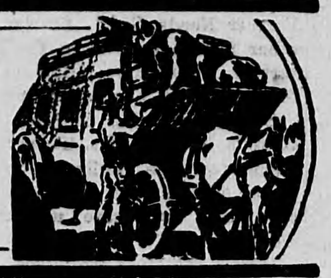
Finest Quality Tea

"SALADA"
ORANGE PEKOE

WEST OF THE SUN

A Serial Story by JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK



SYNOPSIS

The story thus far: Virginia Ames crosses the wild, frontier West by rail and stage in response to a letter from Phil Lawrence, her fiance, who left Washington to make his fortune in Arizona. When the Lannasa stage is held up, Lt. Jim Randall, whom Virginia once knew in Washington, takes charge of the investigation and soon learns that Phil Lawrence was the bandit leader. Chief loser in the robbery is Steve Barron, Santa Bonita gambling czar, who has long been at odds with Lawrence over gambling debts and their mutual love of Lanya Correy, dance-hall girl. Riding to Phils ranch to warn him against Barron who has learned of his part in the stage robbery, Virginia sees the two men shoot it out. Both men are wounded but Barron is able to ride off.

CHAPTER XII

The two men had separated. The Mexican headed north. Steve Barrow rode west, was topping a rise. The sun was directly beyond him, huge and blood red. He seemed to ride right into it, through and beyond its brightness. The glare pressed painfully into Virginia's eyes, blinded him from her sight. It was as if he had ridden—west of the sun.

Troopers came and escorted her to their camp. A kindly officer questioned her briefly. Food and water were brought to her. The twilight stole about her. Gray army blankets were spread for her, and as darkness came she selpt.

When she awoke under the star-studded bowl of the sky, Jim Randall was bending over her, deep worry in his blue eyes. His voice was unsteady ast he talked to her.

"Lt. Barrett told me about Steve Barron," he said. "The first decent thing Barron ever did."

"I can understand him now," Virginia said. "He told me—all."

An uneasy expression kept playing over his face. "I came to bargain with Natchi for your release," he said. "But Capt. Hammond, coming up from the south, chanced upon the Apaches and attacked. Hammond didn't know of your capture. It was too late to correct the blunder. Hammond drove the band toward my position. I had to attack—knowing what it would mean to your safety——"

"I was to be taken to Mexico," Viriginia said flatly. "If Steve Barron hadn't come——" She broke off, shuddering.

"We crushed Natchi's band and took him captive," Jim went on. "After the skirmish, I struck out with a dozen troopers trying to find the camp. I meant to push south at daybreak—hunting you."

* * *

He sat beside her. Virginia lay still, watching him. His face was tired, his eyes lonely. He was very sober, with no smile at all. He was silent for a long time, thinking his own thoughts, his eyes on the desert. The glare of a fire painted his cheeks a ruddy color.

He said finally, his voice dull, "You'll be going back to Phil Lawrence now. He'll be waiting for you. You're going to be happy—and I'm glad."

She did not speak, surprised by the solemn depth of his voice.

"There's one thing I want to say," he went on, "though you dont want to hear it. It's uselessly said, too. You hate me. But I want you to know . . .' His voice trailed away.

Virginia stared at him, wide-eyed now, from where she lay. "Yes?" she said thickly.

"It's this," he told her. "I love you."

A tremor went through her. Her heart seeemed to stop, then start again to pound furiously. She felt the color drain from her face. Then she remembered the last time she had seen him, how he had held her in his arms in the desert moonlight—and how two hours later he had gone to Lanya Correy. A hollow heaviness came in her; entered her voice.

"Go away," she said. "Please, go away."

She turned her face away from him. She heard him rise, was aware of him standing beside her looking down at her. Then he was gone.

Phil Lawrence came to the little adobe house in Santa Bonita when Virginia sent for him. He came slowly, reluctantly, limping on his injured leg. Virginia saw him clearly now; he had changed. He was not the youth she had once known affection for. He was a stranger.

