DARK LIGHTNING

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER XVII

Oliver was walking up and down, looking pompous and injured and belligerent. "I came out here, Tallman, because I've been hearing these ridiculous stories that have been going around out here about me," he said in his sneering voice. "Did you work for the Republic people last winter?" he asked.

"Certainly I worked for them. I was a rigger on their pay roll for a while."

"It's the Republic people who've been after me—so Oliver says," Harvey said dully.

"This," said Gary grimly, "puts me in a spot where it's going to be necessary for me to prove something—as you probably realize, Kimball. And if I happen to establish something that isn't creditable to you—well, you started this business, please remember."

He walked out of the room with his head up and his face tingling with wild, angry blood.

* * *

Mona Lee's eyes had followed him, and he had seen loyalty in them and unbelief. She was not standing with Oliver. But Adelaide had sat silent—and Harvey had kept his eyes averted and had not said a word.

Tingling with wild anger, Gary went up to his room. He began throwing things into his suitcase, and then stopped long enough to sit down at the desk and dash off a letter to the Republic Oil Company. Fortunatey, he remembered the name of the man who had hired him last fall. He stated his case bluntly and asked for a collect telegram in reply, refuting Oliver's absurd accusations.

Harvey, Gary suspected, was a little too sensible to believe Oiver entirely—and yet, he was not going to accept anything now, till it was definitely proven. He snapped his suitcase shut, fastened it, and started downstairs. On the landing Mona Lee was waiting for him. She laid a detaining hand on his arm and her montherly face was troubled and anxious.

* * *

"I'll take you to town myself," she announced crisply. "And I know a good place for you to stay—the woman is a friend of mine. If you're bound to go, come along."

None of the others appeared when the car was backed out, and Gary flung his suitcase into it and climbed in. He did not calm down enough to face his situation until he was in the room Mona Lee had found for him.

He went out to a drug store, presently, spent some of his precious capital for a sandwich and a drink and some stamps. And until midnight he wrte letters—to every oil concern and rigging outfit that he knew about, asking for a job He was wakened early by his landlady, who tapped apologetically at the door and when he opened it a crack and blinked dazedly at her, said, "So sorry to wake you, Mr. Tallman, but there's a young man here who insists on seeing you."

The young man pushed past her. "Hello. Lug," greeted Bill Grant.

Gary was definitely glad to see Bill.

"What the heck bust?" demanded Bill, sitting on the bed. "I went to Mason's and there was the darned well going down—and they told me you'd quit—"

* * *

Gary told him, not withholding anything.

"Goes to show," Bill stated, "that what you've got to be is a son-in-law. This morning when I saw her, I thought she didn't look any too happy."

"Did she say anytyhing—Adelaide, I mean?" Gary tried not to sound eager.

"I asked her for a date, and she said she was sorry—she was pretty well written up for some time to come. Have you found out who cut the water line and set this snide lawyer to sue?"

"No, but I intend to. In the meantime, I've got to have a joo. Know any oil comany that needs the services of a bright young man right now?"

"That's what I came to talk about. Though maybe you don't want a job slinging up steel?"

"What's the job?"

"Putting up steel down on old man Harper's land. You can go to work today if you want to. How's your busted shoulder "

"It flinches a little—but I think it's all right. You mean Grice-Morgan are going to spud in on that Harper lease? Funny they don't wait till Mason gets his well down—find out whether there is oil down there or not."

* * *

"Got men on the payroll and have to keep 'em working. But, between you and grandpa, I think they're pretty sure they've got oil. If you work with me, I can save you a little on that shoulder."

"I don't like Grice-Morgan very much, Bill"

"Neither do I. But I like pay checks", Bill said. "I've got a truck outside. I told Mitchel—he's the boss—I'd get another hand."

On the Harper lease he could work and watch Mason's well going down, too. And at lunch time he walked up that way and was a little gratified when he saw old Hickey walking down toward the line fence to meet him. They shook hands across the wire like old friends who had not seen each other in a year

"Hello, Hickey. How's she turning?"

"Down twenty-five hundred feet. Into chalk now What you fellers fixing to do?"

"We're rigging a well—to get oil. Ever hear of oil, Hickey?"

"Heard about it one time," grinned Hickey.

At dusk, just as the rigging crew were knocking off, Gary noted some excitement around the Mason well. Bill saw it too. "Reckon those guys have got oil?" he asked, staring that way.

(To be Continued)

Sunday School Lesson

February 10

The Disciplines of Experience

Numbers 14: 11-24

Golden Text

For whom the Lord loveth He correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth. Proverbs 3:12.

God's Promise

God had promised the Israelites that he would give Canaan to them and would drive out all their enemies. Yet they believed him not. They rebelled against God by saying that they would supplant Moses by a captain of their own choosing who would lead them back to Egypt

God in His anger threatens to exterminate them. But Moses invokes the mercy of God in a prayer for his people, a prayer altogether selfless, spiritual and sublime—he pleaded the honor of the Lord before mankind; the power of God to achieve His purpose; the long-suffering of the Lord in dealing with a sinning race.

