

DICKIE DARE



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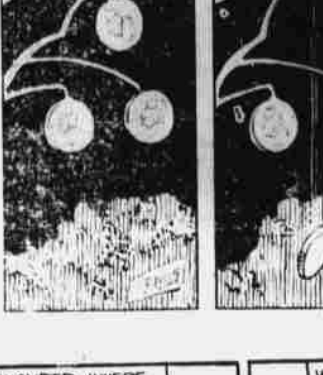
OAKY DOAKS



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OH, DIANA!



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Waterlogged Head

The series of meetings which were being held at Graham's chapel by Rev. James Frazier closed Saturday evening.

We are all glad little Grace Marie Godwin, who has been quite sick, is much better.

Mr. Lester Haskett, of Havelock, is spending the week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Haskett while his wife and infant daughter, Brenda Joyce are in Morehead City Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Billie G. Lewis and little daughter, Darlene, of Morehead City, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Small.

Mrs. B. L. Freeman, of Bridgeport, spent a while last week here with relatives.

Miss Pearl Small spent the week end at home.

Mr. John Nelson, of Merrimon, was in the community Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie L. Freeman and daughter, Lyllis and Sally Jo returned home Friday evening after spending a few days with Mrs. Annie Small.

Mrs. Pearl Bell and Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Bell and son spent a while Saturday evening with Mrs. Annie Small.

BAY VIEW

VISITING NURSE

CHAPTER 27

"I'm glad you thing so." Her mother looked relieved. "I wasn't sure how you'd feel about it, dear! Or Randy—I thought Randy might not like it at all."

"I don't believe it matters a great deal whether Randy likes it or not," her daughter returned, rather shortly.

This was why the young doctor was not to know anything whatsoever about this particular matter until another week had gone by—during which Mrs. McNaughten had had that examination—and Hildred was forced to tell him.

"Come on in," Randy looked up from his desk, the deep furrow between his sandy brows that was so characteristic.

"It's Mother." No use wasting any of his time if he was willing to be generous with it now, she has a tumor, Randy, as I feared.

"I see," Randy said; the furrow came back. He reached a long arm for a pencil, began his methodical tapping with it.

"I want you to have everything your heart desires," he told her, his dark eyes smiling deeply into hers.

He laughed and drew her down onto the small divan. "But you are going to!" he said.

He reached in a pocket and drew forth a small velvet case. He placed it in her hands, without opening it, bidding her to do so.

That was what Lucien had said, but Hildred was glad to have Randy corroborate it.

"Oh, if only he would be a bit more human and break down and talk to her as they used to, like the pals and co-workers they were! But she might as well face it—that was only a pretense now—those days were gone.

"I happen to be very fond of your mother," Randy returned.

"I should have known him well enough to know that that was his way of checking her tears—by withdrawing the sympathy that always made them flow.

"You do not seem curious," Lucien urged her. "I thought all women were curious, my sweet. You must not delude too long as already the others are waiting for us downstairs.

"I'm it on," Lucien urged again. "Over your heart, dearest, that is where it must be worn, where all the Lanier brides have always worn it."

"But Lucien, I cannot wear it! I don't mean that it is not beautiful, that I do not appreciate your wanting me to have it.

"You will wear it, won't you, darling?" His voice was tender, instead of commanding; he leaned back to observe the effect.

"You must make me happy by accepting it, for it is the betrothal ring."

"Saturday will suit me fine." Randy pushed back his chair. His face seemed to have softened.

"You must not take it too hard, Hildy." His voice was very gentle for him.

"I'll try," she promised, getting to her feet too. She must not take more of his time; he would have to have some luncheon and she wanted to go out to a private booth where she could phone Lucien, since she had promised to give her decision about her mother as soon as she could.

"I'm sure you will!" His tone was hearty now; his wide grin almost natural. He took a step toward her—then stopped as abruptly.

Had he been going to say something more? Had he had a vision, in that moment, to take her in his arms, to comfort her? But no, of course that was her imagination this time.

Randy had proved further—if such proof were needed—that he was her good staunch friend and nothing more than that.

Well, she would abandon hope now. She might as well marry Lucien, since he wanted that so much, since nothing seemed to matter without Randy's love.

She bent her beautiful white head and touched the girl's smooth young cheek with her lips.

Time, she reminded herself, that was all there was to depend upon.

WHAT'S THE PITCH, DICKIE?

A LEAD PIPE CINCH

Determined Doctor Of Magic

NOTHING PERSONAL

SOUND SLEEPER

Plenty Of Shade

CALL OF THE WILD

TOO LATE?

SCORCHY SMITH



SCORCHY SMITH



SCORCHY SMITH



In A Clam, Can't Scram



TEMPLE TRAP



SCORCHY SEES SOMETHING

