

NOBODY'S GIRL

By ANNE AUSTIN author of the PENNY PRINCESS

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THIS HAS HAPPENED
SALLY FORD, ward of the State or-
phanage, is 16. She meets DAVID NASH,
athlete and student who is working on
the carnival. Sally's friend makes
remarks about David's friendship with
Sally, and the student strikes him a
terrible blow.

Sally and David flee and join a car-
nival. David is cook's helper and Sally
is a girl in the circus princess, Lalla.

Lalla, crystal gazer, NITA, Hula dancer,
who knows the police are after the
two, are after them. Nita, who is
David's threats to expose Sally. If she
doesn't keep "hands off," the young

The carnival goes next to Capital City.
Sally spent so many years in the
orphanage under the disguise of the crystal
gazer until one afternoon when the
orphanage troupe was after them.

The beautiful woman who fascinates Sally.
One of the children recognizes Sally and
she is taken to the police. G. night. Nita
comes to her rescue and diverts attention.

Sally is surprised to see the beau-
tiful David. But David is not alone. He
is with a well-dressed, handsome Easterner.

He earlier in the afternoon has teas-
ingly asked Sally if she would go with him.

When a terrible storm breaks up and
the girls are safe, Sally is captured and
arrested in the arms of the Easterner. He
tells the police who he is and that the
police are after her. When Sally is
rescued, Nita learns that David and
Nita are missing. Late that night,

WINFIELD BYBEE calls everybody back
with his car and tells them his safe has
been robbed. The police accuse Sally and
David, recalling that Sally had day in her
place money in the hidden safe.

Sally is taken to the police station and
tells of Nita's meeting with the
darkness and her conversation with the
unseen.

STEVE BYBEE says he
will call in police to find David and Sally.

Now GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXX

POP BYBEE looked down upon
Sally's agonized face with trou-
bled indecision in his bright blue
eyes. He tried to lift her to her
feet, but her arms were locked
about his knees. The midget had
scrambled from Sally's shoulder to
the floor of the car and as Bybee
hesitated, her tiny fists beat upon
his right leg for attention.

"You're not going to break your
promise to Sally, are you, Mr. By-
bee?" the tiny voice piped shrilly.

"You told her and the boy you'd
protect them. She's told you the
truth. Don't you know truth when
you hear it? I always knew Nita
was a crook. She never saw a po-

lice officer or a constable or a sheriff
without turning white as a ghost.

She joined up with the carnival
just to tip off her accomplice—this
Steve person—where to find the
money. That's why she was spy-
ing on Mrs. Bybee that day in
Stanton. Listen to me!"

"I'm listening, Miss Tanner," Pop
Bybee acknowledged wearily. "And
I swear I don't know what to say
or do. If they get clear away with
that money the show'll be stranded.

Every cent I had in the world was
in that safe. Reckon I was a fool
to carry it with me, but I never
trusted a bank, and it was more
convenient, having it right with me.

Tomorrow's payday, too, and all of

you are in the same boat with me."

"Listen, boss, let's take a vote on
it." Gus, the barker, spoke up sud-
denly and loudly. "Now me—I be-
lieve the kid here is telling the
truth. No college boy could crack a
safe like that. It was a profes-
sional job, or I'm a liar! Of course
Nita may have tolled the boy off
with her and this Steve, since she
was so crazy about him, but we
ain't got no proof she did, and as
Sally says, if you sick the cops on
the boy, the jig will be up with
her as well as the boy. Another
thing, Dave may be laying in the
bushes somewhere with a bullet."

"Oh!" Sally screamed, as the full
significance of Gus' words burst
upon her. She fainted into a heap
at Bybee's feet, her head striking
one of his big shoes and resting
there.

When she regained consciousness
she was lying in the lower berth
which had belonged to Nita, and the
midget was kneeling on the pillow
beside her head, dabbing her face
with a handkerchief soaked in
aromatic spirits of ammonia. Mazi
and Sue, two of the dancers in the
"girlie" show, sat on the edge of the
berth, their cold-creamed faces al-
most beautiful with anxiety and
sympathy.

"What's the matter? Is it time to
get up?" Sally asked dazedly.
"What are you doing, Betty?"

The midget answered in her tiny,
brisk voice: "I'm bathing your face
with ammonia which Mrs. Bybee
sent. It should be cologne, and the
ammonia will probably dry your
skin something dreadful, but it was
the only thing we could get. You
fainted, you know."

"Oh, I remember!" Sally moaned,
her head beginning to throb from
side to side on the pillow. "Have
they found David? I know he's
been hurt!"

"They're looking for him," the
midget assured her briskly. "Mr.
Bybee took a vote on whether he
was to notify the police about David's
being gone, as well as Nita, and the
vote was 'No!' That ought to
make you feel happier!"

"Oh, it does!" Sally began to cry
softly. "You have all been so kind,
so kind! You said Mrs. Bybee sent
the ammonia?" she asked wistfully.

"She certainly did, and she's in
the kitchen of the privilege car
right now, making you some hot
tea. She won't say she's sorry,
probably, but she'll try to make it
up to you. She's like that—always
flying off the handle and suspicious
of everybody, but she's got a heart
as big as Babe, the fat girl."

"And so have you!" Sally told her
brokenly, taking both of the tiny
hands into one of hers and laying
them softly against her lips.

"Ain't love grand?" Mazie sighed
deeply. "If it had been my sweetie,
I'd a-fell for that line of Ma Bybee's
about him running off with Nita,
but you sure stuck by him. I was

in love like that once, when I was a
kid. I married him, too, and he
run off with the albino girl and took
my grouch bag with him. Every
damn cent I had! But it sure was
sweet before we was married and
he was nuts about me."

