The Cherokee Scout, Murphy, N. C., Thursday, April 25, 1935



SYNOPSIS

STROPSIS The luck that had brought the Boston Lawrence to California at the be-siming of the gold rush has deserted be present generation. From a 4.000,-are ranch, their holdings have shrunk a small farm, and the old family me in Clippersville. The death of their father forced the three eldest blren to work so that Sam and little tried might continue their education, and, now twenty-five, had gone into the form works. Gail to the public ti-rary and Edith to the book depart-tries for works. Gail to the public ti-rary and Edith to the book depart-ent of Clippersville's largest store eventeen-year-old Ariel is becoming a schem, and Phil is fascinated by 'their erible' Lily Cass, whose husband has been ber. Young Van Murchison, on of a weaithy family, returns from the and Gail has visions, through the Lawrence luck. Dick Stebbins, this best friend, has the run of the base at night for joy rides. Phil ag-tests, to the girls' consternation, that hay invite Lily Cass to the house. Gail and the start for a week-end with be Chipps, his uncle and aunt. She is provide and by Mrs. Chipps and her consta

CHAPTER IV-Continued

For a moment Gail could not see the point. Then it came upon her with sickening force, and she felt choked and a little nauseated. The men roared the girls laughed briefly, and Lenore said, "Jim, don't be so revolting!" "You low swine!" Lucia Tevis, who

was eighteen years old, added affectionately.

Well, what can you do?" Gail asked herself flercely. She couldn't shame Van by getting up aud walking away from the group. Her face burned from the group. Her face burned wretchedly for half an hour. She would not give in. She slept, waked, breakfasted, went to luncheon at some club in whose chintzy dressing room the girls were notably rude to her watched her first polo game. She would give in

Fight, fight, fight. She made herself pretty, she made herself amusing, she back the constant impulse lought. "Oh, Van, take me home!" No, say: no, no! This was her chance; she would not lose it. She grew almost feverish, her clear skin unusually pale her blue eyes unusually bright, and was the prettier for it.

Van saw nothing. He was in great spirits, rushing from one thing to an other-cocktails, bridge, tennis, swim ming, polo, golf-at breakneck speed. By Saturday night all these were ex-By Saturday their worst, and it was decided that Mockerson's offered the only possible amusement.

This was at about nine o'clock. Into cars they all accordingly piled, and off into the night they went. A dreary dressing room, after the cold run, and the girls powdering their noses, red dening their lips again. Another bleak red looking table with a limp spotty cloth They were all so tired they all on it. most laid their heads on the cloth, and Gall was scared when she saw the hip dasks and the red wine again. Van had driven like a crazy man on those steep circuitous roads coming over he certainly would not be in a condition to drive more carefully going back. Of course, they would get back to the ranch somehow, but it was frighten ing.

Funny to think of herself as home again tomorrow night, playing soll-taire. Well, one thing was sure; if she ever married ever married . an Murchison or any-one like him she would cure him of this sort of craziness.

Gail looked, too. Looked down at bareheaded, loudly laughing girl a big raccoon-coated man was helping into a roadster. She recognized ash-blond hnir, the curve of soft cheek. It was Ariel.

CHAPTER V

Gail and a sick moment of vertigo, of terror. What she saw, what it sig-nified, where she was and where Ariel everything rushed together in a complete demoralization of mind and

After a while she turned and dazedly reached for Ler brown coat and but-toned its belt about her. She followed the other girls downstairs, not knowing where she was nor what she was do ing.

She was next to Van on the drive nome. The cars shot away into the foggy night; the big engines throbbed on the grade. When they reached the top of the long rise, and the machines could run quietly, cautionsly, through the enveloping thick mists, Gail spoke for the first time.

"Van, you saw those men and the two girls -the ones who were making so much noise?"

"Didn't notice 'em specially-why?" Van shouted.

"Oh, nothing !" Gall, actually writhing, saying the soundless words prayers with trembling lips, added no more. But her soul was sick.

"Ariel! Oh, my G-d-not yet eighteen Then night and fog and the explor ing lights of the car and her own sick.

heavy heartbeats again. It was like a horrible dream. She was miles-miles from home, from Phil and Edith, and security and goodness and help.

The need to be at nome gnawed at her flesh like teeth; her face burned, she could not breathe.

"Van, how far are we from home?" "From Los Gatos? Let's see-

No. From Clippersville."

"Oh, Clippersville? Oh-well, about seventy miles." Seventy miles! They seemed to fall

on her heart like so many separate blows. Was somebody driving Ariel seventy miles home tonight? What was doing away from home? Where did Phil and Edith think she was? Perhaps Phil and Edith were dead.

Perhaps they were scouring the town for Ariel, telephoning Dorothy, tele-phoning the Lovelaces! And she not there

"Papa told us to take care of the children ! And little Ariel, that Mother only stayed with four days-!

"And what does Ariel know about nger? Nothing. She's a baby. Men danger? think she's pretty, and it amuses her. She never dreams "Oh, my G-d! Where is she now?"

