The second second second



her own destruction in the end.

Yet-through what human means?

Through Will, the husband she so bitterly had wronged? Or through

Zeke, reduced from strong laugh-

ing manhood to a weary and tor-

Haven whom she had flouted? Or

through Bart Carey here, who had

hated her for her betrayal of his

friend? Or through some casual

It seemed to him not impossible

that some stranger was involved.

His own experience with Huldy

helped his acceptance of this hy-

pothesis as a possibility. She had sought to detain him, on that hid-

den ledge above the Valley; he had

escaped by a sort of flight, as

though he broke away from an

actual physical restraint. Such wo-

men as Huldy must provoke in some men a sort of violent repulsion; and Saladine recognized this feel-

ing in himself. If she had, for in-

stance, tried by physical means to

prevent his departure, had clutched

his arm with her small hands, he

could imagine himself flinging her

with a violent and shuddering dis-

taste backward and away. Thus

cast aside, she might easily enough

any other man, might thus have

On Marm's Pierce's promise, si

lence for a moment held them; and

"You Mean-This Man Right Here?

though at ease. The sheriff seemed

to gather his wits together grop-

didn't do it who did? Zeke?

"What are you getting at, ma'am?"

"No, no. Bart here!" she said

Her astonishing words had no

particular impact, it seemed to Sala-

line. They had no reality. It was

obviously impossible that she could

thus calmly accuse Bart of mur-

der. She could not mean what she

seemed to mean. He looked at

Bart, and there was no suggestion

of dismay in the other's counte

nance. Carey was, naturally, star-tled; he was also, Saladine thought,

a little amused, and not in the least

Jenny yonder was watching her

grandmother with a bewildered in-

tensity; and Will watched Bart, frowning, puzzling; and the sheriff

sat down again, wearily, and he looked up over his shoulder at Bart, in a daxed way; and then he

"You mean—this man right here?"

he protested; and indicated, Bart

"I said so, plain enough, didn't I?" she demanded tartly.

Bart had, Saladine remembered with a certain relevancy, a gun or

with a backward-pointing thumb.

ooked at Marm Pierce.

shed door!"

ingly.

casually.

"It's

hurled her to death today.

the old woman said briskly:

passer-by?

ented ember? Or through old Win

be tooked at Bart as though be deconfirm her word; but Bart watching Will.

The sheriff leaned forward, his was on his knees. "But just the a," he urged, "she wouldn't to that up, about Will hitting her knocking her off the ledge up. knocking her off the ledge, un-someone, Will or someone else, hit her!" He looked at Marm "Mis' Pierce," he asked in tone, "wa'n't there a place r face like she'd been hit?" Like she'd hit a tree, or

e, when she fell, yes," said the woman, grudgingly. "But no alive could hit that hard!" ed your saying that," he "Saying her face was-He looked troubled; d then he stood up and turned

"Will," he said gravely, "My job is just to do the best I know." disted, and slience waited on m. "The law is that if a person is dying, and says something, you've got to take it for true, less'n there's blog! Then if Halfs That's one d place on her face, it's likely ne did hit her! And you was wn to the ledge, looking for her, y your own tell."

added. In an apologetic tone: pose you did find her down there ny? I guess if she got you mad gh, you might hit her, Will.

Will answered him. "I didn't,

schier was Schier was uncomfortable. "I n't know's you did, Will," he "But I've got to go on her no. I'll take it as a favor if

on was to come along back to East instor with me."

Jenny felt her spine cold with nar: but Will's eyes were firm. sold at last: "I can see how placed, Sheriff. Only-not ing where Zeke is, or whether wing where Zeke is, or whether come home or not, I'd have to meone to do my chores for

Bart cried: "Don't worry about at, Will! I'll 'tend to things. If eriff's so blamed dumb!" But Jenny, coming close to Will,

"If you go, Will, I'm going I'm not ever going to leave Then Marm Pierce spoke, in her

hrill tones, still angrily. "I deshe exclaimed, and stamped or foot, "For fools, give me men ery time! If you ask me, Huldy's off with her dead, too. No in making such a fuss about it. But Will didn't kill her!" who did, ma'am?" the sher-

ked, reasonably. Why, I'll tell you," said the old "If yo're too blind to see !"

