

VISITING NURSE ----- By Kathleen Harris

CHAPTER 10

HILDRED took Randy's advice that next day and stayed home from the clinic. She felt she had earned a day off. There were many number of small matters, long neglected, that she could attend to. Also she thought it would be a good time to attend to something else that had been bothering her. She wanted to visit the Home where the little crippled boy, Jimmy, had been placed, to make certain for herself that he was well and happy.

Hildred said, "I've been worried about Jimmy. I feel I am the one responsible for having him put in a boarding home and so I want to make certain he is all right. I want to pay an unexpected visit and see what I find."

Hildred had said she was going on this unscheduled visit in order to see what she could find. But nothing could have prepared her for the discovery she was to make. For there, parked in the crumpling driveway was a familiar limousine. If it had not become so familiar of late she could not have creded her eyesight.

"What on earth is Mr. Lucien doing here?" she asked Robin, who jumped down from behind the wheel to greet her with his friendly smile that made no secret any more of his admiration and respect. "At least I suppose he is here," Hildred tacked on, nodding helplessly toward the Home.

"That he sure is," Robin returned promptly. "As to what he is up to, well, maybe you can find that out, Miss. Better than me, I'd say your guess is as good as mine."

But even as he said that neither of them was left guessing. For out of the front door with its elaborate, if somewhat dated, lace curtains came Lucien leading a little boy. He was walking slowly, so that his gait would match that of the child's more halting one, due to a brace which on one limb. His head was bent as if he were weeping to the child in low, and

encouraging words.

Hildred wanted to run to meet them but she stood as if planted to the spot. She could not even open the gate, a service Robin performed for her. Only then did Lucien look up to see her.

"You must come with us," Lucien said once more. "We shall be greatly disappointed if you don't."

So Hildred found herself being assisted into the back seat by Robin, with Jimmy tucked between her and Lucien.

It was a wonderful picnic, not just because the big wicker hamper was packed so full of appetizing delicacies, but because the company proved so congenial.

Once out in the hills with the canopy of blue sky overhead Jimmy turned into a normal little boy. A rowdy little boy, full of fun and pranks and laughter. So that soon Lucien and Hildred—and even Robin who was included in all the merrymaking, were behaving as if they had all been suddenly free. Then, finally exhausted, they stretched out to rest on a grassy knoll beneath a big spreading oak hung with lacy Spanish moss.

Hildred was too content to seek slumber; she rested her back against the trunk while Lucien stretched out at her feet. A little apart, Jimmy slept soundly, his tumbled head pillow on Robin's wide chest.

"The end of a perfect day," Hildred said, and meant it. "The wonderful part though, Lucien, is that you would plan it, make it possible." She still could not get over that; it was another side of this strange man of many moods.

"Why not? I am human, if I am a Lamer." Lucien replied. "After you told me about Jimmy last night I suddenly got this inspiration—though I confess I was not confident it would work out as well as it has. At least not until you popped up and joined us—which is what actually has made it the perfect day it has turned out."

"You mean maybe I won't have to stay?" The little fellow looked up at her now, his underlip quivering painfully. He had enormous dark eyes and a thick crop of dark hair.

"Maybe not all the time. We'll see about that, too," Hildred promised readily. Her own eyes were misty with tears. "Right now," she continued, straightening to her feet again, "you're going for

to give so much—love as well as service?"

Hildred shook her head. "A good nurse," she was quoting Randy now—"does not let personalities, and sentiment, affect her. I don't mean she is not kind and humanitarian. But of course it is only sensible to realize you—one person alone—cannot do all you would like to do. I wish I could take all the Jimmies and other children I know to my heart and give them all my love. But I have to try not to; I have to fight against it. But I believe, once more, in that middle road—I think occasionally—as with Jimmy—I can make an exception and still be a good nurse, I hope."

"I think you can." His hand-clasp tightened. "I think you are a very good nurse. I think you are a fine woman. I say that as the highest tribute a man can pay a woman—and I mean it, Hildred."

She saw that he did—so that, impulsively, she returned his warm grasp. "She said, 'Thank you, Lucien. Now we both have reached full understanding of each other. Now we are indeed the friends we pledged ourselves to be.'

"I wish . . ." Lucien began, then stopped abruptly. "Never mind that now. Maybe someday I will tell you what I started to wish, if the time ever comes when such a wish could be made possible."

She could not imagine what he meant, but she felt the hot color spreading up into her face; she fled again an odd presentiment. The time would come when she would know what Lucien had almost wished for.

But now he raised her hand, as was his custom, to his lips in farewell.

