

# PROMENADE DECK

by Ishbel Ross

## FOURTH INSTALLMENT

The Red Sea stretched like a velvet carpet under a sky studded with stars. "Venus!" said Jenny, looking upwards. "I always know it because of its translucence, and it seems so much closer to the earth than the others. I used to watch it over the river at Little Oaks, and now I'm seeing it near Aden with you!"

She clung to the rail, her figure enveloped in a dim blue haze. She listened to the swish of the boat through the water, and watched its trail of foam. The funnels rose like black towers, pouring a stream of smoke into the night. It was hot in a smooth, sticky way. She threw off her coat and clutched at her throat. "Did his hand along the rail caught her fingers."

"Strange, isn't it?" Jenny whispered. "Why strange?"

"I feel as if we're all alone in the night and very far from everyone. I'm rather afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

She shuddered and pressed close to his side. There were moments when one was alone in all the universe, when there was no aid, no communion, anywhere, but how could one convey this

sense of isolation, even to the man one loved? She sank to a deck chair and lay looking up at the stars. For an hour they seemed to be racing through foam under a canopy that reached to infinity.

"What a fine sense of exhilaration one gets on the top deck!" said Peter, turning from the rail to look at the silent Jenny. "But I wish we were having a roaring storm; this is so tame. I like the fury of the sea. You've never been in a real storm, have you, Jenny?"

"No, never. I wonder if I should mind."

"I think you wouldn't like it, for you're not attuned to wildness. Your mind and your body are passive."

He bent over her till her hair drifted across his mouth with a sharp fragrance. Her face was part of the night. For a moment he thought her a perfect stranger—so shadowy and remote! What did she dream of all the time? Why could he never reach the core of Jenny's thoughts? Why did she shut him out? He looked down the dim corridors of the future and wondered if he had made a mistake in taking her from her husband and home. Half of the time he was forced to comfort and reassure her, and she paid for a moment of rapture with hours of futile regret.

She turned to him suddenly, her voice edged with pain. "You're thinking of the future, aren't you, Peter?"

"I was thinking of you."

"I know—the two of us together. How do you think it will be—afterwards, when all this is over?"

"This won't come to a sudden stop, Jenny. Our happiness will continue."

"It's peaceful here tonight, but I'm afraid of what time will do to us, Peter."

"Rubbish! You're carrying your troubled self too far from home."

Clare and Johnny went pacing by. Peter turned his head to watch the sweep of the figure in violet chiffon. Her shoulders swayed as she moved; she held her chin like a bird in flight. He was now abstracted, puffing at his cigarette. Jenny's voice was crossing his thoughts.

"I'm hypnotized by the sea, Peter. It's like a song in my

heart, rhythmic and never-ending. Look at the queer glow on the horizon!"

"You never know what you are going to encounter in this region. I've seen the Red Sea churned like a mass of foaming devils, and again as calm as a pane of glass. But it's not a patch on the China Sea, which is always an ugly sight."

They went down to their stateroom, and Jenny emerged slowly from her taffeta.

"You make me think of a white peony," said Peter, as her ruffled frock fell to her feet, "so pale, so dreamy, so fragile, as if each petal would drop off with a breath." He kissed her neck and behind her ears; he ran his fingers down to her slender wrists. "And your skin is as soft as a peony petal, and your eyes are as blue as the sea at noonday, and I love you very much!"

He caught her in his arms and Jenny's head drooped against his chest with fluttering eagerness. He kissed her throat and the blue lids of her eyes and then her mouth. The colour stirred slowly in her creamy cheeks and her lips grew scarlet and full.

"Peter, I adore you," she whispered, dragging herself from a deep abyss to meet his love with her own pale ardour.

"But, my dear, you're so far away." Peter's lips were against her mouth. "It's like calling a ghost back to my embrace. I feel, when I possess you, that you're perched on a distant mountain, looking on. Darling, wake up! Love me as I love you."

Jenny heard his words in a dream. Why did he bother to talk? It was true what he was saying—she was remote, alone on a mountain-top. She could see the bluish line of his half-closed eyes, and his hair damp on his brow. Why did she feel so soothed instead of the stinging pain of love? She was drifting now on calm waters. It seemed as if she were back in the doby on the Nile, and she felt that she must be swooning. "Jenny! Jenny darling! Where are you? Oh, my love!" Peter was calling to her from a long distance, pain in his voice. She could hear the swish of the water outside the porthole. The light of the moon lay on the floor of their stateroom. Jenny's eyelids lifted. She was back from the distant places and was holding Peter in her arms. How she adored him! He was breathing gently and dropping off to sleep. She stroked his face like a mother with a child. "Jenny darling!" he murmured through sleepy lips. She lay in a trance, hour after hour, her eyes fixed on the pencil of moonlight that pierced the porthole.

Five days later the Marenia steamed into the wide, flat harbour of Bombay. The Apollo Bunder, gateway to India, rose magnificent against a fleckless stretch of blue. A heat haze shimmered over the waters, and small craft sped like white-winged birds to their destinations. Angela stood on the top deck and watched the city taking shape at the water's edge. Far to the left she could see a fringe of green—Malabar Hill, overhanging Bombay.

The ship heaved and turned to a peaceful anchorage. A tender came puffing importantly to her side. When the boat ceased throbbing at last, Angela's ears continued to drum, a faint echo that would not leave her.

The chief officer came strolling up to her side.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Wynant."

