

MAN MADE THE TOWN

by RUBY M. AYRES



NINTH INSTALMENT

Donald Rathbone had dined alone that night.

He had heard Diana's car drive up, but had merely thought it was one of his own returning from the village to which he had sent his chauffeur with a message.

The dining room was on the far side of the house, and the heavy oak door was shut, so he heard nothing more till Diana's terrified scream rent the silence, followed by that piteous cry upon his name.

"Donald . . . !"

Rathbone was out in the hall almost before it had died away, but even then, for an instant, in the dim light he could hardly understand what was happening.

Servants were rushing from other parts of the house, but it was Rathbone who dragged Nero away, almost throttling him in his iron grip, Rathbone who, throwing the dog aside into someone else's custody, lifted Diana in his arms.

"Oh, my—God!"

She looked up at him, her eyes half mad with terror, then with a little convulsive gesture she put her lacerated arms around his neck, clinging to him desperately for one heartbreaking moment before she fainted.

He carried her into the study and laid her on the couch; his face was gray, and his breath came tearing from him as if it were he who was suffering, and not she.

The chauffeur was in the room now, and the housekeeper, a middle-aged woman with a quiet, capable face; and seeing that for a moment at least Rathbone was utterly unnerved, she fetched water and brandy and gently bathed Diana's face and bleeding arms.

It seemed an eternity to those around before she stirred a little and then opened her eyes: eyes still so terrified and wild that it was almost unbearable when she started up, crying and moaning afresh:

"Donald . . . Donald . . . Save me!"

He went on his knees beside her.

"It's all right . . . I'm here . . . don't be frightened . . . you're quite safe . . . it's all right . . . I'm here . . . you're quite safe with me."

He put his hand over her eyes for an instant as if to wipe the last terrible moments from her memory, but she pushed him away, crying out like a frightened child—

"He tried to kill me . . . he tried to kill me . . . oh, why didn't you come? . . . He tried to kill me . . ." And then, with a shuddering sob:

"Oh, my arms . . . look at my arms!"

It was a relief to them all when she slipped back into unconsciousness, but when Mrs. Farmer tried to force brandy between her lips Rathbone prevented her.

"No, leave her alone."

He dressed and bandaged her arms while she lay unconscious; he was as gentle as a woman, thorough and capable, but the sweat was standing in great beads on his forehead, and his curious hard breathing alone broke the silence.

When at last he had finished, Mrs. Farmer gave a little sob.

"Thank God her face isn't touched, sir."

Rathbone said nothing. He stood looking down at Diana with a queer blank look in his eyes.

Mrs. Farmer spoke again, hesitatingly:

"Shall we put her to bed, sir?"

He turned then.

"Here?—in this house? . . . No, I'll take her home."

When they brought the rug he wrapped Diana in it and lifted her in his arms, carrying her out to the car himself.

He laid her on the seat with a cushion beneath her head and let down the windows to the cool night air.

"Drive carefully," he said.

The car moved slowly away.

Rathbone sat opposite Diana, leaning a little forward, his hands gripped between his knees, staring at her.

It was like some monstrous nightmare from which he could not free himself.

How had it happened? Why had she come? Why, in God's name, had she come, alone and at this time of night?

The car stopped at Miss Starling's cottage, and the chauffeur came to the door.

Rathbone got out. "Don't touch her," he said briefly.

Rathbone went back into the passage and called the Creature's name, but there was no reply, and with a muttered imprecation he returned to the car.

"The place seems deserted. I'll carry her in. Go in the kitchen and get

some hot water—and bring it upstairs to me."

He laid Diana on her bed, clumsily pulling the quilt aside and then gently covering her with it, before he pulled the curtains back and opened the window wide.

She stared up at him piteously for a moment before she whispered:

"Am I going to die?"

"No, my dear—no!"

He went on carefully, as if realizing the importance of every word.

"You've got to be brave and try never to think about it again. You've got to be very brave and trust me to look after you. Can you do that?"

She nodded, slow tears falling down her face.

"It—hurts so," she said.

"Yes." She made a little movement to wipe the tears from her face, but the pain in her arm was too great, and Rathbone took his own handkerchief and gently wiped them for her before he drew his arm from beneath her head and laid her back on the pillows.

Her eyes sought his with fear.

"I suppose, when I'm well—you'll go again?"

"Go?—Where?"

"Not see me any more, I mean."

He put his hand on hers for a moment: it was like her to touch his tenderness when he had been trying harshly to condemn her.

