

# The Girl Who Had No God

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Old Hilary Kingston, starting with Socialism, drifts into anarchy, and gathers round him in the hall above the village of Woffingham a band of accomplished desperadoes who rob the rich, lecture seditions and arm the rebellious. His motherless daughter, Elinor, is raised to live lying and wrong thinking, to no law and no Christ.

CHAPTER II—In an attack on the Agrarian bank messenger, old Hilary is killed, but is not suspected of complicity. Boroday brings the body home to the hall.

CHAPTER III—Ward, assistant rector of St. Jude's, moves a call of condolence on Elinor, who consents to have her father buried from St. Jude's in the odor of sanctity. The chief of police recognizes Boroday and is suspicious.

CHAPTER IV—After the funeral the band meet at the hall and agree to go on as before. Elinor, sitting in her father's seat, Huff asks Elinor to marry him and she consents, though she does not love him. Boroday is arrested and threatened.

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to look as though the dangerousness of selling some of Elinor's jewels would have to be resorted to. Lethbridge was willing to undertake it, trying London first and then Paris.

Elinor offered all the diamonds. If she must keep a part, she would keep the pearls. Talbot sorted out the stones to be sold, but left them with her for safety. She had never cared for her jewels. They were not half so lovely as her flowers—and she parted from them without a pang. But there was one plink pear-shaped pearl that had come in the night before, that she would have rather liked to wear.

On Monday afternoon Ward called on Elinor. The memory of that afternoon in the garden had been with him ever since. There was a new light in his eyes, but she greeted him demurely, although she flushed with pleasure.

"Not in a woodland, for once," she said. "And all my fairylike attributes faded in the daylight!"

"Isn't it rather rash?" he asked gravely—"this risking the daylight?"

"I am here because I hoped you would come to see me." It was Ward's turn to flush.

"You said you were lonely, I thought—"

"I am alone, but not as lonely as you think. There is plenty to do. I have my garden and I make up little bouquets for the school children. You should see how they love them. Some days I have a dozen clamoring in the road under the arbor."

Ward was charmed. He had a quick vision of Elinor, ever dancing and soft half blowing, heading out of her arbor window and dropping her quaint sweet williams and marguerites, mignonette and garden roses, down to the children.

She led the way to the terrace, where Henriette was setting the tea-table.

"Nevertheless," Ward said suddenly, "I am not at all sure I like your living here alone. It doesn't seem safe."

"Perhaps I am unwise to alarm you. But this outrage at the country club—"

"Ah!" said Elinor, and bent toward him.

"There is no longer any question that a band of desperadoes is terrorizing the county; an organized band of considerable intelligence. They get their information from the inside. This last outrage shows it. No one is safe."

"And this country club affair?" asked Elinor, watching Ward intently.

"An audacious piece of work. Half the women in this vicinity suffered. Most of them are my parishioners."

"Ah!" breathed Elinor, "I am sorry."

Ward shrugged his shoulders ruefully. "It means, I daresay, that the poor of the parish will get less than ever

this year. Mrs. Bryant, for instance, who has always been generous, lost a pearl necklace and a wonderful pear-shaped pink pearl."

"Is she—a wealthy woman?"

"Very, I believe."

"Then is it such a terrible thing for her to lose the pearl? Perhaps these bandits, as you call them, think they could use these things better than the people who owned them."

Ward smiled. "I daresay we all think we could use the other fellow's possessions better than he does."

Elinor persisted, frowning a little.

"Things are so terribly mixed up," she said. "If you could know the things that I know—"

Ward looked faintly amused—"the people who are fighting for a principle, and have nothing to fight with, fighting for life sometimes! A good half of the world, you know, just struggles along, and the other half is so smug, so satisfied; it's—"

Mr. Ward stared at her.

"How in the world do you come by such thoughts?" he demanded.

"I've never known anything else; I was brought up on the injustice of things. You have your poor here in the parish, but you see I was brought up with the poor of all the world. I am afraid I'm always for the under dog."

Rather startled was Rev. Mr. Ward that summer afternoon on the terrace at the Hall, startled and puzzled.



## Weed Chain-Jack

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Simply a few pulls on its chain and the heaviest car is raised or lowered without danger and without exertion.

Every motorist has dreaded using the ordinary jack—an unpleasant operation, to say the least, and constantly fraught with danger and much tiresome work. Now all the unpleasant, disastereable features have been entirely eliminated by the Weed Chain-Jack. With it, whether raising or lowering the car, you are always out of harm's way—No knocking of head, or soiling of clothes against springs or other projections—No skinning of knuckles on flying up of a "handle"—No chance of the car coming down, often resulting in serious bodily injury—Infinitely easier to operate than any jack on the market.

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a cartwork's "handle" that is apt to fly up, with unpleasant results. To lift a car with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. To lower a car pull the chain in opposite direction. Up or down—there's no labor.

Once in place you never have to touch a Weed Chain-Jack. You do not have to crawl underneath to either raise or lower the car and after the car is lowered, you haul the jack out from under the car by the chain. Much superior in safety, economy, utility, simplicity and construction.

You will never be satisfied with any other if once you use a Weed Chain-Jack

## Weed Chain-Jack

Powerful—Safe—Easily Operated

Has a strong cap, providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a broad base prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. Every Weed Chain-Jack is submitted to a lifting test and will support over twice the weight it is ever required to lift. Never gets out of order. Gears and chain wheels protected by a stamped-steel housing. Chain heavily plated to prevent rusting.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised with Auxiliary Step Up
8 inch	8 inches	18 1/2 inches	14 1/2 inches
10 inch	10 inches	19 1/2 inches	17 1/2 inches
12 inch	12 inches	20 1/2 inches	No Aux. Step
12 inch Truck	12 inches	19 1/2 inches	No Aux. Step

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made with an auxiliary step as illustrated above. When in operative position this step adds two inches to the height of the jack.

Come in and try it yourself

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Owing to the fact that we have more material on the yard than we can handle we will not be in the market for any more timber until further notice.

G. J. SMALL HEADING CO.

Houston, Mississippi

## Watch This Adv.

## Solid Wholesome Food

of the good kind is always to be had at fair prices at

COOK'S CAFE  
On Southeast Corner of Square



## And This Country Club Affair?

Asked Elinor.

"You can do it some place else," she said. "Not here. They struggled very hard to build the church and they need money now. Mr. Ward told me—"

Huff turned on her jealousy.

"Ward—that's the preacher chap?"

"He is the assistant rector," Elinor replied with dignity.

"He's been coming here, then?"

"Twice. Once when father died, and—"

"To warn me against all of you."

(Continued Next Week.)

## For Croup--Mothers--Always Keep this Handy

The day of the Croup scare is over for those parents who wisely keep Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in the home ready for instant use.

W. C. Allen, Rosely, Mo., writes: "I have raised a family of four children, and have used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound with all of them. I find it the best croup and cough medicine I have ever used and I have used it for eight or ten years, and can recommend it for croup."

If toward nightfall the little ones grow hoarse or croupy, if their breathing becomes wheezy and asthmatic, give them Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly and it will ward off an attack of croup.

If you are awakened by the hoarse brassy cough that means croup, give Foley's Honey and Tar Compound at once. It will ease the little sufferers quickly, cut the thick choking phlegm, and soon they will have easy breathing and peaceful quiet sleep.

Every user is a friend.

Notice.

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