BRENTWOOD

By Grace Livingston Hill

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT

Keith Sheridan's face suddenly went white and his lips touched for an instant the hot wet lashes that lay on the wet cheeks.

"And so am I glad!" he whispered.

Then suddenly he drew his handkerchief from his inside pocket and softly patted her face dry from the tears.

"There," he said in a matter-of-fact voice, "now let's get going! The sooner we get home the less for anybody to worry about. Now, put your head down on my shoulder and rest and forget it. It's going to be all right. I'd like to get out and whale that friend of yours, but I guess I'd better confine my efforts to getting you home. Now, cheer up, little girl, and don't try to talk about it. I'll fix things up at home for you. Straighten up your face and put on a grin and we'll face 'em out. Ready? Here we are at Aster Street!"

He helped her out most tenderly and went up the steps with her.

The door opened at once and a much scared Ted stood behind it, white with anxiety. Marjorie, in a dark robe, stood just behind him and their relief when they saw the doctor was almost amusing.

"I brought her home. I hope you didn't worry," the doctor said comically. "She preferred my company to the fellow she started out with, and the pleasure was all mine."

"Okay!" said Ted gravely, his face relaxing from its anxious strain. And Marjorie put her arm around her sister and led her upstairs softly.

Betty closed the door softly, faced around toward her sister, and spoke in a low shamed tone:

"Marjorie, I've got to tell you that you were right, and I'm ashamed! I don't know whether it was a regular night club I went to or not, but even if it wasn't, even if night clubs are a great deal different from that one, I never want to see one as long as I live! And I never want to see Ellery Aiken again either! I'm cured!"

Marjorie put her arms around her sister and kissed her lovingly.

"You precious sister! There wasn't anything to forgive. I'm only so thankful you are safe home again. Now, don't think another thing about it tonight. Get to sleep as soon as you can."

They were just sitting down to breakfast the next morning when a messenger came to the front door with a special delivery letter for Mr. Gay.

His hand trembled as he took the letter which Betty handed him, and the family were utterly still while he opened it.

Then, as he read, a new look dawned on his face. A look of self-respect in place of the dejection that had been making the corners of his mouth droop habitually.

"Read it, Mother," he said, his voice husky with feeling as he handed the letter over to his wife. "Read it aloud!" and there was a ring of triumph and relief in his voice.

The letter head was of a well known and respected firm in the city.

"Mr. George Gay,
1465 Aster Street,
City.

My dear Mr. Gay:

Having known of your connection with the former firm of Hamilton, McIvor and Company, and being in need of the right man to head our accounting department, we are writing to know whether you are at present open for a position, and whether you would like to come to our office any time this week between the hours of two-thirty and four to talk over our suggestions?

Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience,

Very truly ours,

Martin Heath & Company."

"Oh! George!" His wife beamed at him, a look such as she must have given him on her wedding day, a look so full of trust and triumph that at last his ability had received recognition.

"Oh, Father!" said Betty, her face all shining with relief and happiness.

Marjorie realized that she hadn't understood till then how terrible it had been for her father, and also for the others, to have the beloved father out of a job. Her own heart was throbbing with gladness too. But she mustn't let them see how relieved she was, how thankful to the two lawyers who had helped to bring this about!

"And now, Mother, there's something I need your advice about," said Marjorie. "Will you promise to tell me honestly what you think I ought to do about something in Chicago?"

The mother gave her a quick startled look. Was this to be about the aristocratic insolent young man who came on Christmas Day?

"It's about my furniture, Mother," went on Marjorie, "the Wetherill furniture! The lawyer said he had a good offer for the house, so if I sell it, what about the furniture? It's beautiful furniture, Mother, fine old walnut and mahogany, some of it very rare, some of it antique. What shall I do, put it in storage out there, or over here? Or sell it somewhere, or give it away? I don't imagine it would bring much at a sale—except the antiques—and those are the ones I like the best. Mother, if I should live with you, would you hate to have me bring any of it into your house?"

"Hate!" said Betty who was listening wide-eyed. "I should say not! Why, Marjorie, Mother has done nothing else since she went to Chicago but tell us how wonderfully that house was furnished."

