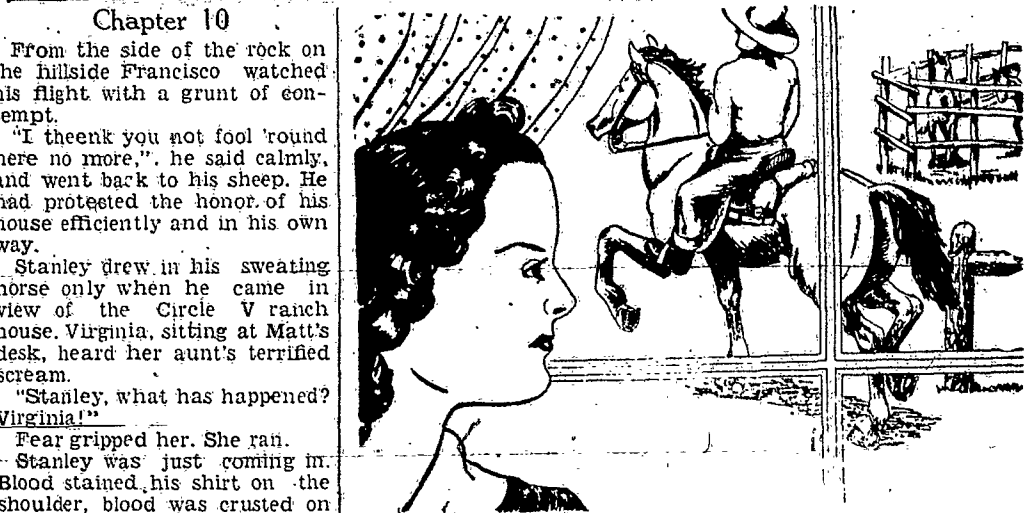


HILLS OF DESTINY

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST



Chapter 10

From the side of the rock on the hillside Francisco watched his flight with a grunt of contempt.

"I thank you not fool round here no more," he said calmly, and went back to his sheep. He had protected the honor of his house efficiently and in his own way.

Stanley drew in his sweating horse only when he came in view of the Circle V ranch house, Virginia, sitting at Matt's desk, heard her aunt's terrified scream.

"Stanley, what has happened? Virginia?"

Fear gripped her. She ran. Stanley was just coming in. Blood stained his shirt on the shoulder, blood was crusted on the fingers of one hand, where he had pressed them against the wound to staunch the flow.

"Stanley! What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing to be frightened about." He smiled pallidly. "Somebody winged me. Just a pleasant little attention."

Mrs. Archer moaned, but Virginia was very quiet. She was as pale as Stanley now, but her voice was steady and cool.

"Sit down here in this big chair. Curly, please help me." They worked quickly. A call to Ling brought warm water, iodine and bandages. Miss Curly's strong fingers made short work of the stained shirt.

Curly squinted at the wound judiciously. "Whoever plugged ye must've been considerably higher up than you was," he said innocently. "Did ye get a chance at him?"

"I don't go around armed," he said curtly. "And he took good care not to show himself. I was on my way here, just entering the mouth of Turkey Gulch."

Mrs. Archer shot a triumphant glance at her niece; Virginia looked steadily down at the wound she was bathing. Curly's brick red face was as nearly expressionless as a human face can be. The mouth of Turkey Gulch was in a direct downward line from Lee Hollister's cabin.

"We should have a doctor, Curly. Will you get him?" That was the only comment Virginia made.

"I'll go and bring him," suggested Curly obligingly. Mrs. Archer followed him with a nervous backward glance at Virginia as she left the room.

"Stanley, how did it happen?" Virginia was in a direct questioner came the moment that they were alone.

"Why, just as I told you, Vee. "But you suspect someone," she persisted. "Who is it?"

"No one that I would care to accuse," he answered evasively. She ignored his light tone, but she could not ignore the implication back of it. "But I'm sure that no one here would do such a thing."

"No one?" he queried ironically.

She flushed. "If you mean Lee Hollister, he would never fight that way, from ambush."

