

# Storm Country

## Polly

by Grace Miller White

Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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"Don't you dare Polly dear me," she gritted convulsively, "or I'll hit you with this!"

"God!—Jesus!" came from between Evelyn's chattering teeth. "No, don't pick it up! Don't! Oh, I want to tell you something, Polly Hopkins."

"Then fire ahead," Polly grumbled sullenly.

She withdrew her fingers from the ax-handle and leaped for the door in the palm of her hand.

Evelyn straightened up and bent forward, her eyes swimming with tears.

"Polly," she gasped, "Polly, in the summer God's going to send me a little baby. Oh, Polly—"

The squatter girl scrambled up as the speaker dropped back, terrified at the exultant fire in the brown eyes and the awful smile that crept across Polly's face.

"Glory be to God in the sky," she cried. "Two of you belongin' to Old Marc goin' with one swipe of the ax."

She wheeled around and paced the length of the shanty. Old Marc's baby! Old Marc's woman! Both to go out of his life forever! And by her hands—hers, Polly Hopkins' hands!

She lifted them up, those slender, brown fingers, and looked at them against the candlelight. But a few months ago they had been the most willing fingers in all the county! But tonight—Marc's baby! Evelyn's baby!

Like a hive of bees, the joy of dissipating the home of Marcus MacKenzie buzzed through her brain. No sound came from the girl on the floor, for Evelyn MacKenzie had given up all hope. The squatter girl was crazy. No human being could entertain such a ghastly purpose and be in his right mind!

Presently she called Polly's name faintly, and then again, because Polly gave her no heed, she cried louder:

"Polly, my feet hurt so! I can't bear it!"

Polly paused, leaned against the wall and glared at her.

"I'm glad they do that," she muttered. "You can't hurt anywhere too much to suit me!"

That something gave way behind her, and wheeling around, she found herself staring into the face of "The Greatest Mother in the World."

Daddy's dust-covered coat which had hidden the picture all the past weeks lay at her feet.

As she looked, the glare left Polly's eyes. The serious face that had once smiled at her, the smile that had been a benediction for herself and Daddy Hopkins, was there no longer. Rather was there an expression of sorrow.

Death rested in the nurse's arms, but from her whole reverent attitude the sense of protection swept out at Polly Hopkins.

Then suddenly she heard a man's voice. It seemed to drift into the hut through every crevice and crack.

"And you're the Littlest Mother in the World," came plaintively to her.

Like one struck, she stood rooted to the spot. Evelyn MacKenzie over there against the bed faded from her mind. Old Marc's bearded face went away as if it had never seen her vision. Over and over the delightful words Robert had spoken to her rushed into her ears and stamped themselves in golden fire on her memory.

"I love you, Polly," touched her like a caress, and, "You're my little girl," fell upon her like the tender hand of Granny Hope's God.

"The Greatest Mother in the World," whispered Polly; and then something hard and hateful within her broke, and the flood-tides of love came pouring in. As when a dam bursts,

the pent-up waters sweep away all the accumulated rubbish in the old, unused channels, so was the squatter girl's heart cleansed of every unlovely emotion. To her uplifted vision "The Greatest Mother in the World" smiled again in benediction; and beyond her, dim in the background, appeared a wrinkled, toothless smile, and Polly heard Granny Hope's withered lips saying:

"Love's the hull thing, Grat. Just love, an' love, an' keep on lovin'."

Full of the tenderest compassion, Polly turned swiftly, and at the sight of her flashing, radiant face, Evelyn faintly, toppled forward and rolled almost under the bed.

The squatter girl bounded to her side, her frantic fingers tearing loose the ropes that Larry and Lye Braeger had made secure around Evelyn's body. They fell away, leaving the girl but a little heap on the floor.

Tears streamed over her dark lashes as Polly gathered the limp head of Evelyn MacKenzie into her arms. And then she prayed as Granny Hope had taught her to pray. "Our Father which art in heaven, The rest of the petition slipped from her mind, and she quoted with chattering teeth, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Her strong arms lifted Evelyn and as she rolled over on the cot, Polly Hopkins stood up and cried:

"Underneath Old Marc's woman are your everlasting arms, God dear!"

### CHAPTER XVI

"Can you speak to me?"

Polly's voice was as tender as when she had repeated heavenly promises to the sad ones of the Silent City and had taught them that love was ever present.

