PAGE TWO



me.

torted with rage.

of blue water.

do my will."

You.

VOR.

tree

them.

ted the woman. "Well, you won't?

Rather'n have that I'll tell her she

ain't ours. I'll go right bold to l'aul

Pendlehaven and blurt him the truth.

I'll do it today if you keep naggin' at

Devon studied her face, his own dis-

"You'll do no such a thing, mad

woman," he returned, running his

tongue over his dry, cracked lips. "If

you get me in a temper you'd better

look out. Reggie knows Tonnibel's

got rich folks, but he don't know who

they are. You spill the beans, by G-d,

The woman's gaze sought the sheet

"She'll grow a beard a mile long be-

fore I tell 'er," she said finally, bring-

ing her eyes back to his face. "Tell

'er yourself, and see how you like it !"

tones that brought an expression of

surprise to the man's face, leaving it

angrily, frowningly red. But the

"Urlah, honey, dariln'," cried Edith,

"Then keep a stickin'," growled De-

Above them a giant pine tree lifted

"For God's sake, if the brat ain't

"don't say that. I've always stuck by

lugged that pig clean up that pine

its head far above his fellows. Among

its branches the max and woman could

plainly see the upper half of a girl's

figure settled in the crotch of an out-

sprending limb, and clasped in two

slender arms was the small guinea

pig. She hobbed her head gravely,

held up the animal and shook it at

Tony, herself, little knew why in

times of strife she sought refuge

among these forest giants and came

always to happiness. They were anl-

mated beings in her mean little world

and because she had showered idola-

trous love on them they, from their

primeval grandeur, sent an answering

spark of life to her starved little soul.

The sight of Tony further enraged

brought him suddenly to his feet.

There was a ring of revolt in her

and the lake for yours."

CHAPTER II.

The Master of the Dirty Mary.

week before this story opens, Trinh Devon had steamed the length of the lake, anchoring his boat as near Ithaca as he dared. Even to his wife, Edith, he had not confided why he had brought her to a town where yawning prison doors gaped for her every passing hour.

"I won't go, Riah," Mrs. Devon had cried when her husband had made the statement that he intended to visit Ithaca. "You couldn't get me near that place with a rope around my neck.

But the very fact that she now sat on a small bench against the boat rail. razing moodily at the water, proved that Urlah Devon had contrived to have his way.

Occasionally Mrs. Devon lifted her head to listen and turned her eyes to the west where a narrow path zigzagged its length up the hill to the boulevard. Into her fortured soul had come a belief since the night before, that Tony's "Gloriest God," would send her man home.

Suddeply the sound of heavy footsteps in the forest path brought her sharply around. At last he was coming, this man she loved, perhaps drunk, perhaps to beat her; but nevertheless he was coulde, and that was all she cared about.

Urlah Devoe shorty walked up the canculatik in silenes

"Where you been?" the woman forced here if to say. But instead or replying, he demended? "Where's Tentillot?"

"I dout " wur für miswer, "A minute any she was over there not ten of your legs' jumps from here. Where you been all this week?"

HSA been on a terrible spree, she decided. He tourned as if he had been drunk for days. That he had some-

thing anusual on his mind, she knew. and she knew, too, it was about Tonnibel, for hadn't he asked for the kid the moment he'd returned?

"It's about time we was doing things, Ede," he said, turning grimly, "I've waited as long as I dared. Rege says 'Paul Pendlehaven hasn't an inch keway before he's in his coffin.""

Mrs. Devon's face grew deathly

THE MONROE JOURNAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1921.

The girl eyed him curiously, making

a sidewise gesture with her head.

"Who's the duffer you've chose out might as well tell me."

"My friend, Reggie," said Devon, bending over and staring at her.

Tonnibel's mouth widened until two rows of teeth gleaned through the red ulght and sought shelter. He was of her lips. She made a wry face, tobi that the only place available was "Nothin' like that for me-eh, Edie?" a hagated house down the road. The tion that meant trouble for herself and

for Tonnibel, "I ain't fought it all out with your daddy, kid," she sniffled weakly, "You black cat brushed past him.

get to the cabin and mend them old clothes.

Uriah Devon laid his pipe beside him and uttered an oath.

"You'll stay right here, brat," he gritted, "and pay heed to me," "Uriah," screamed the woman, "if

you go on with this, I'll tell 'er all I know. I swear I will. Tony, honey, Tony, baby, I-I ain't-"

With a roar the man sprang forward and in his effort to reach his wife knocked the girl flat on the deck. When Tonnibel rolled over and sat up. her mother was stretched along the hoat rail, and Devon was standing over her. She lay so dreadfully still and limp that the girl scrambled to her feet.

It wasn't the same Tony who had come fearfully to them but a short period before with the little pig in her arms; nor the same girl who had swung in the treetops making play fellows of the squirrels and answering the shrill calls of the forest birds. She seemed suddenly to have grown taller, and as she flung herself on Devon, the very strength of her little body sent him sprawling against the side of the cabin, "Now you killed her, d-n you," she screamed. "If you kick 'er -I'll-I'll-" She dropped at the side of her mother, ber threat broken in two by the awful pallor on the woman's face. "Oh, God, mummy darlin',

sound of a giri's voice on the hill mammy darlin'," she ended in a bitter cry. "There she is, by G-d," he cried Growling in rage, Devon turned on

abruptly. "Now if you want any more her "Mebbe I have killed 'er," said he, lovin's from me-more'n that, if you "If so, I'll make a good job of it and want to stay where I live, you got to

finish you too." The girl rose before him, her eyes

Walk dire

COULDN'T WAIT FOR MARTIN for me?" she asked at length. "You Negro Preacher Had Premonition That Unpleasantness Might Follow His Appearance.

A negro prencher lost lis way one Edith Devon was coming to a resolu- preacher had his Bible with him; he went to the haunted house, built a fire in the big room and sat down to read the good book. Suddenly a small

> "Isn't it nice," thought the old man, "that there is life to keep me com-

> putty here in this gloomy place?" The cat walked over to the fireplace,

ate a live coal and spat out the sparks. The old man opened the Bible and began to read aloud. Before he could go further another cat entered the room, a cat about as big as a collie, and this cat whiked over to the fireplace and are two live coals and spat out the sparks.

"When are we gwine to begin?" said the little cut.

"We can't do nothing till Martin comes," replied the big cat.

Again the old preacher sought consolution in the Bible, but a third cat entered the room. This one was about as big as a pony, and it are three live coals and spat out the sparks,

"When are we g'wine to begin?" said the little cat, and this time the higgest one answered; "We can't do nothing till Martin

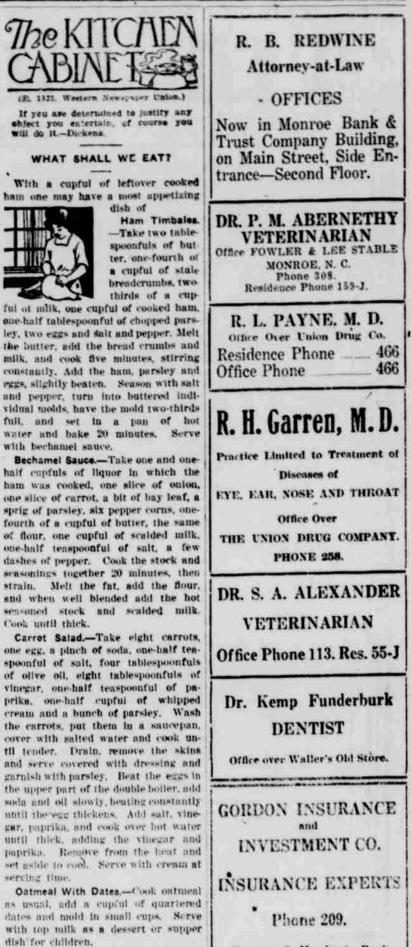
FOTH S."

The old man jumped up, put his Bl hie in his back pocket and ran for the door. But before he went out he said to the biggest cat: "When Martin comes, you tell him I was here, but I could not remain,"-Journal of the American Modical Association.

SYSTEM IN REGULAR SAVING Money Stand Be Made Easy to Depetit and Then Comparatively Hard to Withdraw.

"The only way for a man regularly to save rioney, unless he be one of those individuals possessed of an extenordinarily unrelenting character." according to Samuel Crowther, writing in System, the Magazine of Business, "is i or the meney to be passed into the savings account before it reaches him -that is, to put him in the position, once he has made his resolution, of buying to make another resolution to quit saving in order to stop the process.

"Flephy, take the convenience of with frawnt, A man will rightly hesitate shout going into any system of sucing which locks up his funds for new long period of time. The average worker has no great margin between income and outgo and he has to be prepaced for a rainy day-for a birth, for death, for a long illness. He cannot afford to put a measurable part of his funds out of reach. If his money is to go from him for a long time he very naturally will not deed away anything like so much as he would if the money dandruff, prevent the hair falling out were always available. On the other and beautify it, if you use Parisian hand any system of saving in which Sage. English Drug Co. sells it with withdrawnis may be easily and secret- guarantee to return price if not sat-



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and see the milk go through

the pasteurization process.

EIGHT PAGES

pale

"What do you mean, honey?" she faltered.

"We live like rats in a hole," took up the man, after a pause, "while if Tony was made to do her part, we'd, be on easy street. That's what I mean. We've got to have money and lots of it. Reggie's willing to marry the kid if you mind your business afterward. His marryin' her ain't sayin' he'll stick to her. But we got to have bouille, and we can't get it only through her." "He shan't have 'er," the woman

said, with hard tones and flashing "How many times 've I got to eyes. say it over to you? If that's the why you've come to Ithaca, you might as well turn the old scow north and go back again. He's a bum," she went on. "A dude and a fool and everything else that's had. He's a thief, too."

Devon laughed.

"So am I. Ede," said he. "So 're you' for that matter. If Reggie knew that Tony was Paul Pendlehaven's kid, we wouldn't get one d--n cent of her money. He snitches from the Pendlehavens and his mother because he don't get cash enough other ways. A feller's got to have spendin' money.'

"Pretty small pickin's," sneered Edith Devon. "Stealin' from folks almost in the grave ain't my style. Regcie's some second-story man, that young duffer is."

"You sneaked Paul's kid," taunted Devon. "He wouldn't be almost in his grave now if you'd kept your hands off'n Tony."

The woman turned on him savagely. paying no heed to his words.

"Get your blasted Reggie to steal enough for us all from the Pendlehnvens," she said. "God knows they've got it and to spare. It's better'n handln' Tony over to 'im. He lives at Pendlehaven's, don't he?"

"He won't do it." cut in Devon. "Reggie ain't got the nerve to burn his fingers too deep. Paul Pendelhaven'd send him up for that, if he caught him. My plan is to get Tony married to Rege, and before the lid's screwed down on Pendlehaven's face, shove the girl in between John Pendlehaven and his precious cousin, Reggie's mother, and then Rege and me gets Tony's money, see?"

Edith shivered.

"I hear what you say," she muttered, "and I 'spose I'll do it if you promise not to let that pup hurt Tony when he gets her. . . . Best let's wait another year before talkin' marriage to her, though."

"Nothin' doin'," rasped the man. "Tony's almost a woman, and she's entin' her bead off. After she's mar-Tiest-"

"Now tell her outright, and get it over. Ede," he said, sitting down again,

Urlah He waved her in

Reaching the canal boat, Tony stood looking at her parents.

"Set down," growled Devon, Shifting the pig a little, she dropped

down on the deck. She always dreaded these fullss with her futher and mother. It usually meant they must move ep, or perhaps that a thrashing was coming her way. From under her long lashes she glimpeed first De-

von with his frowning brow, then at length .et her gaze settle on the woman.

"I shave I been doin' something hellish," she ventured presently in a low fore, "Have I, Edie?"

"Nope, not this time, Tony," thrust in Devon. "But we've got to tell you something. You're gettin' to be a woman, Tounibel, and you got to do something for your mother and me."

"I'm always wantin' to do something nice for you. Edie, darling," she said. looking at her mother. "Yap it out quick, sweet, and I'll jump to do it !"

The woman began to cry softly. "Go on, Edie," said Uriah, "Why In h-I are you blubberin' over a thing you can't help?"

"But I can help it." cried Edith, "And what's more I will. Run away, baby, and I'll have it out with your pop while you're gone."

Devon reached forward and taid a strong detaining hand on the girl's arm.

"It's this," he got out between his teeth, "You got to get married. You been livin' on me long enough."

The girl stared at him blankly. "Get married," she repeated dully. "Who'd marry a brat like me? I'm nothin' but a kid yet, and I'm goin' to stay right here with 'ny mother. See? I don't have to-do I, mutamy darlin'Y' "Yeur ma's word gin't low on this

boat." answered Urlah in an ugly tone. "Mine is, though. Fire ahead, Edie, and tell the kid my will."

Mrs. Devon coughed spasmodically and toyed with the fabric of her skirt. A sleader brown hand went up and closed over her twitching fingers,

"I wouldn't marry any of the muits you know, daddy," the girl burst out in desperation. "So get that notion clean out of your mind."

Her face settled sullenly into little lines that pursed up the lovely young mouth, and Uriah Devon moved his feet nervously. Perhaps his task wasn't going to be so easy after all. "Kid," he said huskily, "if you don't

do what you're told. I'll make you. You ain't too old to gad yet. And you'll be missin' one of the hest lickin's you ever got if you mind what I tell you."

Micher

"Go On and Finish Me."

blaging into his, her little fists clenched together.

"Folks that murder other people, Pappy Devon," she shot back, "get strapped in a chair, and they get lichtning run through 'em, Go on and Enisty with Go on and finish mel. I'd futher have you kill me than make me marry that old Reggie."

As if his name had brought him out of the forest, Regionfd Brown walked down the Roghule path.

(Continued in the next issue.)

A Hard Tumble. "How did he go broke?" "He fell in love."

X

+>X+X())X+X(+ A Tonic For Women

"I was hardly able to drag, I ¢ was so weakened," writes Mrs. W. F. Ray, of Easley, S. C. "The doctor treated me for about ٠ two months, still I didn't get any better. I had a large fam-٠ ily and felt I surely must do something to enable me to take care of my little ones. I had heard of



tinues Mrs. Ray . . . "L took ٠ eight bottles in all . . . I regained my strength and have had no more trouble with womanly weakness. I have ten children and am able to do all my housework and a lot outdoors . . . I can sure recommend Cardui."

Take Cardui today. It may be just what you need. At all druggists.

X�X()X�X(�.

ly made is faulty. The funds should he available upon short notice, there should be a penalty for withdrawal, which penalty should be large enough poses and yet not so kirge as to work anything which savors of injustice on a man who honestly needs the money."

Reform Vs. Prevention.

A Los Angeles woman, who has devoted much time and effort to an institution that alds unfortunate girls, referring to the difficulties she encountered in gaining sympathy and support for an enterprise that is not spectacular, writes in the Los Angeles Times:

"Isn't it queer that people always take so much more interest in reforming than in preventing? Should the time over come when I need help, I shall go out and rob a bank, or something like that. Then I shall be cared for, and good, charitable people will bring me flowers and things."

There is much truth in this, the Times adds. We pet and coddle the sinner, but we fail to aid those who are tempted.

Making Slate Pencils.

In Europe slate pencils are usually made by hand, but in this country they are turned out by machinery. There is in Pennsylvania a quarry famous for the fine quality of its slate, which yields many millions of pencils annually. The rough material is first sawed into suitable pieces and then each plece is cut to standard length. 5½ luches.

The machinery produces the pencils in the form of cylindrical rods of that length, which are pointed on emery wheels by boys, who handle them by twos and threes with great dexterity and rapidity. Finally they are put up in pastelmard boxes of 100 each.

Fixing the Distribution.

It was the custom in old Virginia for neighbors on gala occasions to send in trays of good things to each other. On one occasion my brother, Waverly, the youngest of several children. in the family, was sitting around, playing when the servant brought in a tray loaded with cake and other delleacles. He had heard the expression "Children should be seen, not heard," so in a droll way he said to his mother, looking at the children who were chattering merrily. "He that talks the morest shall have the littlest, and he that talks the nonest shall have the morest."--Exchunge.

Artful Dodgers,

isfactory

Lecie Maxwell

To Stop Falling Hair

You can easily clean your head or

The rigors of keeping clean in to stop withdrawals for frivolous pur-news and yet not so large as to work cent number of The Companion, reminded a reader of the efforts of her young brother and sister to evade the stern necessity of cleanliness in 1920. She writes us:

We were getting a Thanksgiving box ready for one of the girls who is away at school, and Billy, who is eight years old, wanted to help. I let him crack the nuts; but I reminded him that Elizabeth would not like them unless his hands were absolutely clean. He pondered upon this for a moment or two and then with a bright smile asked, "You could wash the nuts, couldn't you?

Having recovered from the shock sufficiently to turn my head, I dis-covered that Lu, who is a little older than Billy, was preparing to mould fondant, though her finger nails were

in deep mourning. "Why, Lu," I remonstrated, "you haven't cleaned.your nails!"

"Well, no," she admitted, "not on that hand, but you see I'm not going to use that hand." If our friends of 1640 had pos-

sessed such ingenuity, think of the labor they might have saved!"



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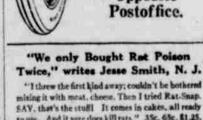
Some people just drift throu life waiting for the psychological m Sold and guaranteed by ment to arrive. The de English Drug Co., Smith-Lee Co. gets them when it does. ment to arrive. The devil general

Protect your child by using Hawn's milk. It costs no more than the other kind. 17c Quart Pint 9c DELIVERIES DAILY.

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