They faced one another in the cool shaded room, actually very close but seemingly a million miles apart. Virginia's voice came surprisingly steady.

"Phil, you are in love with Lanya. That is true, isn't it?"

"It's true, Virginia," he replied hollowly. "I love Lanya. I've wanted her for so long . . . even while I kept writing letters of my love to you. It was to Lanya that I wrote that message that brought you here. Steve Barron had been annoying her. I didn't send it. It lay forgotten. Then I must have started a letter to you on its reverse side. I left the letter to prepare my dinner. Just as I was about to eat Barron's men came and drove me away. You were puzzled over that uneaten meal. Hank Muldane stopped by the ranch, found the letter, and its envelope, and sent it on its way. He couldn't know the letter was unfinished, for he can't read."

"I understand, Phil," Virginia said. "You were merely afraid to tell me the truth."

"I'm a coward, Virginia."

"Don't ever be again, Phil. Don't ever be afraid again. Go to Lanya now, and start over with her. Steve Barron will never return."

He gave a bark of a laugh. "If I do that," he said, "Jim Randall will send me to prison for those stage holdups. He warned me——"

"Warned you!" Virginia said puzzled.

"Yes—or rather threatened me. I was to give up Lanya and go on with you. He went to Lanya that night he was camped outside of town—and told her she had to break with me."

"Phil! Are you sure?"

Her eyes were shining, her cheeks bright with color. He stared, then nodded.

"I'm sure," he said. "It's true. He means to look out for you."

To look out for her! Virginia's laughter was almost hysterical.

"Oh, it's all right, Phil," she cried. "Go to Lanya. And if Jim Randall comes to you, tell him I broke with you—not you with me!"

He regarded her blankly for a moment seeming reluctant to go. Then he turned and walked out of the house and out of her life.

Virginia sent her luggage on to Lannasa the next day, for the trip home. She followed, riding through the bright morning with a rancher's family who also meant to board the Lannasa stage.

They reached Fort Winfield at midday, and the post commander's invitation to lunch was not to be refused. Virginia saw Jim Randall across the parade, but she could not catch his eye. Then while she was having lunch she saw him

(Continued Next Week)

PATTERN 4886 SIZES 34—50

New edition in the shirtfrock tradition! A coat-dress, young and slenderizing with long neck-to-hemline has graceful skirt ease, puffed pockets, new revers!

Pattern 4886 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 36 takes 4¼ yards 39-inch cloth.

Send twenty-five cents (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly size, name, address, style number.

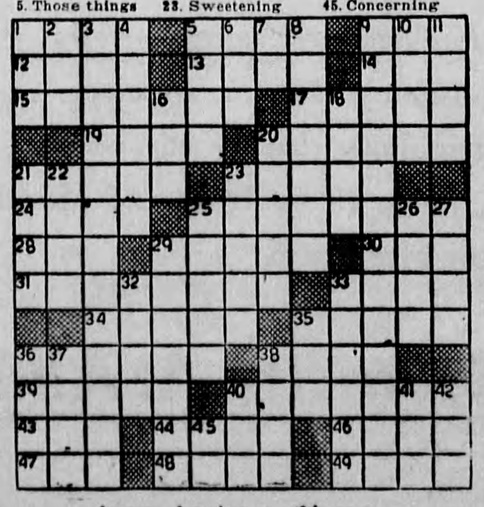
Send your order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont.