Justice of the Lord

Israel did not deserve mercy but the justice of the Lord required that punishment should overtake the transgressors. Nevertheless the prayer of Moses was heard and answered and the people were not wholly exterminated.

The people of Israel had sinned, were pardoned and saved as a nation, but nevertheless sin must be punished. Not one of those who had rebelled against the Lord was allowed to enter Canaan. They were to serve another period of probation in the wilderness, and the ten faithless spies died at once by the plague.

The people were aroused to the enormity of their sin and mourned bitterly. Nevertheless nothing remained for them but to bide the time set for them anew by the Lord.

Reward of Faith

Now Caleb and Joshua showed the patience of faith in theh wilderness. At length came their reward for they alone entered Canaan. God wants those who will trust and obey Him fully, and such will be abundantly blessed.

The power of intercessory prayer is shown in that God answered Moses in the manner of his prayer: "according to thy word." It resulted in a whole nation being given an opportunity to repent and change its course.

'Sled-Runner' Feet For Bobby Soxers

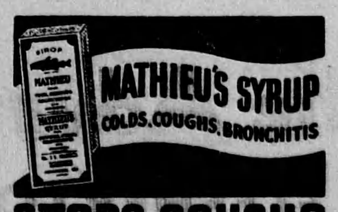
Today's bobby soxers may be caught flat-footed as tomorrow's wives.

Dr. Earl C. Elkins of the Mayo Clinic of Rochester, Minn., gives the teen-age "sophisticates" that to think about.

The bobby sox era in high school, he said in an interview, is a natural for flat feet, explaining:

"Moccasins, sandals and the like are as bad for girls as the too-high heels our mothers used to wear."

He predicted if the bobby soxers continued to wear them for long their arches would pancake and soon they'll have "sled runners for feet."


MATHIEU'S SYRUP
COLDS, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS
STOPS COUGHS

OFF TO MARKET — BUCKETY - BUCKETY

When Mrs. John McHose, an Australian, came to the U. S. with her Yank husband, she brought along the "cuddleseat" her son Terry rides in, right. Consisting of a canvas bucket seat and broad shoulder strap, it allows the wearer use of both hands while supporting the youngster safely at her hip. The device was very popular among Australian women, and canny Mrs. McHose, foreseeing an equal demand here, obtained U. S. marketing rights.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

The other day Partner passed the following remark: "What we want in this country is not more work but better work."

The reason for that somewhat cryptic statement was a new shirt, an ordinary plain work shirt which I had brought home for him that day. To start with the material wasn't much more than good muslin, cut to a pattern and then thrown together, with stitching that ran off the seams, and thread ends left hanging everywhere. In fact the whole shirt was such a mess I wouldn't have looked at it twice a few years ago—unless it were to comment on its poor workmanship. But now I buy a thing like that—and try not to look at it at all. What burns me up is the fact that the manuacturers have their finger on the public pulse, as it were, and know just what they can get away with. And I suppose as long as there is more money than merchandise the public will continue to be exploited. When manufacturers find goods harder to sell then competition will be keener, each one will try to do a little better than the other in order to make his goods more attractive and of better quality. Those days cannot come too soon. Why, we have even bought milk pails, brought them home and found them leaking like a seive.

* * *

Another problem these days is the butter supply, which threatens to become more acute and may even result in a still further cut in our weekly ration. Federations, conventions, and this and that organization seem to be getting their heads together and wondering what can be done about it. And the solution could be so simple!

If the 2c a quart consumer subsidy were taken off milk and placed on churning cream instead, then the situation would soon right itself. But of course to keep the milk at its present price level to producers, fluid milk to the consumer would have to be raised to 12c a quart. There is no doubt subsidies served a good purpose in their time but for all that they are part of a queer system, with farmers and consumers alike, through indirect taxation, helping to pay their own subsidies.

A better price on churning cream would also encourage hog production because nearly every farmer who sells cream also keeps a few pigs around as a sideline, so as to make use of his skim milk; whereas there are very few milk shippers who bother with raising pigs.

* * *

Maybe you will think I don't know what I am talking about but we have shipped milk for fifteen years and before that time we shipped cream and raised pigs, so you see we do happen to know both sides of the question.

Of course, I suppose Big Business, in the form of large distributors, would be the bottleneck to the little solution I have mentioned. Naturally there would be less milk for sale—but there might also be less wasted if the supply were not quite so plentiful and the price a little higher—not quite so many bottles left out on doorsteps in the hot summer sun—when summer comes.

