THE BLUE MOON

A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

By DAVID ANDERSON

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—14—

"Can you stand more camphor?" she asked.

"I'll swim in it, if it will get me up."

The girl laughed, moistened the cotton and laid it on the wound. He did not even wince. The sting of it had become to him a necessity, the grateful means to an end that must be accomplished. Without tonight there could be no tomorrow. She saturated more of the cotton, laid it on the gash and bandaged it there, drew the blouse back into place, smoothed the pillow under his head and went to the kitchen.

He heard the rattle of the stove, and knew that she was preparing him something to eat. It moved him, for he knew how pitiful little that kitchen held, and yet she was going to share it with him—the best of it—share it with a smile, and the grace of a princess. He swore to himself that there should be food in that kitchen tomorrow.

She was back in a surprisingly short time, bearing a tray of such food as she had been able to prepare hastily—some lunch, crisp toast, a poached egg and black coffee.

He was sound asleep.

She tiptoed back to the kitchen, set the tray on the stove hearth where it would keep warm, re-entered the room, drew a chair up beside the sofa, and kept the buzzing flies away from his face while he slept.

Noon came and passed. Several times she went to the kitchen to ...

The girl sprang to his side, her eyes followed the motion of his hand, and her lips turned white. A man was coming up the path—the man both dreaded most to see.

Handsome, jaunty, debonair, smooth-faced except for the aggressive mustache slightly shot with gray, the notorious bandit swung along up the walk. The Pearlhunter stood crouched forward. His hand dropped to his hip, closed over the butt of the revolver, then slowly unclosed. He was taking his arm out of the sling when the girl caught him, shook him, dragged him back.

"Quick!" she cried, pushing him across the floor, "My room! Behind the curtains!"

At the door he hung back, his head still over his shoulder.

"I reckon I must hide!" he muttered, still glaring back toward the window. "But not there! The kitchen?"

"No, no room. It's safest."

She pushed him behind the curtains.

"But if he comes in?"

"He won't!"

He caught a glimpse of her—white, hard as the face of the hills, and the blue in her eyes like bright steel touched with flame.

A quick glance at the tiny slit between the curtains behind which she knew the Pearlhunter was standing, a very positive and vigorous shake of her finger that said plainer than words to stay there; and she rose and walked with a firm step to the door. A narrow inch she opened it and with her left hand held it so, with her right ...

"Dunno'd if I don't believe you would?"

"You know how to find out."

He knew. He slowly raised his hands. The expression in his eyes might have meant any number of things: first of all, that he bowed to necessity; second, that he would come again. Astonished, mortified, baffled—that, most of all; baffled—he doubtless salved his pride with that second thought: He would come again. The girl sensed something of what smoldered deep in the bold eyes—eyes that a good woman could hardly meet without dishonor. But there were plans afoot—and she trusted them.

"Listen! I'll give you time to get out of sight, if you walk fast. If you look back, or if you are in sight when I think the time is up, I'll shoot; and I'll hit what I shoot at."

He studied the eyes back of the revolver. What he saw whirled him around, his hands still up, and started him back down the path. The farther he went the faster he went. In less time than she had thought, he had passed the turn and disappeared.

She closed the door, laid the revolver on the table beside the sewing basket, crossed the room to the sofa. The ...

He Studied the Eyes Back of the Revolver.

... he must know which way the man went. Much depended on whether he fed his horse now, or went on to the village and came back after night to feed him. The Pearlhunter hesitated, wavering between a very keen and unspoiled chivalry and a very insistent expediency.

"If he should—catch you!"

She laughed merrily.

"Not even you could catch me in the woods."

She flung open the door. He stretched forth his arm.

"No, no! I can't—"

But she was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

Box Twenty-Three.

The Pearlhunter stood in the kitchen door, feeling no little disgrace, and watched the lithe form of the girl dart in among the bushes that lined the cliff where it looped east, enclosing the little pocket of level woods where the cabin stood. He saw her stop suddenly. She stood listening a moment; came flying back.

To the question on his face she answered by closing the door and motioning him into the main room and to the window by the sewing table. A small boy came whistling up the path.

"It's the grandson of the good old storekeeper I told you about," she whispered.

They both laughed as she pushed him toward the curtains, laughed though it irked the man no little to go into hiding at the sound of every footstep—in a girl's room at that, while ...

The Man Both Dreaded Most to See.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NEW FEATURES IN SUMMER'S CALENDAR

IT IS a foregone conclusion that taffeta frocks ...

Genial Styles Foretell Spring

Julia Bottomley

Corsage Bouquets.

EXPRESSED WILL OF PEOPLE

"First American Constitution" Grew Out of Feeling of Dissatisfaction With Conditions.

Find Old Petroleum Deposits.

Winter Low Shoe Styles.

Washable Satin.

Fringed Ends Fashionable.

Crepe de Chine Favorite.

Lace Fans Fashionable.

KID RAISING FOR GLOVES.

TALENT SERVED HIM WELL.

