

SINNERS in HEAVEN

By CLIVE ARDEN

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

ART FOUR—Continued.

"You shall have the truth!" she cried, with suddenly blazing eyes. "This infatuation you talk about went to the end. He returned my love. We became husband and wife."

VII

The silence was awful. A dormant volcano could not have seemed more vibrant with foreboding. The two women sat, bereft of speech, gazing blankly at the girl, who faced them fearlessly from the hearthrug. From Mrs. Stockley's face every vestige of color had fled. She looked suddenly old; her features were haggard.

Then Barbara, as she had done twice before, held out her left hand. "This," she said, breathing fast, "is my wedding ring. He was my husband."

The tension broke. Mrs. Stockley gasped, and her sister gave a snort of contemptuous laughter. "Husband!" she mocked. "Pray—who was the priest? Where was the church? Or—had you a native registry office?"

The sarcasm was to the girl merely as the heat of an extra candle to one already enveloped in flames. She ignored the speaker, fixing her eyes upon her mother.

"Do you understand, mother?" At that moment the sight of her mother's deathly face struck, like a blow, upon her heart. Her anger subsided as quickly as it had arisen; in its place a huge pity arose, making it suddenly imperative that the woman who had borne her should be saved the suffering of misconception.

Impulsively she moved forward, stretching out both hands. "Mother!" Mrs. Stockley rose slowly to her feet, ignoring the hands, still staring at her daughter as if she were some hideous snake seen in a corner of her comfortable room.

"You!" she muttered. "You—my daughter—you dare to face me with those—lies?" The hands dropped and clenched at her sides. "They are not lies! It was impossible to get married according to English law. We therefore performed the ceremony for ourselves. We took the same vows—it was perfectly honorable."

Miss Davies broke in with another harsh laugh. "Did he actually succeed in stuffing you with all that, to cloak your immorality?" "Aunt Mary! How dare you?" "Oh! It's always the same! Haven't I dealt with hundreds of cases in my work which have been perfectly honorable? Looks! Dupes! You weak women believe anything!"

"You—you—" Barbara choked, in her furious indignation. "Immorality!" Mrs. Stockley caught at the word. "Immorality? In one of our family? My own daughter?" "You got off lightly," broke in her sister, watching the girl narrowly, through her lorgnette. "Without paying the price! Most girls are not so fortunate. But I suppose you took good care to prevent—"

all the suspicious minds about her, recklessness, which, in impulsive natures, has far-reaching effects, swept the girl away. After all, what did her feelings matter? What their opinions to the man whose memory she had tried in vain to shield from vulgar calumny? Barbara turned and faced the two women, tossing back the hair from her brow.

"I understand," cried Mrs. Stockley, in weak impotent rage, "that you have disgraced our name! Sin cannot be excused. Whatever the man was—and thank heaven he is dead!—you should have shown strength. You—you are nothing but a—wanton!"

"Mother!" The girl recoiled, as if she had been struck, catching at a chair for support. Her mother broke into a storm of hysterical weeping. "Go!" she cried, between her sobs. "Leave the house! I—I refuse to own you! Go to your friends, who—condone immorality—who encourage sin. Join Jenny Grant!"

"Mother!" she cried again, with white lips, "you don't realize what you are saying—" "I do! I do!—Go!" Weakly she stamped her foot, then sank into her chair, burying her face in her handkerchief.

A wild caricature of a laugh broke from Barbara's lips. She looked at her mother's shaking form, then at her aunt's rigid figure and hostile countenance. "Very well," she said slowly, "I will go." As if dazed, she put up her hand to her head, and gave one look round the familiar room. Presently the drawing room door closed, with deliberate quietness, behind her.