Evelyn gazed at her electrified. The brown eyes were softly luminous. The lips which only a little while ago were strained and blue now were scarlet and fraught with sympathy. What wonderful thing had happened? Polly had taken the rope off her feet and hands. She could wriggle a little, although her flesh hurt dreadfully when she tried it.

Prompted by the attempted movement, Polly dropped to her knees and began to chafe the injured ankles.

"I'm goin' to give you back to your man," she said, quaking. "But you got to swear to him I swiped you, an' not any squatter men. He'll jail me forever, mebbe, but I don't care about that. I love Larry an' Lye Braeger too much to haul 'em into this."

Then her face fell beside Mrs. MacKenzie's, and she wept hysterically. Evelyn's fingers clutched at the chestnut curls.

"Polly, oh, Polly, darling!"

This was all she could say, for she, too, was weeping even more wildly than the other. In the presence of such divine unselfishness, the petals of her withered soul seemed to lift and open, as she groped for a broader understanding.

"Granny Hope learned me a lot of things," came up to Evelyn brokenly. "She always said, Granny Hope did, that love was stronger'n hate an' I must just pray your man wouldn't be so wicked to us squatters."

The glistening brown head rolled back and forth in consuming agony.

"Don't, Polly, darling," Evelyn begged. "Don't, it's all right now. And my husband will—"

Polly sat up, brushing back damp ringlets from her brow.

"He won't do nothin' to help me," she shot out. "Nothin' at all! First, I know him better'n you do. Then next, I wouldn't ask him. Cause—cause I'm that bad, I ought to be without my Daddy Hopkins an' my Jerry baby." Her voice rose in wild appeal. "But, God dear, how much I want 'em. Oh, how I want 'em!"

The words cut into Evelyn's heart with the keenness of physical pain. Only a little while before she had stood alone at the brink of the grave. There had been no hope that the summer would bring a helpless wee thing to hold her close to Marcus. But now—her thoughts whirled. So great was her faith in Polly Hopkins that she knew in a little while she would be back in her husband's arms.

The attack of weeping over, Polly arose and bent again into the palm of her hand and hot water. This time she took all the sugar left in the cupboard. Daddy would not be home for over two years, and Baby Jerry probably never, and she wouldn't be in the shanty long. Groaning, she whipped the spoon so fiercely that some of the contents of the cup splashed on the floor.

"It ain't very toothsome," she said, coming back to the cot; "but the hull's cold, an' you need a lot of warmin' up. I'm goin' now an' get your man. You get this hot pap into your stomach while I'm gone."

Evelyn waved the cup away, holding out a shaking hand.

"I don't want you to go without me,

Polly; she cried. "Please, don't leave me here alone. I'm terribly scared, I—"

The grave young squatter contemplated her for the space of twenty seconds, perhaps.

"You're afraid of the fishermen, ain't you, Miss?" she asked. "Well, you've got a right to be! Larry's different from the rest, though he was as willin' up to this night, to chop off your head, as me. But Larry's heart's soft and kind, Larry's is."

"I'm afraid of everybody," gasped Evelyn. "Everybody but you, Polly."



"I'm Afraid of Everybody," Gasped Evelyn.

Please, take me with you, or—or let me stay till morning."

A slight shake of Polly's head brought Evelyn to a sitting position, but pain-racked bones and nerves laid her back again.

"There," interjected the other girl. "You can see how hard it'd be to get you through the snow to your ma's house. You'd die before you got there. I'm blest if you wouldn't. No, I got to go alone, Miss."

Noting the fear in Mrs. MacKenzie's eyes, she bent over the cot.

"Will you believe something I'm goin' to tell you, Eve?" she said in a wheedling tone.

"Surely I will, Polly," answered Evelyn, wiping her eyes, "but I'm so afraid, so awfully afraid."

"That's no lie," replied Polly impetuously, "an' as I said, you got a right to be scared of the squatters. Why, only this afternoon I hated you an' Old Marc as hard as the rest of the Silent City folks—more, mebbe! But—but what I was really goin' to tell you is this, if I lug you along with me, you won't have no baby in the summer. That's God's truth I'm tellin' you, too."

(To be Continued.)

### McMANUS GOING ABROAD

Creator of "Bringing Up Father" Will Make Home in Ireland.