ISSUE 45 — 1949

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Large electric lights
5. Pack down
9. Numeral
12. Space
13. Combining form meaning sacred
14. Before
15. Threatens
17. Upholstery gimp
19. City in New York State
20. Web-footed bird
21. Small pies
23. Slip
24. Woe is me
25. Abruptly
28. Couch
29. East Indian cereal
30. Front of the foot
31. Having one pole
33. Ancient Roman dinner
34. Pander
35. Stupid play (slang)
36. Goods thrown overboard
38. Vegetable
39. Careening
40. Act as chairman
43. River (Sp.)
44. Assam silk
46. Irish epic tale
47. River in Poland
48. Convey legally
49. Vehicle on runners

DOWN
1. Limb
2. Fish eggs
3. Denial
4. Stings
5. Those things
6. Sloths
7. Myself
8. Furnish
9. Three hundredth anniversary
10. Pennsylvania lake port
11. Bird's home
16. Romaine lettuce
18. Was borne
20. Shrub
21. Forbidden
22. Scandinavian measure
23. Sweetening
26. Capital of Oregon
26. Solitary
27. Time unit
29. Turned
33. Shores
33. Go by
35. Insect
36. Shakes
37. Lamb
38. Small nail
40. Pastry
41. Printing form
42. Terminate
45. Concerning



Answer elsewhere on this page

Fellow Travellers—Airline stewardess Edith Bodie introduces Mr. Poodle and Madam Pheasant at the airport before their departure as fellow passengers on a New Pacific Coast all-cargo flight. Cargo on the first plane also included woollens, mushrooms, machinery, household goods, baby chicks and 24 martens valued at $14,000.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: Please help me! My husband has started dating a girl who lives in another town.

I know the days he is going to be with her. I don't know what to do.

"He never takes me any place with him now, and is hardly pleasant. The way he acts, I cannot show him any affection. (He also receives letters from her.)

"I have tried to be a good wife and a good mother. I do not want to leave my husband, nor my home. But it seems that he doesn't want me any more.

A Serious Wife."

* There are two things you can do:

* Tell your husband you know of his philandering – after all, if he is so brazen as to receive letters from the girl, he can hardly wonder at that. Ask him where you have failed in being the only woman in his life. This may unfold criticisms of you which you did not suspect existed and present a situation about which you can really do something.

* Or you can ignore the whole circumstance. Go your customary way, without acknowledging that your life has lost its meaning. And wait for the consequences — the affair dying a natural death, or your husband asking for a divorce.

* Should he ask that, I urge you to refuse. And for his sake.

* Deserting a faithful wife and leaving children fatherless is not a step tot be taken on impulse. An affair so recently begun is never reason enough for a separation; it may be a flash in the pan, an outcome of some change in his nature for which his age or his present mood is responsible, and for which you are not to blame. By refusing divorce now, you protect him against dashing into another marriage which he might regret in six months.

* Tell him that if, in a year, he is still of the same mind, you will consider it. But not until that time.

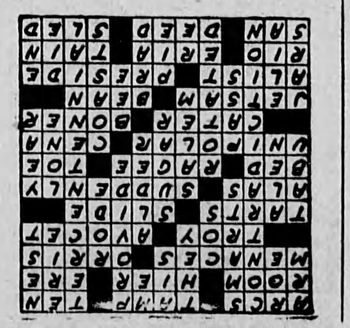
* Remember that so long as you are his wife, he cannot marry anyone else.

* If you had told me more about your life together, I could counsel you more definitely. You must choose which course seems best; only your daily life with your husband, and his temperament and your own, can determine that.

* * *

If your husband is wandering, choose your course wisely. If you confide your problem to Anne Hirst, fully and frankly, she will help you. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Upside down to prevent peeking.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. Barclay Warren

"THE SUFFERING SERVANT"

Isaiah 53:1-2

Golden Text: "Surely He Has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Isaiah 53:4.

If one will read today's lesson and then read the account of Christ's passion and death in Matthew, Mark, Luke or John, he cannot help but be amazed at the accuracy of Isaiah's picture. How did he know, centuries before, of the manner and significance of Messiah's sufferings? There is only one answer: Divine revelation.

The law said, "He that is hanged is accursed of God." Deut. 21:23. Here is Jesus Christ, God's Son, bearing in Himself your sins and my sins. It helps to bring this matter nearer to our hearts if we read it, using the singular pronouns, ex., "He was wounded for my transgressions, He was bruised for my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed."