Barbara's sudden appearance at the flat brought Mrs. Field little surprise. She had heard the rumblings of the storm approaching in Darbury, had seen the lowering clouds; but, with

everything and everybody who knows me—for a time," she said, when her friend expostulated. A remote Cornish village, trailing its whitewashed cottages down a precipitous narrow lane bordered by little cobbled ditches wherein ducks waddled and talked together—winding round a corner between fragrant gardens that merged into gray walls of houses and banks which, in summer, oozed ferns from every crevice, burst forth into fires of purple-red fuchsias and bulged out into great clumps of hydrangeas; pausing for breath, while the lane dropped to the old inn in the valley below, the white and gray cottages straggled along on either side the stream gurgling over its stony bed between rolling combs in the valley behind, to the harbor which was its goal.

Such was the retreat in which Barbara found herself. The chance memory of a friend's rapture had led her weary footsteps thither—to a small gray house near the river, kept by a bright young woman and her true-hearted husband. Here, unknown and unnoticed, away from the stings of malicious tongues, the inquisitive world—not even seeing a newspaper—she wrestled with the questions and doubts and miseries of her heart.

"If the joy of your own personal love is withdrawn," Margaret Field had said, one day in London, "the seed is never lost. You may think it is for a time; but, later, it shoots up, nourished by experience, growing into a strong plant which will develop into a flowering tree of many branches." The truth of that, too, was dimly in her mind as she watched the stars come out above the harbor—in her heart the tired peace of one who, giving up tilting at windmills he can never conquer, lays his hand upon the plow which needs it. If solving the mystery of suffering could never be accomplished; if her own personal keynote to happiness were lost; then content she must be to hold out the hand of fellowship to those companions in bitter waters—to help find it for the world striving for love.

Perhaps—who knows?—that is the answer to the riddle. As darkness fell, she turned down the path over the rocks; crossed the little bridge spanning the river; and made her way to the gray house, from which cheerful lights beckoned. She fumbled with the handle, turned it; opened the door; then stood for a moment blinking comically; for something big and dark had loomed up in the small passage, hiding the hanging lamp.

As darkness fell, she turned down the path over the rocks; crossed the little bridge spanning the river; and made her way to the gray house, from which cheerful lights beckoned. She fumbled with the handle, turned it; opened the door; then stood for a moment blinking comically; for something big and dark had loomed up in the small passage, hiding the hanging lamp.

A great cry burst suddenly from the girl's lips. "In the dark she turned ashy white; swayed; clutched vainly at the door-post; and would have fallen, had she not been caught by arms that held her so strongly that they stopped her breath. Alan stood on the threshold."

It was only a small sitting room with an oil lamp and a crackling fire. But all the worlds and all the heavens were enclosed within its walls to the two who clung together in their rapture. Wonderingly, almost reverently, the girl passed her hands over the arms that clasped her—touching the dark hair and bronzed cheek half-fearfully, scarcely believing in their reality, looking upon him with bewildered, darkened eyes almost afraid to trust their own sight. The tall broad-shouldered figure had lost not an inch of its uprightness, nor had the head lost its old dominant poise. The few extra lines round the smiling lips and glowing eyes were swept up into the radiance which seemed to envelop him. Yet, in the dark clothes of civilization, he appeared subtly strange to the half-elad, barefooted overlord of savages of other days.

"Yes," he said at last, catching her hand lightly wandering over his arm. "It's all real. Solid flesh—no ghost!" He raised her chin in the old possessive way, and looked long into the thin face and dark-ringed eyes, which told their own tale of suffering endured; then he pressed her head to his breast and held her close again in silence, as if defying any fate to separate them now.

"But," she stammered faintly at last, "how is it—why—I don't understand—" "Why I'm not sleeping with my fathers, as you all surmised? Well—that is your fault."

"Mine?" He nodded. "When Baboona was about to send me to my gods, you conveniently sent him, instead, to the shades of Valhalla—that last bullet, you know!" Her eyes opened wide, and she caught her breath.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Get Loans From "Aunt" In Paris and other big French cities the pawnbroker is called "my aunt." In France one needn't blush in doing business with the pawnbroker, for he is the state; that is, the government conducts the pawnbroking business. It does it very well, too. If I am to believe the testimony of some Americans who have "traded" with "My Aunt" while awaiting delayed remittances from home. "My Aunt" has had a good year's business. She does little business nowadays with the workingman, for he is always in work. The center of poverty has moved. It is the white-collar brigade which, unable to make both ends meet, resorts to "My Aunt." Oddly enough, "My Aunt's" shop in Paris is on "the Hill of Piety." Not a misprint for pity.—A. B. L. in World Traveler Magazine.

