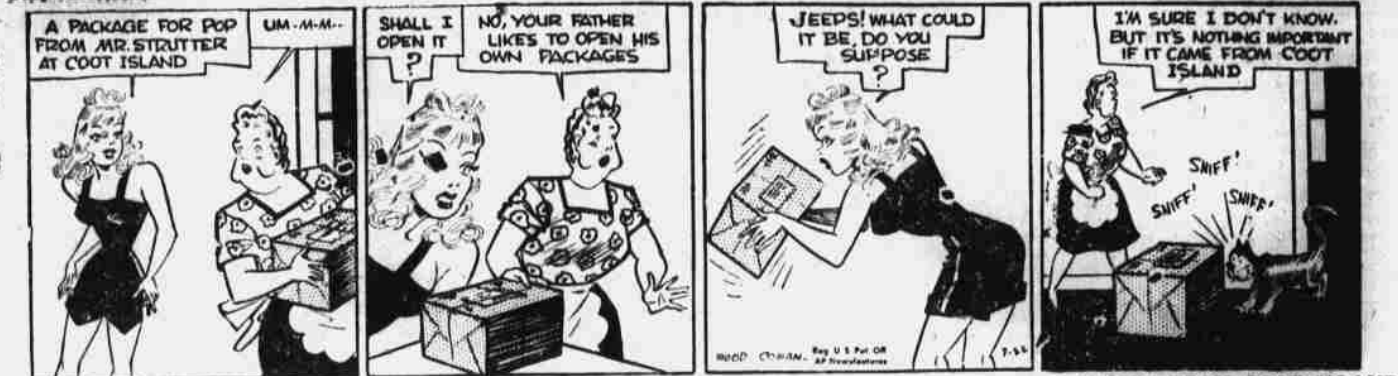


OH, DIANA!



A GIFT FROM COOT ISLAND



FACED WITH THE EVIDENCE



DICKIE DARE



Logical, But Is It The Answer?



DICKIE DARE



SCORCHY SMITH



Scorchy Sleeps Solo



SCORCHY SMITH



HINDU ROPE TRICK

NORTH RIVER

Mr. Paul Gilgo, of Oriental, spent the weekend here with grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Beachem. Mrs. James Garner and daughter, Eula, of Southport, spent the week end here visiting Mrs. Essie Garner. Mrs. Essie Garner had the misfortune of falling down and getting a stab in her leg. We all hope her a speedy recovery. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Mitchell and baby and Mrs. Nelson Arthur all left Saturday for Manteo. Mrs. P. B. Beachem and Mrs. C. R. Beachem left Friday for Charlotte, to spend a few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Beachem. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Garner, of Southport, was called here Friday on the account of his mother. Mrs. William Fulcher was called to New Bern Friday on the account of her father who is in New Bern hospital. Mrs. Polly Fulcher returned home Friday from Morehead, after spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Linwood Springle. Mrs. Leslie Garner, of Lola, are visiting Mrs. Essie Garner. Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Springle and children, of Morehead City, spent a while here Sunday visiting Mrs. Polly Fulcher. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Wade spent Sunday afternoon in Beaufort, visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Blake. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cotton and children, of Washington, D. C., are visiting grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Simpson.

RUSSELL'S CREEK

The Women's Home Demonstration club will meet next Tuesday night, July the twenty-seventh with Mrs. Lee Garner. Everyone is urged to attend. Mrs. Ann Hicks and little daughter, Carol Ann are returning to their home in Weirsburg, Va. this week after spending a few weeks with Mrs. Ruth Davis. Mrs. Hicks and little girl have made many friends in this community. Mr. Roy Lupton, of Baltimore, is spending a few days here this week visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Morton visited Mrs. Sarah Norman Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Norman has been very ill. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crusheil, of Beaufort, spent a while Saturday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Dunkle. Mr. and Mrs. George Ship, of New York, is here spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Fodrie. Mrs. Violet Whitley, of Newport, spent the weekend here with her mother. Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Masotti spent the weekend in Raleigh. Mr. O'Neal Morton was on the sick list last week. Mrs. C. S. Rogers and Mrs. Colan Pake visited Mrs. Ruth Davis last Wednesday night.

