

Storm Country Polly

by Grace Miller White
Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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into the rain she went, her bare feet carrying her swiftly over the ragged rocks, her curls gathered under her chin like a warm glistening hood. When later she appeared in front of the shanty, her gingham skirt was filled with rusty pans and old pieces of tin. She placed them on the doorstep, and looking hesitatingly at the willow tree, went back into the house.

From a peg Polly took a pair of her father's trousers and clambered into them, tucking her skirts out of sight and rolling up the trouser legs, for Daddy Hopkins was much taller than his daughter. Into one of the big pockets Polly thrust a handful of nails. It was a grotesque looking girl



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When that was finished, she gathered them up and, ax in hand, climbed into the willow tree and onto the roof. Daddy Hopkins would be glad when he came home and found the shack dry and warm. Then she began her task of hammering the pieces of tin over the holes through which the water dripped. Once in a while she stopped working, and, flat on her stomach, sought for smaller cracks.

Just as she had mended the last hole, she heard the sound of horses' hoofs and men's voices. With the fear of the persecuted, she crouched close to the roof, and like some frightened animal, crawled to the edge of it. Squatters did not speak like that, neither did they ride horseback.

There in the lane, astride two magnificent animals, were two men. One she recognized instantly. Polly had every reason to know the tall man whose dark, handsome face had cast deep shadows over the Silent City. Marcus MacKenzie had been for years the Nemesis that hung over the Cayuga lake squatters. Even during his absence on war work abroad, his long arm had often reached back to the Silent City to pick away some husband and close the prison gates behind him.

Polly had a passionate desire to throw the ax at him. She knew there was not a heart in all the Silent City that did not beat with dread at the very mention of his name.

Then she caught a glimpse of the other man's face and forgot her terror of Marcus MacKenzie. In it she saw many soldiers but never anyone like MacKenzie's companion. He was dressed in an office's uniform, and, as his horse whirled him into better view, the frown faded from Polly's brow as she gazed wonderingly upon him. She marked his flashing glances that swept the Silent City. She noted with a strange little thrill the beauty of the clear-cut features, the full, kindly mouth and the smooth, tanned skin.

Marcus MacKenzie was speaking rapidly, and though Polly could not hear what he said, she knew he was talking of the squatters. Then words that made her tingle with joy came distinctly to her ears.

"But you can't turn a lot of folks out of their homes, Marc," rang forth in a rich voice. "Where under the heaven would they go if you did?"

"Anywhere they d—n please," snarled MacKenzie contemptuously. "If they were all dead, they'd be better off, and Ithaca too."

Polly's hand tightened on the ax-handle. To let it fly straight into the face of the haughty Ithacan would have been satisfaction indeed!

"Have you tried to buy them out?" asked the other.

"No, and I don't intend to," was the sharp retort. "They'll go because I'll make them go, that's all. I've been too busy for the last two years to make much of a dent among them, but now I'm home for good. I mean to clear them off." An outward gesture of the officer's hand told Polly he was not in sympathy with MacKenzie's threat. "You can't judge of the situation, Bob," Marcus went on, "because you've been gone for years. Evelyn can tell you what they are, though."

The speaker wheeled his horse and pointed his riding whip straight at the Hopkins' shanty; and Polly's curly head drew quickly back.

"One of the worst of them lives there," she heard plainly. "He's sort of a mayor of the settlement. Jeremiah Hopkins! And such a tribe as that but holds can't be found anywhere in this country. A worthless, tangle-haired girl and a boy half in the grave, and I heard only this morning they're harboring a hag by the name of Hope. They live like pigs, too."

"The poor things haven't much of a chance to live otherwise, have they, Marc?" The question evidently required no answer. "Well, what do you think of that?" he went on. Then he read aloud: "If your heart is loving and kind, come right in. If it ain't, scoot off." Why, that's beautiful!

The warm, velvety brown the rich man's threats had made a hard glare was brought back to Polly's eyes by these words. She could have hugged the speaker as hard as she sometimes did Daddy Hopkins!

"Rubbish!" sneered MacKenzie. "Perfect rot! Your aunt was saying this morning that the Hopkins girl is as old as she is filthy. The very idea of having a thing like that hung up!" Polly saw the younger man reach out and touch the speaker with a gloved hand.