Siberia Huge Gold Mine Gold—enough to give \$100,000 apiece to 60,000 people—lies unmined in Siberia, waiting to be taken out of the ground, says the New York Herald. Six billion dollars is the total value. This is the estimate of American mining engineers who have been looking the country over. And yet this gold is only a shadow of Siberia's greater natural resources—fabulous amounts of coal and oil, metals and farming soil that grows everything from tobacco and cotton to grapes and watermelons.

There is a legend about the cats of St. Ives, but there was surely never another fishing town with so many cats. Each morning, when the night's catches of mackerel, dogfish and skate are brought ashore, the fish are cleaned on tables placed near the water's edge and scores of cats have a glorious feed on the offal.

Primitively, the Cornish men play marbles with the zest of schoolboys and where cats catch live fish among the rock pools when the tide is out. Such a place does exist, and in the quaint far-off fishing town of St. Ives, in far-away Cornwall, these things may be seen.

In the cool of the evening, along the broad road bordering the sheltered harbor, numerous groups of hardy fishermen, with sea and sun-tanned complexions, play marbles for hours at a time, surrounded by many interested onlookers, remarks London Tit-Bits.

Grizzled old mariners, many of whom preserve the old Cornish custom of wearing small gold earrings, pace the quayside in parties of three and four, following the "walk four steps and turn," which is all they are able to do on the clear space on the decks of their luggers.

There is a legend about the cats of St. Ives, but there was surely never another fishing town with so many cats. Each morning, when the night's catches of mackerel, dogfish and skate are brought ashore, the fish are cleaned on tables placed near the water's edge and scores of cats have a glorious feed on the offal.

In the cool of the evening, along the broad road bordering the sheltered harbor, numerous groups of hardy fishermen, with sea and sun-tanned complexions, play marbles for hours at a time, surrounded by many interested onlookers, remarks London Tit-Bits.

Grizzled old mariners, many of whom preserve the old Cornish custom of wearing small gold earrings, pace the quayside in parties of three and four, following the "walk four steps and turn," which is all they are able to do on the clear space on the decks of their luggers.

There is a legend about the cats of St. Ives, but there was surely never another fishing town with so many cats. Each morning, when the night's catches of mackerel, dogfish and skate are brought ashore, the fish are cleaned on tables placed near the water's edge and scores of cats have a glorious feed on the offal.

In the cool of the evening, along the broad road bordering the sheltered harbor, numerous groups of hardy fishermen, with sea and sun-tanned complexions, play marbles for hours at a time, surrounded by many interested onlookers, remarks London Tit-Bits.

Grizzled old mariners, many of whom preserve the old Cornish custom of wearing small gold earrings, pace the quayside in parties of three and four, following the "walk four steps and turn," which is all they are able to do on the clear space on the decks of their luggers.

There is a legend about the cats of St. Ives, but there was surely never another fishing town with so many cats. Each morning, when the night's catches of mackerel, dogfish and skate are brought ashore, the fish are cleaned on tables placed near the water's edge and scores of cats have a glorious feed on the offal.

FARM POULTRY

EGG PRODUCTION IS AIDED BY DRY MASH

One of the most common mistakes which many poultry keepers make is to leave the dry mash out of the ration which they feed their laying hens. The most common mistake of those who feed a mash is that they leave animal food out of the mash. To obtain economical egg production without a well-balanced mash is an uphill proposition. The principal reason for this is that a hen will eat more feed when a portion of it is fed in the form of a dry mash. When a mash is fed the hens will hold up in production longer, as it improves their physical condition and prevents early molting, which throws them out of laying condition. A well-balanced mash also helps the hens to molt quickly when the proper time comes.