Poland Keeps Strength

WARSAW, Poland (AP) — The ministry of national defense is conscripting men 21 years of age for two years' compulsory military training. The army also is accepting volunteers aged 18 to 20. The call-up is a normal one. Poland's army absorbs about 100,000 new trainees annually to keep its strength at somewhere between 170,000 and 200,000.

Zachary Taylor wanted to appoint Abraham Lincoln governor of the Oregon Territory but Mrs. Lincoln disapproved.

Visiting Nurse by Kathleen Harris

CHAPTER 18  
AFTERWARDS Hildred was to wonder why she had dreaded that weekend visit at the big plantation. Jimmy was, as she had known he would be, beside himself with delight. He spent most of his time hanging around the huge barn that stabled the cows and the horses. There was a new baby calf that won his heart and he was right in his element helping with the chores. But the amazing part was that the little fellow completely won the Countess' heart. "He is a dear little boy," the Countess said, her own dark eyes suspiciously misty with unshed tears as Jimmy had said his good-nights all around and been led off to bed. "He reminds me of you, Lucien—or maybe I am thinking of the grandson I have not yet had." "You know you will never have one!" Lucien said in such a sharp, hard tone that Hildred glanced over at him in surprise. "Is that my fault?" The Countess' tone was not sharp; it was soothing. "My son is betrothed to his cousin, Dorothea Merling; but as they are first cousins they have agreed it would not be wise to have a family." Lucien now said calmly, his anger evidently well in control. "You know why I am marrying Dodo, because you have made the arrangements and have insisted upon it as the only possible marriage for me to make. It is, as you may well guess, because of the money we Laniers are cursed with." "Lucien!" His mother's voice was as sharp now as it could possibly get. She held up a lovely, heavily jeweled hand in a graceful gesture of reproof. "You are being somewhat rude, my dear boy. And I too had no right to bring up such personal subjects. We both owe Miss McNaughten an apology. Let us talk of something else. And it is time for a cocktail before dinner is served."

