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The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines by GRACE MILLER WHITE... A New Romance of the Storm Country

"AFTER SHE'S MARRIED..." Synopsis: Lonely and almost friendless, Pamela Deven, lives on a small boat with a cruel father and a woman, discouraged mother, wanders into the big city...

CHAPTER II. The Master of the Dirty Mary. A week before this story opens, Urah Deven had steamed the length of the lake, anchoring his boat at a corner...

"I won't go, Rick!" Mrs. Deven had cried when her husband had made the statement that he intended to visit Urah. "You couldn't get me near that place with a rope around my neck."

Occasionally Mrs. Deven lifted her head to listen and turned her eyes to the west where a narrow path zigzagged its length up the hill to the boardwalk. Into her tortured soul had come a belief since the night before that Tony's "Glorious God" would send her man home.

Suddenly the sound of heavy footsteps in the forest path brought her attention. At last he was coming, drunk, man she loved; perhaps drunk, perhaps to beat her; but nevertheless he was coming, and that was all she cared about.

"Where you been?" the woman forced herself to say. But instead of replying, he started to kiss her neck. "I dunno," was the answer. "A minute ago she was over there not ten of your legs' jumps from this week?"

"He'd been on a terrible spree, she decided. He looked as if he had been drunk for days. That he had some thing unusual on his mind, she knew. He knew, too, she thought. Doubtful, for hadn't he asked for the kid the moment he'd returned?"

"It's about this we was doing things, Edie," he said, turning grimly. "The night we took a day home, he says 'Paul Pendelhaven's in such a lousy way here he's in his coffin.'"

"Mrs. Deven's face grew deathly pale. "What do you mean, honey?" she faltered. "We live like rats in a hole," took up the man, after a pause, "while if Tony was made to do his part, we'd be on an easy street, plus a couple of thousands."

"He's willing to marry the kid if you mind your business afterward. His marriage he said 'sixin' he'll strike and we'll get out 'only through her.'"

"He shan't have her," the woman said, with hard tones and flashing eyes. "How many times 've I got to say it over to you? If it's the wife we're to get, we've got to get the wife we want. The old soot north and go back again. He's a bum," she went on. "A dude and a fool and everything else that's bad. He's a thief, too."

Deven laughed. "So am I, Edie," said he. "So 're you" for that matter. If Reggie knew that Tony was Paul Pendelhaven's kid, he wouldn't get over to her. It's better if she sneches from the Pendelhaven's and his mother because he don't get such enough other ways. A fellow's got to pay some money."

"Treaty man! piktin's," sneered Edith Deven. "Sixin' from folks almost in the grave ain't my style. Reggie's some second-rate man, that you're duffer to."

"You sneaked Paul's kid," taunted Deven. "He wouldn't be almost in his grave now if you'd kept your hands off Tony."

"The man sneered on him savagely, saying no need to his words. "Get your blasted Reggie to steal enough for us all from the Pendelhaven's," she said. "God knows they've got it and to get it, it's better to hand it Tony over to 'im. He lives at Pendelhaven's, don't he?"

looking at her mother. "You'll suit quick, sweet, and I'll jump to do it!" The woman began to cry softly. "Go on, Edie," said Urah. "Why in hell are you blubberin' over a thing you can't help?"

"But I can help it," cried Edith. "And what's more I will. Run away, baby, and I'll have it out with your pop while you're gone."

"You man's word ain't law on this town," answered Reggie. "In an awful tone, "Mine ain't neither." "I'm glad to stay right here with my mother. See? I don't have to do I, mummy darlin'?"

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The Pioneer of the AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE Companies of Michigan Is the Citizens' Mutual of Howell

This company has a membership of over 50,000, the result of six years consistent growth, based on sound business and insurance sense. It has lived and is living up to its original slogan, "Auto Insurance at Cost Plus Safety."

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Total: \$117,525.53

The company occupies its own office building on the best corner of the main thoroughfare of the prettiest and most progressive small city in central Michigan.