"Betty, dear!" reproached her mother.

"Well, you did, Mother. You gave us the idea that there wasn't anything more beautiful in the world than the furnishings of that house."

"Well, I felt that way," said the mother, "but I was never envious. It just seemed to me that it was the most ideal way for a house to be furnished one could ever have."

"Yes, but, Mother, that's not woman's furniture in your own saying you would want another home. We could sell these things and buy some more, letting you pick out just what you want," said Marjorie.

"Why, my dear, I don't think I have any feeling against those things. In fact it would be lovely to live amongst them. If you come, of course!"

"Yes, if I come," smiled Marjorie. "Mother, dear, I'm thinking that it will all rest in your hands whether I come or stay there. Because, remember, you promised to write the truth to me too after you have thought it over. As for me I can't see that my mind will change a particle."

Then suddenly they heard Mr. Gay's step at the door and all else was forgotten.

He came in with a shining face.

"Well," he said, "I'm hired! Isn't it great? It isn't a job, it's a position. I'm head of the accounting department. I can't understand how it came about. It must be a miracle."

But Betty stood there staring thoughtfully at her father, and marvelling at the response in her mother's face. Somehow there seemed to be depths in her mother's and father's characters that she had never sounded. It surprised her. Perhaps they knew more about life after all than she had dreamed.

Suddenly the time began to go by at a terrific speed. It was the day before New Year's and Marjorie was to leave the day after.

The doctor stopped a minute or two to ask how his former patients were, and then he suddenly got up and sauntered out in the kitchen whither Betty had been hastily called by a smell of burning cookies.

"Say, Betty," he said, pausing beside the kitchen table, picking up a cookie that lay on the top of a plateful and taking a bite out of it, "I hear they're having a watchnight meeting over at the Brentwood chapel. Like to go?"

Betty looked up with delight.

"Sure!" she said eagerly. "I'll go."

So the doctor sauntered back and told Marjorie and Ted, who had intended going anyway.

"We'll walk," said Marjorie. "It's a lovely night, and you and Betty can go in your car."

"No need for that," said Keith Sheridan, "I've got a rumble seat.

So they went to the watchnight meeting.

It was a very solemn service. Marjorie was glad to have it for a precious memory to take with her as she went.

At the close Gideon gave the invitation, if any wished to start the New Year with their Lord, would they come forward while all heads were bowed, just to take a stand in the new life?

Marjorie had not noticed till then that Ted had disappeared from the seat beside her, till suddenly she heard his voice blending with Gideon's singing.

And then she heard a little stir beside her, a low spoken word, intense, earnest, and realized that it was Keith Sheridan speaking to Betty.

"Let's go!"

Her heart sank! Oh, were they angry? Were they going home? Were they going to reject openly the Savior's call? Was he the kind of young man who was going to lead Betty astray?

She began to pray with agonized petition: "Oh God! Oh God!" Her mind could form no other words.

Betty had risen now, slowly, hesitantly, with a deprecating glance behind her, and stepped out into the aisle beside Keith.

Then quietly, side by side, Betty with downcast eyes, Keith with lifted head as if he had just won a battle, they went swiftly up the aisle and stood before the singers.

Marjorie had lifted her head in amazement as she saw what they were doing, and now she looked at the glorified faces of the singers as they perceived who had answered their invitation.

Afterwards when they were all together, Betty, shy and half frightened, yet wore a shining look.

"I don't know why I ever did it," she whispered to Marjorie, "but I meant it, and I'm glad I did! I wouldn't have had the courage if Keith hadn't started first!"

Gideon took Marjorie, Ted and Bud home in his car.

Though it was late Gideon lingered for just a minute with Marjorie. Then as he turned to go he remarked:

"Oh, by the way, I'm hoping you'll give me the honor of taking you to the train tomorrow evening."

"Oh, that will be delightful!" said Marjorie. "It won't seem so much as if I was going away to have someone I know at the station."

"Fine, that's settled then! And there's just the least possibility that I might go as far as Harrisburg on your train, if I can get someone from the Bible school to take my prayer meeting tomorrow night. I've just had word that a cousin of mine is being married tomorrow at noon, and she's taken it into her head that I must perform the ceremony."

"Wonderful!" said Marjorie. "Then I will have opportunity to ask you a lot of questions that have been crowding my mind ever since I first heard you preach."

Marjorie, watching his car spin away into the winter night, had somehow a happier feeling about going, now that she was to have such good company part of the way.

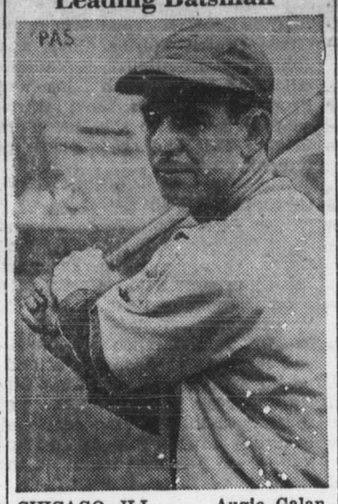
Betty and the doctor came in a few minutes later, Betty wearing a shining look, so different from the one she wore when she came in the night before.

They talked a long time after they got to bed, in soft whispers, close to one another.

"I'm happy!" said Betty. "It's so strange! I think I'm happier than I ever was since I was a little kid. It seems as if everything is all changed. I think if you weren't going away I'd feel as if I was in heaven."

(Continued Next Week)

Leading Batsman



CHICAGO, ILL. . . . Augie Galan, veteran outfielder of the Chicago Cubs, who is leading the National League batters with an average of over .400.

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NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

WHEREAS, on the 8th day of November, 1933, L. F. Hudson and Julia Ann Hudson executed and delivered unto W. O. McGibony, Trustee for Land Bank Commissioner, a certain deed of trust which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Surry County, North Carolina, in Book 108 at Page 228; and

WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured as therein provided, and the trustee has been requested by the owner and holder thereof to exercise the power of sale therein contained:

NOW, THEREFORE, under and by virtue of the authority conferred by the said deed of trust the undersigned Trustee will on the 19th day of June, 1939, at the court house door of Surry County, North Carolina, at twelve o'clock noon offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following real estate:

All that certain tract of land containing One Hundred Twenty (120) acres, known as the L. F. Hudson Home Place, in Elkin Township, County of Surry, State of North Carolina, located on the old Dobson public road, three miles North from Elkin, bounded on the North by the lands of Fannie Jackson and L. E. Cass, on the East by the lands of L. E. Cass and R. P. Collins, on the South by the lands of J. T. Ring and of Frank Cooper, and on the West by the lands of Lizzie and Guy Collins. The property is more fully described by metes and bounds in the deed of trust above mentioned to which reference is made.

This property is being sold subject to an outstanding deed of trust executed by L. F. Hudson and Julia Ann Hudson to The Federal Land Bank of Columbia, recorded in Book 108, Page 227, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Surry County, North Carolina.

This the 15th day of May 1939.

W. O. McGIBONY,
Trustee

ROBERT A. FREEMAN,
Agent and Attorney for Trustee
6-8t

BRANON

Miss Lucille Steelman, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Ledbetter, of the Bethel community, spent Sunday with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cummings will celebrate their 32nd wedding anniversary Sunday. Dinner will be served on a table arranged on the lawn. All friends and relatives are cordially invited. Bring a well filled basket with you.

Mr. Glen Cummings, of Salisbury, spent the week-end with his parents.

The condition of Mr. Rodney Renegar, of the Bethel community, is considered critical.

Eyes Examined
Glasses Fitted

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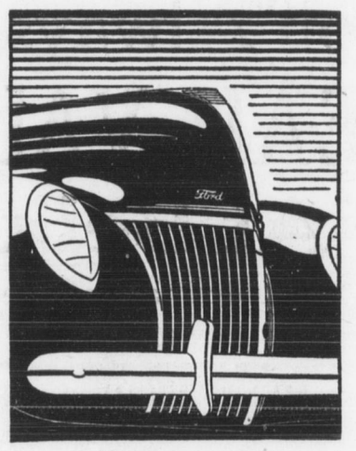

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