

Miss Nobody From Nowhere

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

ELEVENTH INSTALMENT

A warm bath partly soothed her. The familiar bed was comfortable, and the quiet neighborhood was free from the car-clanging that had disturbed her at the apartment. With a mighty effort of will she tried to draw mental shutters between memory and the episodes of the night, but the gray-haired stranger pushed back those shutters, with compelling hands. The room seemed full of him. The very world seemed full of him, and of some horror connected with him.

The horror was worse than the man himself, because it was intangible. Like these trailing ends she was always striving to catch, it lay beyond her reach, just back of him. . . . In some way he was connected with it all—he was in the very heart of it. At moments she was just within the grasp of what it was. . . . Something flickered, lightened, and suddenly darkened again even as she was holding her breath in dawning understanding. She was convinced that she had tied to avoid him and that to return to her normal self would be to return to him. . . . to him!

The sun rose, bringing with it, first, endurance, then reviving courage.

She was awakened by a tinkle, sharply imperative. The telephone was in the sitting room and she rose to answer it. At the first words that came over the wire her heart caught, then leaped and reviving courage lifted her like a wave.

"Miss Parsons?" It was Hamilton's warm and friendly voice. Loosing the thrill of controlled excitement. "Robinson has just told me that you're back," he continued, "and it seems too good to be true. I don't want to be a nuisance, of course. . . . Well, I shall be glad to see you."

Eye closed. "You can't imagine how glad I am. For. . . with an effort she controlled her shaking voice. "I've been looking for you for a couple of days. I'm just awake. Will you come down and see me? Will you come down to my room? Will you come down to my room?"

The rest of her night had darkened away in the sun. Hamilton's voice, with its invitation to her, was safe.

She went to her chambermaid with some minutiae, and offered the woman the keys for the lock of a hat, a stress coat, and a pair of shoes.

The chambermaid turned away as she had elsewhere that day after her first glimpse of Margaret's room. The chambermaid's name was that of a young working girl of a neighboring town.

An impulse came to her and she stopped to consider it.

"I really must be a rather good sport, somewhere under all this," she told herself. For the impulse was the unexpected one of walking in on Hamilton in all her garish finery when he came to her sitting room, or making no explanations of it, and of watching its effect on him. "But I won't do it," she stoutly decided, and when his knock fell on the panel of the outer door she hid her excitement and emotion by making her explanation while they shook hands.

"Don't look at me," she begged, trying to speak lightly. "I'm in the chambermaid's Sunday plumage, and it doesn't suit my style. . . . But he did look at her as they sat down together, and that look of sympathy and understanding brought the sun of last night from her in a rush of words, which he was careful not to interrupt.

"So you see, it comes to this," she summed up. "I'm even more afraid of knowing who I am than of not knowing it. I'm afraid of what's on the other side of my blank wall. He's there. I'm sure of that. And I'm sure, with nothing but my terror of back the conviction, that he was the danger I ran away from. And yet, as I think of it, he doesn't look like a man one would fear. There was nothing cruel in his manner—quite the contrary. He seemed to be sympathetic once he almost broke down. But all the time I was cold with fear."

Hamilton nodded.

"There's something back of it," he said. "I've got several pieces of the puzzle to put with yours. We'll talk it all over later on. But first. . . . he saw the need of temporarily diverting her mind to other phases of her problem. "Why did you run away from us?"

"I seem to be running away all the time," she said, "and today I suppose I'll end by running away again. . . . Withdrawing all eyes said, "She shivers and 'I suppose I shouldn't take the risk of being in the same city with that man, Robinson. . . ."

She had expected him to protest, but he nodded.

"Yes," he said, "they've evidently in your mind, I suppose, they are. . . . And they've used a memory, and you sense that you know Leo, and saw him before."

"No memory," she replied, "and you know I must know him. . . . I know me and felt himself in some way, and I don't know of any authority over me. She was struck by a sudden revelation. "What were the important things and what you wanted to tell me?"

He decided she was not a woman to be trifled with.

The most important is about that. . . . Because a disease from his pocket, and found in it a small piece of paper, which unfolded and headed over it was a cutting from a newspaper, and as she read it her face paled, it ran.

It May Be Urgent



When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretting. No wonder taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the roughest infant, you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But in an emergency that Castoria means more. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other sufferings—Never be without it, some mothers keep an extra bottle unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too, read the book that comes with it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

PINKY DINKY : : : : : By Terry Gilkison



"OTHERS DON'T COMPARE TO IT"

I don't believe that is a medicine made that will compare with the Sargon treatment. When I turned



WM. LEE KELLETT

entirely three years ago and rheumatic pains hit me all over and I had to use a cane to get about, I realized I was in a bad way. I went on a strict diet for two years, and took medicine regularly for my stomach and constipation. Nothing helped me until I started Sargon. I haven't a sign of rheumatism now, never have to use a cane any more and my feet are as good as they were twenty years ago. Sargon Pills regulated me perfectly. They act easy and natural, which is something I can't say for any other laxative I ever used." William Lee Kellett, 300 East Coffee Street, Greenville, S. C. Boone Drug Company, Agents (Advertisement)

"I wrote an unsigned letter to X Fifty, saying that you were safe and that some new friends you had made would like to know all the circumstances before putting X Fifty in touch with you. I signed the note with fake initials and gave the newspaper office as the address. I got a reply the same night, but it was mighty uncommittal. X Fifty wasn't showing his hand any more than we were. He wanted to know all I could tell him. (I'm assuming that it was a man, you see), and he was rather high-handed about it. That, of course, didn't make any hit with Carrick and me. We decided that a family circle wouldn't be so cautious. In fact, the whole situation looked extremely suspicious to us."