A dry mash without animal food, such as tankage or meat scraps, or a substitute for such food in the form of skim milk, buttermilk, powdered milk, evaporated milk, etc., is but little better than no mash at all. Those who feed a mash of ground corn and oats without a protein feed might just as well not feed mash at all. For those who have not been using a dry mash it is suggested that they try the following simple mixture: 100 pounds ground corn, 100 pounds ground oats, 100 pounds wheat middlings and 100 pounds of meat scraps or tankage. If plenty of skim milk or buttermilk is available, put only 50 pounds of the meat scraps or tankage in the mixture. For the scratch feed use a mixture of 200 pounds corn, 100 pounds oats and 100 pounds of wheat. Feed the dry mash in a hopper from which the hens can eat at any time. Feed about one-third of the scratch feed in the morning and the remainder just before roosting time. Adjust the amount of scratch feed so that the hens will eat at least one and one-half pounds of the mash to two pounds of the scratch feed. If the hens do not take readily to the dry mash, feed a portion of it at noon in a slightly dampened, crumbly condition. A ration of this kind, supplemented by some succulent food, such as sprouted oats, will make the birds lay if they are reasonably well bred.

Undersized Pullets Are Low Producers of Eggs Unlike chickens, turkeys do not lay during the winter and therefore no nests need to be provided for them until spring. Then, if at liberty and left to their own resources, they sometimes select locations for their nests that are much more suitable to the turkeys than to the owner. Often they are in such secluded places that the eggs are liable to get lost, chilled or broken.

Hence it is often advisable to place nests here and there about the place. Old barrels turned toward a fence or placed in a bush heap, or in the corner of a board pile and bedded with leaves or old hay with a china egg or two, will sometimes prove tempting. Old boxes with nests in them, placed in out-of-the-way corners or simply nests of hay containing china eggs in corners of the shed will prove satisfactory.

If any of these places are adopted by the turkey she will lay there and the eggs may be taken care of until she wants to sit. If the weather is cold the good eggs may be gathered and china eggs put in their places. The same thing may be done if they are in danger of being destroyed by rats, crows, or other vermin. However, it is never advisable to use new barrels or boxes, or anything which suggests the hand of man when making nests to attract the turkeys.

Standard Bred Poultry Should Always Be Used In reply to the question, "What is the best breed of chickens?" the answer is, "There is no best breed." There is often a greater difference between strains of the same breed than there is between different breeds. From the 46 breeds and 125 varieties of chickens recognized by the American Standard of Perfection it should be easy to suit every one, no matter how discriminating. In choosing a breed or variety of chickens three things should influence the breeder. First, the availability and adaptability of the breed; second, personal preference; and third, choosing a breed or variety suitable to the purpose for which it is to be used. In any case decide on a standard breed because they are more efficient and profitable. Products from such a flock are uniform. There is nothing in the popular idea that cross breeds lay better or are healthier than standard breeds.

Mold in Oat Sprouter The easiest method of stopping mold in the oat sprouter is to add ten drops of formalin to the water that is used to soak six quarts of oats or a similar proportion to other amounts. The formalin does not injure the feeding qualities of the oats, but helps to check the mold. In addition to the use of formalin, care should be exercised in keeping the containers sweet by cleaning. The use of only heavy oats will remove many which will not sprout.

Buying Foundation Cows Men who must buy cows for foundation purposes or for replacement in herds already established have varying degrees of success. Buying cows involves time, expense and judgment and concerns both the buyer and the seller, both of whom should possess trading qualities if they are to succeed. Both should have a fair knowledge of the characteristics of a good cow and of cattle values for different ages and varying degrees of excellence.

Around Orchard

TRAIN AND PRUNE YOUNG APPLE TREES

Commercial fruit growers are primarily interested in establishing an orchard of trees which will come into bearing early, which will be mechanically strong, and which will produce large crops of fruit of high quality. Work at the North Carolina experiment station indicates that the best system of training and pruning young apple trees to secure these results consists largely of corrective pruning in the form of thinning out, with a minimum heading back—heading back only where it is necessary to maintain the desired form of tree. It has been found that the modified leader type of tree lends itself best to this system of pruning and to the achievement of the results sought. There will need to be done some cutting on the young trees in directing their development. This pruning is primarily a training process and not one of modifying the trees' functional activities. Commercial growers throughout the country have followed the practice of heading back young trees during the first three or five years, under the impression that they were encouraging vigorous growth and stocky trees.

