

Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

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WNU Service

CHAPTER X —22—

Pilar stood motionless, her hands clasped tightly around the railing, staring at him. Bryn moved off again, toward the house. He shook her head and did not answer, and Bryn did not wait. It had suddenly occurred to him what it was that he must do, and do quickly. He must find Deborah, and tell her that he loved her. He reached the door of her sitting room. He tapped. There was no answer. He entered, and closed the door gently behind him.

Bryn hesitated, his eyes going to her closed bedroom door. He straightened his shoulders. He rapped lightly on the door. She would be there. She would be dressing for dinner.

"Yes?" her voice answered, softly, with that small lilt in it that sang in his heart night and day.

"It's I, Bryn," he said. "I . . . could you come out and . . . and speak to me? I want to tell you something."

"There was a little hesitation, and then she said quietly, 'Just a minute.' And, after the minute, she opened the door and came out.

She was wearing a dress he had never seen, another old-fashioned one, the quaintest and most old-fashioned one possible, but her beauty in it took his breath away.

"You wanted to tell me something?" she repeated.

Bryn looked at her. There she was, the girl he loved, with his wedding ring on her finger; and he had come racing to tell her that he loved her, and now that she was here before him, he was afraid.

"Aren't you going to tell me something?" Deborah repeated, knitting her brows faintly.

Bryn started. "Yes," he muttered. He swallowed. "Deborah, that is . . . did she . . . I mean, what did Pilar say to you this morning? I mean, what she said isn't important, but I want to know . . . that is, did she try to make you think that . . ."

Deborah was looking at him with those quiet eyes. She shook her head. "It doesn't matter," she said gently. "I understand."

Bryn took a deep breath. "You . . . you don't understand," he protested. "I'm trying to say that whatever she told you was wrong. It isn't true."

Her glance dropped quickly to her hands, clasped together before her. "It is true," she said with conviction.

"What is?" Bryn said in desperation.

"What she said. But it doesn't matter, you know. That is, not to me. I can imagine that you must be troubled, when you think about the position you find yourself in, but you needn't be troubled on my account. Really, Bryn, if only we . . . if only there were some way . . . but Grandmother . . ."

"The position I find myself in?" Bryn repeated incredulously. "What position do I find myself in?"

Deborah was silent for a long moment, her eyes still hidden. Then she raised them, and said, "Let's not discuss it, Bryn. It isn't necessary."

"Did she suggest," Bryn demanded tensely, "did she suggest that I was, or ever had been, in love with her? I suppose that's not a question a man ought to ask, but I think I'm justified. I'm just beginning to wake up to a number of things. Tell me . . . did she?"

Deborah's eyes darkened. "She showed me her ring."

"Her ring? What ring?"

"The ruby you gave her."

"Oh," Bryn said after a moment. He turned and walked away across the room. He couldn't stand being there so close to her without touching her, and there was still too much between them to think of touching her. "Did she suggest it was an engagement ring, Deborah? Did she dare say it was?"

"I . . . I wasn't what she said. I thought that was what she meant. But you needn't explain these things to me, Bryn. There isn't any explanation due me, you know. The explanation, it seems to me, is due to Pilar herself. She . . . she doesn't know exactly why you married me. It must puzzle her dreadfully. It must hurt her. Couldn't you tell her? She is all torn to pieces with being hurt about it, wondering about it. I can see why she talks as she does. I don't quite . . . It doesn't matter," she said hastily, and then, "gah, I think you ought to tell her."

"I have told her," Bryn said, and came a step closer. "She knows exactly why I wanted to marry you, Deborah. Nobody in this world could have it any plainer."

"I'm glad." Bryn came back to stand before her.

"Deborah, if I explain about that ring, will you believe me?"

"It isn't necessary for you to explain. It isn't any of my business."

"But I want to explain. Will you believe me?"

Her eyes met his steadily. "Of course. But . . ."

