

RESURRECTION ROCK

by Edwin Palmer
© Little, Brown and Company

(Continued from Our Last Issue.)
Barney gazed into the face of Lucas Cullen, who stared at him with eyes widened, with jaw dropped; the dim, pink light upon his skin lost a tint as the blood went from Lucas Cullen's face, and Barney knew that he had recognized the voice.

"Direct voice!" someone gasped in awe, and others whispered it. "We're hearing a direct voice! That's her voice!"
Barney Cullen had recognized it and dropped down into his seat, astounded; his mother knew the voice, and Jack, most certainly of all, Lucas Cullen continued in the conviction that one dead was speaking.

"I am going to tell the account of Lucas Cullen and his family, and of myself and my son," said the voice clearly and steadily. "It begins far back, yet is brief enough."

So far, even to Barney, the voice seemed to proceed from the source. He had believed his mother present among the veiled women at the left of the rows where the lights had gone out; but such was the quality of her tone that it seemed to pervade throughout the room.

Everyone was silent.
"The beginning," continued the voice, "was when I was a child in the Michigan forest. My father was the man whose spirit just now was here holding the Book of Mormon—whose cabin Lucas Cullen, the Book of Mormon from the doorway. My father was Richard Drane. He cleared a farm in the woods, married a Gentle girl from Big Rapids, and was living an honorable, useful life when he crossed the path of Lucas Cullen, who recently had arrived to make his fortune in the forest."

The source of the voice was discovered. It came from that darkened end of the room where Barney had supposed his mother to be, and, as people craned about or stood to see the speaker, she arose, and, having cast off her veil and the dark coat she had worn, she stood a little apart, dressed all in white.

"Mrs. Cullen—Agnes—Mrs. Oliver Cullen—She's that's she!—Who did she—How changed—How could it be—"

It seemed to Barney that everyone must recognize that she was before them in the body; yet so strong had been the spell of the illusion that a few still saw her as a phantom. Lucas Cullen did.

When she spoke on, Barney recognized that her deliberate, careful words were being recited from rehearsal's within herself, repeated through years of waiting for such a moment.

"My father," she said, "had abandoned farming, to take out lumber, cutting from land he had homesteaded and from surrounding sections which he bought. You could buy timber land cheap in those days; but there were men who thought it foolish to pay the government anything at all for the great trees on the end of the most dangerous, was that the Mormon had just for the wife of another lumberman, Henry Laylor."

As she spoke, Agnes Cullen came forward and showed herself more plainly in the light. No one—not even Lucas Cullen, in his guilt-clouded consciousness—believed her a phantom now.

"Lucas Cullen told me the story about Richard Drane and Laylor's wife only to harm the man who had made him trouble, and to injure a rival; for Henry Laylor had built a mill only a few miles from Cullen's, near a little place called Galilee."

"Neither would let the other drive him away; so they fought till Henry Laylor was burned out, and, as you have just heard, he was killed."

"Lucas Cullen had that fire set. He met near Galilee a man in his pay—Quinlan—and sent him to light shavings upwind from Laylor's mill. When it was known that Laylor was killed, Lucas Cullen said that the man who had set the fire was the Mormon Drane, who wanted to kill Laylor to get his wife. It was a savage, lustful lie of the sort which excited men like to believe; they went to get the Mormon and lynch him, then Lucas Cullen—partly to save Drane from being murdered, let us think, but partly also to stop suspicion swinging to his guilty self—made a great play for justice and for a trial for the Mormon; and he stopped the lynching—and perjured Richard Drane into the cell where he died—my father—for a crime which Lucas Cullen and

his man Quinlan had done.
"Is it not so, Lucas Cullen? Stand up and deny it if not so!"
She stopped and waited for answer; but Lucas Cullen neither stood nor replied.

"My father did not die for many years," Barney heard his mother say. "My mother worked constantly to get my father free. She died when I was a young girl, and I took up the useless attempts. I changed my name and came to Chicago to watch Lucas Cullen; he left Chicago and built his house at St. Florentin, and I went to live near there."

"That was the summer before his daughter married, when he had her friend, the Marquis de Chenal, as his guest at St. Florentin. So De Chenal happened to meet me one day; he left Lucas Cullen's house several times after that to find me. He attracted me too. I thought he loved me."