CHAPTER XI

JIM SALADINE was a man of wit and sense and he was quicker most men at reading the But all this day, he had been at a loss. He was a strangthese folk, and they to him; for any appraisal of their char s and their capacities for good il, he had to depend upon what one said of that one.

dy be had seen, alive, beauti-ductive; Will be had seen and Bart he had time and to appraise; and that young man bold and g, yet well enough; Zeke be ed briefly, and held in egh he had not been blind ingerous passion in the man. saladine, even while he rec-

iso that here were forces in th could not easily be calch a woman as Huldy had emanations which must about her. Even Jim himhe was not a susceptible d after leaving her known ed on, of being trailed

ognized the fact tha then she must in set up conflicting -if once released

with a certain relevancy, a gun on his hip. That was an efficient weapon; and if the man himself spoke truth, he could use if well enough. But Saiadine, at his own thought, shook his head, in grim amusement. This was folly, of course. The old woman must be a little mad! Certainly Bart appeared not to resent her accusation in the lessit. conght, a sort of pa-cious, beyond doubt; not the marks of

be done it, he wouldn't stand here
so calm. It don't sound reasonable, ma'am," be urged.

Will asked, hoarsely, from beyond the stove: "Bart, did you?"

Bart shook his head. "No, Will,"

"I know you and Huldy never did get along." Will confessed. "But— I guesa you wouldn't go to kill her, Bart."

Bart spoke straightforwardly. That's right, Will, he assented He shifted his position, stood more erectly. "Sheriff," he said, "I nev-er had much dealings with the law." He grinned. "But if yo're fixing to lay this on me, you better take my gun first, I sh'd think!" But Sohler shook his head. "I don't know a thing about guns, Bart," he admitted. "Never car-ried one my own self. Wouldn't know what to do with it if I did." woman who, by the powerful spell her presence cast, had wrecked am distorted other lives—had worked Marm Pierce sniffed scornfully.

"A fine sheriff, you be!" she excialmed. Bart grinned. "Well, it ain't fit ten for me to have a gun on me," he said, with a sort of impish amusement in his eyes, "if I'm up

for murder and all!" He laid the revolver on the table by the lamp; and he looked at Marm Pierce. "Now you go ahead with your rat killing, Granny," he bade

her amiably. "I've said all I've got to say." the old woman retorted. But the sheriff was troubled

that, if you don't aim to back it up, ma'am," he protested. She tossed her head: but Bart suggested:

You can't go and say a thing like

"You can't blame her, Sheriff. You had your mind all made up it was Will, but Granny wouldn't stand for blaming Will, feeling the way she does about him and Jenny. She'd do anything, or say anything

at all, to stop you !" Saladine thought this explanation was in fact plausible enough; but Marm Pierce appeared to resent it. Her black eyes were bright.
"You, Bart!" she cried, "if you have tripped, or stumbled, and tottered off the ledge. He thought grimly that he himself, as well as

don't shut up, I'll ask you som questions you'll find hard answering!"

Bart said agreeably: "Why certain, Grannyl Fire away! Ask whatever yo're a mind!"

"All right, I will," she decided ositively; and she seemed to lean pack in her chair, to relax at ease, 'Not that it's my business," she sed. "And if it comes down to that, not that I think Huldy's iny great loss! Will, don't you glare at me! But you, Bart, tell me his. My brother Win was over to your house last night, and this norning?"

"I've told you so, a dozen times," Bart reminded her, his eyes twin-

"Guess you had a drink with him, didn't you?" she challenged. "Last night, and like as not this morning,

"I aim to be sociable," Bart connes at her insistent catechism. "Drunk when you started fish-

ng, was you?" "Shucks, no! I'd had a couple!" "When did you first get the idee

"Why, yest'day," Bart decided. The ground was too wet for plowing, after the rain. I hadn't nothing much to do only the chores; so dug me some worms, but before I could get started, Win come along,

so I didn't go till today."

