

O. HENRY AND AL. JENNINGS

(Continued from last week.)
 CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE.
 They arrested Sally and took her to the Cincinnati jail. The man had sworn to a warrant charging with attempted blackmail. The days passed. The case was not called.

Every day was an agony for Sally. The thought of the dying baby was like a hot coal on the girl's mind. She went to the matron about it. The matron went out to see the baby. "When she returned she told Sally she had taken it to a hospital. It would be given every care.

The Salvation Army used to visit the jail and get the prisoners to sing hymns. Sally joined in the chorus. A male prisoner heard her. He went out the next day for the Ohio Pen to spend the rest of his life there. But he left a present for Sally with the desk sergeant. "Give these two tucks to the girl with the voice, will you?" he said. "Her singing did a lot for me."

Sally was finally called before the night court. The man did not appear. She was dismissed with a reprimand. As she passed the desk sergeant, strangely enough, he handed her the \$2. The gift finished the wreck of Sally's broken life.

Prison Matron Tells of Child's Death.
 She was in such a hurry to get out she ran down the halls, the matron rushing along at her side. "It's too bad, honey, they brought you in here. You didn't deserve it. I'm awful sorry for you." As Sally got to the door, she touched her elbow.

"Honey, I hate to tell you—the baby is dead!"

It was like a ruffian blow struck across the face of a little child. It stunned Sally—left her limp and quivering. The baby was dead—

With a feeble, tormented sob, she put her hands over her head and began to run as though men and women were chasing her, pelting her with stones.

"Listen, honey," the matron caught up with her. "You can stay here. It won't do you no good to get out. The baby died three days ago. Stay here."

"Oh, God, no. Let me get out." The door opened and the half-demented creature ran out, one thought uppermost. She would go down to the river. The blasting wind tore the clothes almost off her back. The chill went to the marrow.

Prepared Matron Hays a Pistol.
 A light flared out from a shop window, the girl dalled a moment in its warmth. Old jewelry, emblems, silver plate glistened in the show case. In one corner were three revolvers. Sally looked at them fascinated. A cold fury of revenge swept over her.

Up to that moment the anguish of loss ate at her—she had seen only the suffering baby face. Now she saw the man and the lashing contempt on his handsome features. She went in and bought one of the pistols.

As soon as she had it in her hands, it seemed pulling her down like a coffin weight. She dropped it in her blouse and went out, scolding down one street and up another so cold, so frenzied, so impatient for the morning to come

she did not even know that she was crying and calling out in her misery until a drunken old woman stopped her.

"Whassa malla, poor, poor lil' thing—come 'long, come 'long with me."

The bedraggled old creature took hold of her and Sally let herself be jostled along the dark, wretched hole where the woman lived. She lit a charcoal stove, and in its feeble glow Sally tried to warm herself. The old woman slumped into a corner, muttering and cursing and laughing all night long.

Sally Waits For Father of Babe.
 The damp hole was alive with baleful shadows. Across the bare walls evil figures passed. Now it was a man as he stood rigid and beckoned to the police—now the hulking officer lurching forward, grabbing her by the shoulders. And again it was the mother and sisters, hunting the girl down with their scornful looks.

Only once did Sally see the baby. It seemed to be lying on the floor, its mouth writhing with little hands, opening and closing. The father walked up to it and brought his boot down on the plaintive little face, crushing the scalp and mangling the tender flesh.

"God, God, save!" Sally called out as the nightmare passed. The fuddled old woman started and stumbled over to her. "Whassa malla, you wench?" she shook the girl, gave her a clumsy blow and staggered back to her corner. "Shut up, now," she muttered. "Damn you, shut up!"

At last it was morning. Sally had to wait until noon. Not for one moment had her resolution faltered. She went straight to the bank and stood behind a column waiting for the man. It seemed that every one in the building rushed out at the stroke of 12—everyone but Philip Austin.

She Tells Father Of Child's Death.
 Sally began to tremble. She put her hand to her pocket. The pistol was there. Send him out quick, quick," she chattered in an insane prayer. "Send him out in a minute or I lose courage."

Down the street came a policeman, Sally covered behind the stone pillar. The officer eyed her, walked a few paces, looked back and went on.