Her voice for a moment failed.
"I told De Chenal why I was as I was, how my father was in prison, falsely accused by Lucas Cullen. De Chenal swore to help me; he was not in my cause," she continued. "He swore to justify my father and punish Lucas Cullen. First, he would marry me. I loved and believed him; perhaps he believed himself in those days. I was very young and he was young, and we went to a priest, and—"

Barney began to make his way toward her. Now she was stripping her soul before these gaping people, not to punish Lucas Cullen, but to acknowledge him, her son.

"Lucas Cullen learned of it, but gave out that his guest had gone on a hunting trip," she pressed on. "He followed and finally found us. His money, of course, was an influence. I had nothing; De Chenal owed two million francs. Lucas Cullen made his escape easy. I was under age; legal necessities had been ignored. He married De Chenal to his daughter, gave him money and packed him off. It was easier than before to make me an outcast. The next spring my son was born."

"This is my son," she cried, forbidding her, as she stepped under the light. From the other side of the room, where she had been, women called her name. But she did not hear them.

"This is my son," she cried, her hands clasping Barney's. "My son, lost to me that summer of his birth, because I was made an outcast, but now

these places—so the telegraphed news related—a huge old man, strange to the settlers, but dominating in manner and plainly expert in ways of fighting forest fires, placed himself in command and turned away the flames from the town."

He himself worked tirelessly in the fire lines with axe and spade, and when word came that two of his men were missing and probably had fallen and were lying overcome by smoke and heat, he went in and brought out one man, and returned for the other, and never came back."

Days later, when the fire had burnt out, and men were able at last to go through the black, smoldering region, they found his remains beside those of the man for whom he had returned. Identification was not easy; but such the wires carried to Chicago the information that the old man had been, beyond doubt, Lucas Cullen.

Benny brought the message to his father at the office.
"He went with his boots on," said Luke, wiping wet eyes. "That's how he'd like to go. And—well, boy, it couldn't be better than that."

Ethel and Barney received the news together.
"I knew grandfather wouldn't go without doing something," she said proudly. "You see, he can better face them all now."

"Yes," said Barney; and he knew she meant her father and mother, and his own grandfather, of the Book of Mormon, and Laylor and Kinchelle and Quinlan of the flaming torch.

"I guess," Ethel said, "old J. Q. can put out his torch. I can't think that one fine act at the end can change one all at once; but it's something begun which, over there, must have power to go on."

THE END

Trim It With Red

RED is an ever-blooming perennial—sartorially speaking. It is seldom scheduled for overwhelming popularity, but there is never a season during which it doesn't put in an appearance.

Its chief use this season is to line the wide sleeves or loose panels that continue to be worn, to touch up a dark gown with a dash of embroidery or to function in its lighter shades, evening gowns of undoubted dash and brilliance.

For daytime wear all the shades of brown are undoubtedly most popular. They vary from the brown that is nearly black to the brown that is nearly red or yellow, with special favor shown to the golden browns half way down the scale.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



JACK WALKED AROUND AND KEPT HIS EYES ON THE HORSE'S SADDLE. HE HEARD THE SHARP LOUD BARK OF A REVOLVER, HE DECIDED TO LEAVE THE ANIMALS FOR A MOMENT AND INVESTIGATE.



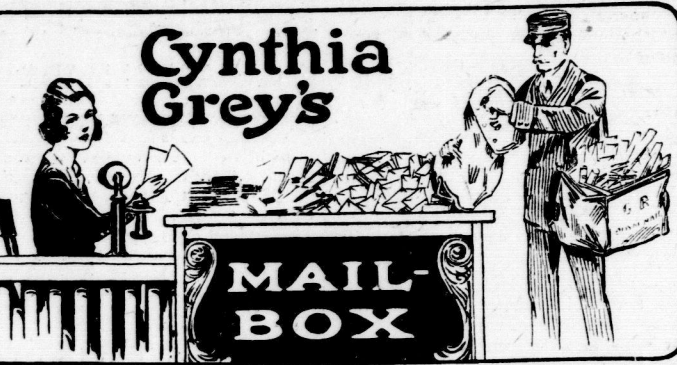
THE LITTLE ADVENTURER TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO FLIP WHAT HE WANTED. THE INTELLIGENT DOG SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND SO JACK LEFT THE HORSE IN HIS CARE. THEN HE HURRIED UP THE LITTLE HILL.



JACK LAYED DOWN FULL LENGTH UPON THE GROUND AND PEERED OVER THE CLIFF. ALL WAS BUSTLE AND EXCITEMENT BELOW WHEN HE HASTILY DREW BACK HIS HEAD AS SOMEONE WAS CLIMBING UP THE HILL.



