

# Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

## CHAPTER XIII.

**She Discovers Her True Kingdom.**  
The Thorpe ranch was not as Julietta remembered it. The old frame house was gone, and in its place was a handsome building erected around three sides of a patio, nestling in a group of tall eucalypti that were ever green. And now, coming upon it, lanced through the trees by the soft moonlight, Julietta exclaimed in surprise:

"You said you'd built a new house, but why on earth didn't you tell me more?"

"You like it?" he queried, smiling. "Like it? It's a dream place! Wherever did you get the idea?"

"From a ranch I saw in Mexico." Julietta turned upon him amazedly. "You—in Mexico?"

"Why not?" He laughed. "Can't a ranchman see a little of the world? But here's Tom."

A Chinaman opened to them, and Clay led the somewhat dazed girl up the steps and into the house. The Celestial informed Clay that his aunt had gone to bed, so ordering some lemonade and seed cake brought to them, the young rancher led Julietta to what he called his "office."

It was an office in reality, she saw with fresh surprise—a severe room, lined with books, many of these being law books. In the centre of the room was a large flat-topped desk with a typewriter beside it.

"You're not—not a lawyer?" she asked. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"No, I'm not; but I'm to be examined next month for the bar. Here, sit down!" He placed her in a chair near the desk and, sitting down by the typewriter, slipped a sheet of paper into the machine and set to work.

Julietta watched in idle, strange contentment. She liked this place—Clay's home. Home! As though through a window of colored glass she mistily perceived things new to her, things that had never appeared previously to what was deepest within her.

The harsh, elbowing world of business—that was not woman's kingdom of the spirit. In the newer realm, never as Julietta saw it, there was a deeper "business," a higher and more ennobling field of action. She thought vaguely, shyly, of children, and thrilled even as she dismissed the thought. The woman, she reflected, was the home-maker; the true sphere of a woman was strictly business, which was not saying at all that women could not strike pay dirt in the field of man's business.

"A penny for your thoughts!" Julietta glanced up to find Clay's merry dark eyes peering at her above the machine.

"Oh, just thinking! Why are you studying law, Clay?"

"Oh, just to know the law!" he mimicked her tone.

"Well, why?"

"I'm a bit interested in good government."

She nodded gravely. "I'm glad you didn't say 'politics.' I'd hate to have you a politician."

"Then—you care about what I do or am?"

His eyes were suddenly widened, tensed upon her, but she was on guard. "Of course. Why not?"

The clicking recommenced. Julietta surveyed the littered desk. She noted the great inkwell formed of a steer's horn mounted in silver, the polished Mexican dagger, the documents, a file of blank deeds—

For a moment her eyes dwelt upon the file of deeds, slowly dilating as the idea seized upon her with growing force. As the typewriter fell silent she turned impatiently, that idea now excluding all else.

"How's this?" Clay ran out the paper, and began to read while Julietta forced her attention to the words. She suggested a change here, another there; frowningly he found her suggestions good, and complied. As finished, that petition, if ever signed by Andrew Burt, would give everyone in the valley exactly what they wanted.

"Chances are he won't sign it," laughed Clay, putting in a fresh sheet of paper and falling to work on the job of copying the corrected petition. "But at least it will make clear what everyone wants, and who wants it."

Julietta leaned forward and took up one of the blank deeds. When at length he had completed his task she passed the form to him.

"I wish you'd make me out a deed," she said quietly.

His brows lifted in surprise. "Think I can't do it? Well, don't gamble on my ignorance, young lady." He cleared his throat with assumed importance. "What are the metes and bounds?"

"The metes and bounds—the description of the property."

"Oh!"

Enlightened, Julietta took from her blouse a folded sheet of paper.

"Here's the description as I copied it from the records—the Wurrell ranch, my ranch."

His eyes met hers with sudden gravity.

"You're going to sue Wurrell—make him disgorge, then?"

"No and yes," returned Julietta thoughtfully. "I don't want the place myself. But it's my ranch—mine. Well, I'm going to deed it to Maggie Wurrell—and Maggie's baby."

Clay's mouth tightened for a moment. He was still thinking of the Wurrells.

"You'd better make them give up some of the accumulated profits for the baby also," he said. "They'll try to fight, and you'll have to smash 'em."

"No!" She held up a protesting hand. "Jim Wurrell is good at bottom—he'd be a lot different if it weren't for Auntie. She's good too, but she's crusted her spirit with selfishness, hardness, jealousy, and petty spite, and she's poisoned herself with spiteful intolerance. She just got started wrong, and it's grown and grown until the real woman is all covered up."