"Don't object, please. Listen, Deborah . . . It was as businesslike a transaction as this. When I went to the Orient I was headed for India. We had talked all sorts of nonsense about jewels and precious stones and old treasures there, and after I got there I kept my eyes open for that sort of thing . . . and once or twice, in writing home to Pilar, I told her about one or two things I'd seen. So, in one letter I had from her, she enclosed a check and asked me to buy her the most beautiful ruby I could find. I bought the ruby, and had it set for her in India. That's the ring that she is wearing now."

Deborah did not speak. Bryn moved a step closer. He put out his hand and touched hers, gently. He took

It was Joe's horn, clear, demanding. It came again.

A wave of color began to sweep up over Deborah's face. She moved quickly. She had heard the horn, too, but now . . . she smiled at him.

Bryn put his arms out. He put them around her, lifted her off her feet, held her close against his breast. She buried her face against him. He bent and kissed the tip of her ear.

"I love you," he whispered, then set her gently on the floor and went swiftly away lest he should be tempted to look into her eyes again and so forget what must be done at once for the sake of her happiness.

Bryn dashed madly down the stairs and out of the house. Half-way down the path to the little bridge he overtook Tubby, thrust his arm through the crook of Tubby's elbow and dragged him along.

Bryn flung open the narrow door at the back of the stable, and they stepped inside. Simon was already there, leaning against Bryn's car at the end of the row, his cigarette glowing brightly.

"Well," Bryn announced, "here we are, little buttercup."

"Oh," Simon murmured. "That's nice."

The headlights of a car came slowly across the bridge down at the road. A man's voice called out something in a sharp tone, and Gary answered from the gate. The car turned; the gate opened; the car swung through and stopped, as Gary shut the gates behind it and fastened them, according to his instructions. He came back to the car, climbed to the running board and stood beside the driver as it moved slowly forward toward the wide door of the stable.

"It's Graham, all right," Bryn decided. He stepped through the narrow door beside Hazel's stall, and the others followed.

The car jerked across the end of the incline, and slid along with protesting brakes to a halt beside the shadowy bulk of Pilar's car. Gary got down off the running board and went immediately back to slide the stable doors shut. Meanwhile, the driver flung open his door and stepped out, and one look at him was sufficient to assure Bryn that this was, without any shadow of doubt, Stuart Graham at last. He was out of his navy blues and in dark civilian clothes, a big blocky figure with tremendously wide shoulders that swung as he moved.

He was speaking to Gary. "Mrs. Larned expects me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Mayne arrived home again safely?"

"Yes, sir."

Bryn stepped in through the narrow door. He was not a yard from Graham.

"How do you do," Bryn said pleasantly.

Graham whirled. He surveyed Bryn steadily, with eyes that glinted in the light. "And who are you?" he inquired belligerently.

Bryn lifted his eyebrows. "Sure you don't remember me, Graham?"

Graham straightened. His hand, hanging at his side, clenched itself. "So," he said softly. "It's you."

"Yes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Plants Called Weeds Are Often Soil Builders; Plowed Under, Aid Fertility

A weed may be defined as an unwanted plant, or a plant out of place. The morning-glory in the home garden is an ornamental plant. In the cornfield it is a weed. Many other plants are valuable under one set of conditions and pests under other conditions. When pests, they are weeds. When valuable, they are not weeds.

Plants generally thought of as weeds and condemned as soil robbers, in some instances are really soil builders and savers. They are, of course, frequently responsible for a low crop yields from weedy fields. On the other hand, they seldom receive credit for the part they play in increasing yields by improving soil—on idle land or where they do not compete directly with a crop for moisture and fertility. They then are fulfilling a desired function and are no more weeds than any other cover crop.

Soil is improved by the humus formed from plants after they die. Humus influences the structure of soil, affects its aeration, drainage, and water-holding capacity, checks erosion, and causes a more rapid warming of the soil in the spring, according to soil scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Growing plants, or weeds, if preferred, when plowed under also help to keep the soil loose, which insures heavy crop yields. They are regarded as desirable orchard covers in areas where there is moisture enough for both the trees and the "weeds."

Processing

Processing means to subject (especially raw material) to a process of manufacture, development, preparation for the market and so on; to convert into marketable form, as live stock by slaughtering, grain by milling, cotton by spinning, milk by pasteurizing or fruits and vegetables by sorting and repacking. A processing tax is a tax levied on these operations.