To the roster of well known Americans who maintain country estates in Ireland there is to be added shortly the name of George McManus, the cartoonist and creator of "Bringing Up Father," who slipped quietly away from this country on one of the steamships sailing last Saturday, and who by the time he returns in late July will be the "landed proprietor" of a broad Irish demesne.

As far back as 1913, while visiting a lifelong friend who inherited Clonally House, at Ballygawley in Tyrone, from a great uncle, McManus became inoculated with the desire to own an Irish home some day and for part of every year enjoy there the charm of Irish country life and saturate himself with the beauty of Irish scenery. The following year, while the plan is still urgent in his mind the war came, and the changes which followed it, and his own work have compelled him to defer the putting into effect of his intention.

But let a man in Ireland once announce that he is captivated with things Irish and not a war lasting a century will suffice to blur the effect of his announcement upon those interested—if they like him—in having him come to hide among them. In the nearly ten years which have passed since McManus declared himself in love with Irish life his friends in the green isle have watched carefully for opportunities which they thought would attract him and have kept him informed of what was offering in the market and why.

The recent situation in Ireland has brought salient changes to more than one ancient country family, and now the man looking for Irish acreage has a variety of choice and location which has not been afforded since 1818. At least six estates which McManus has news of, have everything calculated to appeal to a new owner in whom the strain of artist pulses strongly. One has a castle on it, another a ruined monastery, another was once the home of a famous patriot, a fourth is the house which once sheltered a famous sportsman and soldier. Each, according to descriptions which have accompanied pictures of the residence houses to this country, is in the heart of hunting land and in a neighborhood conspicuous for all those traditions which make Irish country life the hospitality and individual thing that it is.

McManus' own inclination is for a certain estate which looks out upon the sea and behind which the coun-

try falls away in a rolling panorama of field, woodland and lakes. The house is four centuries old and has a ghost or two. Two kings have slept in it and three times its owners have held siege when their tenants tried to burn it about their ears. St. Patrick is said to have preached on the lawn before the house where there are still four tall standing stones, which, according to legend, were once part of an open air druid temple.

But before making his final choice, McManus will see the several others and will live in or in the neighborhood of each for an extended stay in order to make certain that he will like it if he buys it. At a dinner in his honor just before he went away he said:

"I expect to have to deal with twenty solicitors, forty four land agents, six members of the House of Lords, and one thousand heirs, devisees, and next of kin, before I come back from Ireland, and listen to their logic and keep proof against their blarney and make a sensible choice in the long run. But I'll have the deeds to an Irish place in my pocket when I come back. I made up my mind ten years ago that I was going to sit at my own Irish fireside and eat my own Irish bacon and drink my own pot'een before I reach the time of life when one place was the same as another and here goes."

He will spend a long vacation at his estate every year after he takes it over and will manage to make his first residence include Christmas. He has always believed in long holidays—insists that all work and no play makes Jiggs a dull boy. Mrs. McManus has gone to Ireland with him, and, as he says, probably will tip the balance of choice if the choice gets very narrow.

### RUSSIAN CHURCH JEWELS

Russian Government Puts Them to Fit Use.

An Aladdin's cave of jewels has been opened by the decision of the Soviet authorities to confiscate some of the treasures of the Russian churches and sell them to feed the Russian sufferers.

(The Soviet decree issued Feb. 26, directs the seizure of all precious metals and stones "which would not interfere with the interests of the various cults." It has been announced that the All-Russian Central Committee will determine what articles are absolutely necessary for religious purposes and exempt from requisition.)

Most famous of the church treasures, described by the Moscow newspaper Izvestia, is the bejeweled ikon, "Our Lady of Kazan," at the Kazan Cathedral in Petrograd. It is a representation of the Virgin done in beaten gold, weighing 10 pounds and decorated with 1,655 larger and 1,522 lesser diamonds, 638 rubies, seven sapphires, 1,400 pearls and 155 other jewels; and hung about the neck of the Virgin is a diamond necklace of huge, first water stones.

At Peter Paul's cathedral, also in Petrograd there is another famous ikon, known as the "Jerusalem Holy Lady," in solid gold. It is about two feet square, and contains 38 carats of large diamonds, 13 carats of middle-size diamonds and 14 and one-quarter carats of smaller stones. Altogether, in this church, says the Izvestia, there are 24 almost equally valuable ikons.