She leaned forward earnestly and unburdened her soul.

"I've been thinking a lot about it since coming back. If a woman like Auntie Wurrell gets her thoughts started wrong, they just run downhill with her all the time. If I can force her back into her real self, if we can break the crust and bring the real Auntie out from beneath—well, I think it will make things a lot different. So make out the deed, Clay."

He turned silently to the typewriter and obeyed.

With a soft patter of feet the Chinaman entered the room, bearing refreshments which he placed on the desk. While Clay worked on the deed by slow degrees they ate and drank; then, the deed made out, he handed it to her. She surveyed it with a satisfied air.

"I'll have it recorded to-morrow," she said with cool finality.

They drove home slowly, and for the most part silently. At the darkened Wurrell ranch he helped her out to the veranda step.

"Good night," she said, extending her hand. "And thank you so much"—vainly she tried to adopt the old business tone—for taking me into partnership on this water-right affair."

His hand tightened upon hers. She was never very sure how it happened, for neither of them said a word more, but somehow his face had come to hers, and—

She stood inside the door, alone, breathless, trembling, her lips afire. She touched them curiously—Had she kissed him, then?—She reached out a steady hand to the table, thankful for the darkness that cloaked her in friendly secrecy.

CHAPTER XIV.

**She Comes to a Hard Reckoning and Faces it Squarely**

At the breakfast table the next morning Mrs. Wurrell eyed her niece furiously. At last speech broke through her suspicious bulwarks.

"Andy Burt didn't like your run-in' off with young Thorpe last night, Lizzie, after he took the trouble to drive out from town to see you."

"I'm sorry," murmured the girl.

"He talked a lot after you went off. Prom what he said, I guess Andy is kinder took with you. He ain't so young, but he ain't so old neither; a girl could do a sight worse."

Julietta studied her coffee cup.

"Did he commission you to speak on his behalf, Auntie?"

"Well, Andy did talk kinder free," admitted the other. "He's just like a boy about not bein' able to keep his feelin's to himself. He says he's always been one of them as laughs when folks talk about love at first sight; but he won't never laugh at it no more, because you're the girl he's been waitin' for all these years."

"Oh!" said Julietta pensively. "Perhaps he's more interested in a certain note than he is in me."

Mrs. Wurrell's fork clattered noisily to her plate.

"Land sakes, child! What are you drivin' at?"

So terrified, helpless, and suddenly aged did the older woman seem that Julietta repented.

"Nothing," she said kindly. "I say silly things at times, Auntie."

"I feel all shook up," muttered Mrs. Wurrell. "I feel—" She broke off, staring at the door as Jim Wurrell came rushing in.

"Andy Burt's big haystack was set afire last night!" he cried excitedly. "A clean thousand ton gone up in smoke!"

"Set afire!" echoed Julietta. "How do you know it was set afire?"

"Why, 'count o' this," Wurrell opened his hand, disclosing a dirty



## COOKING WITH OILS.

At no time of the year is the use of green vegetables in the diet of more importance than in the spring and early summer. When combined in a salad with a good vegetable oil, we have a tonic which is both appetizing and refreshing.

The body must have a liberal supply of mineral salts in order to maintain itself properly. Lettuce, spinach, cabbage, water cress, asparagus, celery, radishes, string beans and carrots contain a high percentage of minerals and should be freely used.

The vegetable oils, the most important of which are olive, peanut and corn oil, contain just as much fuel value as high-priced butter or combined with vegetables in a salad they furnish us with enough food without the additional use of butter.

Vegetable oils are pure, healthful and economical for all cooking purposes. While the cost is not noticeably much less than butter, the same amount will go nearly twice as far.

**French Dressing for Green Salads.**— $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar, dash red pepper, 6 tablespoonfuls vegetable oil. Mix the seasoning and stir into the oil. Add the vinegar and beat vigorously until the mixture thickens. Serve on fresh vegetables at the time of serving at the table.

**Combination Salad**—Crisp lettuce, sliced cucumber, cooked string beans or cooked asparagus, celery, sliced radishes, French dressing. Wash the lettuce thoroughly in several waters; let stand until crisp then dry between towel and put in a cold plate until ready to use. A little muslin bag may be kept for the purpose of keeping clean salad greens ready for use. At serving time arrange the lettuce on a large plate or in a salad bowl. Put the sliced cucumber together in one place, the sliced radishes in another, the celery cut into one-inch pieces in another pile, and the other vegetables each in separate piles. Just before serving mix in the French dressing in a big bowl.