It was impossible that 12 hours must pass before she could be home again and know the worst. Hourshours! They proved to be the longest through which she had ever lived.

Vaguely, secondary things penetrat-ed the flaming wall of thought that shut her in. She realized, alone in her comfortable cabin room, that she was not going to sleep. Ariel! Ariel! Ariel!

She walked out under the redwoods just as dawn began to paint the western face of the canyon with streaks of vermilion.

Then she must have gone back and flung herself on her bed and fallen

ood look at your little sister, and 1 | want to tell you something! manage her own affairs." She can

Her face, already pale with heat and emotion, grew whiter. 'How d'you mean you—you saw

Ariel?

"Why--" He looked at her in puz-zled surprise, "Why, she was at your house that Sunday night, two weeks ago

He had not seen her at Mockerson's then! Gail sank back. "Come on, have a change of heart,

and let's swim! And then we'll go up to San Mateo."

His laughter, the grip of his big brown hand, would have been irresisti ble twenty-four hours ago, But Gail was hardly conscious of them now Absently, apologetically, she persisted, said her farewells.

The world that was all pleasureswimming, bridge, polo, tennis, trocks, trips-closed behind her as a pool closes over a stone. She would be home before three

o'clock. She must be patient. She would be rushing into the old houseand what a haven of rest and coolness and ease it would be !--at three She would find Phil there o'clock. baggard and wild, Edith stricken, Sam making frightful suggestions about dragging the river and notifying the police.

"We Lawrences can never hold up our heads after this again," she thought. Not that it mattered, if Ariel, frightened and sobered, were home, were safe!

Thirty miles more! Her face was burned by the hot wind, and her head splitting. Twenty miles-ten miles. The big gas tank came into view, the red



"Ash Blond-and That's a Real One, Look!

mills. the canneries, and finally swimming treetops of Clippersville, from which dazzling lines arose like hairs of white fire.

Gail's heart was suffocating her. She said only incoherent farewells, as she descended from the back seat into heavenly green shadiness of old garden, and catching up her heavy suitcase ran for the side door.

On the threshold of the quiet, shaded kitchen she stopped short. Edith was sharing a light refection of arth

WNU Service

excitement of Far Niente had been pretty generally reviewed. Ariel was with Dorothy Camp. the boys and I had to console each other"

Gail gave Ariel her big sisterly, sym. pathetic smile.

"Was that fun?" she asked, feeling that it was somebody else talking, that it was all a part in a play-in one of their Sunday night charades. it

1: They stayed at said the eager Edith. "Fun! at the Fairmont.

"Oh, did you, baby?" We went to a movie," Ariel sup-

plied. Then-then the girl at Mockerson's wasn't Ariel? Or else . . . Gail's first impulse to tell her sisters of her sickness and fright died away. She dared not risk that yet.

Peace and shadiness held the kitch-Ariel was expecting some boy en. friend for supper; Edith was going to walk over to Mrs. Appleby's at five o'clock to ask about the fiesta dre Sam was working; Phil had said that he must go to the office.

I shrewdly suspect is "Which Thomas Street hill!" Edith confessed ruefully.

Home, The infinite peacefulness of it! Gail, looking at Ariel, could not believe that her feverish, frightened suspicions of last night had any basis whatever. This was all reassuring, all soothing.

It was not believable that this innocent child of seventeen, in the blue organdy, had upon her mind any secret as disgraceful as a midnight escapade Mockerson's.

But as soon as they had an opportunity to speak to each other alone, went straight to the point. Gail

"Ariel, did you ever hear of a road-house called Mockerson's?" The blond head, with its drift of fy-

away gold hair, came up like a flash. And Gail knew

Ariel shrugged slightly, wary eyes on Gail's face.

"Yep," she admitted briefly, Then there was a long silence. Arl-

el's eyes met her sister's

"Some of us went over from the Chipp ranch," Gail said, returning the steady gaze. "What were you doing there, Ariel?"

tone was dispassionate, quiet. But Gail's breast rose and fell once, on a heavy sigh,

"What-what you were, if you were there and saw me, I suppose!" Ariel blurted, in a tone that was meant to be bold and turned out mercly trem-

bling and frightened. Gail took the shock without a sign,

going on patiently.

"Who were you with, dear?" "Oh, don't dear me!" protested Arie;, in sudden ugliness. "You know you think I'm a lost soul, and you're going to tell Phil, and stir up all sorts of trouble.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Old Whaling Trips Kept Sailors Away Four Years

In the old days of the whaling industry, the men who went to sea in search of these prized creatures of the deep were often gone from home long as three or four years at a time.

Each whaling ship, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, carried When four sharp-prowed boats. whale was sighted these boats were let down into the water, each one manned by a helmsman, four oarsmen and a headsman. The helmsman car**IDENTIFIED BY SCENT**

Women in the harems of the Far East are distinguished by scent. wife is at once taken to the new master of fragrance, who, after a careful study of her personality. works out a formula for a perfume that will thereafter identify her.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the orig-mal little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.-Adv.