The cross that was once the symbol of shame has become the sign of glory. Here God showed His unspeakable love for us. Through this offering once made, all who will may find forgiveness and cleansing for their sins. 'Tis not the cross we worship, but the Christ of the cross.

"The Christ of the cross is the theme of my song;
The wonderful Christ of the cross.
He atonement has made, He my ransom has paid,
So I'll praise Him, the Christ of the cross."

In Independence, Mo., a defendant was charged with selling a cow to a farmer for $150, then stealing it from the buyer and reselling it to a packing house

Sweet Luncheon Treat

SUGAR-PLUM LOAF

Measure into small bowl, ½ c. lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Cream ½ c. shortening; gradually blend in ½ c. granulated sugar. Gradually beat in 2 well-beaten eggs. Stir in ¼ c. milk and yeast mixture. Stir in 1 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth (mixture may curdle). Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise 1 hour. Stir in 1 tsp. salt, ½ c. washed and dried seedless raisins, ½ c. chopped walnuts, ½ c. chopped mixed candied peels, ½ c. cut-up candied cherries. Work in 4 c. once-sifted bread flour. Knead lightly but thoroughly; form into a smooth ball. Roll out to fit a greased 8-inch round pan and fit into pan. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 1 hour. When loaf is cold, frost with Plain Icing.

Plain Icing: Combine ¾ c. sifted icing sugar, 1½ tbs. milk, ½ tsp. vanilla; beat until smooth.

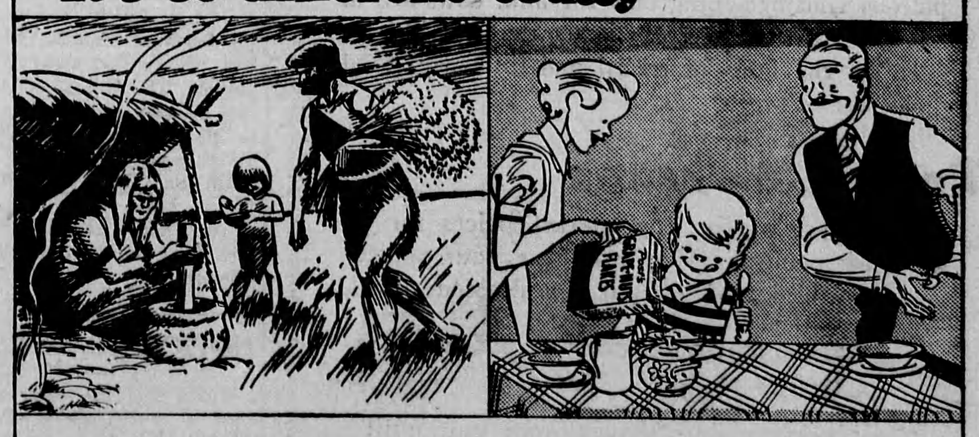
New Fast-Acting Dry Yeast Needs NO Refrigeration!

Stays fresh and full-strength on your pantry shelf for weeks! Here's all you do:

1. In a small amount (usually specified) of lukewarm water, dissolve thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.
2. Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes.
3. THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe.)

Get a month's supply!

It's so different today



THE FIRST HUMANS to eat cereals raised the grain near their primitive dwellings and ground it up for food. Today that delicious, crisply appetizing cereal treat—Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes—is yours at any grocery store . . . ready to serve . . . easy to digest . . . wholesome . . . nourishing . . . good for all the family.

Don't mind if your menfolk develop "caveman" appetites for Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes. Every delicious spoonful provides helpful nourishment from TWO GOLDEN GRAINS—sun-ripened wheat and malted barley . . . useful quantities of carbohydrates, protein, phosphorous and iron. For joyful, *healthful* eating ask today for Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes.

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