"Until Sunday, then," he said. His dark eyes smiling into hers, as if the bond between them was in fact cemented.

Well, maybe she could not have Randy, the man she loved, but it was a comfort—a warm, sweet feeling inside her—to know that she had the true friendship and liking of Lucien Lanier. It healed that other hurt a little. It would be something to cherish, if that other love never came true.

(To be continued)

CHAPTER 11

I WANT you for tea Sunday afternoon," Lucien said, instead of asking an acceptance. "I want you and my mother to know each other, as I said before."

"Perhaps your mother will not be anxious to meet me," Hildred said quietly, employing her usual honesty and directness. She felt a flash of dismay; she did not want to know the Countess. She had hoped to continue postponement of that day.

"You are mistaken." His tone was firm. "I have written Liz—that is what all her most intimate friends call her as I do myself, not in disrespect but in play—all about you and our friendship."

"Maybe that was why she was coming sooner than planned! All mothers, whether they were plain "Liz" or of titled nobility, were much alike when it came to their sons. However, in spite of frankness, Hildred did not quite feel she could point out this fact to Lucien.

"She will think you a good influence. I have told you you are." Lucien's tone was lighter now, his dark eyes almost teasing. "She may appear to be rather an imposing personage at first. But if you will just be yourself—as you always are, my dear, I know that my mother will also like you very much."

Hildred wished she could be as certain. She wished she had some valid excuse to get out of the Sunday tea, but since she had none, she murmured again that she hoped that would be the way it would be.

Jimmy woke up just then and Robin came over to say that he had everything packed in the car so that they could be getting back whenever Mr. Lucien wished. He added that the sky was darkening, not so much because it was nearing sundown but from clouds that might mean rain.

Lucien agreed it would be wise for them to start. So once more the three of them—the little boy in the middle—piled into the back of the big car, much like one happy little family, as Hildred found herself thinking, with some amusement at such a thought. It

OH... DIANA!

I'VE CAUGHT SOME BIG ONES OFF-SHORE AT COOT ISLAND WITH THESE WET FLIES DEAN

ILL BE ANXIOUS TO HEAR WHAT LUCK YOU'RE HAVING

IVE NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED WITH THE FISHING AT COOT ISLAND. OF COURSE I AM EXPERT WITH ROD AND REEL

WELL IF YOU'D RESEND ME A CABIN FOR US I'LL APPRECIATE IT E.S.

MURKIN WHILE AT THE STATION

START YOUR COOT ISLAND PROPAGANDA FAST AND MAKE IT PLENTY GOOD FOR MY SAKE, KITTY!

LEAVE IT TIME--SLOW!

THEY WANT IT TWENTY-FIVE IT'S TIME--SLOW!

LOVELY STRETCHES OF BEACH AND THE QUIET MOON-LIGHT NIGHTS IT WILL BE HEAVENLY!!

HUM-M-H--WHAT GOES ON HERE? YESTERDAY COOT ISLAND WAS A PAIN-IN-THE-NECK--TODAY...

FROM COOT ISLAND AND I WILL OPEN IT!!

FROM COOT ISLAND AND I WILL OPEN IT!!

MOSQUITOES!!!

HAGERS!!

IT'S A PACKAGE FROM KITTY SHE'S SPENDING A few days at Grogan's Dilett

SHE WAITED--Fishing today at COOT Island. The fish didn't bite but open the following bottle and see what did--and PLENTY!!

FROM COOT ISLAND AND I WILL OPEN IT!!

MOSQUITOES!!!

HAGERS!!

TRY--Our Budget Plan

SMYRNA

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Smith left Wednesday for Boston, Mass., to visit their daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. William Garvis. They are accompanied by their daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. Vance Fulford and Betsy, of Beaufort.

Mrs. Tom Davis' many friends are glad to know she is able to be out again after her recent operation at the Morehead City Hospital.

Major B. Simpson, of Ohio, arrived here Tuesday evening from indefinite stay with his mother, Mrs. Irene Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Chadwick and Mrs. W. Hancock spent Monday afternoon visiting Mrs. Bessie Webb and Mrs. George Adams at Morehead City.

Herbert Hancock and Bobby Chadwick made a trip to Atlantic Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Harry Chadwick spent a few hours at New Bern Monday visiting Mrs. Cecil Hancock.

Mrs. Hettie Stead, of Gloucester, attended prayer meeting at the Methodist church here Wednesday night.

Mr. Milton Chadwick, of Straits Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Chadwick.

Mrs. Maggie Hancock was the weekend guest of her son and Mrs. Charles Willis at Marshallberg.