THE BOY QUICKLY HID BEHIND A TREE. HE HEARD THE MAN CLIMB OVER THE CLIFF, AND THEN WALK BACK AND FORTH ALONG THE EDGE. JACK LOOKED OUT IT WAS THE BANDIT CHIEF, PEDRO LOPEZ. CONTINUED IN NEXT CHAPTER.



DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN.
Dear Miss Grey—I have been waiting for Mrs. H. to take us on our fourth tramp to dear old Manchester. Lonely Lancashire had covered more ground than we did in our two previous tramps. Lonely Lancashire Lad, I certainly will make an appointment with you, and keep it too. Will you scold if I stop to look in the shop windows? You know all the old haunts as well as I do. We never felt we could go home on Saturday nights until we had crossed Blackfriars bridge and to the "pot market," where the fun always was. You dear boy, I am sure you would be a good scout and a "regular fellow." Save up your pennies, for we are going to Ireland too. Miss Grey, won't you ask real Irishman from the Old Sod who can take us for a trip to "dear dirty Dublin"? I love Ireland too. Lancashire Lads and Lassies, won't you look nice if one of these days you get a message direct from Manchester to come and have tea with

me some Sunday afternoon at five? Ta, ta!

ARE LANCASHIRE FOLKS.
Dear Miss Grey—Here I come again to let you know I have heard from two of the Boxes, and I received a nice parcel from one of them, also a nice letter from each of them, and I want to thank them both very much for the help they are giving me, also yourself, as it is through you I received help, and I am most grateful. Dear Miss Grey, would you send me Lancashire Lassie's address, as I would like the coat and dress, as I have a little girl 8 years old who is in need of them both. If I am not too late, I see where Lancashire Lassie is wondering where the Lancashire folks are. That is why I would like to write to her, as both myself and my sister come from Liverpool. Dear Miss Grey, my sister is going to write to you if she may. I enclosed a wee note for the S. C. H. I do wish I could send more. Will close now, wishing yourself and all the Boxes the best of luck.

LITTLE MOTHER OF FOUR.
I am so pleased that you have been receiving help from my Boxes. Aren't they the best-hearted people you would want to find anywhere? I am sending you Lancashire Lassie's address, and hope you are not too late to receive the clothing she is offering. She will be pleased to hear you and your sister are Lancashire folks too. We will be looking for a letter from your sister. Many thanks for the hospital mite.

PASSES ON TIP.
Dear Miss Grey—This is my very first letter to your Mail-Box. I do love to read the letters. Mamma has written before. We feel sorry for so many needy ones. We have to squeeze and cut over and everything to get along. I wonder if any of the Boxes ever used sugar sacks for clothes for children. You can buy them at grocery stores at 10 cents apiece, or three for 25 cents. Mamma washes them little by little, and she uses them, then makes them up into little dresses, bloomers, rompers and suits for my little brother; then she dyes them any color she likes, puts a little bit of fancy work on the dresses or a little rick-rack braid, and they are really pretty and don't cost much. You could get a whole lot of things for a dollar, and they wear well too. There are seven children in our family, and the oldest is just 13, so you see we have a lot to do.

I saw in the paper where Spoken-dyke was offering good shoes, and I wonder if I could get a pair, as I have none to start to school with. Please send me her address in inclosed envelope, also stocking foot pattern.

I got second prize on my cookies last year at the school fair, so will send recipe: One egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard, a little salt, 1 cup butter, milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, a little baking soda sifted with flour enough to make a soft dough; turn on board and roll thin, cut in shape and bake in quick oven.

I am 11 years old and in senior third class. Will close with a mite for S. C. H., and good luck to the Mail-Box. DELL.

I never heard of using sugar sacks for clothes, but it must be a very good idea. Thanks for passing along the hint to the Mail-Box. It must keep your mother hustling to clothe seven children, and shoes seem to wear out so quickly, don't they? I will send you Spoken-dyke's address, and hope you receive a pair of her boots. I am also mailing the stocking foot pattern. Thanks for the cookie recipe. Let us know how you make out this year at the school fair, or are you entering anything? Thank you, too, Dell, for the inclosed hospital mite.

SENDS IN WORDS.
Dear Miss Grey—I read the letters of the Mail-Box every day and noticed that the High School Girl Wanted the words of "The Wild Cowboy."
She said she had the chord to it, I am changing the words for the chord. How is my writing, Miss Grey? I remain, HAPPY DAY.

