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BLACK DAWN

By VICTOR ROSSEAU

CHAPTER XVIII

In the few days that followed Lois regained her strength rapidly. Apart from the quantity of blood she had lost, the wound was a superficial one, and youth and the pure mountain air contributed alike to a quick recovery.

ture. It seemed sufficient to both of them to enjoy that perfect comradeship that had sprung up between them. The only shadow over the girl's mind appeared to be her inability to attend Hooker's funeral in Mescal.

"Of course, I always knew I wasn't his daughter — at least, I knew Mrs. Hooker was not my mother, after I found this."

* * *

She detached a little, battered gold locket from a cord about her neck, opened it, and handed it to Dave. Inside was the faded photograph of a young woman. It was a pretty face, but rather a hard one, and there was a marked resemblance to Lois.

"I remembered her, after I found this locket," said the girl.

"You say you found this?" asked Dave, handing her back the locket. "Where did yuh find it?"

"Not a hundred yards away from here, lying on a ledge under a heap of dead leaves."

"It's queer," said Dave. "Yuh got no idea how it could have got here?"

"I've racked my brains trying to imagine. Unless my mother was some relative of Mr. Lonergan's, and gave him the locket, and he dropped it here. You see, Mr. Lonergan made the Hookers adopt me and bring me here. But why should he have come here? He's never been here since, nor anyone. I'm sure nobody in Mescal knows of its existence."

"Well," said Dave, "things have a way of comin' to light. Some day we'll know. You sure had a tough break, girl, not even knowin' who yore dad was, and livin' up in these mountains. Did yuh ever figure on what yuh were goin' to do in life?"

"I never figured on getting away, Dave, till Mr. Hooker died. Nor till you came," said Lois. "I hated the men who used to come around me when I was in Mescal, or over at the Cross-Bar."

* * *

Dave tried to keep back the words, but they seemed to come spontaneously from his lips: "Just before Mr. Hooker died he made me promise that I'd look out for yuh. I told him of course I would. When I first see yuh, Lois, all worked up over Black Dawn, and madder at me than a hornet, I knew just the same you were the only girl I'd ever wanted.

"I wanted to ride away with you and have you with me for the rest of our lives. Do you think — do yuh think yuh'd take a chance on me when we get away from here?"

Then, suddenly, looking into the girl's luminous eyes, Dave knew that she loved him, and that everything was going to be well with them, no matter what trials might still lie ahead of them.

He drew her into his arms, and she laid her head upon his shoulder, face upturned to his.

"Yuh ain't—ain't cryin' girl?"

"I reckon I am," she answered. "I'm so happy, Dave. I didn't know I could be happy like this. I never cried for anybody else, and I've cried twice for you."

"Twice? I made yuh cry?"

"The first time was when I was sure you hadnt' killed Mr. Hooker. And both times have made me happy. I don't want to leave you ever."

* * *

After a while he heard her breathing deeply and regularly, and found that she had fallen asleep. He sat there, holding her tightly, till the pale light of dawn came creeping into the cave.

"There's a mesa in the mountains about a mile away, that I don't think anyone except myself has ever seen," said Lois that afternoon. "I think we'll take the horses there. The grass is pretty well gone from here, and they'll need some good grazing before we start."

"You'll be able to ride in about a couple of days more, honey," said Dave. "Is there a trail through the mountains to the other side?"

Los nodded. "I found it, too." she said. "It runs right through across the Border, Dave. We'll never have to go back to Mescal, and nobody will dream we've come through the mountains.

* * *

Dave didn't relish the idea of flight. But for Lois, he would probably have scouted about the Mescal district by night, in the hope of unearthing the clue to Hooker's murder. He was pretty well convinced that whoever had killed the old man would return to the cabin or betray himself in some manner. And he had more than a suspicion that Sheriff Coggswell was convined of his own innocenc

But Lois' welfare came first, and Dave realized that the chief task which lay before him was to get her through the mountains to some place of safety. So he said nothng he grl's suggestehroughieeiiieet ing to the girl's suggeston, and they mounted the two horses riding bareback and guidng them with halters. Lois led the way along the trail beyond the cave. Finally it ran uphill to a long sretch of grass-covered land beween the ravine and the heights.

Releasing the horses, they watched them startsgrazing eagerly, seated side by side in the warm sunlight.

"What juh say to our startin' the day after tomorrow, honey?" asked Dave.

"I'm ready, Dave," answered the girl shyly.

"And yuh'll marry me, soon as we hit the other side of the mountains and find us a minister?"

* * *

Lois nodded, her face aglow, then hid it in Dave's shoulder. The golden minutes ran by unheeded. At last,t when the sun was dipping toward the west, they rose to get the horses. Both came cantering to Lois at her whistle, and the two remounted and rode back ot their cave.

"If we've startin' tomorrow, what yuh think of restin' up today an lettin' me take the horses to the mesa? asked Dave next morning. 'Maybe I'll leave them there overnight and walk back this even'. There's no place they could stray to, is there?"