"No, not if you still want me," he said.

She said suddenly, with a ghost of her old childish impertinence, "Poor Dr. Rathbone—you can't quite escape me, can you?"

"Have you thought I wished to?"

She sighed. "I have thought so—yes."

Away in the distance the church clock struck eleven.

He asked, "Does that mean that I am still—a wall for you to lean against? Wasn't that what you called me?—a safe harbour, Diana?"

She pressed his hand in assent, the old sweet smile crossing her face as she looked up at him.

The garden gate creak and Rathbone went over to the window.

"That is Miss Starling," he said.

"I'll just go down and see her; you don't mind being left now for a moment?"

Downstairs she could hear him talking to Miss Starling, and presently they came up together. Diana wondered if the Creature could possibly have been crying, or if it was just the night air had reddened her lids.

She bent over Diana and rearranged her pillows and the bedclothes with capable hands.

"I'll make you nice and comfy presently," she promised.

She asked no questions, and Diana liked her better at that moment than ever before.

"I'll just run away and take off my cloak and bonnet," she said practically, and went away.

Rathbone stood at the foot of the bed.

"Do you mind if I go now?" Rathbone asked. "I'll come in the morning—quite early."

"You've been very kind."

"And you won't worry?"

"No."

She looked up at him with such trustful eyes that, moved by a sudden impulse which he could not control, Rathbone bent down and kissed her.

A very gentle kiss on the forehead, just between her brows, and he turned away at once, but not before he had seen the look of happiness that flashed into her eyes.

"Good-night," he said again, but when he reached the door she called him back to say:

"I'm glad it wasn't 'good-bye' this time."

He looked at her gravely.

"I hope you'll always be glad," he said.

CHAPTER XIV

The day Dennis Waterman was due to arrive at Southampton Rathbone took the bandages from Diana's right arm.

"And now there's something I want to say to you," Rathbone said briskly.

Diana turned round, the old scared look creeping into her eyes.

"Something nasty?"

"Nothing in the least nasty," he assured her. "Quite the contrary, in fact. It's just this—I want you to start going about again, to take an interest in your old life."

She said slowly, her eyes on his face:

"When I went to see you that first day in Harley Street, you told me that if I went on as I was going then,

I should kill myself, and now you are telling me to go back to it all."

"But not at the same breakneck pace. Besides, you are so much better in every way than you were then. In spite of this last."

"You cannot go on living here indefinitely, you know that, Diana, so the sooner you make a start the better."

She took a little step towards him.

"Do you want to get rid of me?" she asked very directly.

"Is that a fair question, do you think?" he asked. "Besides, it won't be 'getting rid of you,' as you put it. I shall see you in London sometimes."

"Only—sometimes?"

He smiled rather constrainedly.

"I know what is best for me," she said wilfully.

He checked a smile.

"And what is best for you?" he asked.

"To be where I am happiest," Diana said with troubled eyes. "And I am happiest where I know I shall see you most often."

And then there followed a profound silence which seemed as though it could never be broken, till Rathbone said with an effort:

"We must be very frank with each other this once, Diana, and then we'll never talk about it again. I know you won't misunderstand me when I say that my life was settled for me—or perhaps I settled it myself, whichever way you prefer—many years ago, when you must still have been only a schoolgirl. I can't go back on it, even if I wanted to. I've always felt that when a man takes certain responsibilities upon himself he should stand by them, whatever his inclinations, whatever comes between, I haven't the right to. I can only hope you will understand."

He broke off, as if for a moment he had lost himself in the wistful beauty of her face.

She stood helplessly silent for a moment before she broke out with something of her old impetuosity.

"I wish I knew what it really is I feel about you; I wish I could explain, but I can't, and if I did, you wouldn't understand. Nobody would. But if I go back to London, as you say you want me to, there'll be other men again, I know that. You see—"

she submitted rather pathetically — "I must do something—go about with someone. Aunt Gladwyn is kind, but we're not really friends. I know lots of girls like myself, but we don't any of us really care about each other. Then there's Dennis . . . he arrives in England to-day you know. I didn't tell you before, but he does."

There was a sharp silence which Rathbone broke.

"Are you glad, Diana?"

"I don't know," she said almost in a whisper, and then, as he said nothing, she went on: "Everything is so different since I came here, I don't understand why. I've never had one single cocktail since I came here—no wonder my skin looks so nice."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Idle curiosity needs deflation.

PHILLIPS MILK OF MAGNESIA

For Troubles due to Acid INDIGESTION ACID STOMACH HEADACHE GASTRITIS NAUSEA

Too Much ACID

MANY people, two hours after eating, suffer indigestion as they call it. It is usually excess acid. Correct it with an alkali. The best way, the quick, harmless and efficient way, is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It has remained for 50 years the standard with physicians. One spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in stomach acids, and at once. The symptoms disappear in five minutes.

You will never use crude methods when you know this better method. And you will never suffer from excess acid when you prove out this easy relief.

Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years in correcting excess acids. 25c and 50c a bottle—any drug store.

The ideal dentifrice for clean teeth and healthy gums is Phillips' Dental Magnesia tooth-paste.

Visitor—"Your little son has his mother's eyes."
Mother—"Yes, and his father's mouth."
Little Son—"Yes, and his big brother's trousers."



Let us inspect and clean your Radiator. If necessary we will repair or re-core it. You wouldn't let a blacksmith fix your teeth, then why not call us when your radiator heats or leaks? We are Radiator Specialists. Prepare for spring driving. We sell or trade new and second-hand radiators.

East Spencer Motor Co.
THE CHRYSLER DEALERS
Phone 1198-J East Spencer, N. C.

THE SMOKE SHOP
Phone 9167
NEWSPAPERS
MAGAZINES
FOUNTAIN SERVICE
HAMBURGERS
218 S. Main St.
SALISBURY, N. C.

INDIGESTION

"My work is confining, and often I eat hurriedly, causing me to have indigestion. Gas will form and I will smother and have pains in my chest. I had to be careful what I ate, but after someone had recommended Black-Draught and I found a small pinch after meals was so helpful, I soon was eating anything I wanted. Now when I feel the least smothering or uncomfortable bloating, I take a pinch of Black-Draught and get relief."

—Clyde Vaughn, 10 Shippy St. Greenville, S. C.
Sold in 25¢ packages.

Theford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

WOMEN who are run-down, nervous, or suffer every month, should take Cardul. Used for over 50 years.

BUNCH'S BABY CHICKS

Those fine State Bloodtested Bunch Chicks now only \$10.50 per hundred, delivered; less quantities 11c.

WHITE AND BARRED ROCKS
RHODE ISLAND REDS
WHITE WYANDOTTES
FINE TEN-WEEKS OLD WHITE LEGHORN PULLETS 50c.

Fine Breeding Stock. Excellent Layers. High Producing White Leghorns \$8.50. Don't get discouraged in these times of depression. Stay with it and reap the profits that are sure to come!

BUNCH POULTRY FARM & HATCHERY
STATESVILLE, N. C.

Say, "I Saw It in The Watchman." Thank You!

LOANS WITHOUT SECURITY
\$5.00 to \$40.00 Quickly Loaned

SALARIED PEOPLE NEEDING FIVE TO FORTY DOLLARS IN STRICT CONFIDENCE, WITHOUT SECURITY, ENDORSEMENT OR DELAY, AT LOWEST RATES AND EASY TERMS.

CO-OP FINANCE CO.
202 WACHOVIA BANK BLDG.
SALISBURY, N. C.

BAYER ASPIRIN

is always SAFE

beware of imitations.

Unless you see the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured above you can never be sure that you are taking the genuine Bayer Aspirin that thousands of physicians prescribe in their daily practice.

The name Bayer means genuine Aspirin. It is your guarantee of purity—your protection against imitations. Millions of users have proved that it is safe.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin promptly relieves:

- Headaches
- Neuritis
- Colds
- Neuralgia
- Sore Throat
- Lumbago
- Rheumatism
- Toothache

No harmful after-effects follow its use. It does not depress the heart.

FREE SPARK PLUG INSPECTION THIS WEEK
CHAMPION NATIONAL CHANGE WEEK

Prepare your car for summer touring

Greet the open road with a car that is a pleasure to drive. A set of the new and improved Champion Spark Plugs insures a trouble-free trip, together with easy starting, better acceleration, full power, and maximum economy.

Champion National Change Week is your reminder to change spark plugs every 10,000 miles—a regular practice with most motorists. Let us install a set of Champions in your car today.

Change spark plugs every 10,000 miles

NEW AND IMPROVED Champion Spark Plugs

Salisbury Ignition & Battery Co.
122 W. Fisher St. PHONE 299 Salisbury, N. C.