Am mailing the words to High School Girl, and in return you can send her the chord for it. You write a very good hand, Happy Day. Won't you write again soon?

WILL START COOK BOOK.
Dear Miss Grey—I wrote not long ago and I have been thinking I owe you a stamp and envelope. I forgot to enclose them, so please pardon my thoughtlessness. Would you please tell me what a person would have to do if she undertook the cook book plan of raising money? We are moving in about a month's time, but if I could get someone who might live near our new home to help me, I think I'd like to see it. I have two children, so can't promise to do it until I see what would be required of me, and if you know of a helpmate.

What style of curtain arrangement is used on a triplet dormer window (full size)? I have seen

Radio Radiations

LANCASTER, Cal., Sept. 12. —Mountains hinder radio broadcasting.

This fact was established recently by Lee Roy Potter, whose station is eight miles east of here, when he tried to receive messages from comparatively near-by transmitting stations.

Intervening between Fullerton and he says, where he had trouble hearing stations at Riverside, only 30 miles away. These stations at times give reports from amateurs as far as 1,000 miles north and east of them.

The cause of poor reception, Potter learned, was the mountain range intervening between Fullerton and San Diego, 90 miles away, although the San Diego amateurs were able to reach out to the north and east with ease.

Now, at his Antelope Valley station, near here, Potter finds the signals from Riverside and San Diego come in much stronger than other stations he had heard at Fullerton. The reason for this, he believes, is the natural passage allowed wireless

NO GROUND OR AERIAL.

A new radio receiver without either aerial or ground connector has been invented by Paul Oard, a California engineer. All that is needed to catch the fast waves is a stretch of wire not more than 50 feet long. "It is the radio set for automobiles," says Oard.

BOWS FOR HATS.

Not in many seasons has the ribbon or velvet bow been so popular for hat trimming. These are large and small, high and flat, but they give a decidedly youthful and trim appearance to street millinery.

CARTRIDGE PLAITS.

Cartridge plaits over the hips are a favorite method of introducing fullness in the new coats and dress. Collars are attaining such width that one fears for their ultimate destiny. Many of them reach to the waist line already. Finely plaited or ruffled neckerchiefs are the favorite material for them.

POKE BONNETS.

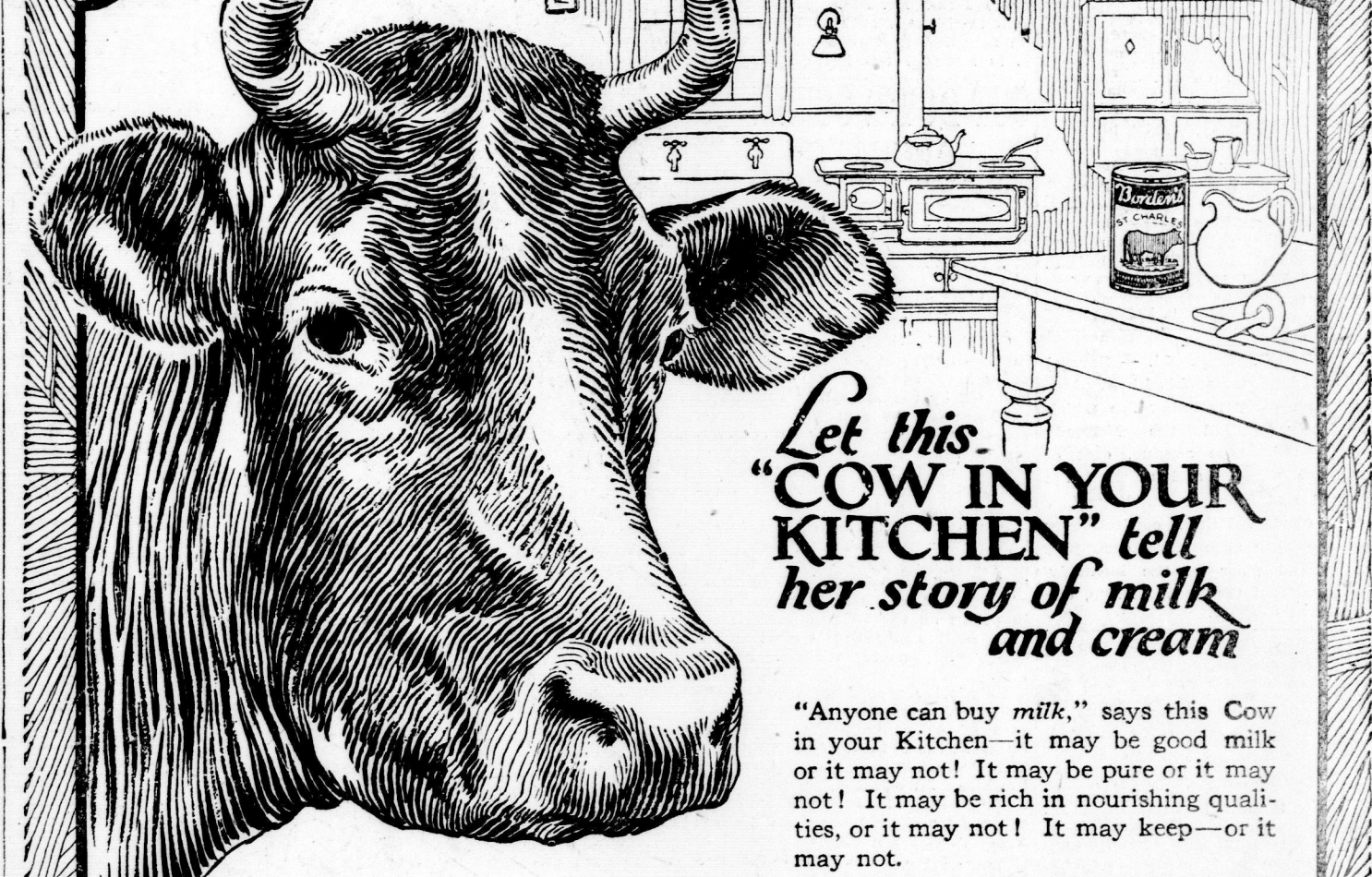
Poke bonnets are shown in a number of interesting size versions, but trimming is simpler than the wreath and odd French fashions.