"Oh, I'm not accusing him. He raised cynical brows that did accuse."

Out on the veranda Curly took some hastily written messages from Mrs. Archer and scolded back to the corral with Stanley's waiting horse.

"He's a liar," reflected Curly dispassionately. "I've been plugged myself, and I'll bet two dollars Mex that he carried that cat scratch from a blame sight further than Turkey Gulch."

The doctor came and went, pronouncing Stanley's injury only a flesh wound that might be painful for a few days, but was not dangerous.

Virginia wandered restlessly from room to room. It was all maddening and impossible. Only one thing stood out definitely. A guest in her house had been the victim of a cowardly attack from ambush almost within the limits of her own land. That could not be passed in silence.

Footsteps on the veranda caught her attention. She went to the door.

"Good evening," said Lee. "I hear Bradish has met with an accident."

"I should scarcely call it that," Virginia chilled instantly under this casual reference.

"Stanley was shot in the back this afternoon by some contemptible assassin who hadn't the courage to let himself be seen. He is a guest in my house and a friend, and I shall expect every man connected with the Circle V or interested in it to make it his business to find the man who did it."

His steady eyes were on her, unsmilingly. "Men don't usually ask women to fight their battles for them," he commented.

"He hasn't asked anything," she flamed back at him.

"Hope you find your man," he said politely. "Is Bradish in? I'd like to see him. Alone, please."

Stanley looked up sharply at the fall of the door.

"How do you do," he said languidly. "Looking for Miss Blair? She just stepped out."

"Far from it," Stanley drawled

Virginia saw him go without making any attempt to see her again.

"No, I'm looking for you. I hear that you're spreading the report that some friend of mine tried to kill you in my interest. You happen to know that it's a lie. In the first place, I wouldn't take the trouble to have you killed in the second place, I don't hand over dirty work to other people, and in the third place, my friends don't miss."

The curt contempt of it brought a dull red to Stanley's face. "Look here," he began angrily, but the sardonic voice went on.

"If any friend of mine winged you like that, he wasn't trying to commit murder. He was posting a warning, and I advise you to take it. Whatever you were up to when that thing happened, don't do it again."

Without waiting for any reply he turned to go, not by the way he had come, but by another door.

From the veranda Virginia saw him go without making any attempt to see her again. She went slowly into the house to meet her aunt.

"I thought I heard voices," Mrs. Archer glanced nervously past her niece. "You really ought not to leave that door open. Virginia, you don't know who may be out there in the dark."

"There is no one out there. It's perfectly safe."

"Safe!" Mrs. Archer cried hysterically. "How can you say such a thing when Stanley has been nearly murdered! I shall not feel safe for one minute until we get away from here. I have telegraphed to your uncle and Mr. Bradish."

"Oh, darling! Without even telling me."

Mrs. Archer flushed guiltily. "Why not?" she demanded with injured dignity. "One might almost think that you were trying to shield this criminal."

She shot an indignant glance at her niece and then broke into hysterical sobs.

"Oh, I can't stand it any longer! I've been worried to death for weeks, ever since that insolent, lawless man came east and persuaded you to come back here. He's at the bottom of all this. I know it!"

"Aunt Adele, please. That isn't so."

"It's true, Virginia. And you just keep on dropping money into the bottomless pit to satisfy the greed of that man. Instead of taking the wonderful price Mr. Bradish has offered you just out of friendship and sentiment for the place!"

On and on and on. Accusations, pleas, babbling, hysterical reproaches, Virginia closed her eyes.

"You needn't worry any more," she said wearily. "I wrote to Mr. Bradish some days ago that I was ready to sell. I'll keep my word."

A second telegram a few days later announced the hour of Milton Bradish's arrival. Virginia went to meet him, and he greeted her genially.

"How do you do? Has that boy of mine been making trouble for you up here? I'll take him in hand. By the way, just drive around to Gideon Morse's office first, will you? He has something there that we'll both want to see."

She drove him there. Half an hour later, when they left Saunders, Bradish was in an expansively contented frame of mind. Virginia was unusually quiet, with steady eyes fixed ahead of her.