"Love isn't rubbish, wherever you find it, old chap!" he exclaimed. "It gives even a squatter shack a glimpse of heaven. You ought to help these people, Marc. Give them a chance; make something of them, and they won't bother you."

Burning tears filled Polly's eyes. To hear him speak in sympathy with her fishermen friends touched her deeply. And he had spoken of love in the same way Granny Hope did, too. Polly had never imagined Old Marc's kind ever thought of the meek—the lowly—and the hungry. Far above the world, up in the skies beyond the clouds where the blue was, right alongside the crucified Savior, Polly Hopkins placed this new friend of the Silent City. Her thoughts were interrupted by MacKenzie speaking.

"They're pigs, Bob, I tell you," he repeated roughly, "and what I brought you down here today for—"

Polly lost the rest of his sentence. Back and yet farther back she slipped over the roof. She had never heard anything so dreadful as this. In fact, she had always quite liked pigs, but she had never thought of comparing the shanty or Granny Hope and Daddy Hopkins to a barnyard and its occupants.

She heard the men ride away; and once more she sat up. By raising her body a little, she could see them walking their horses along the road that led its crooked way through the settlement.

MacKenzie's straight, thick-set figure made her shudder, but the slim, boyish one beside him brought a queer little thrill to her heart.

"He's a beautiful angel himself," she murmured, and taking up the ax, she slipped down the tree and dropped to the wet ground. Granny Hope straightened up as Polly entered the kitchen. Swiftly the girl crawled out of her father's trousers and tossed back her curls.

"What's the matter, pretty brat?" queried the woman drowsily.

"I got to find Daddy," replied Polly, her voice shaking. "Old Marc's back an' he's after us squatters n-flyin', an', Granny."

She paused, her face softened, and she smiled.

"Yep, honey?" prompted Mrs. Hope. "Old Marc had a beautiful angel with him," went on the girl, "an' he likes us squatters. He stood right up to that rotten MacKenzie. I heard him, I did." She crossed to the old woman's side. "Love's able to send an angel slapping down to this old earth to help us, huh, Granny Hope?"

"Yep, sure—sure, honey-girl," murmured Granny, and once more her head bobbed forward, and she slept. Polly Hopkins crept out of the hut and sped away along the shore toward Bad Man's ravine.

CHAPTER II.

About the time Polly Hopkins began to repair the shack roof, Evelyn Robertson came into the room where her

mother sat reading. The girl was dressed to go out and was drawing a pair of gloves over her ringed fingers. "Where are you going, Eve?" inquired the lady. "It seems to me that you're running out altogether too much. There's your piano! You haven't practiced in months. Now don't blame me, Eve, if, when Marcus asks you to play, you fall flat."

A dull red ran into the girl's cheeks, but she made no reply as she smoothed the wrinkles from her gloves.

"The good Lord knows," continued the mother irritably, "that I've kept at you enough. Now Marc and Robert are home, how are you going to entertain them? Men demand so much."

The experiences of the past two years had taught Evelyn that lesson. It had been demand, demand and more demanding ever since, on girlish impulse, she had secretly married Oscar Bennett.

"And you heard what Marcus said last night about the Silent City folks?"



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went on Mrs. Robertson. "What you want of that Hopkins girl I don't understand. Marcus says her father is the most dangerous man among the lot of them, and the girl herself is queer."

"Oh, don't talk about the squatters all the time," cried Evelyn. "I hate the very sound of the word. What's Polly Hopkins, anyway? Now Marcus is home—"

"Darling," the mother interrupted eagerly, "it has always been my hope that you and Marc would grow to care for each other. He is so rich and so handsome! Now, isn't he?"

A groan almost leapt from Evelyn's lips. What a fool she had been! Here she was married to a man she loathed, a man she was ashamed of! The realization that another man, rich, good-looking and in every way desirable, had turned his serious eyes upon her, almost made her blurt out the whole story to her mother; but having kept silent so long, she dared not speak now. All through the night she had tossed and turned, hunting some way to get Oscar Bennett out of her life without Marcus MacKenzie knowing anything about it. She dared not go to Oscar himself; Polly Hopkins was the only hope she had. All Bennett cared for was money. He was as tired of her as she was of him. Perhaps he would go away quietly and set her free if she gave him money enough. Would her mother give it to her?