"Aw, let the kid alone!" Sue
slipped from the edge of the berth
and yawned widely. "Gawd, I'm
sleepy! If the cops don't catch
that Hula hussy I'm going out look-
ing for her myself, and when I get
through with her she'll never shake
another grass skirt! C'mon, Mazie.
It's 3 o'clock in the morning, and
we've got eighteen shows ahead
of us today."

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suffer intense pain, followed by sick
headache. My kidney trouble
disturbed my sleep, and my back
ached so terribly I could hardly
drag myself home from work, and
I was ready to drop the minute I
got inside the door. I couldn't
sleep and all day long I felt weak,
dizzy and lazy. Medicines seemed
unable to help me, and life was
nothing but misery to me until I
started taking Viuna. In short
order I was a changed man. I can
now eat big, hearty meals with no
gas, no pains and no headache. My
kidneys seem to be fine again, and
I wake up every morning feeling
rested and ready for work. The
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know that my long illness is over
at last."

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"Maybe!" Mazie yawned. "If Pop
wasn't stringing us, we'll be strand-
ed in this burg. G'night, Sally. G'night,
Midge. And say, Sally, even if this Dave boy has blown
and left you flat, you won't have no
trouble coping off another sweetie.
Gus was telling us that New
York rube that's trailing you. Hook
up with him and you'll wear diamonds.
Believe me, kid, they ain't none of 'em worth losing sleep over
when you've got eighteen shows a
day ahead of you. G'night."

"I'm listening, Miss Tanner," Pop
Bybee acknowledged wearily. "And
I swear I don't know what to say
or do. If they get clear away with
that money the show'll be stranded.
Every cent I had in the world was
in that safe. Reckon I was a fool
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convenient, having it right with me.
Tomorrow's payday, too, and all of

you are in the same boat with me."

memory of his kiss, that kiss that
had left her giddy with delight.

How unfailingly kind and sweet
he had been since that first day,
when he had strode into her life,
with the sun on his chestnut hair
and the glory of the sun in his eyes.

He had not failed her once, but she
was failing him now, by doubting
him by picturing him as a fugitive
in the dark, fleeing with a pair of
criminals who had robbed the man
whose kindness had protected him
from the law.

When they had gone the midget
yanked the green curtains together
with comical fierceness, then
crawled under the top of the sheet
that covered Sally.

"I'm going to sleep here with you,
Sally," she said. "I don't take up
much room."

And the woman who was old
enough to be Sally's mother curled
her twenty-nine-inch body in the
curve of Sally's right arm and laid
her tiny cheek, as soft and wrinkled
as a worn kid glove, in the hollow
of Sally's firm young neck.

But long after the midget was
asleep, Sally lay wide-eyed and
tense in the dark, her mind a wel-
ter of fears and love and doubt. She
had pleaded passionately with Pop
Bybee for David, fiercely patrolling
the dark depths of her mind even
as the memory of the jealousy which
Nita had findishly aroused in her
heart. But now that she had saved
herself, had given chase. Of
course! Otherwise he would be here
now! Was he still pursuing them,
or was he lying somewhere near the
road, wounded, his splendid young
body ignominiously flung into a
cornfield?

She could bear no more, could
no longer lie safe in her berth while
David needed her somewhere. Very
carefully, for all her haste, she lifted
the tiny body that nestled against
her side and laid it tenderly upon
the pillow, which was big enough
to serve as a mattress for the mid-
get. Then, hobbling soundlessly, she
groped for her shoes in the little
green hammock swung across the
cornfield.

Then a sweater, saner memory
clamored for attention. She heard
again his fond, husky voice caressing
her, his "Dear little Sally!" And
involuntarily her mouth pursed in
a smile.

She certainly did, and she's in
the kitchen of the privilege car
right now, making you some hot
tea. She won't say she's sorry,
probably, but she'll try to make it
up to you. She's like that—always
flying off the handle and suspicious
of everybody, but she's got a heart
as big as Babe, the fat girl."

Had he been only sorry for her,
glad of an opportunity to "blow,"
to get out of the State where he
was wanted on two serious charges?
Was he dismayed, too, by the fact
that moonlight had tricked him into
telling her that he loved her, thus
adding the responsibility of her future
to the burden of protecting her
in this hectic present?

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through with her she'll never shake
another grass skirt! C'mon, Mazie.
It's 3 o'clock in the morning, and
we've got eighteen shows ahead
of us today."

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windows; found then, put them on,
slipped to the edge of her berth.
She was profoundly thankful that
the girls had not undressed her after
she had fainted.

When she reached the car in
which Mr. and Mrs. Bybee occupied
a stateroom, she saw the showman
and his wife through the open door,
talking to two strangers whom she
guessed to be plainclothes policemen
from police headquarters of Capital
City. The two men were evidently
about to leave, nodding impatiently
at what they understood, when Sally
appeared, like a frightened, pale
ghost in green-and-white gingham.

She forgot that she was without
make-up, that the police were looking
for her as well as for the criminals
in the car.

But where was he? Mrs. Bybee
had left him to guard the train.
Not for a moment could she believe
that he had failed in his trust.
Painfully, Sally tried to visualize
the dreadful thing that had happened.
David alone, patrolling the train,
had failed her once. Still talking with
the plainclothes detectives, he motioned
to the car as the detectives made their
farewells and their brusque promises
of "quick action."

When the men had left the car
Bybee's voice summoned her in a
hurried stage whisper, calling her
"Lalla," so that the detectives, if
they were listening, should not
identify her with the girl who had
run away from the orphanage in
the company of a man wanted on
a charge of assault with the intent
of killing.

"Are you crazy?" Bybee demanded
hoarsely, when she had come running
to the stateroom. "They were listening,
should not identify her with the girl who had
run away from the orphanage in
the company of a man wanted on
a charge of assault with the intent
of killing."