JUST WRITE TO YOUR RATS

Strangest Among the Many Remedies Recommended for Exterminating the Pest.

Stars of "Dipper."

The Kitchen Cabinet

HAVE YOU A FIRELESS COOKER?

WHAT TO EAT.

Nellie Maxwell

No Wonder.

Post-Graduate Course.

Observant Paw.

Keep Up Prehistoric Rite.

Made to Suit.

Back Lame and Achy?

An Ohio Case

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

When Grandmother Was a Girl

FOR CROUP, COLDS, INFLUENZA & PNEUMONIA

Banner Lye is easy to use

Awful Sick With Gas

Eatonic Brings Relief

Backache

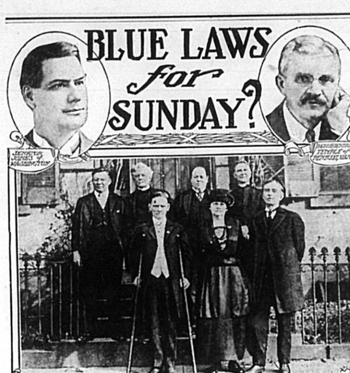
YAGER'S LINIMENT RELIEVES PAIN

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

HOXSIE'S CROUP REMEDY

KREMOLA

BLUE LAWS for SUNDAY?



... are planning "to take the sun out of Sunday" and stage a come-back for the old New England day of gloom. The reformers, per contra, "point with pride" to the fact that their purpose is not to take the sun out of Sunday but to put it back in by making Sunday in truth and in fact a day of rest for the toiling masses—as well as a day of worship for everybody.

Anyway, the movement for a strict observance of Sunday is on. The reformers began operations by moving on the District of Columbia. Senator Jones of Washington and Representative Temple of Pennsylvania have introduced into the senate and house a bill for a stricter observance of Sunday, including the closing of the theaters and a ban on baseball. Washington, too, is the headquarters of the International Reform bureau, which is not without influence. The group picture given herewith was taken on the 20th anniversary of the bureau. From left to right, top row, are State Representative Thomas H. Harrison of Georgia, Bishop J. W. Hamilton of Washington, Dr. Mitchell Carroll and Father Eugene A. Hannan of St. Marks, Washington. In the lower row are Representative W. D. Upshaw of Georgia, Mrs. Ella Boole, recent New York senatorial candidate, and Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, superintendent of the bureau.

The district is the favorite front for an assault designed to penetrate into the nation. The congressmen, you see, are the local lawmakers for their parliamentary home, and when a moral question affecting it is presented to them they are forced into a peculiar attitude. If they do not accept for the District of Columbia a moral regulation they seem to reject it where it affects chiefly the agencies of government and the people engaged in government.

The government of the American democracy cannot afford to seem even lukewarm when a moral standard is presented for adoption. For that reason the district is an easy front in the strategy of reform. No one need be astonished if Sabbatarian regulations are imposed on it.

Although few citizens are affected a moral victory has been gained and there is the committal of the government to a policy. If the city of Wash- ...

... Payne, O.—no misnomer, say the pessimists. There's one street in this village. They used to call it Tough street. The farther a visitor went on the street the tougher it got. When Indiana went dry, it was the great oasis for the weary and thirsty Hoosier traveler. Saloons flourished on both sides of Tough street for its entire length. Ten expert bartenders were employed at one place. That was before the Lord's Day alliance had its inning. Now not a bottle of milk, cigar, newspaper or ice cream soda is purchasable in the town on Sunday. The alliance first forced Charles Withford, owner of the movie house, to close. Withford said if he couldn't do business on Sundays no one else would, and he jumped into the fight on the side of the alliance.

Illinois Blue Laws.

The second thing to help along the reforms is the fact that many of the states already have Sunday blue laws, which are not enforced. Take, for instance, Illinois. Under its statutes a "blue Sunday" can be enforced, and no new legislation is necessary. It will be remembered that Mayor Thompson, under threat of indictment for malfeasance in office, closed Chicago saloons on Sunday. He did it under this law, enacted in 1845. The Revised Statutes of Illinois, chapter 38, sections 259-262, read as follows:

"Sec. 259. Whoever keeps open any tippling house, or place where liquor is sold or given away upon the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, shall be fined not exceeding $200.

"Sec. 260. Sunday shall include the time from midnight to midnight.

"Sec. 261. Whoever disturbs the peace and good order of society by labor (works of necessity and charity excepted), or by any amusement or diversion, on Sunday shall be fined not exceeding $25.

"This section shall not be construed to prevent water men and railroad companies from landing their passengers, or water men from loading or unloading their cargoes, or ferry men from carrying over the water travelers and persons moving their families, on the first day of the week, nor to prevent the due exercise of the rights of conscience by whomsoever thinks ...

... ent generation. These middle-aged Americans, it is certain, look with dismay and apprehension upon American life as it is lived in the Twentieth century. It does not appear to them to be sane, safe or sober. In the hope that blue laws for Sunday will help the situation, they may become surprisingly active in support of the reform movement.