Chicken Fritters.

12 slices stale bread 1/4 teaspoon celery salt
1 cup cooked chopped chicken 1/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter 1/4 teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons flour 1/2 cup milk

COOK the chicken with seasonings in butter for two or three minutes. Add flour and when blended with the meat add milk and bread, making six sandwiches. Cut off the crusts and dip each sandwich in a mixture of one cup of milk and two eggs beaten slightly. Fry in butter until a golden brown on each side. Serve hot, garnished with crisp celery.

Note—These so-called "fritters" may be made of any kind of left-over cooked meat, excepting beef, and also crab meat. Always season to taste, the amounts given being sufficient to make palatable. This recipe makes six fritters.



Let this "COW IN YOUR KITCHEN" tell her story of milk and cream

"Anyone can buy milk," says this Cow in your Kitchen—it may be good milk or it may not! It may be pure or it may not! It may be rich in nourishing qualities, or it may not! It may keep—or it may not.

But the housewife who takes a pride in her skilful buying—who makes every cent do a cent's worth of work or more—who protects her family from the dangers of ordinary milk—who insists on supreme quality milk—

That woman insists on having in her kitchen always, a liberal supply of St. Charles Milk "with the cream left in." It is good! It is pure! It is rich! It does keep fresh! Wholesome! Convenient! Economical! For every milk use! Order a few tins from your grocer to-day. "A size for every need."

EGGLESS MAYONNAISE—3 tablespoons St. Charles Milk, undiluted; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 1/4 teaspoon pepper; 1/4 teaspoon mustard; 1/4 teaspoon sharp vinegar; 1/4 cupful salad oil. Combine the seasonings, add the milk, and gradually beat in the oil with an egg beater. Then whip in the vinegar. Use as any mayonnaise. Transfer to a covered jar. This will keep indefinitely in a cool place.

Send for the Borden Cook-Book. It is FREE. Address The Borden Company, Limited, Montreal.

Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK Pure Country Milk With The Cream Left In

Dorenwend's Displays
Distinctive Hair Goods
AT THE
Belvedere Hotel
Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,
September 13, 14 and 15
CONTAINS MANY NEW FEATURES
Insufficient hair is a handicap which one cannot overlook. For more than fifty years they have been renowned for their fine quality and artistic creation. Skilled workmen of long experience are at your service for fulfilling your personal requirements.
Our specialist will be pleased to demonstrate the advantages of Dorenwend's Hair-Products and to assist you in making a selection.

Dorenwend's
Hair Goods Specialists
156 YONGE STREET
Kent Building, Cor. Richmond