"Well, what have you been up to?"

It was the first moment that Stanley and his father had been alone, but there was more suspicion than sympathy in the stare that Bradish bent on his son.

Stanley looked sulky. "I've told you I was riding horseback in this infernal desolation and some sniper tried to pick me off."

"Don't talk boss with me! You were probably meddling around with some girl. One more affair of that kind and I'll cut off your allowance. You must think I'm asleep."

"Far from it," Stanley drawled

High School Notes

Monday, the high school was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Raudin who told about the custom and habits of the Indians.

SENIORS RARE TO GO

Come on Seniors! Only two more drives! Let's go over the top in both! Friday night, the Reds play their last home game in the Senior Benefit Game. Get behind the team! On Feb. 23 and 29 the Seniors will let off their steam in "Tish," a really funny play.

3 T'S GET PINS

Jean Falous, Norma Warner, Shirley Humston, Carol Warner, Ellen Young, Jane Woelfel, Agnes Williams, Thelma Doreen, Elsie Shibley, Pauline Dey, Mary Jane DeBarr, Eleanor Pinewood, Eleanor Brown, Elizabeth Grieve received 3T pins this week.

DOMECONS PLAN PARTY

Plans are under way for a Domecon party sometime this month. Eannie DeJohn is the chairman of the party planning committee with Margaret Longshore, Ethel McGovern, Constance Clark, Mary Rainers helping her.

HI-Y FETE POSTPONED

Due to the illness of Don Lee, the Hi-Y pres., the installation banquet was postponed. It will be held sometime in the near future.

NEW CONTEST SLATED

There will be another Indoor Model Plane Contest at the Roosevelt School soon as a tune-up for a contest in Lyons.

THRU THE AISLES

Senior Girls and Boys! Attention!!! Now is the chance to get a date for the Senior Benefit Game with Clyde on Friday night. It is the last home game and also the last informal dance.

Come on kids, let's go hold attraction for the students. Palmyra is coming down to see Grate, Shirley, Gerry P., Gerald Ridley and John Cill are going to Clifton to skate, at least that is what they say.

Bill McMillan is always cluttering up Room G during his free time. Give Elizabeth and Miss Ratchford a rest Bill.

Arthur Jacobs, aren't you rushing ahead quite a bit escorting Fritz Barthelmp around Paul Stott has broken down and asked a Hi-School girl for a date. It was none other than Wanda Howland. Some of the Senior boys are taking dancing lessons. We know some others who should too. Don't we girls?

Uncle Ab says the problems of the family next door are more important than those of Europe.

During the past 25 years, poultry raising in New York has developed from a side-line industry to a major enterprise.

How to help children enjoy themselves is told in Cornell bulletin 420, "Working Principles in Child Guidance." For a copy, address a post card to the office of Publication, Roberts Hall, Ithaca, N. Y.

leaning against the rough trunk of a pine.

"You wish to see me?" asked Virginia.

"No, I don't wish to see you. I hate you. But I come."

"I hate you because he love you! I hate you because he think always of you and never of me. I hate you because you throw them away like a used rag, like a poison snake, because you see them touch me."

Virginia listened, astonished and a little angry. The last words caught her attention sharply.

"What are you talking about? What have you been doing?" (To Be Continued)

Senior Play Taken From Noted Story

When Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Tish" stories first appeared in "The Saturday Evening Post" they were accorded such great acclaim that America's most gifted female novelist was compelled to write an entire series with the classically humorous "Tish" as the central figure.

Now Alice Chadwick has adapted these stories for the theatre and turned them into a gay and joyous modern comedy, and the play will be presented here on Feb. 23, 29 at the High School gym under the auspices of the Senior Class.

Surprisingly enough this is not the first time that "Tish" has been turned into a play. The first dramatization of Mrs. Rinehart's most popular stories was made by that veteran dramatist, Edward E. Rose, as a starring vehicle for the magnificent star of the stage and screen, May Robson. Miss Robson opened in "Tish" at Powers Theatre in Chicago and after a good-sized run at that playhouse made a tour of the South. The following season she made a coast-to-coast tour in "Tish" playing to the absolute capacity of the theatres she appeared in.

