top of the

laugh, half sob, roused the dozing kitbookcase. Yawned, Sneezed. Mewed ingratiatingly. As neither girl nor man looked up, he jumped to the high back of a chair. Always with watchful green eyes on the two humans by the bench, the amber pendant on the silver collar glowing, he proceeded to remove the dust from his sleek black

[THE END.]

## ROADSIDE MARKETING

By T. J. Delohery

FRUIT JUICES, JELLIES, JAMS, IN DEMAND

A LL of the small fruit, vegetable and dairy products which William H. Brinton raised on his 35-acre farm near Parkersburg, Penn., was hauled to town and offered to wholesalers. What he didn't sell was taken back home and Mrs. Brinton put it up in cans and glass jars.

Now Brinton only takes to market what products are not good enough for his wife to can; and Mrs. Brinton buys many things from neighboring farmers in order to supply the demand from hundreds of people who come to their roadside market and from customers living in other states who order by mail.

The experience of this farm woman has been duplicated by scores of, others who sell canned meats, fruit juices, jams, jellies and preserves direct to consumers or who place them in local stores on a commission basis to be sold in competition with high-class factorymade products. .

Dixie Farms, near Mattewan, Mich., comprising 35 acres, was in danger of being foreclosed until the owner, Mrs. Iona Ester, happened to offer a batch of homemade grape juice and jelly to passing motorists. It was in sheer desperation that Mrs. Ester placed the fruit juice and jelly on a table in front of her home. In less than an hour it was gone

"It looked like we had found a way to make money," said jovial Mrs. Ester, "but I wasn't any hand at jelly making. But I talked it over with mother and we rummaged the atticand old trunks until we found a cook book which contained recipes for jams and jellies, some of which were one hundred years old, I guess.

"The house was an uproar that night. Every available pot, pan and kettle was going. We worked all night making jellies and grape juice, and when dawn broke, I thought we had made enough stuff to last a year. But we had hardly gotten in bed when Mr. E. D. Young, a friend, who was taking care of the sales, roused us with the news that we needed more stock-we had sold out the second

time. "Dead tired, we went at it again. And every day after that, until the tourist season closed, we were going at top speed. That winter, when we talked over our success and the possibilities of the future, we felt convinced that we had the makings of a business which would be profitable.

"We guessed it right. Business was better the next year and it has kept on growing. We process all of our own fruit and what we buy of neighbors. And our selling season doesn't end with tourists leaving the road. It continues through to the holidays, many people now using our assorted package of jellies and jams as

W. S. Farnsworth, for 40 years one of the prominent fruit growers in Ohio, was unable to find a satisfactory



Inviting the Thirsty.

market for his apples, and other fruits until he changed his method of selling. When marketing was put in the hands of his son-in-law, Mr. Young, he immediately advertised in local and surrounding town newspapers. Then he contacted retailers who,

seeing the publicity, the quality fruit and the possibility of sales, put Farnsworth apples on display. Sales boomed, then dropped as suddenly. Young, with characteristic enterprise, changed the package, using a colored basket and covering the apples with netting to keep out the insects and dirt. More advertising. The package;

which is known as "Farnsworth Familv Pack." was featured in window displays and again the demand picked up. Clear cider, too, was brought to the retailers. Bottled and labeled it moved into consuming channels rapidly, even where cider sales had theretofore been sluggish.

When newspaper advertising showed its worth, Young thought it might help the demand for Farnsworth fruit and fruit products if he had a market building on the farm and invited people out to visit the place. Accordingly, space was bought in the motor club magazine, the ad consisting of an invitation to visit the home of "Farnsworth's Family Pack," and a map showing how the orchards could be reached by motor.

Visitors were treated to samples of fruit, cider and apple butter and shown the market houses, where rows of baskets of apples, jugs and bottles of cider and jars of golden apple butter all properly labeled and arranged so as to make a most attractive display, were. Naturally, sales followed, but in no case were prices below those in the retail stores. This policy was adopted to protect the retailers.

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