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# Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

## CHAPTER I A Little Girl Sells a Duck and Takes a Train

The valley road reached out before her, hot, dusty, beckoning. She walked briskly in the wagon ruts, her bare brown toes ruffling the soft yellow dust. Her age was ten, or so she reckoned it. Her single nondescript garment stopped short at the knees, exposing slim brown legs. A faded sunbonnet ended at a tangle of chestnut hair, half hiding a face that was glowingly alive. In her arms was a grain sack, bulging oddly under a furtive glance at intervals. So heavy was it that at length she came to rest under a cotton wood, with a great sigh of relief.

In the distance a cloud of yellow dust hovered over the road, drew nearer, and materialized into the outfit of a Chinese vegetable vender. At the cottonwood the horse stopped and the peered out with an affable "Hello!" "Hello!" returned the girl.

"You go town?"

"She nodded mutely.

"Heap long way."

"Three miles more. 'Tisn't far—only it's heavy." She indicated the sack, which the yellow one regarded with a knowing glance.

"What you got?" Chicken?"

"Duck."

"Duck!" The Chinaman's tone took on life. "You like sell?"

Again she nodded. The vender climbed from his seat and peered within the sack.

"Twenty-five cent," he asserted confidently. She shook her head.

"No?"

The Celestial drew forth the duck with practiced fingers.

"Heap fat. How much?"

"Fifty cents," said the girl unsmilingly. "Nice duck, Young."

"No good." The vender turned to his wagon, then looked again at the duck. "How much?"

"Fifty cents."

A moment of hesitation, and then surrender.

"All right." Producing a long clinking leather pouch, he selected a coin. "Heap smart girl," he grinned. "Welly smart. Likee hide town?"

"Yes." The girl smiled for the first time, and without further remark climbed up to the wagon seat. The Celestial clucked to his horse and they moved forward. The girl sat stiffly, the fifty cents clutched in her little hand, her eyes inscrutable. Only by her quickened breathing did she betray excitement.

Another dust cloud rose behind them. It travelled fast, trailing in the still air behind a solitary horseman; presently the girl's eyes narrowed as she glanced back, and she hit her lip as the rider came up. He was a youth of fourteen, lithe, dark-haired, eager of eye.

"Lizzie!" he cried, ranging up alongside the wagon. "I—"

"Lizzie!" she broke in vehemently. "Don't you call me that!"

The boy grinned.

"Where you goin'?"

"La Vina," she returned casually. "What? But why didn't you?"

"I don't want Auntie to know."

"Oh!" He grinned again. "Say, get up behind me. I'll take you to town and back."

She considered this proposal.

"Honest? You won't tell her, Clay?"

"Honest I won't," promised Clay.

She opened her hand, disclosing the coin.

"I've sold Whitey. Auntie was goin' to kill him for Sunday dinner, but he's mine. You gave him to me, and I raised him!" Her voice swelled into an indignant wail.

"Sure he's yours!" cried the boy hotly.

For a moment the girl's lips trembled, then suddenly her face broke into a smile. She turned to the Chinaman, gravely shook hands, and scrambled down. In another moment she was astride the boy's horse, her arms clasping his waist.

"Oh, Clay," she said in his ear, "you're always so nice to me!"

And so they rode down the valley together, the dust like a dun cloud trailing behind them, and the purple-brown mountains that hedged the San Joaquin shot up the sky like spears, glorious in the morning sun.

It is extremely likely that Mrs. Wurrell—who was distinctly the better half of the Wurrell paterfamilias—would have evaded the responsibility of the orphan niece had it not been for the Dare ranch. It was just like Larry Dare, she complained, to break his neck and leave her a motherless babe; so she forthwith accepted the ranch as balm in Gilead, called the girl Lizzie out of sheer ugliness, and taught her husband how to prosper.

It was unfortunate for Lizzie that she had inherited the fair coloring;

the deep blue eyes, the sunny, uncorrupted and inscrutable temperament of Larry Dare. For these things her aunt punished her the more, and gave her to wear the cast-off garments of her cousin Maggie. Lizzie was outwardly submissive, but now the great day had come to hand, the day when she was to stand forth before all men and recite the "Wreck of the Hesperus."