Since that time Mrs. Rinehart has written many more "Tish" stories, and it is these later and more modern tales that Alice Chadwick has used as a source for her bright and exciting comedy. Apparently, "Tish" will never die. Recently Mrs. Rinehart's most popular heroine was bringing joy to thousands of listeners on the air with the popular and talented Broadway actress, Marion Barney, in one role of "Tish." These humorous stories have made millions of friends for Mrs. Rinehart.

"Tish" is the perennial spinster, loves adventure, and always manages to get herself and her friends into a peek of trouble. Together with two boon companions, Aggie and Lizzie, she experiences a variety of thrills and embarks on many strange adventures.

Miss Chadwick has had access to all of the Mary Roberts Rinehart stories of "Tish" and has studied them diligently before making her own special dramatization. The result is a play that is crowded with laughter and one that convulses audiences everywhere.

Joe, Ethel Turp Come to Strand In Human Story

Ethel and Joe Turp begin their screen careers by proxy in the persons of Ann Sothorn and William Gargan in the filmization of Damon Runyon's widely-read story, "Joe and Ethel Turp call on the President," which comes to the Strand Theatre Sunday.

Featured in the cast with "Mr. and Mrs. Turp" are Lewis Stone, momentarily forsaking his famous characterization of "Judge Hardy" to enact the Chief Executive, Walter Brennan, Marsha Hunt and Tom Neal.

Brennan, twice winner of the Academy Award for the best supporting player performance, has what is hailed as the finest role of his career in the new comedy drama. His role of Jim, the postman of Flatbush, Brooklyn, carries him from his early twenties through more than thirty-five years of his life. Marsha Hunt, exclaiming the sweetheart of his youth, ages similarly in the course of the story.

The plot centers about Kitty (Miss Hunt) whose son disappears and becomes a criminal. To keep Kitty from knowing the truth, Jim writes letters that are supposedly from the boy and delivers them to her. Jim paints a glowing story of success in far off places and Kitty, growing old, lives only for the price she holds for her boy. Finally, a real letter comes for Kitty. Jim opens it. It is from the state penitentiary, telling Kitty that her son, who has been convicted of a crime and sent to prison was killed in an attempt to escape. Jim destroys the letter. He is arrested and summarily dismissed from the postal service.

Such is the case that Joe and Ethel Turp take to the President.

Show Lists New Diamond-Studded Movie Programs

The Capitol will inaugurate a new program of "Diamond Studded Entertainment" next week when two outstanding feature pictures will be shown in each performance for three days.

The new program will begin on Tuesday with "Ninotchka" starring Greta Garbo, and "Congo Maistie" with Ann Sothorn in the lead.

Greta Garbo in "Ninotchka," her first venture into sophisticated romance of today, presents a new side of her many talents.

In her first ultra-modern role in some years she plays a Russian commissar who finds glamour and a great love while on a government mission to Paris. Brilliant comedy lines are contrasted with gripping dramatic movements.

Garbo is gay, sings, dances to swing music, wears gorgeous Adrian creations, and in every detail presents an entirely new Garbo to her fans.

HOUSE OF HAZARDS By Mac Arthur



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GENEVA Thu. - Fri. - Sat. Feb. 8-9-10

DIAMOND STUDDED PROGRAM

Double Value Entertainment

Balalaika with Eddy Massey

Congo Maistie

4 Big Days - Starts Sunday, Feb. 11

ANOTHER DIAMOND STUDDED PROGRAM

"Broadway Melody 1940" with Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell

STARTS SUNDAY, FEB. 25

"GONE WITH THE WIND" Entire Week

CAPITOL Newark, N.Y.

Wednesday - Thursday - Friday February 7-8-9

Disputed Passage with Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff, John Howard

Geronimo with Preston Foster

Saturday Only February 10

Nick Carter with Walter Pidgeon

Sunday - Monday February 11-12

The romantic adventure story of the famous "Fighting 69th"!!