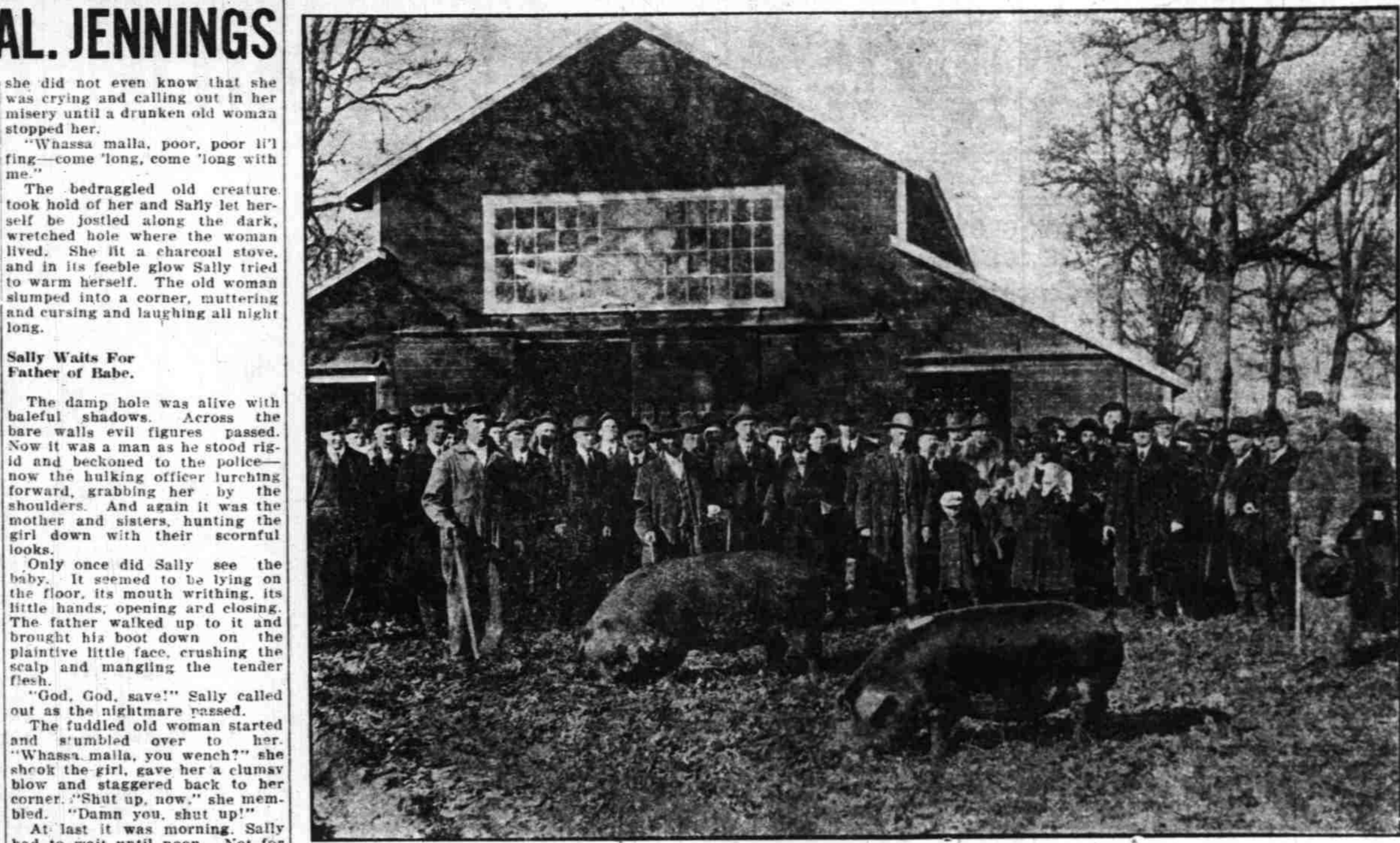
"Nobody here now, nobody here," Sally muttered to herself. "Send him out now."

A big form strode down the corridor and the next second Philip Austin swung through the door. Proud and magnificent, he walked like a prince. He walked as he did that joyous day when he swept his hat down in a lordly salute as Sally came down the cathedral steps. He had the same kindly smile on his lips.

Sally's nerve went loose as a last string when one end is suddenly released. She ran up to him, pitiful, distracted, beside herself with misery.

"Phil—oh, Phil, the baby died! You put me in jail—and it died. It died because you wouldn't take care of it."

Bullet Answers Scornful Speech.
 Not knowing what she was do-



Judging One of the Classes on "Duroc Day", Salem, Oregon, February, 1920.

"DUROC DAY" will be held at Salem, Oregon, Thursday, February 3, 1921. This event is an annual show and sale of bred sows and gilts and is under the auspices of the Oregon Duroc Jersey Breeders Association.