Beauty in Simplicity The simple things on earth are the loveliest.

No more tired let-down feeling for me"

"I reasoned that my red blood corpuscie strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back " back.'



surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secre-tions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuseles in the blood. This two-fold

corpused in the blod. This two-fold purpose is impor-tant. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should naturally. You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily." Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone...if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appelizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves ...a good complexion...and renew-ed strength. ed strength.

ed strength. S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad © S.S.S. Co.



Or Worse To forget is just about as bad as to make a mistake.



this sort of craziness.	flung herself on her bed and fallen	was sharing a light refection of arti-	and a neadsman. The neimsman car-	
Mockerson's was as dull as ditch	asleep, for she was awakened by the	chokes and bread pudding with a book,	ried sharp harpoons, to which lines	FINGERWAVING Learn at home. We teach you how. Com-
	other girls' laughter and voices at ten,	"Martin Chuzzlewit." Ariel, dainty and	were attached, and threw them into	plete course for limited time \$100 Sand
	and roused herself, stiff and half sick,	cool, was sitting at the other end of	the body of the whale.	10c for information, THOMPSON, Box 168, Jamestown, N. Y.
singing, but the main room was empty.		the kitchen table, cleaning gloves in	Then began a great battle. The	Contestown, M, T.
A heavy fog was rolling in from the	The second second all second and second seco		headsman attacked the whale with	
sea; the motor cars that went by made		For a moment revulsion of feeling	lances, but the maddened monster often	ADDALL (DALL C
a muffled sound in the dark night.	to secure the earliest possible escape	made Gall feel actually dizzy and weak.	dragged the boat for many miles	ICARBUIL for BUILS B
"You're awful cute!" Van said affec-	the second of the second s	But if Ariel saw anything amiss her	through the water. Often, too, he	
tionately, covering Gall's hand with		smile of surprise and welcome gave no	dived to the bottom, and the lines on	Eases throbbing pain; allays inflam- mation; reduces swelling; lessens ten-
his own.	for it appeared that Van was to take	sign of it, and Edith's delight covered	the harpoons that held him paid out for	sion; quickly heals. Easily applied.
			thousands of feet.	Inexpensive, Results guaranteed, Also
A noisy party stumbled out of an	the place of a missing polo player;	"Oh, Gail, we didn't expect you un-	Eventually, however, the whale had	use for festers, risings, cuts, burns, and bites. At your druggist, or write
	every one was very much excited about		to come back to the surface to breathe.	Spurlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.
dressing rooms for wraps.	the game.	til suppertime! Oh, darling, did you	and then he was killed by a lance	
"We ought to be going, too !" Lenore	But she was in a fever to get home.	have a good time? Was it fun? I've	thrust in a vital spot.	
decided. "This is too awful!"	Van's arguments, his pleading, fell on	been thinking and thinking-but you've		WNU-7 17-35
They stumbled up in their turn,	deaf ears. Ariel perhaps murdered,		Today most whalers are strengly	A DECEMBER OF A
staggered up the smelly, unpainted	Phil and Edith crushed with terror and	Edith was in her arms, was racing	built iron ships, and the small boats	
stairs to the odorous, damp, bleak	doubt, and they wanted her to go to	about the kitchen eagerly, mixing iced	are equipped with cannons to fire the	Jensitive Skins
dressing room. Its window, on this		tea, taking rolls from the old black	harpoons into the whale. A charge	SCHERENCE SKIID
raw night, was wide open, the salty		japanned bread box. Ariel got up from	of blasting powder attached to the har	May be kept Clear and
air blowing in deliciously cold and		the table to come and bestow one of	poon then kills the whale, which is	
fresh.		her strange kisses. Gail, seated, her	dragged back to the parent ship by a	Wholesome by Regular
"This won't de!" Gail said, going to			windlass.	Use of
close it. Standing beside it, both hands		head, felt that she was still in the		
raised to the center rill, she looked		dream, and that things had shifted	41 Leisure Hours	
down at a pool of bright light from	"I know it." She smiled a sickly	themselves about on all sides, strange-	The New York committee on the Use	
the tavern doorway below.	smile at the handsome boy.	ly, as they did in dreams.	of Leisure Time discovered that the	Sonp and Ointment
"Come here, Duchess. That's the col-	"Why don't you stay and swim, any-	"But tell us, tell us, tell us!" Edith	average individual spends the 168	
or hair I mean !" Lucia said suddenly,	way. It's noon; you'll cook-driving	pleaded.	hours in the week thus: 77 hours for	Containing emollient and healing
at Gall's elbow, also looking down.	home through the valley!"	"And what'd you do last night?"	sleep, meals and personal care; 40	properties, they soothe and comfort
"Ash blond-and that's a real one, too.	"I can't. I promised Ariel-"	Gail could finally ask, when the swim-	hours for work; 10 hours traveling to	tender, easily irritated skins and help
Look !"	"Oh, Ariel nothing! Listen, I got one	ming pool, the frocks, and the general	and from work, and 41 hours at leisure	to keep them free from irritations.