"I can't see a family circle either," she murmured. "But then—God help me," she broke out with sudden passion, "I can't see anything. What have I done. . . . what could I have done to deserve this?"

"Sit tight," he urged, and the familiar injunction steadied her. She straightened with a quick breath.

"I beg your pardon," she said in a different tone. "I'm making it harder for you, instead of listening and helping to think things out. Please go on, and I'll try to do better."

"Half a dozen notes were exchanged in the next few days," he told her, "each of us trying to draw out the other. Meantime the advertisement kept appearing. It was in regularly for a week. Since then I haven't seen it, or heard from X Fifty. It looks as if he had given up. So I decided to leave town, myself, and had made all my preparations; but for some reason I hung on and—'Here's how glad I am that I did!'"

"He hasn't given up," Eve said, from the depths of a black abstraction. "He's just going at it in some other way." She had not observed his emotion, but now she noticed his and checked herself to meet his sympathetic gaze. "I wonder why I said that," she mused. "It sounds as if, under it all, I had some definite knowledge. . . . He's lucky I've left the green dress and the green hat behind me forever," she continued in a lighter tone. "Is there any way they can trace me through those things?"

"I don't think so. If your tailor—Smith, did you say?—reads the newspapers he may have seen the advertisement. But, as I've said, hosts of newspaper readers never dream of looking at the personal columns. Take the men in this hotel, for example. Even if you had been right here, wearing the green hat and dress, they probably wouldn't have noticed what you had on. Your disappearance so suddenly and leaving those clothes may mean, of course, that everything you left in the apartment will have a fair inspection; but even that sort of an investigation very rarely goes very well distributed now."

"Yes," she admitted, "in my job, as well as mine. Margaret's wardrobe has given me an idea. I've got to have new clothes, of course. What I'll get will be the plain black dress and a plain black hat and plain black shoes of a nice little waitress with

quiet tastes. They will be cheap, which is my first reason, and they will be a disguise, which is my second. But I don't know what I'll do about my hair," she added thoughtfully. "I suppose I'll end by dyeing in dark brown."

"Oh, don't!"

"I'll have to do something," she reminded him. "My hair is rather unusual, you know."

"It is," he fervently agreed, watching her with eyes so eloquent that she refused to meet them. "It's the most beautiful hair I've ever seen. The lights in it—"

"That one detail might give me away," she went on, ignoring the compliment, but she made up for this in her next words. "You see, though I say I'm a trifle afraid of you, I'm trusting you with all my plans, as far as I know them, myself."

"I know you are, and I can't tell you how much I appreciate your confidence. That reminds me of something more."

He took a package of papers from an inside pocket and handed them to her. "These credentials I wanted for Carrick got here a few days after you left. I showed them to him, and I want you to look them over, too. Please!" he urged as she hesitated.

"I trusted you without these," Eve murmured, as she handed them back.

"I know you did. . . . up to a certain point. Now I'm going to ask you to trust me all the way. I want you to promise to keep me posted from now on," he rushed along. "I haven't any right to ask, but somehow, I don't think I could stand another two days and nights like those I went through before I got your note. It wasn't alone the sense that I had lost you."

"I promised myself I wouldn't speak till you were normal again. But your leaving that way, and now this new danger and your fear of it changes the look of things. I want you to know that it isn't the interest and help of a friendly stranger I'm offering you. It's the interest and help of a man who loves you."

"When you're well, Eve," he continued steadily, "I'm going to ask you to marry me. I want to devote my life to making you happy. If you

will take me. But in any case let me begin to look after you right now." He stopped an instant, then added: "I've said it all. I won't mention it again till you're well, or till you tell me I may speak of it."

"I don't know what to say to you," she murmured. "I oughtn't to let you speak of such things. You're simply following a shadow. Why don't you keep out in the sunshine where you belong, and forget about me?"

"I like the shadows better, when you're among them," he said quietly. He pressed the hand she impulsively held out and went on in a new tone, quietly matter-of-fact.

"That's that, and I won't speak of it again. I just wanted to make it clear to you that some one to whom you're first in the world is standing by."

Eve left the hotel through the servants' entrance, as befitted her appearance, and walked across to 4th Avenue. There she picked up a taxicab and ordered herself taken to the nearest large department store.

Eve, keeping close to her new rain-slicker, selected a simple black one-piece dress of good quality, a severe black coat, and a small black cloche hat.

"Could I go to movin' pictures with the minister in these?" she inquired as she revolved before the sales woman in the new outfit.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

GOTHAM CONTRIBUTES 17 TO FOURTH'S 178 DEATHS

New York.—To the country's total of 178 casualties for this year's Independence Day, the metropolitan district contributed 17 deaths, police reports show in their final check-up. Of these, only three fatalities could be laid to fireworks.

The other fourteen deaths in and about New York are the result of drownings and automobile accidents, such as characterize any other national holiday, and occasionally a summer Sunday.

Probably five hundred persons, mostly children, were injured in fireworks accidents in New York. Life guards and swimmers rescued about fifty from drowning among the 2,000,000 who heeded the seductive call of the Atlantic Ocean.

The general toll for the whole country is 178 deaths. Twelve died from fireworks, as compared to seven last year, and 11 in 1928. Automobile deaths mounted from 70 last year to 81. Drowning dropped 14 in total from 71 for last year.

Ephraim: "What yo' all doin' wid dat parah, Mose?"

Mose: "Ise writin' mah gal a letter."

"Go way, yo' kaint write."

"Ats all right, mah gal kaint read."

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FROM SCOPY MENTAL, ROCKFORD, ILL.