**Chocolate Cake.**—5 tablespoonfuls oil, 1 cupful corn syrup, 2 squares chocolate, 1 cupful mashed potatoes, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful milk or water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls barley flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful cloves,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful nutmeg. Add the oil to the mashed potatoes, then the corn syrup and melted chocolate. Beat the eggs separately and add the beaten yolks to the mixture then part of the flour then part of the milk, the remainder of the flour sifted with the spices and the remainder of the milk. Fold in quickly the stiffly beaten egg whites and the baking powder; turn into a well-greased pan and bake in a moderate oven about forty to forty-five minutes.

**Oatmeal Quick Bread or Muffins.**—2 cupfuls rolled oats, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful cooking oil, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls milk, 2 tablespoonfuls syrup, 1 cupful wheat flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt. Pour the hot milk over the oats and let stand until cold. Add the well-beaten egg, syrup and the oil. Then add the dry materials sifted together. Beat hard, pour into well-greased muffin pans and bake about one-half hour in a moderate oven.

**I Find Time to Read.**

I hear busy women say, "I never can find any time for reading."

The circumstances are rare in which any woman is obliged to work all of the time. Most of us have our hours for rest and relaxation, for calls or shopping and there can always be found some time for reading if the desire is sufficiently strong.

paper. "Found it pinned on the barn door this mornin', and Stebbins' milk driver told me there was one just like it fastened up on Andy Burt's bank in town."

Upon the paper was scrawled "Let the wicked beware, lest they burn!" in pencil. Mrs. Wurrell uttered a startled cry.

"It's that Jake Robbins! He's always sayin' them scripture things. If Andy Burt don't throw him in jail for it he ain't got the spine of a jelly."

"Now, Auntie, don't worry about anyone setting fi olitersh—MMMMM anyone setting fire to this place," murmured Julietta, and turned to her uncle. "May I have the horse and buggy this morning, Uncle Jim? I want to get to town right away."

The Wurrells exchanged looks, then Jim moved to the door half sullenly to hitch up. No automobile was on this ranch, almost out of the whole valley. (To be continued.)

## Men Needed for Harvest.

According to the latest estimates of the authorities in charge of the production campaign in the various provinces in Canada, able-bodied men will be needed for the harvest as follows: British Columbia, from 2,000 to 3,000; Alberta, from 6,000 to 7,000; Saskatchewan, 20,000; Manitoba, 10,000; Ontario, 12,000; Quebec, 12,000; New Brunswick, 2,000; Nova Scotia, no outsiders needed; Prince Edward Island, no outsiders needed. These men will have to come from towns and cities of their respective provinces in most cases. Now is the time to plan, prepare and organize.

A woman told me she had no time to read but I observed that she found time to do yards and yards of crochet work. The result was a beautiful piece of handiwork of which she was proud to say that she had done it all in the odd moments of one month. Does this not indicate that she would rather crochet than read in her odd minutes?

I myself should rather read and I think every woman should have the reading habit to some extent. It makes her a better companion for herself and her family.

In the morning after breakfast I run through the daily paper. There I learn that some of my friends and acquaintances have left town or have returned. Next I read the headlines of the world's happenings and sometimes take in the whole of an editorial. This probably consumes fifteen minutes. Then I go to my work in the house and garden.

Often in the middle of the forenoon I drop down for a little rest in the rocking chair or on the lounge and then I read in full the most important news in the paper that I had only glanced at earlier. In this way I keep pace with the world news.

In the afternoon, as late as three or four o'clock on my busiest days, I come to the end of my work except sewing which like the poor we always have with us; but at this time I take up a magazine for long enough at least to read one article or one bright, cheerful story. If I have started a book, I take time for a chapter or two or three unless a neighbor comes in or I go out somewhere. In the evening I rarely miss an hour's reading, often enjoying two or three before bedtime.

This question of reading is after all much more a matter of ideals and standards than a question of finding time.—E.F.

**To Be Or Not To Be—Efficient.**

She who spends two hours in washing dishes, that with ordinary efficiency could be done in half an hour, is working an hour and a half overtime when she might be improving her opportunities or doing something she would better like to do.

The woman who putters around all day until dark, doing a washing that could have been finished in the forenoon if she had only known how, is inefficient and wears herself out in strain of body and mind.

When I tell you that a good breakfast for six people can be prepared and put on the table in twenty-five minutes, the average woman will not believe me. To do this you must have everything where you can put your hands upon it without extra moves.

It is easier to peel the potatoes and get the vegetables and dessert ready while doing the morning work than to prepare them at the last possible minute and rush through the cooking.