Contentment in Work

Without work, the average man is lost. Give him love, health, and companionship to compete his happiness. In work, he finds the contentment for which he yearned. To be up and doing; to contribute something to the world; to provide for his loved ones; these are the ambitions of the true man, and through work he finds the means of achieving his dreams.



INSURGENTS

FORMATION of the Union party for this year's campaign and its nomination of Representative William Lemke of North Dakota for President recalls some of the other "insurgent" parties which have played their part in our political history. The first of these was the Peace party of 1812-15, composed of Democrat-Republicans and Federalists, mostly in New England, who opposed the War of 1812.

In 1824 there was a People's party, composed of Democrat-Republicans, who favored choosing electors by the people and in 1825 there was a Coalition party, so-called from the union of the supporters of Henry Clay with those of John Quincy Adams to elect Adams. There was an Anti-Masonic party in the field from 1827 to 1834 and in 1840-41 the Abolitionists formed the Liberty party. The Free Soil party, which later became the modern Republican party, was formed of Liberty party members, Whigs and Democrats, who opposed slavery.

The American party, popularly known as the "Know-Nothing party" was formed from members of other parties who became dissatisfied with the influx of foreigners and first raised the cry of "America for Americans!" In 1860 it was merged with the Constitutional party.

In this same year there were two Democratic parties—the Douglas Democrats (Northern) and the Breckenridge Democrats (Southern). In 1872 dissatisfied Republicans formed the Liberal Republican party and nominated Horace Greeley for President. Other Democrats who wouldn't vote for Greeley, formed the "Straight Out" or "Tap Root" Democratic party, which nominated Charles O'Connor.

In 1884 there was an Anti-Monopoly party which nominated Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts but which died a-borning. In that same year "bolters" from the Republican party who refused to support Blaine, the nominee, became the "Mugwumps" and supported Cleveland, the Democratic nominee. In 1898 there were "bolters" from both parties. Free silver advocates, led by Senator Teller of Colorado, left the Republican party, and "gold Democrats" deserted that party and its nominee, William J. Bryan, formed a "National Democrat" party and nominated two former Civil war generals—John M. Palmer of Illinois for President and Simon B. Buckner of Kentucky for vice-president.

Last but not least was the split in the Republican party in 1912 which resulted in the formation of the Progressive party under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt and the consequent victory of Wilson over Taft.

THE SALEM WITCHES PARADE

IF, IN 1888, you had read in the papers this headline: "Salem Witches to Parade for Harrison Tonight," you would probably have rubbed your eyes to make sure that you weren't seeing double and mixing up Seventeenth and Nineteenth century history into an amazing anachronism. But the fact is that the Salem Witches did march for Harrison in 1888 and for the next 20 years they were a striking feature of many a campaign torchlight procession in Massachusetts and other states.

The Salem Witches were members of three militia units who dressed up in a uniform consisting of a Mother Hubbard dress with a white yoke on which was displayed pictures of Harrison and Morton, the Republican presidential and vice-presidential nominees, and a skirt of red, white and blue stripes dotted with stars. A scarlet cape, worn with one-half thrown back over the shoulder, was another striking feature and with it was worn a poke bonnet with a high crown. Each of the "girls" carried a broom torch.

At about the time the Salem Witches campaign battalion was organized in Salem, Republicans in Haverhill, Mass., organized the Brother Jonathans. Members of these two clubs became great friends and it was their practice to "double up" after the parade had proceeded a short distance with each "Brother Jonathan" gallantly escorting a "Salem Witch."

Many and varied have been the marching clubs which took part in torchlight parades in campaign years but there has never been a more striking one than the "Salem witches" of the campaign of 1888.

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Sweeter than Swinburne's miraculous lays,
Sweeter than Shelley's melodious flight,
Sweeter than you can imagine I fear
Are the poems I make up myself in the night.



Pedestrians Protected

Applying the rule of common sense, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has defined the rights of pedestrians, motorists and street cars at crossings where traffic signal lights are used. If the light is changed after a pedestrian has started across the street, motorists and street cars must give him the right of way to complete his journey.

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AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES