



# HEART'S HERITAGE

© Joseph McCord

WNU Service.

CHAPTER X—Continued

Sleep being entirely out of the question, Dale surrendered to Mulgrew's demand for an account of the night's adventure, after convincing the latter that he had no desire to eat.

"Guess you didn't miss me durin' the wild ride for life," said Pink. "You look funny around the eyes. Sorta goofy like. Need sleep? Or are you holdin' out on a pal?"

"No."

"Meanin' yes." There was a speculative look in Pink's gray eyes. "I can guess what it is, kid. And I'd sooner not."

"What are you driving at?"

"Just what you think. I'm not dumb or blind. You lost your head and didn't cover. That little dame landed one over your heart. So you think you love her."

Dale drew a deep breath.

"I know I do, Pink. And she loves me."

"You ain't aimin' to do anything—silly?"

"Not the way you mean. I'm going back to school and finish up. It isn't going to make any difference in things. But I am happy, Pink. Really happy for the first time in my life."

"Yeah?" Mulgrew relapsed into moody silence. "Well, I got one special piece of advice for you. Don't spill your story to the dominie. Not yet."

"But I must tell him. Why in the world shouldn't I?"

"I got my reasons," Pink's mouth set in a stubborn line.

"You'd better tell me then."

"Nope. But I can tell you this much. It'll worry him a heap more'n you figure. He's countin' a lot on what you're goin' to make of yourself, once you get started. Don't tell him you've got yourself throwed at the start. It'll hurt."

"Sorry, Pink. I'll have to let him know about it. I can't foul any more than you could."

"I thought perhaps you might be over, when you didn't call me," was Lee's greeting to Dale later in the afternoon.

"I couldn't stay away any longer," he admitted. "And I was wondering if you had heard from your father."

"Thank you, yes," Lee replied, her eyes shining with merriment. "He and mother are home. Mr. Hudson drove them over in our car."

"Great! How is Mr. Brady?"

"He says he's feeling fine. But mother sent him right off to bed. Would you like to go up and talk to both of them?"

"In just a minute." Dale stood in the parlor looking about a trifle uncertainly. "Have you told them, Lee?"

"Of course," was the surprised reply. "Didn't you expect me to?"

"Why, yes. Only I'm having a hard time to make myself believe it's true."

"You're truly happy?"

"I don't know the words to tell you."

"You'll have to find some, because I'm going to take you up to daddy and mother. Is your courage high, Sir Dale?"

"Yes."

Lee leaned forward and brushed the sleeve of his coat with her lips. "My colors," she said softly. "Come."

They found Cassius Brady propped comfortably among pillows with his wife in an easy chair at his side. Lee vanished as soon as she announced the caller.

"Draw up a chair and sympathize with me, Dale," was the lawyer's cheerful greeting. "These women have me down and won't let me stir hand or foot. Rank nonsense."

"I'm ever so glad you weren't seriously hurt." Dale returned a smile of welcome from Mrs. Brady and seated himself. He found his courage ebbing strangely.

"I'm feeling very fit, except for a sore head." Brady's fingers touched his scalp gingerly. "Oh, well. It might have been worse. I want to thank you for looking after Lee last night. Rather a hectic time for the child."

"That was all right." Dale braced himself for the ordeal. "I think Lee told you about—what happened this morning."

"Yes," her father assented quietly. "She told us."

"Is it all right?" Dale looked appealingly from one to the other.

"All right the way you mean, Dale. We haven't known you very long, but I think we approve of you. Do we, Mother?"

Mrs. Brady managed a nod and smile, but Dale sensed that tears were not far away.

"Of course it rather tickles our vanity to give consent," Brady resumed with a slight smile.

"We're quite aware that it would make no difference. So you have it."

"I don't know how to say it—but I do love Lee," Dale insisted steadily. "I will try always . . ."

"We know. If you make her happy, it's all we'll ever ask of you, son. We're both rather fond of her."

"You don't have to tell me that."