Pack up your troubles and smile! Laugh! Thrill!

THE FIGHTING 69th featuring James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, George Brent

Garbo Ninotchka

Congo Maistie

Chap. 9 of "Tracy's G-Men" Comedy - "Blamed For a Blonde" - Cartoon, "Wacky Romance" - News

Tuesday - Wednesday - Thursday February 13-14-15

Garbo Ninotchka

STRAND

PALMYRA Tonight and Friday Feb. 8-9

JOAN BLONDELL - MELVYN DOUGLAS

"THE AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS"

With RUTH DONNELLY - EDWARD BROPHY

Saturday Feb. 10

Continuous 2 to 11 P. M.

GENE AUTRY SMILEY BURNETTE

"IN OLD MONTEREY"

With GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES THE HOOSIER HOT SHOTS - MARIE ANND SALLIE

Sunday - Monday - Tuesday Feb. 11-12-13

ANN SOTHERN - LEWIS STONE WALTER BRENNAN

"JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT"

Added Feature - EDITH FELLOWS - JAMES McGALLION

"PRIDE OF THE BLUEGRASS"

Wed. - Thur. - Fri. Feb. 14-15-16

MICKKEY ROONEY LEWIS STONE - CECILIA PARKER

"JUDGE HARDY AND SON"

OHMANN THEATRE LYONS, N. Y.

Thursday and Friday Feb. 8-9

"Full Confession" VICTOR McLAGLEN - SALLY EILERS

Saturday Feb. 10

Matinee at 2:30 "Irish Luck" FRANKIE DARRO

"The Big Stampede" JOHN WAYNE

Sunday and Monday Feb. 11-12

Continuous Show on Sunday - Starts at 3 o'clock

"That's Right You're Wrong" KAY KYSER AND BAND ADOLPH MENJOU - LUCILLE BALL

"Little Accident" HUGH HERBERT - BABY SANDY

Tuesday Feb. 13

"Reno" RICHARD DIX - GAIL PATRICK

Wednesday Feb. 14

Matinee Starts 3:30 - Children 10 Cents - ON OUR STAGE - Tom Grierson With His Own Electric Organ - ON THE SCREEN "Sued For Libel" KENT TAYLOR Evening 25c to All

Drace Greele... Publisher Ever Miller St, News... A consolation s... The Arcadian W... Entered as secon... BSCRIPTION RA... How L... In the ancien... man's life are th... accustomed to... that it comes... hence not only I... when the average... beyond seventy, I... American people I... By taking the... which each pe... as compiled a ta... some very interest... In the year 14... could expect to li... life for males h... ies indicate that... the expectancy tha... eter chance for... years longer than... Some of the re... can enough. Bal... infancy. Al... used to be... academic of 1918... and 25 million... whole-sale cause of... any great numb... Medical science... children's health, a... ent to advancing... se than from any... conquered. With more pe... mcer, the average... days of our gr... The proposal, I... resident be given... emergency' h... of America's r... The extension... ber the individual... tacy and freed... ment. The job... proposals and to re... Dale... Author of "H... and Infir... SHE GOT... Here's the story... to earn the... herself a job at... That woman is... es in One." Mrs. Ray was m... Suddenly her hu... for an indefin... I have to go on... mistake so many... ally-pussy. The first thing sh... esult. She decide... would sell an id... employer these two... evey; and herself... his was excellent re... the things she kn... nize, and she decide... had been managing e... nered in captio... the world of fash... arshy Parker, anc... te). In doing this fast... acquaintances, and... eople. She went t... ero was a job whi... knowledge she posse... At an advertising... eth Cosmetics Cor... ea into operation... many, and what i... nted to repackag... e-to modernize. She got to work... advertising campa... rked out a radio... Then she went t... the men listened. Why... out this business? I... vice-president? She did! They made an exc... she had n... the meantime, her f... me. Mrs. Ray war... her job, and turn... Anyone can learr... alk in cold from the... h a company can... th yourself, the job... you!