She eyed him narrowly. "You coled off in here by this time. Will, chunk up the fire. Bart, shut that start out this morning before he left? And she sat down, calmly, as

"No. Pretty soon after." She said sharply: "Then you go started by ten o'clock or so and it must have been close on to noon when somebody knocked Huldy off he asked Marm Pierce. "If Will the ledge. Didn't take you all that

time to fish down that far, did it?" "I'd fished way down brook be low there," Bart declared. "I was on my way back when I heard Huldy

screech! "Catch any fish?" she demanded He shook his head. "Never a

bite." Saladine said mildly: "They took old for me."

Bart retorted, in perfect good humor: "You was ahead of me." And Saladine perceived the justice of this; but Marm Pierce cried;

"How come you know he was ahead of you? Didn't see him, did "No." Bart explained. "But I see his tracks, and Win's, in the trail." She objected quickly: "Win told

the sheriff he didn't go down brook at all !" know where he went about that in all that rain! What started you time," he assured her. "Win was scouting around, anyhow?" Bart chuckled: "Win wouldn' stepping high. He was right back

Marm Pierce nodded, as though accepting Bart's explanation. "Al right," she said. "Jim Saladine PAII ere didn't get started down brook nere didn't get started down brook from your place till close on to ten o'clock, the way I figure; and Win was gone before that, and you come after. Say quarter-past ten. You fished down brook, and didn't get a bite, and decided it was go-ing to rain, and started back up brook again. That so?"

you elimbed up and found

"How was she laying?"
Bart looked at Will doubtfully, as ough he might have wished to have Huldy's husband this recital;

but he answered:

"She was living on her back, ma'am. She'd come down on some rocks; kind of across a big one. I can show you in the morning, right where she was."

"Her clothes get tore when she fell, did they? Have to fix her up

rell, did they? Have to nx her up any?"
"Not that I noticed," he replied.
"No, I didn't touch her. Just lugged her over here."

The old woman sat primly, her hands clasped to her lap, watching him with keen black eyes. The lamplight touched her white hair pleasantly. She wore, Saladine thought, a sort of majesty; dignity was in her: a remote deep wisdom was in her; a remote deep wisdom beyond ordinary minds. Old women know so many things.

"It rained," she said. "Plenty," he agreed; and he add-ed: "When I set out to fetch Will, after, I went by my house and changed. Then when I didn't find Will I come back past the ledge and picked up my gear, and come on here,"

Marm Pierce nodded; and she

shifted her position in the chair. There was something in her movement which suggested that one part of the scene was finished, that a new episode was about to begin. She looked at the sheriff, and at Will; and it was to Will she spoke at last. "Will," she said, "I never see nuch of Huldy; but I've heard folks tell that she'd wear a rope tled around her waist the same as today like a sash."

Her tone was a question, and he nodded. "She'd wear a piece of clothesline like that, right along," he agreed; and after a moment he said, something wistful in his tones: "I mind she always tied it in a granny knot. I showed her how to tie it right times enough. I used to joke her about it, when first we was married, and we'd laugh; but later, I guess she stuck to her own way just to plague me!"

Saladine remembered that granny knot so vividly. "Tie it tight, did she?" Marm

Pierce suggested. "No," Will decided. "It was always loose, kind of."

The old woman seemed suddenly taller. "When Bart got her here today," she said clearly, "that rope was tied in a square knot, and tied tight!" She looked at Bart. "And there was blood smeared on the rope by the knot and in the knot! But the only blood on Huldy was on the back of her neck, and down her shoulders. If she was laying on her back when you found her, Bart, with the knot in front, how come the blood to be on that rope? It looked to me like some one with bloody hands had tied it!"

Bart quite undisturbed, seemed to remember. "I mind, now," he said, "the rope was dragging. Likely it had come untied when she fell. essed, with a dry amusement in his I tripped on it carrying her over here. Fell right down and busted my hand on a rock. So I tled it around her. Chance is my bands was covered with blood by then."

She asked implacably: "If you laid her down, how of your overalls didn't get wet? Seems like they would have: but when you got here, they was all dry across the front of you, where you'd held her up against you." He said readily: "I'd have to

lean down over her to tle that rope. The rain would hit on my back!" Marm Pierce sniffed. "Maybe so," she said, and looked at him steadily. "You say you see Win's tracks, down brook? Sure it wa'n't Saladine's tracks you see?"

He shook his head. "No, there vas two sets. Boots and shoes." She nodded as though in assent. "That's right," she agreed, in a contented tone. "That's all the tracks I found!"

Saladine felt something within him quicken to attention; then she looked at him as though for con firmation. "You mind," she said, "when I went out to get some air, and left you and Bart in the kitchen here?" He did remember. I went up the brook path a ways," she explained. "There was two sets of tracks, plain enough." She looked at Bart harshly. "But I didn't find your tracks, anywhere," she declared, her voice ringing. "How come your tracks didn't show if

you come down the trail?" Bart chuckled. "Why, Granny, yo're a regular bloodhound, ain't you?" he drawled in deep amusenent. "Nosing through the woods

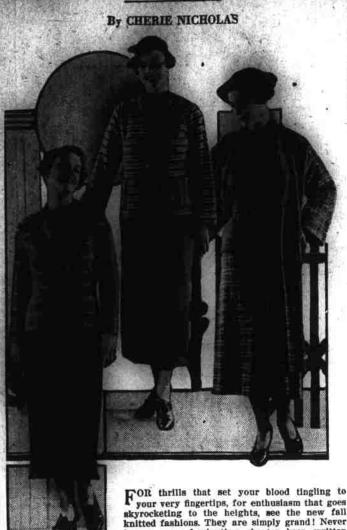
"I begun to figure on things, just as soon as I see you was lying," she ssured him calmly.

The man's color heightened as though he began at last to feel a certain irritation at her insistence. "That's a hard word, even from you, Granny!" he protested. "I wouldn't take it from a man."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Heat at the Equator Mention the equator and one of the first things we think of is heat, yet Atlantic City, Portland, Me, Denver and Les Angeles have higher summer temperatures than Honolulu, which is only 21 degrees

Campus Swank Via Knitted Styles



your very fingertips, for enthusiasm that goes knitted fashions. They are simply grand! Never has a more fascinating chapter been written in knitwear style history.

As to the college girl who is assembling her go-away-to-school wardrobe there is no more direct road to take to arrive at campus swank than via the knitted way. The new knits are in a riotou

color mood. Their bright and handsome hues are as richly colorful and fascinating as the autumna background against which they are silhopetted. Then, too, pronounced patternings in a bewildering array of checks, plaids and stripes and mate the scene in striking display As to the styling of the new knitted costumes, designers are doing it with incomparable chic and charm. See the three modes illus trated and be convinced.

There is no doubt about the atmosphere of unusual, outstanding and undeniable style that sur-rounds this trio of chic autumn knits. Consider the spritely checked three-piece sult pictured to the right in the group. It is a stunning affair. It is the sort that is destined to prove the college girl's delight. For that matter every woman will realize in this model her dream comes true as to the type of fall costume she has been visioning for about-town wear. Just the thing for motoring and traveling.

This entire ensemble is carried out in a hairy soft yarn in a close jacquard knit. For the knitted suit the latest is a luxurious three-quarter swagger coat such as styles this outfit. A sensible and graceful mode this, since it enables the wearing of this three-piece until ell into the winter season. We see also in this model a fetching ex- the day. ample of the plaid-with-plain vogue

which is being so widely exploited. Typical of the many chenilles for spectator sports that are seen wherever women of fashion gather, is the ravishing three-piece suit centered in the picture. Both skirt and blouse are plain, providing a perfect foll for the colorful striped jacket. Peeping out at the top is the jaunty blouse, tie knitted in a wide drop stitch. The frog fasten ing identifies this model as a lastminute creation in that the very newest fashions have these military looking accents. It is also worth while noting that the skirt is finished with a selvage bemilne which prevents it from sagging. A pert knitted bat with brim smartly angled at one side completes the