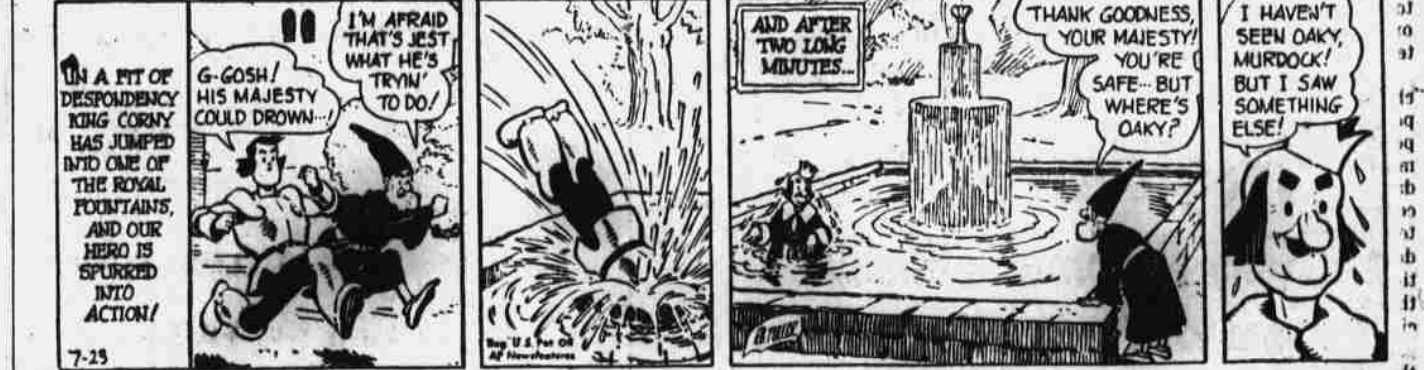
CHAPTER 19

"It's coming south soon — your cousin," Hildred asked. Lucien shrugged again. "One never knows what Dodo will do; she is unpredictable. But I presume she will come. Liz has written her—the royal command—that she should. The marriage is supposed to take place when Dodo arrives. Liz has had some set ideas about the ceremony being performed here, without benefit of fuss—as you might call it." "Most girls like a lot of fuss for their wedding," Hildred returned. "It is what my mother wishes—not Dodo." The line of Lucien's handsome mouth was grim. "Though in this particular case, I must say I am on Liz's side. There is no use in having a lot of publicity. The quieter—and quicker it is over, the better, no doubt. Though the hurry, again, is Liz's idea—not ours." She saw that he did not want to talk any more just now. So she kept silent. It was at that moment—which must have appeared one of intimacy indeed—that the Countess entered the room. "I trust I am not intruding," Lucien's mother said. Lucien stood up to face his mother. His eyes were hard and bitter, his mouth sardonic. He gave a little bow, from his slender waist. "You never intrude, Liz." The Countess crossed over to sit down beside her, all graciousness. "Men are only little boys—as we women know," she said, addressing herself to her young guest. "They never grow up. Their women must look after them." It was evident that she had read the silent message Hildred had sent her—to let her son find his own happiness. She practically said as much when the pleasant weekend finally over, it was time for Hildred and Jimmy to take their departure. Hildred and the little boy had each made an appropriate thank-you speech—Jimmy's so spontaneous and sincere that the Countess had given him a pat on his dark head and told him he was to visit the great house whenever he liked; Hildred's—she hoped—showing the proper appreciation and its sincerity, too. "It is I who must thank you," Lucien's mother said. "And to you I say also, please come as often as you like. Of course you will, my dear. I would like you to come to see me, as well as my son. I would like you to be friends with me, Hildred—may I call you that, please?—as well as Lucien. He shall not keep you all for himself." The last was playfully reproving and teasing, but the rest was genuine, so that Hildred was touched. "I wish you would," she said in reply to being called by her first name. "And it would give me much pleasure to be the friend of Lucien's mother, as well as his. I promise to come just to see you when I can. But you know, honesty as well as a desire to be the one, for a change, to remind the Countess of the vast differences between herself and a little county nurse, prompted the next remark, "I work—all the time, nearly. I only have half days Saturday and Sundays to call my own. I feel that my time, otherwise, belongs to those I try to help." "You must tell me more about that clinic of yours," the Countess said, making it one of her royal commands that a gracious one—see the secret of your happiness, my child—helping others—and not just those children for whom you do so much, but all with whom you come into contact." "I can hardly do that much," Hildred protested, the lovely color deepening in her face. She had no idea how useful she was in such moments as this. "I like to do what I can for my friends, as well as those who come to the clinic; but I am afraid, in both cases, it is but little I can do." She meant that—thinking again of Jimmy and her promise to him. "That shows how little you really know!" It was Lucien who spoke up now. "About the great you do, I mean. You—and Jimmy—have made this old house come alive this weekend. I am counting on you next Saturday you know. And you might as well let Jimmy come then again too. In fact, I understand he and Robin have a date all set." It began to look as if her weekend from now on would be pretty well planned for her, but there was nothing Hildred could say, at present, to change that, even had she wished. When they finally arrived at some permanent arrangement for Jimmy she meant to take up the matter of trying to get him adopted if it seemed an unlikely prospect. Again, when Lucien's cousin, Dodo, arrived for the wedding, well, then things would change again. (To be continued)

OAKY DOAKS



OAKY DOAKS



OAKY DOAKS



Mysterious Melancholia



UNNOTICED KNIGHT



THE SIGHT SEER

