



DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters—Kathleen Gregory, peppery red-haired member of the Gregory clan, goes West in search of a right-of-way for the Golden Girl mine. Donald MacDonald, owner of the Stubbins B mine, has refused the right of way, but the Gregorys, Bridget, Kathleen's companion, yesterday, Kathleen and Bridget move into the Gregory half of the divided house.

Chapter 11

Old Balmie
Kathleen didn't know which surprised her the more, herself in this undignified position, lurching with a cake, or the cake.

"I made it," Balmie told her. "Perhaps you would have tea with me some Sunday? This Sunday? I'll have some more, I've no wife to make it for me, these twenty years," he added.

Kathleen accepted for herself and for Bridget. They talked of other things, his garden, the dog, the mine, then when the others disappeared he took Kathleen's hand again.

"I don't talk much, lass," he said, softly, and returning to his seat, Kathleen wondered what he meant.

Kit-Smyth discussed Balmie, all of the way to his quarters, an imposing bungalow on a low hill beyond the mine.

"I wish I could get rid of that man," he fumed. "He gets worse every day. Take the way he acted towards you, Miss Riley."

"He acted the part of a gentleman," snapped Kathleen. "As far as his calling me, whatever it was, I once dashed through a store and kissed a strange woman thinking she was my mother."

"Oh, I know, but . . . well, it's his religion. Not that he preaches it, but he insists upon living it. If anybody hands him a dirty deal, he blesses them. Now what can you do with a man like that? You can't keep on fighting him."

Bridget's laugh trilled out. "He has you there," she admitted. "Is that why you don't fire him?"

Moving in
"No, and he's getting too old to work. Old Angus brought him over from Scotland and when the boss died we found his will had taken care of Balmie from that time on. He could own his own property and if he wanted more he could have it. And when he wanted to, mind you, wanted to stop work, we were to keep on paying him full salary and pay for any hospital or doctor's care he'd need."

Kathleen's eyes were wide with hope. Old Angus had not only been her grandfather's miner, he'd been his friend. Now she could learn all she wanted to learn.

"Funny his taking you for Old Angus," mused Kit-Smyth as they drove up before his bungalow.

Both girls admired Kit-Smyth's home. It was roomy, a bit over-furnished, but comfortable in a manly way.

The Scotch woman who presided over the domicile was dour and disapproving at his entertaining young ladies, until Kathleen removed her hat, then she beamed.

"You'll have plenty of attention from the Gregorys," Kit-Smyth told Kathleen, as the woman retired from the room. "They have a softness for red-haired people. Old Angus had hair like a carrot top when he was young."

"A carrot top," came lily from

Kathleen. "Is green. But I'm glad someone likes it. I met that MacDonald person and he positively insulted me because of my hair."

The girls thought Kit-Smyth laughed unnecessarily loud and long. "The MacDonalds can't take it. They can do what they want to do in their town but they haven't a mine like ours and that's what counts in the long run."

According to Kit-Smyth, answering a call from The Golden Girl, the Gregorys had consented to renting their house.

"You can move in, immediately," he assured them.

He sent for a house-boy, a young Ute Indian and this "Joey-wide-eyes," looked at Kathleen and swore silent allegiance to her.

Joey-wide eyes, whose name was promptly abbreviated to Joey by the girls, took them first to the house to pick up their car and baggage while he drove on to open the house.

Approaching her grandfather's home, Kathleen felt a strange interest. When there had been a discussion of family background, it had always, heretofore, revolved around her mother's family. Without analyzing the clan's motive, she had accepted a heritage of knights and ladies, baronial castles and estates. From what she had heard, Old Angus Gregory was far from genteel. She felt sudden kinship. There were times when she longed to be definitely barbarous.

Spartan Simplicity
The front door of heavy oak swung open and the girls stepped immediately into the living room. Kathleen looked around, then looked at Bridget.

"This," remarked her friend, "is what is known as Spartan simplicity."

"I like it," declared Kathleen, belligerently.

"Um," agreed Bridget. "Personally, I could do with some cushions."

They followed Joey to the second floor where three bedrooms boasted of furniture as Gargantuan in size as they were unyielding in surface.

Bridget chose the smallest of the three because the north window gave view to a cone-shaped peak, and because "the fireplace is within heating distance of the bed."

Kathleen hurried to the master room. It opened south and west with a view that would be awe-inspiring once the windows were cleared of their layers of dirt.

"I'll take this," she stated.

"No, Miss," protested Joey. "Old Angus depart from this bed. His woman depart from here, too."

"I still like it," she said.

"But Miss Cleo," wailed Joey, "some time spirit he come back to place from where depart, and who know, maybe spirit of Old Angus and Old Angus' woman don't like you."

A little chill began coursing up and down Kathleen's spine. She looked at the wide bed. Her grandparents had died on that. She'd never encountered death in any form. The thought of it gave her a most unpleasant sensation.

Then her heels set. "I'll be blessed if I'm going to let the ghosts of anyone's ancestors run me out of a room I've chosen."