Hence, when Mrs. Wurrell proposed to sacrifice Whitey upon a gastronomic altar, the first gun of rebellion roared. Lizzie had long since determined to get fifty cents for Whitey, and now knew exactly what she wanted to do with that fifty cents. The curious thing about Lizzie was that she always knew her own mind.

So she went to La Vina with Clay Thorpe, and came home again, and kept her own counsel when Maggie was being dressed for the afternoon's entertainment at the schoolhouse. Then Lizzie disappeared, and was no more seen by Mrs. Wurrell. As a matter of fact, Lizzie was very busy up in the attic, where for weeks past she had been working on a blue silk petticoat that had once belonged to her mother. When Mr. Wurrell hitched up and took his family to the schoolhouse, Lizzie could not be found, and was thankfully forgotten.

Before three-score parents and relatives, assembled in the schoolhouse, Maggie Wurrell failed ignominiously in her "piece," and Mrs. Wurrell flushed darkly at the indulgent smiles of her neighbors. The name of Lizzie Dare was called aloud, and Mrs. Wurrell was about to rise and explain that Lizzie was not present, when something astounding happened, something that took her breath away and left her staring.

It required twenty seconds for the truth to dawn upon Mrs. Wurrell. The shock passed, leaving her sitting bolt upright, white, outraged, clenched of lip, and looking exactly what she felt. For, upon the platform had come a girl—a flushed and lovely little girl in a wonderful blue silk dress, trimmed with fifty cents' worth of blue ribbon, who recited the "Wreck of the Hesperus" in a composed and perfectly poised manner, and evoked a wealth of applause and wondering remarks on what a change clothes did make in children.

Lizzie, however, labored under no misapprehension whatever. From the platform she beheld the stony eyes, and the grim lips of Mrs. Wurrell, and in that face she read her doom. So, while her lips mechanically recited, her brain registered just one vivid thought: "I'll never go back! She'll never get me!"

Beyond the schoolhouse was a large field of rustling Egyptian corn, and on the other side of the corn was the road to La Vina. Here, escaping from the din of voices, stood Lizzie; in her hand she clutched two silver dollars—she had won the prize. It was an epoch in her life, that prize; it opened an exultant vista before her, it showed her the lure of conquest, the mellow warmth of victory. And with this mood upon her she passed through the great white-headed stalks of corn and took the road to La Vina.

Ten is an age too tender for facing the mysteries that lie beyond the hills, but Lizzie did not falter. Regret and sorrow crept into her heart, and loneliness. She wanted to say good-by to the cows and horses and the black colt in the pasture, and to Clay Thorpe, and to Fan the puppy; but she did not falter. A lump came into her throat, and choked and hurt strangely.

Suddenly she heard the pounding of a galloping horse. She turned and saw Clay tearing up the road, his lean necked roan in a lather. She paused, waiting in the shade of the cottonwood.

"Dare!" exclaimed the boy, flinging from the saddle. His voice was troubled as he met her half-defiant eyes.

"Dare, where are you going? I saw you running through the corn, then I lost you."

The lump in her throat grew bigger, her lips trembled, she turned from him, her slim, brown hands gripping the old rail fence as though strengthening herself against the sympathy and love in Clay's voice—Clay Thorpe, her one staunch friend, her little knight, her clear gray eyes.

"Dare," he stammered. He drew himself up onto the rail fence and looked down at her, his legs swinging idly.

"I'm running away," she gulped. "I'll never go back. Auntie hates me—and I'll never go back."

"I don't—don't hate you," said the boy slowly. Color showed under his tan, but he went on sturdily. "When I'm big I'm going to marry you, and I'll have the finest ranch round."

She looked up at him swiftly, then shook her head.

"I'm running away," she reiterated, "forever and ever, and some day when I'm big I'm going to do big things—the way men do—big things." She looked down at the two silver dollars in her hot little palm. "And you must never, never tell."

Again the lump rose in her throat as she saw his hurt, bewildered eyes. She turned and began to run. He was after her like a flash.

(To be continued.)

## WAR AND FOOD SERIES, ARTICLE No. 15—WASTE AND HOARDING

If there is one phase of food conservation more than another that comes within women's immediate sphere it is the question of waste. When she is saving on the little things and straining every nerve to make the most of what she has, wholesale and indiscriminate waste of foodstuffs through hoarding or storing naturally incenses her greatly.

It is now against the law either to hoard or to waste. The Canada Food Board has put into every woman's hand a weapon to fight against these war-time menaces. An Order-in-Council has been passed which puts her in the position of bringing within the grip of the law any firm, dealer or individual whom she knows to be hoarding or wasting foodstuffs.

Again, the Board has the power from time to time to make orders prescribing the amount of any kind of food that may be purchased or held, irrespective of the purpose, and if the amount is exceeded it may be seized and sold. This law should make it possible to prevent food which has been stored too long from having to be thrown out or destroyed.

It is now the duty of each municipality in Canada to enforce this regulation within its municipal limits. Where conviction is obtained a fine not exceeding \$1,000 and not less than \$100 or a period of imprisonment not exceeding three months, or both fine and imprisonment, will be imposed. The fine will be paid to the treasurer of the municipality or to the provincial treasurer, according to whether municipal or provincial authorities instituted proceedings in the first place.

The Food Board expects that the women of Canada will be useful agents in bringing culprits to justice. Wherever they have reason to believe that waste is going on as a result of hoarding or improper storage they can notify the provincial or municipal authorities and the case will be investigated.

**Two Ways to Preserve Eggs.**  
 Surplus eggs preserved in the spring will supply the home with good eggs in the fall and winter, when eggs are hard to get and are high-priced. Eggs to be preserved must be fresh, and should be placed in the preserving container as soon as possible after they are laid. One of the best methods of preserving is by the use of water glass, a pale yellow, odorless, syrupy liquid that can be bought by the quart or gallon from the druggist or poultry supply man. It should be diluted in the proportion of one part of water glass to nine parts of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool.

Earthenware crocks or jars are the best containers, since their glazed surface prevents chemical action from the solution. The crocks or cans should be sealed and allowed to cool before they are used. A container holding five gallons will accommodate fifteen dozen eggs and will require one quart of water glass.

Half fill the container with the water-glass solution and place the eggs in it. Eggs can be added from day to day as they are obtained, making sure that the eggs are covered by about two inches of water-glass solution. Cover the container and place it in a cool place where it will not have to be moved. Look at it from time to time and if there seems to be danger of too much evaporation add sufficient cool boiled water to keep the eggs covered. Eggs removed from the solution should be rinsed in clean, cold water. Before they are boiled holes should be pricked in the large ends with a needle to prevent them from cracking.

Lime-water also is satisfactory for preserving eggs and is slightly less expensive than water glass. A solution is made by placing two or three pounds of unslaked lime in five gallons of water which has been boiled



## The Housewife's Corner

**Verbiage.**  
 I asked a pretty Adjective  
 To go with me to town.  
 She said, "I really cannot, sir,  
 I'm promised to the Noun."  
 I saw them sitting side by side,  
 And neither one had stirred,  
 "What keeps you now?" I asked. They  
 said,  
 "We're waitin' for the Verb."

**Wished to be Amiable.**  
 He had never seen the bride before, but, of course, when he was presented to her, he tried to do the amiable. "I hardly feel like a stranger," he said, "for Jack, during the time he was courting you, has frequently done me the honor to read to me extracts from his dear Nellie's letters."

The bride glared at him viciously, and he, seeing that he had somehow put his foot in it, assumed an expression of apology. "I hope you don't mind his having read your letters to me?" he asked anxiously. "My letters!" she repeated icily. "I fear there is some mistake. My name is Joan."

Why not look over the window screens when the weather is too stormy to work out-of-doors? If there are broken places take a square piece of green large enough to reach firm wire on all sides of the damaged part. Ravel the edges of the patch, taking off two or more wires on each side to leave a fringe a quarter of an inch or more in width all around. Then bend this fringe down at right angles, place the patch in position and push the bent fringe through. Bend it in toward the centre and fasten it firmly by putting a small board against it and tapping it on the other side.

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