"No., they'll be quite safe there," answerd Lois. "I'll be back around midday to see how you're gettin' along," he told her, and then rode away on Hooker's horse.

Arriving at the grazing ground Dave flung himself down, rolled and lit a cigarette and lost himself in roseat dreams of the future.

For a half hour after his departure Curran, lying behind a boulder watched Dave's course through the pair of field glasses that he had slung about his neck. He guessed prettly shrewdly the purpose of Dave's departure, but he wasn't coming back immediately.

(Continued Next Week)

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By Laura Wheeler

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50-Passenger Plane Planned By Britain

Britain is designing a 50-passenger trans-Atlantic transport plane to carry the nation's colors in the postwar race for civil air supremacy, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Privy Seal, told the House of Lords recently.

The new plane, to be named "Brabazon," will fly 250 miles an hour, weigh more than 100 tons, and will be able to span the Atlantic in 15 hours, said Lord Beaverbrook, in charge of co-ordinating civil air policy for peacetime. It will be able to carry two tons of mail in addition to 50 passengers.

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TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Some Mid-Winter Pickups

Mid-winter meats always seem just a bit difficult. We are becoming tired of the stored-up vegetables, longing for the spring greens.

Here are a few recipes which you might like to try, when your menu ideas are found wanting.

—o—

Lamb and Vegetable Casserole

1½ lbs. lamb (cheaper cuts)
¼ cup flour
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons fat
1½ cups boiling water
2 cups canned tomatoes (thick portion drained of juice)
1½ cups beans (soaked over night and partially cooked and drained)

Cut the lamb in neat cubes and roll in the flour, seasoned with salt and papper. Brown in hot fat. Add water and simmer for about two hours or until meat is tender, adding more water if necessary. Pour into casserole. Add the tomatoes and beans; cover and bake one-half hour until beans are tender.

This dish is especially good in the summer with fresh lima beans, but the dried beans answer the purpose at this season.

Stuffed Liver Rolls

1 lb. beef liver finely sliced
1½ cups cooked rice
½ green pepper (chopped)
1½ cups canned tomatoes
1 onion (minced)
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
Flour for dredging
3 tablespoons fat

Wipe liver with dry cloth. Mix rice, chopped green pepper, minced onion and half cup canned tomatoes together, seasoning with salt and pepper. Place some of stuffing on each slice of liver, roll up and tie. Dredge with flour and brown well on both sides in hot fat. Pour remaining cup of tomatoes over rolls. Cover and bake 1½ hours in slow oven.

Nest Egg Supper Plate

6 slices bread (toasted on one side)
Cheese
6 eggs
½ teaspoon salt

On the toasted side of each slice of bread place a slice of cheese. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff. Add the salt and heap in fluffy mound on each piece of cheese. Drop an unbroken egg yolk in the centre of each mound of white. Place on a baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven until the yolks are set, the cheese melted and the whites slightly tinged with brown. Serve immediately.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is always ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

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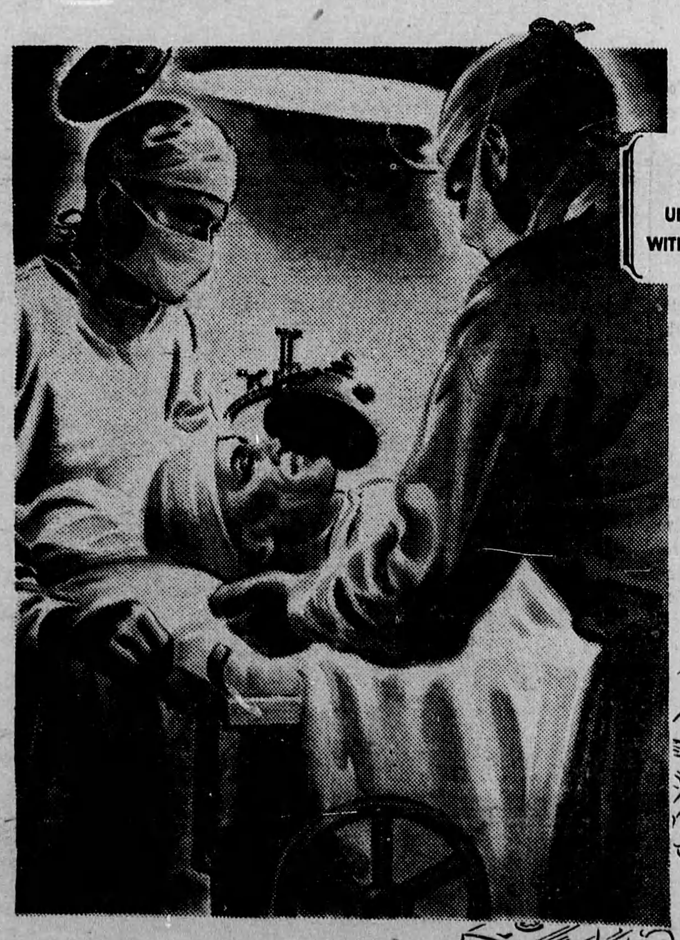
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