The Entering Wedge.

Of course the District of Columbia is only the entering wedge. Blue law advocates have prepared a bill for introduction in Congress. It would forbid Sunday work of any kind by any employee of the United States. It would stop the running of all interurban trains. It would exclude from the United States mail all newspapers published "or purporting to be published" on Sunday. It would not only punish by fine and imprisonment persons doing these things, but anyone who "aids or procures another" in doing them; that is, who pays for a ride on an interstate train on Sunday or buys a Sunday newspaper that has been carried by the mails. Fines range from $100 to $10,000, with imprisonment of not over six months for individuals. Corporations may be fined $100,000, and may even lose their charters. It is said that this bill has the backing of the Lord's Day alliance, which is stated to have the support of the strongest evangelical denominations in the United States.

The Anti-Saloon league has apparently denied any participation in this campaign. Its denial seems plausible, for it would be poor business for it to mix up its agitation with another far less popular cause. Nevertheless, the "drys" and the "blues" seem to be working together in places.

Rev. Harry L. Bowlby, general secretary of the Lord's Day alliance, seems to be the leading spirit in the agitation for Sunday reform. The alliance was founded in 1888. Mr. Bowlby was graduated from Princeton in 1901, and worked his way through college by serving as correspondent of the Associated Press. He specialized in politics and he studied jurisprudence under Woodrow Wilson. He is forty-six years old, and admits that he is working for a pretty close Sunday. He says:

Sea Chameleons

KISS HAS BEEN IMPORTANT.

GO TO SWELL PENSION FUND

Revenues From Estates of the Late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria Put to Good Use.

Freely Conceded

PURSUED BY GHOSTLY SHIP

Tradition of Modern Flying Dutchman That Massachusetts Fishermen Firmly Believe In.

URUGUAY RICH IN AMETHYSTS

Gems Found in "Geodes," Which Is Nature's Way of Storing Precious Stones for Posterity.

Climate and Agriculture.

A Mastered Fear.

Good Reason.

Hidden Jokers.

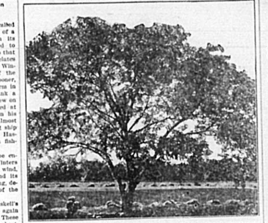
A Boy's Idea.

Advisory.

Views of a Vendor.

Prussia's Barren Area.

NUT-BEARING TREES WILL YIELD COMFORTABLE PROFIT TO FARMER



These Butternut Trees Will Furnish Delight to Eye and Palate for Many Years.

None to Take the Place.

PLAN TO ESTABLISH STANDARDS FOR HAY

Work Includes Analyses of Different Samples.

CLEANING UP INSECT PESTS

WATCH STEERING APPARATUS

Use of Monkey Fur.

Poke a Favorite.

Crepe Jersey Undies.

Use of Rolled Puff.

On Hoopskirt Lines.

HOW WOMEN AVOID SURGICAL OPERATIONS

Some Are Extremely Necessary, Others May Not Be

Every Woman Should Give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a Trial First

Chicago, Ill.—"I was in bed with a female trouble and inflammation and had four doctors but none of them did me any good. They all said I would have to have an operation. A druggist's wife told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took 22 bottles, never missing a dose and at the end of that time I was perfectly well. I have never had occasion to take it again as I have been so well. I have a six room flat and do all my work. My two sisters are taking the Compound upon my recommendation and you may publish my letter. It is the gospel truth and I will write to any one who wants a personal letter."—Mrs. E. H. Haydock, 6824 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A Vermont woman adds her testimony to the long line of those fortunate women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after it had been decided an operation was necessary:

Burlington, Vt.—"I suffered with female trouble, and had a number of doctors who said that I would never be any better until I had an operation. I was so bad I could hardly walk across the floor and could not do a thing. My sister-in-law induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it certainly has helped me wonderfully. I keep house and do my work and have a small child. I have recommended Vegetable Compound to a number of my friends and you may publish my testimonial."—Mrs. H. R. Sharon, Apple Tree Point Farm, Burlington, Vt.

In hospitals are many women who are there for surgical operations, and there is nothing a woman dreads more than the thought of an operation, and the long weary months of recovery and restoration to strength if it is successful.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Great Expectations.

Important to Mothers

A Lady of Distinction

NOTHING YOU MIGHT NOTICE

Scottish Farmhand and Parisian Visitor on a Par as Far as Meals Were Concerned.

HARD TO EXPLAIN POISONING

Scientists Unable to Tell Why Bites of Some Animals Are Fatal and Others Innocuous.

Useful Heirloom.

Improvement Noted.

... has the best behaved boys in our neighborhood."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

... everything at once. He has at least got to where he's sufficiently old an' dignified not to talk back."

You Will Like

INSTANT POSTUM

Because of its attractive flavor and real economy.

There's no waste because it is prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of hot water, and you can make it strong or mild to suit individual taste.

Instant Postum

Economical — Healthful Satisfying

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.