"There is only one thing to say. Mother has insisted that I be the official spokesman." Brady reached out and patted his wife's hand.

"You're both rather young, you know."

"Yes, sir. Lee and I talked that over. She is willing to wait until I get a start. I'm not afraid."

"She told us something of the sort," Lee's father went on. "You're doing the wise thing. For that reason, we would rather there were no formal engagement just now. I



She pressed her cheek against his arm.

would be the last one in the world to suggest that either of you would change your minds, but you are going to have the test of separation."

"That isn't going to make any difference."

"I hope not." Brady chuckled and squeezed his wife's hand. "To be frank with you, Dale, I doubt if you have a chance to escape. Lee takes after her mother in a great many ways."

"Now, I know you are feeling better," Mrs. Brady said gently. "Don't mind him, Dale. If you two children are happy, that is all that matters."

"We are," Dale assured her. He rose to his feet. "If you don't mind, I think I'll go and tell Lee it's all right."

"Do you think that you can find your way down alone?" Brady smiled and held out his hand.

"Oh, yes. And—thank you." With a boldness that surprised himself, Dale walked to the side of Mrs. Brady's chair. He stooped and kissed her softly on the cheek.

"I've always wanted a mother," he whispered. And passed swiftly from the room.

"Was it very dreadful?" Lee wanted to know, when Dale found her waiting for him on the living room couch.

"No," he said soberly, taking a seat at her side. "They were wonderful about it."

"Do you think that your father will like me just a little, Dale?"

"He'll love you. How could he help it?" Dale replied.

"But you haven't told him yet."

"Only because I haven't had a chance. I'm waiting until we can have a real talk. That will be tonight."

Pink's counsel was definitely discarded now. Dale's interview with Mr. and Mrs. Brady had settled any doubts. His father must hear it from him. At once.

Dale leaned back against the cushions and studied Lee's face. He

made no move to touch her. The wonder of their love still possessed him.

"What are you thinking, Dale?"

"You. Just of you."

"And of how you made me throw myself right at your head? I never supposed I could do that, but I'm glad I did."

"When did you first think you loved me?" Dale demanded.

"It seems to me it began that first day. When we talked in the hotel. You were so different—and nice."

"That's the way I feel about it," Dale reflected. "But there must have been some special time."

"Of course there was. The day we took that drive. My picture day. You gave me a little glimpse into your heart then. I knew, somehow, that I was the first."

"You were. I don't think I can make you understand that. But I've known always that there would be someone like Elaine."

"Dale!" Lee caught her breath with something very near a sob. Her hand sought his. "Is it that much?"

"Yes. That much."

"Then I do understand. Oh," she

no harshness in the question. His voice was dull, toneless.

"Yes, sir. I wasn't sure, though, until last night."

"Then you have told her?"

"I had to. She loves me, too."

"What are you planning to do?"

"Why, nothing now. I'm going to finish my semester's work. Then I'll find a job and . . ."

"Yes. Of course."

"I hoped you'd be glad, Father. For me."

"Of course. But my first feeling is one of keen disappointment. Wait . . ."

He held up a hand in restraint as Dale started to speak.

"Do not misunderstand me. I have every reason to believe that Miss Brady is a gentlewoman. It never would occur to me, I think, to question your choice. I have always believed the regard you hold for your mother's memory would safeguard you. You understand, I think."

"Yes, sir."

"I have told you a number of times, Dale, that I wished never to interfere with your life. I avoided trying to influence you in choosing the work you liked best. Your success in school has led me to believe that you made no mistake. Before long now, you will be out making a place for yourself. The first years will be the difficult ones. More so than you think."

"I'm not afraid."

"Nor am I. But you are very young. The nature of the work you propose to undertake may carry you to far-off places. Into countries where life is primitive at best. But it is in such places that you will find your opportunity. I would not stress material success or comforts too highly, but you should consider these things before taking on the responsibility of a family."