"Mother, do you honestly want me to marry Marc?" she asked, trembling.

Mrs. Robertson caught at the outburst. "I do, I do indeed, darling," she answered. "And he'll ask you too, I'm sure. Perhaps not today or tomorrow, for he's just renewing his acquaintance with you. By the way he looked last night I could tell he was considering it."

A handkerchief dropped from Evelyn's fingers, and she stooped to pick it up.

"If I lead Marcus on," she suggested, rising, "and get him to ask me to marry him, will you give me any sum of money I want?"

Her voice shook with emotion, and her young face seemed suddenly old and haggard. Mrs. Robertson had never seen her daughter in such a state.

"Sit down a minute, Evelyn," she commanded. "Now tell me what you want money for. I know very well that you haven't spent what I've allowed you upon yourself. That's why I've refused you so much lately. No more secrets or mystery! I want the facts. Now tell me this minute."

The girl dropped into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

"I can't," she whispered. "For some time she remained in the same attitude, while her mother studied her silently. At length the girl lifted herself erect.

"I can't explain," she broke out, "and I suppose you're thinking all kinds of things. I can't help it if you do. You'll have to give me the money I need, if you want me to marry Marc. There's no 'ifs' and 'ands' about that. If you'll give me the money"—she faltered, wiped her lips and concluded slowly, "I'll marry Marcus MacKenzie."

"You must be crazy, Eve," Mrs. Robertson said in a cold voice, "to talk to

me like that. If you have any secrets from me, it's time you told them."

"Well," shot from Evelyn sharply, "suppose I have? It's my secret, isn't it? Are you going to help me or not, that's the question."

It was evident to Mrs. Robertson that the situation was not to be trifled with. In a twinkling her daughter had changed from a meek and timid girl to an aggressive woman. To try to bully her any more would be a mere waste of effort.

"Heavens," she began, "this is a pretty how to do, I must say. I can't imagine why you should want money. It doesn't make much difference, anyway. There are more reasons than one why you can't get it from me."

"What are they?" fell from the girl's lips.

"The first is," returned the mother, tartly, "I don't like being held up in this high-handed manner by my own daughter."

She paused; and Evelyn caught her breath. If that were all, she would row and rage until she got what she wanted.

Mother and daughter were staring at one another, each demanding an explanation. Evelyn did not intend to make any! Mrs. Robertson weakened before the steely-blue in the girl's eyes.

"But the main reason is," she went on, "I haven't got it. I don't own this house, nor—"

Evelyn sprang to her feet and confronted her mother. Her face was drawn into cruel lines, and her hands were gripped spasmodically.

"You lie," she burst forth. "You've always lied to me about money."

A bitter smile drew down the corners of the older woman's mouth. She knew how true the accusation was.

"Well, this time," she answered, "I'm telling you the simple truth. I not only do not own this house, but—"

"Then who does own it?" interjected the girl.

"Your cousin, Robert Percival," was the quick response; "and he's supplied all the money we have used. Now perhaps you won't try to get something out of me I haven't got."

"Mother!" cried the girl, in agony. "I told you, Eve, that you should know the truth," Mrs. Robertson continued. "You've asked for it, and here it is. When Robert's father and mother died, I came here to take care of him. I had nothing then and have nothing now. You were only a baby, and I've always kept the facts from you. When Robert went to war, he arranged that if he didn't come back, I should have the home and enough money to keep us."

Evelyn's eyes widened. Of a surety this was the truth.

"Then we aren't rich?" she demanded huskily.

"No, that we're not," responded the lady, "and what's more, we are dependent upon Robert for everything."

With a quick gesture Evelyn caught her mother's arm, despair changing the lines on her face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FREAK OF NATURE



Did you ever know that squash grew on a tree? Neither did we until this photo came along from Roslindale, Mass. The squash you see hanging from this tree is in reality growing from a squash vine which worked its way to the top of the tree. Ten large and perfect squashes grew from the tree in this manner.

HAWAII TREASURES MELODIES

Commission Denounces Compositions From Greenwich Village and Chicago Loop.

Honolulu, T. H.—Hawaiian music, to be effective, should be composed in Hawaii and not in the Greenwich village section of New York, nor in the center of Chicago, it was decided at the first meeting of the Hawaiian legends and music commission, appointed recently by Governor Farrington to perpetuate the island fables and native melodies or melodies.

The smooth arrangement of notes so familiar in local compositions is possible only in Hawaii and cannot be produced "amid the rumble of elevated railroads, subway trains and other discordant noises of large cities on the mainland," one speaker declared.

Standard for Radium.

Scientists in Europe are trying to determine and agree upon an international standard of strength and purity for radium.

BELDING BOOTERY
FAMILY FOOT FITTERS
BELDING, MICHIGANBELDING BOOTERY
FAMILY FOOT FITTERS
BELDING, MICHIGAN

HAVE SHOES COME DOWN?

? ? ? ? ?

YES!!

Below are the prices for eleven different styles of shoes—all staple styles—shoes that were sold during the war and that are selling now. Below are the prices that they were sold at when prices were highest, and also the prices at which they are selling now. The peak prices were figured on the same percentage of gross profit as the present prices. The shoes enumerated were then and are now absolutely all solid leather—no leather substitutes whatever in the heels, counter, insoles or outsoles. The shoes are the product of the International Shoe Company of St. Louis, who turn out 100,000 pairs a day.

These figures are not "doctored". We believe that a business can't hope to stay in business unless it is absolutely honest—whether in its shoes or in its advertisements. You know Lincoln said:

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

Stock Number	Kind	Highest Retail Price Feb. 1920	Present Retail Price
730	Childs Gun Metal Button Shoe	\$ 3.60	\$2.25
1385	Misses Box Calf Lace Shoe, Sole leather tip	4.75	2.50
1645	Ladies Vici Kid Lace Shoe, Military Heel, Goodyear Welt	10.00	5.50
1665	Ladies Mahogany Side Lace Shoe, Military Heel, Goodyear Welt	9.50	5.50
1983	Mens Box Calf Lace Shoe, Medium Toe	5.50	3.25
1368	Growing Girls Mahogany Side Lace, Low Heel	6.75	3.85
1328	Misses Gun Metal Lace Shoe, Footform Last	5.50	3.25
3863	Boys Box Calf Lace Shoes, Sizes 2 1/2 to 5 1/2	6.50	2.85
3922	Boys Black Calf Blucher Shoes, Goodyear Welt	6.85	4.35
1222	Ladies Gun Metal Lace Shoes, Low Heel	5.50	3.00
1345	Ladies Comfort Shoes, Rubber Heels, Flexible Soles	7.00	3.50

BELDING BOOTERY
FAMILY FOOT FITTERS
BELDING, MICHIGANBELDING BOOTERY
FAMILY FOOT FITTERS
BELDING, MICHIGAN

Fight Rattlesnakes With Mustard Gas

The Department of Agriculture agents at Huson, Wash., have adopted a unique plan to rid the state of venomous reptiles by the use of mustard gas. The gas was forced into a bed of lava rock, which previously had proved an impenetrable fortress for rattlers. Soon there appeared snakes ranging from infants a few inches long to bull rattlers nine feet in length. Dazed and blinded, they easily were clubbed to death.

RUN AIRPLANES BY WIRELESS

Experimenters in France Successfully Control Pilotless Aircraft From Ground.

Paris.—Ingenious devices were invented to control the operation of the pilotless airplane which has just been successfully tested in France. Some of these operated automatically and others by wireless.

The airplane, having been started by the mechanic, ascended automatically after it had attained sufficient speed. This was accomplished by increasing revolutions of a small fan located between the wings which put into motion a mechanism which, in turn, placed the control surfaces of the machine into position for ascent.

Once in the air, the airplane was operated by wireless and was made to circle a large field and descend. The descent was accomplished by pressing a wireless key on the ground which released underneath the airplane a roll of wire with a weight at the end. This weight switched off the engine and moved the rear surfaces of the plane into position for a smooth landing.

At another test an airplane was operated by wireless for an hour. It carried a pilot who took no part in its operation until he desired to land, whereupon he took control.

That Explained Everything.

Robert was fond of his Sunday school teacher. One Saturday afternoon he met him and Robert asked what he was and his teacher told him he was a bookbinder, to which the child answered: "Oh, no wonder you know everything."

CATARRH

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic, taken internally, and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE assists Nature in restoring normal conditions. All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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Small cans Evaporated Milk, any kind, per can 5 1/2 c
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