About twenty of the leading breeders are offering of their best for the occasion.

Many of the females are carrying litters by the great herd boars that are at the head of herds which have been producing the champions of the west.

The plan is for the Durocs to be judged in the various classes in the forenoon and then every one to be sold at auction in the afternoon.

While the price of market hogs has been declining, it is believed that there will be a much greater net profit in raising hogs in the future on account of the lowering price of feed; and this sale will furnish an ideal opportunity to buy foundation sows. The above picture was taken on Duroc Day last February at the Oregon State Fair grounds. It shows the junior and senior champions and a part of the crowd in attendance. The older sow was grand champion. She was exhibited by E. C. Naftzger and was later purchased at auction by Lloyd H. Ewalt for \$305. The junior champion sow was exhibited by Thrift Bros. and later sold for \$140 to L. T. Reynolds.

Among the consignors to this year's show and sale are:

E. C. Naftzger, Gervais, Ore.	Jesse Richards, Virginia, Idaho.
M. Averhoff, Lebanon, Ore.	W. F. Bartlett, Camas, Wash.
W. L. Sheard, Dayton, Ore.	Geo. DeBok, Oregon City, Ore.
J. W. Pruitt, Brooks, Ore.	W. F. McCall & Co., Salem, Ore.
James Frater, Dayton, Ore.	F. W. Weisner, Lebanon, Ore.
J. E. Finnicum, Dayton, Ore.	C. P. Adams, Hermiston, Ore.
C. C. Bryant, Albany, Ore.	Harold Landquist, Sherwood.
Romeo Gouley, Gervais, Ore.	C. S. Magee & Son, McMinnville.
H. C. Compton, Boring, Ore.	Paul Newmeyer, Newberg, Ore.
Elmer J. Roth, Salem, Ore.	

The services of Col. Ben T. Sudell, Albany, Ore., have been secured as auctioneer.

E. A. Rhoten, Salem, Ore., is manager, and the managing committee representing the Oregon Duroc Jersey Breeders association is E. C. Naftzger, W. L. Sheard and M. Averhoff.

ing or saying in her beating grief, Sally flung herself into Austin's arms.

"The baby died—it's dead, dead, Oh, Phil, the baby is dead!"

With one swift, angry wrench the man caught her violently by the wrists.

"—you, you little hag—what do I care about your beat! Let it die. Now go—and don't hang around slopping tears at me. Let the brat die!"

Cold, scornful contempt scowling his features, Austin went to shove Sally from him. There was a little gasp, a tussle, a scream of hurt, sobbing agony, and the double action revolver was jammed against the man's stomach.

"You don't care? Oh, God!" The trigger snapped.

"He looked me straight in the eye. He looked startled and frightened. He knew I did it. I saw it in his eye. He looked at me for just a moment and then went down in a slump as though his backbone had suddenly melted."

From everywhere men and women darted into the street. They issued over the prostrate form. And when they saw that the banker's son was dead, they turned on Sally with their fists and one giant tore her cheek open with a vicious blow.

CHAPTER FORTY
 "But he knew I did it. I saw that in his last glance!" Sally's face was daubed with tears, but there was a triumphant smile in her eye at the memory of Austin's death. "That's satisfaction enough for me. I'm content to spend my days here."

The girl's trial had taken just one day. The jury found her guilty

disappointed. The rejection of his manuscripts did not dull the edge of his self-confidence, but it filled him with forebodings as to his future.

Can World Forgive Girl Like Me?
 "I should not like to be a beggar, colonel," he often said, "and my pen is the only investment I can make. I am continually paying assessments on it. I would like to collect a few dividends."

"The Chaparral Prince" paid his dividends later. Porter revamped it here and there and it made a big hit for him.

"I'll tell you why I'm not interested in Sally," he swung back to the subject with a suddenness that startled her. "She's better off here than she ever could be outside. I know this place is doom—but what chance has a girl with Sally's past in the world? What are you thinking of, colonel, when you plan to send the girl out there to be trampled in the gutter?"

Sally said almost the same words to me when I tried to get her a pardon after I was freed. I went back to the pen to see her.

"Oh, Mr. Jennings," her face had grown thin and its transparent whiteness made her seem a thing of unearthly spirituality. "Don't bother about me, I'm lost. You know it. Do you think they would ever let me crawl back? You know I'm a bad woman.

"I had a baby that I didn't have any right to—do you think the world ever forgives such a crime as that? Leave me alone here. I'm finished. There's no pardon on earth for me."

(Continued next week.)

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