TABLE TALKS.. *Savoury Stews*

Stews afford the ingenious homemaker a wide scope for her imagination. Try a cup of sour cream in a veal stew, or a little curry powder in a lamb stew. Marjoram and thyme or a little bay leaf are good seasonings. Experiment cautiously and taste carefully. The flavour should be subtle Add the vegetables just in time to cook tender. Many a stew has been spoiled by overcooking the vegetables. Additional salt will be required when the vegetables are added.

If the meat is dredged with flour, it develops flavour, thickens the gravy and gives it a more attractive colour.

To Make A Good Stew

Cut meat in uniform small pieces.

Season well and dredge with fluir, if desired.

Brown meat in hot fat.

Add only enough liquid to cover.

Cover closely and cook slowly at simmering temperature until tender—about 1½ to 2 hours.

Never allow a stew to boil hard.

Add the vegetables just in time to cook tender—about ½ hour before serving.

Remove meat and vegetables before thickening the liquid for gravy.

Spanish Stew

1½ lbs. veal (breast, shank, flank, neck or shoulder)
2 onions
1 cup diced celery
1 cup uncooked spaghetti (broken into pieces)
2 cups water
2 cups tomato juice
Seasonings

Wipe veal. Remove fat. Cut veal into 1½-inch cubes. Roll meat in flour, brown meat and onion in fat, taken from meat. Add water. Bring to boiling point and simmer ½ hour. Add remaining ingredients, season and simmer 1 hour longer. Thicken with a paste made of flour and water. Six servings.

Stew Supreme

1½ lbs. lamb or beef (breast, shank, flank, neck or shoulder)
2 tablespoons fat
1 cup chopped onion
2½ cups canned tomatoes
¾ teaspoon salt
1¼ teaspoons spicy meat sauce
3 medium carrots, diced
¼ cup chopped green pickle (optional)
½ cup sweet or sour milk

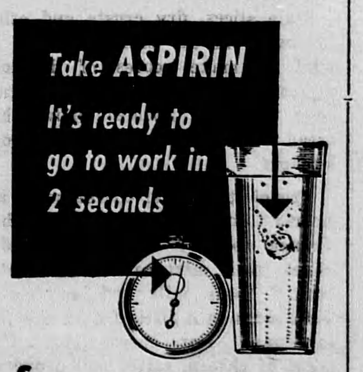
Cut the meat in narrow strips, 1-inch in length. Brown meat with onion in hot fat. Add tomatoes, salt and meat sauce. Cover closely and simmer 2 to 2½ hours. Add carrots and continue cooking for 20 minutes or until tender. Ten minutes before serving, add the green pickle and the milk. Six servings.

You'll enjoy our Orange Pekoe Blend
"SALADA" TEA

It Makes You Feel So Much Better
The Vitamin B1 Tonic
Extensively used for headache, loss of sleep, nervous indigestion, irritability, anaemia, chronic fatigue, and exhaustion of the nervous system.
60 cts. Economy size, $1.50
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

THEY'LL ALL HURRY HOME if you serve Maxwell House. This *extra*-delicious coffee is bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in the world.

EASE PAIN OF COLDS, SORE THROATS FAST!



See for yourself how quickly Aspirin acts! Drop one in a glass of water and "clock" it. Within *two seconds*, it will start to disintegrate. It does the same when you take it. As a result, it provides relief with remarkable speed. Get Aspirin today. The "Bayer" cross on each tablet is your guarantee that it's Aspirin.

ASPIRIN
NOW—New Low Prices!
Pocket box of 12s . . . . only 18c
Economy bottle of 24 . . only 29c
Family size of 100 . . . only 79c

HELP BUILD UP RED BLOOD TO GET MORE STRENGTH
If your blood LACKS IRON!
You girls and women who suffer so from simple anemia that you're pale, weak, "dragged out"— this may be due to lack of iron in blood. So try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS with added iron—one of the best home ways to help build up red blood—in such cases. Pinkham's Tablets are one of the most effective iron tonics you can buy!

You can't feel your best if your kidneys aren't working normally. Gin Pills help give relief from Backache, Rheumatic Pain and other symptoms of sluggish kidneys. Your druggist sells Gin Pills on a satisfaction-or-money-back basis. Get a package today—*use proves their merit.*

Regular size, 40 Pills
Economy size, 80 Pills
(*In the U.S.A. ask for Gino Pills*)
GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

"Yes, yes, of course I'm glad to see you—who's your cute friend with the crisp, crunchy, delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes?"

"Ha! Ha!—I fooled you Jim! That's our new cook. She won't serve anything but malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes for breakfast."

"Well what are we waiting for? Let's get home quick and dig into that giant economy package."

"And don't forget that Grape-Nuts Flakes are made of two grains—wheat and malted barley. They give you carbohydrates for energy, proteins for muscle, phosphorus for teeth and bones, iron for the blood, and other food essentials. They taste wonderful. They're good for you. They're easy to digest."