Relatives of Captain and Mrs. E. H. Head, from Fayetteville, visited with them over the weekend.

Reverend Holcomb visited friends here the week end.

Reverend Holcomb is a former pastor of Smyrna Baptist church.

Mrs. L. F. Taylor, Mrs. H. R. Chadwick, Misses Dorothy and Alice Golden, Bill Golden and Miss Anita Willis attended the sub-district meeting of the Methodist Youth Fellowship at Core Creek community church Friday night.

Mrs. Harry L. Willis and daughter are spending the week in New Bern with relatives.

Reverend Haywood Harrell filled his regular appointment at the Methodist church here Sunday night.

The Woman's Society of Christian Service met Thursday night of last week at the church.

Miss Carroll and brother, Mr. Russell Willis, Misses Tyre, two friends, all from Washington, N.C., visited Mrs. Herbert Hancock, July 4th.

HARLOWE

Mrs. Earl Webb Temple was in Beaufort Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Motes returned Thursday from Ocean View and Norfolk, Va. where they spent their honeymoon.

Mrs. Pearl Olund, who has been with her sister, Mrs. William Andrews in Washington, D. C., returned Thursday.

Miss Rhetta Martin of Smithfield and Paul Grady of Kenly were in the community Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Scofield, Mrs. Ashby B. Morton and Mrs. William Noe spent Thursday in Wilmington.

Rev. J. M. Jolliff held services here Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

The Woman's Society of Christian Service will meet Friday evening, July 9, with Mrs. Raymond Ball.

Mrs. W. E. Moore, of New Bern, spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. W. C. Williams.

Miss Jessie Trowbridge, Home agent, of New Bern, passed through Thursday afternoon enroute to Bachelor.

Mrs. William Noe and children, Miss Catherine and Clyde, returned to Beaufort Friday afternoon.

Mesdames Carlton Taylor, Will Conner, Clyde Taylor and Miss Eleanor Taylor attended the Har-

lowe-Creeks Home Demonstration meeting Thursday afternoon at Core Creek.

Mrs. Emma Oglesby was in Beaufort Friday morning.

Miss Martha Jones and Mrs. Beechie Noe, of Beaufort, were here Wednesday afternoon to visit Mrs. Clyde Taylor and Miss Eleanor Taylor.

Clyde S. Taylor motored to Bay View recently to take his wife and daughter, Miss Eleanor, and Mr. and Mrs. Luther Taylor. Mr. and Mrs. James R. Ward, Misses Sue and Nellie Ward and Ethel Jarman to church services.

Mrs. Ray Green, of Raleigh, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ashby B. Morton.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Piner, Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Piner Jr. and son, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McGregor and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Joe, William Piner, Miss Mary W. Piner and Charles Piner, of New Bern, spent Sunday with Mrs. Carl H. Morton and family.

Clifton Taylor, of New Bern, was in Wilmington one day on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Lewis and children, of Morehead City, spent some time here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders Lewis recently.

Dr. and Mrs. Arnold Mulky and children, of Mullen, Ga., have returned home after visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Lewis.

Mrs. Herbert Hancock returned home Saturday after visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Piner.

Mrs. Claud Brown and girls are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Williams at Ocracoke.

Mrs. L. B. Daniels arrived here

July 5, after visiting Mrs. Carl H. Morton and family.

Mrs. Bertha D. Bell, of Bachelor,

passed through Sunday enroute to Croatan to spend the day with Mrs. Lina B. Conner.

Mrs. Ashby B. Morton returned to Raleigh with her daughter Monday and will visit her while Mr. Green is away on a cruise with the Navy reserve.

Miss Patricia Morton returned home with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Scofield on Monday.

Clifton Taylor, of New Bern, was in Wilmington one day on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Lewis and children, of Morehead City, spent the weekend here with their father Mr. L. S. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Davis and children, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Ipock, of Fayetteville, N. C., are here spending their vacation.

Mr. Bertie G. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder and children, of Baltimore, Md., are here over the weekend on their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr-Guthrie, of Morehead City, and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Ipock, of Fayetteville, N. C., spent the weekend here with their father Mr. L. S. Wilson.

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The scheme is popular among the displaced persons, for Chile is

one of the new countries which takes dependents along with workers.

Mrs. Claud Brown and girls are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Williams at Ocracoke.

Mrs. L. B. Daniels arrived here

Saturday from New York on her vacation.

Rev. and Mrs. Parks Harris and children are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. John D. Lewis.

Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Reeves and son, of Hope Mills, N. C., are here visiting her parents, Mr