I knew a woman who insisted on having her washing on the line on Monday, rain or shine, and on having her ironing done at the latest by Wednesday noon. If it was not done at that time everyone in the house was made most uncomfortable. She thought she was efficient and methodical but she was not. She tired herself body and soul. She was unfit to do the things that made life really worth the living.

Efficiency means nothing more nor less than doing what we must do or want to do in the way that brings best results to our everyday lives and makes us glad we can do things and glad to live.

**The Earliest Englishman.**

It is impossible to estimate in centuries the time that has elapsed since man appeared in England, but there is abundant evidence showing that he dwelt there at a time when the river valleys had not been cut down to anything like their present depth, when the character of the animal life was entirely different from what it is today, and when the southern part of the island was connected by land with the continent of Europe. Some idea of the time that has elapsed may be gathered from the fact that valleys some miles in width and of a depth of from 100 to 150 feet have eroded since the deposit of the earliest beds containing remains of flint implements made by the hand of man.

**Johnny Knew.**

Last summer little Johnny paid his first visit to a farm. All his life he had lived in the heart of a great city, and when he suddenly came in sight of a haystack he stopped and gazed earnestly at what appeared to him as a new brand of architecture.

"Say, Mr. Smith," he remarked to the farmer, pointing to the haystack. "Why don't they have doors and windows in it?"

"Doors and windows," smiled the farmer. "That ain't a house, Johnny, that's hay."

"Don't try to josh me, Mr. Smith!" was the scornful rejoinder of the city boy. "Don't you suppose that I know that hay don't grow in lumps like that?"

**The Charge.**  
Lance pennants, fluttering,  
Kettle drums crashing,  
Rifle shots sputtering,  
Burnished points flashing;  
Trumpets call blaringly,  
"Squadrons—advance!"  
Gallop on daringly,  
Hussars of France!

Armored hoofs clattering,  
Battle flags flying;  
On, through lead spattering!  
On, through men dying!  
Cannon loom hazily—  
Crimson each lance;  
Troopers reel hazily—  
Hussars of France!

Steeds canter aimlessly;  
Wounded are calling;  
Soldiers weep shamelessly—  
Comrades are falling.  
Charging victoriously,  
Striving with Chance,  
Perishing gloriously—  
Hussars of France!

## Before and After.

Conversation of an engaged couple:  
"Why are the stars so dim?" she murmured.

"Because your eyes are so bright," he whispered.

Conversation of same couple married:  
"I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars?" she mused.

"One, if it were long enough. Why don't you talk sense?"



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A Scottish soldier, very badly wounded, requested an Army Chaplain to write a letter for him to his wife. The chaplain anxious to oblige, started off with—"My dear wife," "Na, na," said the Scotsman; "dinna pit that doon Ma wife canna see a joke."



## Inggram's Milkweed Cream

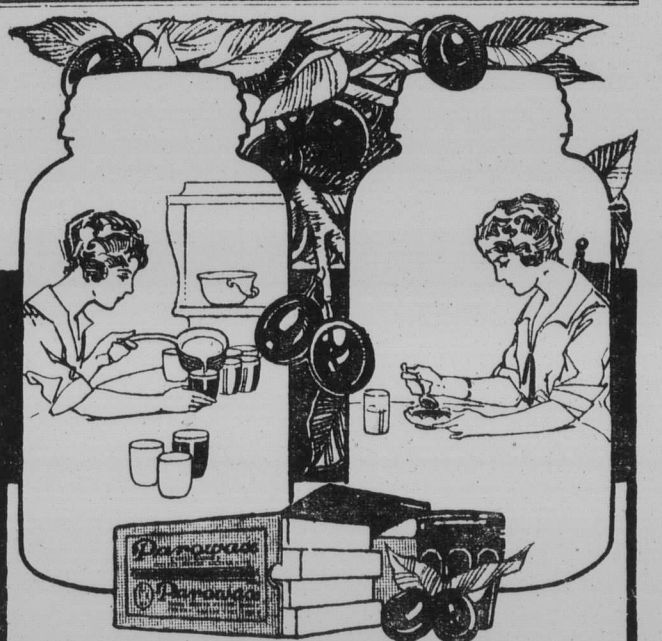
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Parowax completely seals against air—and airtight jars are immune to mold and fermentation.

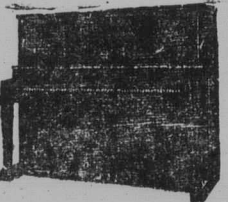
Melt the Parowax and pour a thin coat over the jelly glasses. After putting on cover, dip fruit jars in Parowax to seal airtight. You have sealed in goodness and barred out "spoil."

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