To St. Isaac's cathedral, Petrograd, were presented on the day it was opened, a total of 215 articles containing 81 pounds of gold and 4,788 pounds of silver, and later a shrine was built of solid silver weighing 468 pounds. St. Isaac's also has one ikon 21 inches wide by 28 inches high, done in gold overlay and bearing a wreath in large diamonds. There are a dozen other ikons of tremendous value at St. Isaac's alone.

While these big Petrograd cathedrals, which were long favored by royalty, probably contain the most valuable treasures of the Greek Orthodox church in Russia, nearly every one of the estimated 61,000 other cathedrals, monasteries, convents, and churches contains objects in gold and silver and jeweled ikons are not at all rare, even in the smaller edifices.

Royal gifts, donations by pious parishoners and church taxes for centuries went largely into ornamenting the churches. Kazan cathedral was the holy of holies to the Cossacks. The Cossacks of the Don once sent to it 1,440 pounds of silver, asking that it be made into ikons of four of the Apostles.

Beyond their value in precious metal and jewels, some of the objects might be extremely sought after by collectors. The Byzantine magnificence of the jeweled ikons, however, might impress the Western world as more ornate than artistic.

With a few scattered exceptions, wherein some looting of churches may have occurred during the early days of the revolution, church treasures have been left practically intact.

Patriarch Tikhon, the head of the Russian church, is understood to contend that, since the church and the state have been separated, the title to the treasures rests in the hands of the parishoners of each church and that, therefore, it is for each parish to decide what treasures it wishes to surrender for the famine sufferers.

He advises charity in this respect but it is believed in Moscow that the church, as a whole, will strenuously oppose general confiscation, while willing to surrender those objects which it does not consider particularly holy or of essential use in sacramental observances.

Good for What Ails You.—"Quite a long line in the doctor's office?"

"Yes."

"Lot of men ill?"

"Not ill, hopeful."—Judge.

### "BOLL WEEVIL SPECIAL"

(Continued From Page One.)

Dallas and went into camp. After cleaning up a bit we walked around the camp to see if there was anybody there we knew and sure enough there was. They were J. B. Grant's cousins from Chester, S. C., and a boy that I knew while at Clemson College. They were Miss Sarah Carter, Dr. and Mrs. Marvin and Bob Marvin. They were on their way to Colorado. We sat around the camp talking and joking until about 10 o'clock when we retired for the night.

### Offered Job in the Army.

April 12—We did not get up this morning until about 12, as we were tired and had nothing else to do but sleep. After having a bit to eat and getting the camp in order we were puzzled as to what to do as this was the place we were headed for until the wheat harvest opened and we had no job to keep us up until that time. We just went up town to look around and see what the chances were and we soon found that chances of employment were slim. There are more people out of work in Dallas than there are jobs. Money was running low and all of us had sworn we were not going to wire home for help. An army recruiting officer offered to take us in the army for three years but we told him we did not care for that; but if we could not get anything else we would join.

The balance of this story, young Mackorrell says in a foot note, "will be brought home with me when I come back."

### YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER

Snow Fell Every Month During the Year 1816.

In 1816 there was no summer in the United States.

Snow fell every month of the year. Since that time 1816 has been generally called "poverty year" because practically all crops were total failures. Others have called it "eighteen hundred and froze to death."

Still others have referred to it as "mackerel year" because so little pork was available that the people lived on fish.

The Weather Bureau writes us that snow fell on the seventh of June sufficient to cover the ground at Newton, Mass., and at Hopkinton, N. H., it was four inches deep.

At Salem, Mass., on Saturday, June 8, there was a slight fall of snow, but it was not deep enough to make good sleighing.

Along the northern portion of Massachusetts, large icicles were pendant and the foliage of the forest trees was blasted by the frosts.

In Williamstown, Mass., the snow was twelve inches deep on June 8, and in Cabot, eighteen inches.

### THE SOUTH HAS A GREAT FUTURE, SAYS ROGER BABSON.

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Joseph Walker, an old gentleman of eighty-eight years, lost himself in the woods at Peacham in the snowstorm on the night of the seventh and remained there through the night, his feet becoming so severely frost-bitten

that it was necessary to amputate one of his great toes. Many people perished in the snow drifts, birds flew into houses for shelter and great numbers of them were found dead in the fields.

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### The Yorkville Enquirer



As She Looked, the Glare Left Polly's Eyes.

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