Joey departed for town with a list Bridget had made out for him. She had surveyed the kitchen.

Sausage Stuffing for Flank Steak
Over the scored surface of a flank steak spread a well-seasoned dressing. Roll or fold steak into a long roll. Cover with sliced bacon. Add 1/2 cup water and bake in a slow oven (325 degrees F.) about 2 hours.

which was the half-cabin of the feud, opened a few doors and closed them quickly.

"And a cat, Joey, shop for a cat with a dozen kittens. There are mice in here as big as donkeys."

"Pack rats," Joey had informed her.

Kathleen wandered about the house on an inspection tour. She found framed lithographs of The Golden Girl in all its stages of development. There were two gaudily painted photographic enlargements in convex frames. One was her grandfather, no one but Old Angus could have grown a beard like that. She expected to hear a voice boom through at any moment.

She studied the second with swift interest. Was this young woman her grandmother? But she was beautiful—with the rich, languid beauty of the Latin race. And she reminded her of someone, especially the eyes with their passionate defiance . . .

Just as the living room had shown The Golden Girl in its various stages of development, the pictures in the master bedroom revealed photographs of her father, and of herself, from babyhood to the day of the old man's death.

Kathleen removed these immediately.

Suddenly she realized that this house was hers; her very own. The mine might be shared by other members of the clan, but this property belonged to the immediate descendants of the Angus Gregorys and she was the last of the line.

Mentally, Kathleen began refurbishing, decorating, modernizing the house. She confided her plans to Bridget.

Bridget waited a moment as though dreading to crush this first desire to create a home.

"You'll have to let that go for a

little while," she warned. "This is a rented house and you're a working girl on Sabbath's leave."

Bridget, investigating deep chests for the bedding and linen she'd been advised they held, looked up. "These smell to the high heavens. They've enough moth preventative—Cleo, what are you worrying about?" "I'm not worrying, I'm just wondering where Dad, coming from a home like this, gets his flair for color and rich fabric. He's positively Oriental in taste. Of course it could be a psychological revolt."

"Look!" Bridget's arm had dipped into a chest. Now they came out dripping with cascades of colored lights, the gleam of scarlet satin, silk of peacock blue, sheen of golden velvet, brocade, tarnished metal cloth.

"Here's your answer," she told Kathleen. "These are ancient, and, my dear, there's a mystery in this house we haven't known existed."

Kathleen said nothing. She felt she was on the threshold of a new world and a word spoken, might shatter its fragile entity.

Bedding was found and aired in the waning sun, then darkness gathered and the girls dined before the living room hearth on bread, cheese and tea, refusing to share the kitchen with the pack rats.

Joey's contribution to the household, sprawled, jumped and rolled on the hearth-stone. It wasn't the season for kittens, he explained, so he'd brought a mother cat with her latest litter now grown to formidable proportions.

The mother cat, a cross between a tiger and a calico, with a white vest and a few black spots thrown in for good measure, was promptly called Cleo; the kittens collectively tabulated as the forty-niners.

That night Kathleen slept in the bed from which her grandparents had departed. She neither thought nor dreamed of them. Her mind was occupied with bitter triumph. Here she was, literally in the same building with Donald MacDonald. And he was coming into this side of the house, not to see Bridget, but to visit a "damned Gregory."

Curled into the one warm island on a vast, hard sea of icy sheets, she mapped her campaign. First on the list was control of her temper. Instead of retorting in kind, she would give that MacDonald person such sweet answers he'd be ashamed of himself.

By remaining on the scene, she could turn on the charm which had reduced other men to subjection, then when she had him just where she wanted him, she'd bargain for the right-of-way.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Try Harlequin Cookies Soon

Here's a new recipe to delight all you cookie-makers, for Harlequin Cookies are as intriguing as their name. Dainty and decorative and so good, they belong in the class of extra-special party cookies. Chips of mellow chocolate and Brazil nuts are folded into the rich yellow cookie dough and add to the flavor and crunchiness of these attractive cookies. Harlequin Cookies are fun to make and are really quite simple. Just be sure to keep the dough cool so the chocolate doesn't melt. It doesn't hurt the cookies to have the chocolate melt, but they do look so much prettier when it stays in little chips.

Harlequin Cookies
2 1/2 cups flour
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1 egg
3 tablespoons evaporated milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 lb. sweet chocolate, coarsely chopped
1 cup chopped Brazil nuts
Cream shortening and vanilla. Add sugars, and continue creaming until light and fluffy. Add egg and milk and beat well. Sift flour, then measure. Re-sift with salt and baking powder. Add to first mixture and mix well. Add chocolate and nuts. Chill dough for several hours or over night. Roll about 1/4 inch thick on a well floured board, and cut with a sharp cutter. Bake on ungreased baking sheets in a hot oven (400° F.) until golden brown, about 10 minutes. Yield: 15 dozen cookies 1 1/4 inches in diameter.

Note: Keep cookie dough cool or chocolate will melt. In hot weather

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