However, at the North Carolina experiment station, trees that had been lightly pruned possessed a much greater area of spur-bearing wood than trees that had been heavily pruned. Cutting back young trees delayed the formation of fruit spurs and, consequently, delayed early fruitfulness. Trees need some corrective pruning and growers should not go to the extreme of giving no pruning at all, for light pruning of a corrective nature during the first few years of a tree's life, to properly space the framework branches and to keep them in balance, forms a more desirable tree than one that is totally unpruned.

If a one-year-old whip which has been planted and headed at 28 or 30 inches, the first year's growth will usually consist of an almost upright shoot produced from the uppermost bud, and four or five shorter ones arising from lower buds. In this case, two or three of them well distributed about the trunk, and 6 to 8 inches apart, should be selected in addition to the uppermost one, and the others removed. If the leader is properly dominant and the two scaffolds are balanced and not over 24 inches long, they need not be headed back. If too long or not balanced, they should be cut to balance and the leader shortened.

With the second pruning, the leader should be treated in much the same manner. The scaffold branches will probably have produced several laterals. The central stem of each scaffold should be kept properly dominant either by thinning out or by heading back the laterals. Two or three more scaffold branches should be selected from the main central leader and these headed back if there is any danger of them overshadowing the lower scaffolds.

In many cases the third pruning will provide enough scaffold branches, but if not, another set may be left at the time of the fourth pruning. After enough scaffolds have been provided, the leaders should be removed just above the top lateral scaffold and the tree opened similar to an open center tree. Subsequent pruning should maintain the framework in proper balance and keep the tree open to allow entrance of sunlight.—Prof. C. D. Matthews, Chairman, Department of Horticulture.

Delay Grape Pruning There are many conflicting opinions in regard to the best season of the year for pruning grapes but on the average the best results have been obtained when the work was done in late winter or very early spring, after most of the danger of severe freezing weather is past, but before much activity is apparent in the flow of sap, according to L. C. Williams, horticulture specialist, Kansas State Agricultural college. Late February and early March is the time chosen for grape pruning by most Kansas growers. Thirty or forty buds should be retained on wood of previous season's growth.

Cutting Back Trees Trees should be cut back when transplanted. In digging the tree the greater length of each root is usually cut off, leaving the tree with only stub roots. If the whole top is left on, so many leaves are produced that they will need more moisture than they will get from the soil. Many failures in tree planting will be avoided if the tops are cut back to correspond to the way the roots are cut off.

Horticulture Facts Rabbits and mice lose interest in an orchard that offers no material for building nests. Look after the old neglected fruit trees. Remove all decayed branches and water sprouts and thin out the top, so as to let in plenty of air and sunshine. Also scrape off the old dead bark on the trunk, and spray.

It saves time, labor and spray material if fruit trees are pruned before the winter spray is applied. In the spring of the year when the trees are in bloom you can easily pick out the trees that have been girdled by rabbits, or apple tree borers, by the large amount of bloom they bear. Healthy trees will scarcely show any blossoms, while those that have had a large portion of the bark destroyed in any way will be a mass of flowers.

Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house. Costs little—helps much.

The second largest solid concrete arch bridge in the world—the Jack's Run bridge at Pittsburgh, Pa.—was completed recently in 244 working days. It is 325 feet long and 170 feet high, and in size is second only to the Cathleen Memorial bridge at Minneapolis, Minn.—Popular Science Monthly.

—a dry powder in white and tints. Packed in 5-pound packages, ready for use by mixing with cold or warm water. Full directions on every package. Apply with an ordinary wall brush. Suitable for all interior surfaces—plaster, wall board, brick, cement, or canvas.

Get an Alabastine Color Card. They're Always Like That!