In addition to the officers, the home office staff numbers 20 trained executives and assistants. Thirty-two among the leading attorneys of the state comprise the legal department.

The company is fully and adequately equipped for service and is dedicated to the principle of A SQUARE DEAL.

Citizens' Mutual Auto Insurance Co. HOME OFFICE, HOWELL, MICHIGAN There Is an Agent in Your Town

He Meant No Harm. "Sir Herbert Tree was accused by a stranger one day in the Haymarket. "Aren't you Beecham Tree?" asked the stranger.

"No," replied Tree, anxious to hide his light under a bushel. "I'm sorry, I thought you were, you look uncommonly so, like him."

"I assure you," insisted Tree, "you are mistaken." "Well, I certainly do think you looked like him," said the stranger.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to insult you." Catarrh Can Be Cured. Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions.

All the Same to Her. "That daddy in the eyes of childhood is always just as big a man as any in the world was evidenced one day in the West Indianapolis branch library."

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum. When adding to your toilet requisites, an exquisitely scented face, skin and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous.

Allen's Foot-Ease. To stop the pain of Corns, Bunions, Calluses, Blisters, Tired, Aching Soles, Tender Feet, etc.

Absorbine. Will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunions, Heals Boils, Poll Evil, Quittor, Flatulence, Infected sores quickly.

Dodd's Kidney Pills. My Mother, 75 years old, used DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS for her back. She could hardly get up stairs.

Diamond Diamond Pills. Ask your dealer or order direct from Diamond Diamond Co., 117 W. George Street, St. Paul, Minn.

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"Go On and Finish Me"

GET VALUE OF EACH MINUTE NOT A GOOD BUSINESS MAN No Man Has a Right to Waste His Young Corn Husk Evidently Was Own Time or Steal That of Another's.

Life is composed of two things, time and effort. One is useless without the other. Both should be as nearly 100 per cent productive as we are able to make them.

Try as best we may, the end of life will find us with many things undone. No man ever wholly completed the task allotted to him.

For the man who wastes his own time or steals another's there is neither excuse or valid reason. Put a value on every minute. Be so anxious and so certain to get that value as you are to gain the worth of your times and your dollars.

Remember that once a minute has passed by it is gone forever—F. A. Walker in Chicago Daily News.

Too Bad. Sculptor (to his friend)—Well, what do you think of my bust? Fine piece of marble, isn't it? Friend—Magnificent. What a pity to have made a bust of him. It would have made a lovely washstand—Pearson's Weekly.

One Thing They Know. Friend Wife—What do you men know about women's clothes, any way? Friend Hubby—The price.

"Lost and Found." About 15,000 articles found on trains and about the stations are turned into the lost and found department at the Grand Central terminal in New York in the course of a year. Besides this there are 20,000 personal and telephone calls to be answered in reference to articles which are not turned in, being picked up by persons on trains or about the stations who never make any report of them.

My baby, Caroline Pendelhaven, aged six months. (TO BE CONTINUED) United States' Bad Land. This is the translation of "Mauvais Terres," the term used by the French-Canadian trappers to describe those regions of unaccommodated rocks that have been crosscut by gorges. Bad lands occur on old plateaus formed by horizontal strata of loosely cemented sands and gravels.

Baptism in Cyprus. A baptism in Cyprus is a curious ceremony. The infant is rubbed with oil by his godfathers, blown upon in the face by the priest and waded in the sea, then dipped several times in the font, and again anointed with oil on various parts of the body.

To Their Discredit. Those who are the most accomplished do not always accomplish the most.—Boston Transcript.

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WORK DAYS AND REST NIGHTS Can you do it now? If you can't, there's something wrong. Many find coffee a disturbing element, so wisely leave it off and use Postum Cereal. Postum is a pure cereal drink containing nothing that can possibly disturb nerves or digestion. You'll find Postum has a delightful flavor that fully satisfies. "There's a Reason" for Postum Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.