



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

lo a quick recovery, ture. It seemed sufficient to both of them to enjoy that perfect com-radeship that had sprung up be-tween 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



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If You Get Up Nights **HelpYour Kidneys**

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 re-semblance 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

"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." "Weil," 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' yho 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.

Embroider a Frock



By Laura Whiceler

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in the smart class! It's for all year round wear, too.

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"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 aren, 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 hid her head upon his shoul-

she isid her need upon his saudi-der, 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 mehappy. I don't want to leave you green."

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

ereeping 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 af-ternoon. "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

"You'll be able to ride in about a couple of days more, honey," said Daye. "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 pro-bably have scouted about the Mesbably have scouled about the Ares-cal district by night, in the hope of unearthing the clue to Hooker's murder. He was pretty, well con-vinced 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

vined 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 place of safety. So he said noth-

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ng he gri's suggestehroughicemeet ing to the girl's suggeston, and they mounted the two horses riding bareback and guiden them with halters. Lois led the way along the trail beyond the cave. Finally in ran uphill to a long sretch of grass-covered land beween the ra-vine and the heights.

Releasing the horses, they watch-

ed them start grating eagerly, seat-ed side by side in the warm sun-

"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 2s
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 gol-den minutes ran by unheeded. At last,t when the sun was dipping to-ward the west, they rose to get the horses. Both came cantering to Lois at her whistle, and the two counted and rode back of their

"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 over-

Maybe I'll feave them there over-night 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 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 pur-pose of Dave's departure, but he wasn't coming back immediately (Continued Next Week)

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, supremacy, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Privy Seal, told the House of Lords recently.

The new plane, to be named "Brabazon," will it 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-or-dinating civil air policy for peacetime. It will be able to carry two tons of mail in addition to 50 passengers.

Help The Red Cross

TABLE TALKS

Some Mid-Winter Pickups

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

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

Lamb and Vetegtable Casserole 11/2 lbs. lamb (cheaper cuts)

34 cup flour

Salt and pepper 2 tablespoons fat 134 cups boiling water 2 cups canned tomatoes (thick portion drained of juice)

11/2 cups beans (soaked over night and partially cooked and drained)

Cut the lamb in neat cubes and Cut the lamb in next cubes and roll in the flour, seasoned with sait 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 to matoes 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 132 cups cooked rice

% green pepper (chopped)
1% 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 sait 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 to-

matoes over rolls. Cover and bake

134 hours in slow oven. Nest Egg Supper Plate 6 slices bread (toasted on one

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 stifi. 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 melt-ed and the whites slightly tinged with brown. Serve immediately.

Misa 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 "per peeces." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your, letters to . "Miss Sadio B. Chambers. 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

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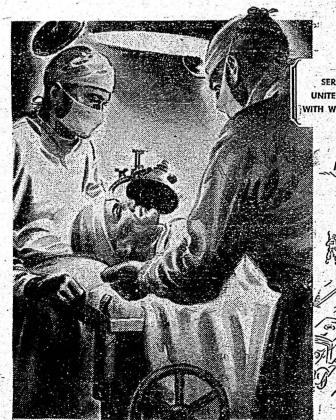
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