

A COMPLETE NOVEL EACH WEEK IN THE EVENING WORLD THE ROMANCE OF AN EASTERN GIRL'S ADVENTURES ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

By Caroline Lockhart Author of "ME, SMITH," Etc.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.) The Heart of the Wild Dove. Edith was as sure of Edith and her devotion as of the rising of the sun and, while he enjoyed it and would have missed it, he accepted it with the same complacency with which he accepted the benefits of that humanity.

CHAPTER VIII. Preparing for the Ball.

NAN was quickly made to feel that she had done no small thing in offending the mothers of Las Rubertias. They took it as a personal affront that she had made it possible for Ricardo Richards to see Edith's own progress upon the one important occasion of the school year.

CHAPTER IX. "Drop That Gun!"

HE day of the balls the ball brought Nan a peremptory letter from her father. It said in part: "You have carried your impossible escapade too far already; you must come home, else I shall send some member of the family to stay with you until you are ready to return."

unction truly Spanish, "to be permitted to contribute toward the enjoyment of my many good friends in Las Rubertias."

The reply lost nothing of its irony when interpreted by Mrs. Gallagher. Dona Marianna blinked her solemn eyes, took the money which Nan produced and departed with a haste which, to phrase it mildly, was unceremonious.

It was not on topics of conversation in doses which nestled in lonely bosques, and tumble-down huts while it is no ordinary belief, the whole of Las Rubertias was agitated.

Nan watched the preparations with interest, though she had no thought of going, but she believed she was expected. There was now the washing of heads, lathered with soap root in the front yards, the scurrying to and fro between the houses across the street, while dreadful sounds issued from the schoolmaster's dobs where the orchestra practiced each night.

Pleasures were few and fifty miles was only a scamper when there were music and a dance at the end. The date of the balls had hardly been set, and the mysterious outfit knew it though he carefully refrained from mentioning it until negotiations for certain needed articles of wearing apparel were entered into and the deal consummated.

Santer upon to Kansas Ed he inquired with elaborate carelessness, "Have you ever thought of selling that pink shirt of yours, Kansas?"

"I couldn't rightly say off-hand just what I'd do with that shirt at," Mr. Brindell, peevishly returned.

"I believe I'd look good in pink. Maybe I'll write off and get me one." "No, no, no," returned the other, "that's not the color for you. It's just like me, so they told me up in Coffeerville where I bought it."

"I suppose they took the gent what made that shirt and shovelled his brains out so he couldn't never make another," said Mr. Brindell dryly.

"I'm not a color, all right; I've worn it considerate times, but I don't like it. People kind a pick me out to look at when I get it on."

"It's hard to keep anything fit to wear in a cow camp," agreed Kansas, "but half the outfit is nothing but pink. I think how had I felt when I lost three good silk handkerchiefs that same way. I took one of a dude's neck while he was asleep and then some skunk robbed me."

"If you don't set no great store to that shirt, Kansas, I wouldn't mind giving you five beans for it." "Careless," said Mr. Brindell, "I predict that a storm is coming."

"Fact is, Joe, I been holdin' that shirt back to be buried in. The way things happen, I might as well have a good scheme to have one good suit by you."



CAROLINE LOCKHART

"A barrel of socks—a barrel of socks with toes and heels in 'em! I could just wake up in the mornin' and lie there on my pillow sayin' to myself: 'Well, what will it be today, Clarence? Them pea-green beauties with the vines up the side, or the purple boys with the red stripes? Say, wouldn't that be heaven, Joe?'"

"You're ravin', Clarence. You never knowed how to pick socks in all your life," said Mr. Brindell.

"I know it," agreed the cook, humbly, "but I can wash 'em, can't I?" He added mysteriously: "Wishes come true sometimes."

"You're wrong. You been throwin' out your hints ever since I've knowed you—years now—and nothin' out of the ordinary ever happened to you, unless might be that little of hot grease you pulled over on you."

"All the same," declared the cook, plaintively, "maybe it'll pay you to be kind to me."

"You're wrong. You been throwin' out your hints ever since I've knowed you—years now—and nothin' out of the ordinary ever happened to you, unless might be that little of hot grease you pulled over on you."

"I know it," agreed the cook, humbly, "but I can wash 'em, can't I?" He added mysteriously: "Wishes come true sometimes."

"You're wrong. You been throwin' out your hints ever since I've knowed you—years now—and nothin' out of the ordinary ever happened to you, unless might be that little of hot grease you pulled over on you."

humble in Nan's presence. Nan awakened in him vague sensations which he expressed, and requested them with vague phrases to lay their so large six-shooters in the woodbox until such time as he, the floor manager, should, with no great regret, see them depart.

"I feel kind of necked without my gun," demurred Joe Brindell. "Naked!" declared the cook, "taint modest, I says."

The floor manager waited politely but resolutely. "We might as well humor the little cuss," whispered Kansas Ed. "We kin get 'em quick if any ruckus starts."

The thanks of Ignacio Bojarques held much gratitude as, after having given each newcomer a number, he turned away. The first dance was a quadrille and to Ben's chagrin his number was not among those called, but the floor manager, having opened the ball, he turned away.

"I feel sour," Ben declared wrathfully. "If that there chicken kin—fully, and who's to blame for it? We hadn't ought to be here 'em up; it's takin' chances in this kind of a crowd. Or any kind of a crowd for that matter; you never can tell what kind of a woman is comin' when you're out in society."

"How do you 'spose they gits 'em so white?" Joe Brindell made the inquiry of the floor manager. "The cook, who had come up, answered, "Hands, you talkin' about?"

"Hands, you talkin' about?" Nan was giving her finger-tips to Senor Pedro Apedaca at the time. "The cook, who had come up, answered, "Hands, you talkin' about?"

"I just put a fine aidge on my axe this afternoon, observed the cook in apparent ignorance, as he cast his eye contemplatively over the ramshackle building. "Wish I'd brought it."

"When I rides fifty mile to shake my Methody flog I aims to shake it," continued Mossy in growing wrath. He added: "Wish Riley was here. He can handle these rascals like a steam-shovel, and his fist—t'other rather he hit with a drill."

"I'm perturbed by such open envy Clarence said that from moment with his eyes boldly fixed upon Senorita Perfecta Torres, and as he stared the cook's inflammable heart took fire.

"I'm perturbed by such open envy Clarence said that from moment with his eyes boldly fixed upon Senorita Perfecta Torres, and as he stared the cook's inflammable heart took fire.

"I'm perturbed by such open envy Clarence said that from moment with his eyes boldly fixed upon Senorita Perfecta Torres, and as he stared the cook's inflammable heart took fire.

Momentarily the resentment deepened in the sullen faces of the Mexicans as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

Ben himself had passing twinges of meanness as he noted their ill-timed twirling their mustaches or fingering brass watch-chains.

"I expected to surprise you," he returned, "but scarcely anticipated being so surprised myself. The situation was awkward."

"Your coming as you did was exactly like one of those 'just-in-the-nick-of-time' stories," Ben smiled up at him gratefully and he returned the smile with yearning in his eyes. In her bizarre dress she looked more adorably than ever.

Then she presented him to Edith, who gave him her hand shyly and beckoned Ben.

Bob shook his head. "No surprise. I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

"I'm here only for a few days, then I'll be off for a try at big game."

Next Week's Complete Novel ALADDIN FROM BROADWAY By Frederic S. Isham WILL BEGIN NEXT Monday's Evening World