"I shan't be in a hurry. Lenora and I have talked it all over. She understands and is willing to wait."

"I am glad to hear it. You are going away. It would be wiser for both of you to be content with your present understanding. Much may happen in the meantime."

"That is the way Mr. and Mrs. Brady feel about it. We are not going to announce anything."

"You are wise." There was a distinct note of relief in Farwell's words.

Dale waited for a moment. Then this was all his father had to say about so wonderful a thing. He had been holding to a blind hope that the two of them would meet on some new plane of understanding. His father had loved Elaine. He loved Lady Lee.

"Good night, Father."

"Dale. Come here. There is one thing I would say—about tonight. Your happiness means more to me than anything in life. I hope you will remember that. Good night."

Dale turned and left the study, unable to trust himself to speak.

"Talk about a dumb lug!"

Jonathan Farwell glanced up from his Sunday breakfast of toast and hot water to find his housekeeper staring disconsolately from the other side of the table.

"What is it, Pink?"

"Them." Mulgrew indicated the covered dish held in his two hands. "You know," he confided apologetically, "I rolls out this mornin' thinkin' about it bein' Sunday. And nothin' else. It's the kid's waffles."

"I see."

"You won't break trainin' just once and sample 'em, Dominaie? They look pretty fair today."

"They are very temptin', Pink. But this is my working day."

"Sure. I know. Well, I guess I'll have to worry with 'em myself." He lingered in his tracks, staring at the place usually occupied by Dale. "Pretty flat without the kid any more."

"Lonely."

A note in the one word caused Pink to glance quickly at the speaker. Farwell sat gazing abstractedly through the window at flakes of snow dropping from a gray sky. His strong white fingers crumbled a bit of toast to fragments.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Picturesque Roof

In Norway one may see little cottages roofed with deep sod, where grass and wild flowers grow, and where sometimes a goat may be seen grazing contentedly.

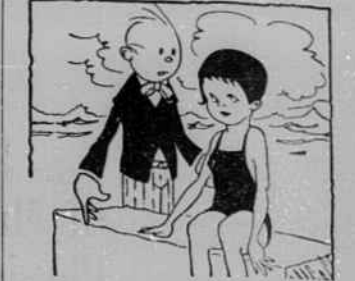


Try Zoology Department  
Eliz—Have you Lamb's Tales?  
Librarian—This is a library, not a meat market.

Waning  
"What is your favorite book?"  
"It has always been my bank book, but even that is lacking in interest now."

Naturally  
Usher—How far down do you wish to sit, lady?  
Lady—All the way, of course.

SPEECHLESS



"What would you say if I asked you to marry me, Miriel?"  
"Nothing. I can't talk and laugh at the same time."

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?  
If your nerves are on edge and you feel you need a good general system tonic, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women.  
For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with reliable Pinkham's Compound. It helps nature build up more physical resistance and thus helps calm quivering nerves and lessen discomforts from annoying symptoms which often accompany female functional disorders.  
Why not give it a chance to help YOU? Over one million women have written in reporting wonderful benefits from Pinkham's Compound.

Thorns From Thorns  
He that plants thorns must never expect to gather roses.—Pilpay.

courting blindness

Is what you are doing when you neglect twitching, watery, bloodshot, sore eyes. Leonard's Golden Eye Lotion cures nearly every eye disease. Cools, heals and strengthens.

LEONARD'S  
GOLDEN EYE LOTION  
MAKES WEAK EYES STRONG  
35c at all druggists  
New Large Size with Dropper—50 cents  
S. B. Leonard & Co., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Common Sweets  
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.—Shakespeare.



And All Is Well  
Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.



NO MORE WORMS  
"DEAD SHOT"  
Dr. Peery's Vermifuge kills and expels Worms and Tapeworm in a few hours. Good for grown-ups, too. One dose does the trick.



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Have you anything around the house you would like to trade or sell? Try a classified ad. The cost is only a few cents and there are probably a lot of folks looking for just what ever it is you no longer have use for.