ensemble. What could be more unmistakably style-convincing than the tailored knit jacket to the left? The doublebreasted jacket is cut according to best masculine tradition with wide lapels and straight peat fitting sleeves. Across the back is a yoke from which emerges a voguish shirred fullness. A hairy varn is used for the plaid knit coat as compared to a smooth soft zephyr for both skirt and blouse. The latter sports a crew neck and an initialed pocket. This clever tailleur s knitted in stunning color com binations.

A most important style point to remember in selecting your fall knit outfit is that soft zephyrs closely knit and worked into figure-cling lines

@ Western Newspaper Union

SUEDE SUITS By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here's a newcomer-the sued mit. They are stepping out this fall in the most fascinating colors fancy can picture. To attract the more, they are made of suede as soft and supple as fabric and as delightfully wearable, being comfortably and pleasingly light-weight. in the model pictured the skirt has interesting panel inlays and three buttons which unfasten to allow freedom of action. Roomy pockets, wide revers and a fine finesse in railored detail give distinction.

MILLINERS SHOW **NEW USE OF VEILS**

Milliners have taken liberties with the classic lines of hats this season with the result that some interesting and amusing new features have appeared. An entirely new use of veils has been shown and, by the way, veils have been getting coarser and coarser until they somewhat resemble fish nets.

A little saller is shown in white grosgrain which has been stiffened to give shape to the brim, which stands out at the sides and tilts slightly over the forehead. A coarse vell of black silk is attached at the center of the crown and falls in back somewhat in the manner of bride's veil. Another in coarse straw ls shaped like a Mexican sombrero with an unturned brim all the way around. A fish net vell extends over the crown to the edge of the brim where it is dotted with small pompons.

Dramatic Berets Show Up on Autumn Fashion Scene

Those big berets of velvet or pliant felt, made in thrilling rich dark colors came onto the fall style scene early, but they will be still in good order when we get into our first warmish tweeds and flannels.

They set off a cotton sports dress with a refreshing dash for the present, but they will be the handlest kind of ensembler when we begin to wear all the strange new colors which autumn models are promis ing.

For a peek at coming tweeds shows muddy violets and sulphurous greens on the way, and plaids made of most unusual combinations schemes that demand just the right accent in hat and blouse to show them off. These berets have the color, and they are becoming to almost any type of colfure, be

Old Fashioned Patchwork Quilts



By GRANDMOTHER CLARK From all indications quilt makers will be busy this winter making more quilts. Quilts are still very attractive for needle workers, and any suggestion on this work will be wel-

Patchwork Qullt making is much easier today than during Colonial days. Patches are more easily obtained. Diagrams and cutouts for patches and books of instruction are printed. All of these make the work easier and more quilts are being made.

Grandmother Clark's Book No. 20 on Patchwork Quilts contains 30 quilts with cutting diagram for patches, also several ways to assem-

ble 12 and 18-inch quilt blocks. This book contains information and diagrams for the guilts shown above and many other old designs. Send us 15 cents for this book No. 20 and receive it by mail.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. D. Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

London's Rainfall

Rainy days in London are fewer than in many American cities. Philadelphia has 16 inches, St. Louis 15 inches, New York 14 inches and Cleveland 12 inches more.

Women Who Have Pains Try CARDUI Next Time!

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alent to a tablespoon of liquid milk

of magnesia, correct acidity, bad

breath, flatulence, at their source, and enable you to have the quick, pleasant, successful elimination so necessary to abundant health, Milnesia Wafers come in bottles at 35c and 60c or in convenient tins at 20c. Recommended by thousands of physicians. All good druggists carry them. Start using these pleas-

HELP KIDNEYS

ant tasting effective wafers today.

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer backache, dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urina-tion, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles; feel upset and miserable ... use Doan's Pills.

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