"Good-morning, Mr. Charlton."

"Well, it's India at last. I must confess I like it as little, as any country I know."

"I like it, nevertheless."

"You should see it in a typhoon, with the water breaking against the Bunder."

"Perhaps we shall."

"Not a chance at this time of year. Well, I've got to be going about my business."

Dick swung off, and Angela went down to the lower deck to get on the tender. Her fellow passengers were tired and sulky today. There had been a dance the night before.

She stepped ashore, and the first of the fakirs crossed her path, with his snake and mongoose already in action. It amused her to watch him, though she saw at once that it was the old game. The snake was not killed, but was popped surreptitiously into the sack for further use.

Angela sauntered under her parasol, alive to the drama around her. When she had had enough, she took a car and drove to the Towers of Silence. There, from the Hanging Gardens, she could see the roofs of Bombay, flat and white, stretching along the ocean front. The Marenia was a dot in the distance.

Angela thought of Lovat. What could she get him that would interest him at all? Something for his own adornment would please him most, although it was diffi-

cult to pick up suitable gifts for a smart, young man-about-town. She sighed and noticed that Peter had walked into the lounge with Clare. He looked more bronzed than ever in his white rajah suit. She was radiant in cream-coloured silk, a few shades lighter than her tanned skin. There was no sign of Jenny. They found a quiet corner under the palms and ordered drinks. Peter leaned over the table and talked hard to Clare, whose lashes fluttered as she listened to what he said. He was so absorbed that he had no eyes for anyone else in the lounge.

Johnny walked into the lounge and glanced in the direction of Peter and Clare. He seemed agitated, and Angela, watching him, felt a little sympathetic as he stood uncertainly at the door. At last he came over to her table and drowned his pique in one cocktail after another. A flush crept up on his face as he kept his gaze on Clare, who was chatting in the most intimate way with Peter.

"Where's the lovely Mrs. Rumford today?" he inquired, like one who must torment himself.

"I haven't seen her at all, Angela told him. "I was the only one of our lot to come ashore on the tender."

"Perhaps she overslept—like me."

"On, cheer up, Johnny! Things are not so bad," Angela remarked, staring at his colored face. Her attention wandered around the room. There was Macduff, staring into space, and high-hatting the world with the aid of a stiff drink. And here came Jenny, straying into the room with her usual lost air. Her expression in a mirror as her glance rested on Peter and Clare, was tinged with a flush of surprise, and she looked like a bird that has been winged. She moved straight over to the table, dragging a long white scarf behind her.

"Peter, I overslept. I'm sorry you didn't wake me."

He sprang to his feet. "You looked so exhausted, Jenny, so I just let you sleep. You didn't mind my coming on without you, did you? I was going back to get you for luncheon."

"Not a scrap, Peter. Good morning, Mrs. Langford."

"Hello, Mrs. Rumford! What a gorgeous shade of green you're wearing! It's just like turf, and suggests a lawn in this dusty

part of the world."

Clare's voice was flattering, but Jenny shrank from the personal note. She regarded her as an absolute stranger.

"Well, I'm lunching with Johnny," said Clare, lightly. "I must be getting along." Then to Peter, "You win."

"We'll have to discuss it again," he said, freezing his voice; but Jenny was inattentive.

Clare strolled over to the other table. "I'm famished for lunch," she announced. "I want some curry, Johnny. We're entering the area of starvation now."

"Sorry, I'm lunching here with others."

He was staring at her with a tragic air. Secretly Clare hoped that he wouldn't cut his throat or jump into the ocean. Stupid idiot, she'd teach him a lesson. She leaned over and purred: "All right, Johnny; it doesn't matter a bit. I want to go back to the boat in any event, and look up Mr. Charlton. So long. Hope you enjoy your curry."

"Damn!" muttered Johnny, and let her go.

All afternoon the Marenia lay peacefully at anchor, with most of her passengers ashore. They were shopping and seeing the sights.

Joan had slept all day, and wakened just in time to have her cocktails before dinner. She was going to remain behind because she knew that Dick would not be leaving the boat.

Three hours later she was coming out of the bar when she saw him making for his stateroom. She knew that she was not supposed to go near his quarters; that nothing would offend him more. It was hard to forget the sizzling words he had tossed at her for breaking in on him the night she had been so drunk that she had tried to rip off her frock in the bar room.

(Continued Next Week)

In the spring of 1933, Allard A. Battle of Edgecombe County planted 225 Red Cedar seedlings. This winter, he had for sale 223 Christmas trees four to six feet high.

### CHEVROLET PRODUCES OVER MILLION IN '35

Detroit, Jan. 8.—Chevrolet Motor Company today announced that its total production of cars and trucks in 1935 was 1,086,196, making it the third largest year in the history of the company, and its fourth year to exceed 1,000,000 units in output.

Production in December, the fourth highest month of the year, was 116,483, a new record for the month, exceeding the previous high December of 1930 by more than 51,000 units.

As significant of the change brought about by the industry's November introduction of new models, instead of in January, the announcement, issued by M. E. Coyle, president and general manager, stated that production in the fourth quarter of 1935, totaling 298,387 units, was more than double the fourth-quarter production of 1934, and set an all-time record for the final quarter. The highest previous last quarter was 159,478 units, in the industry's all-time peak year of 1929.

Every quarter during 1935 showed a gain over the corresponding period of 1934, and the final quarter was the second largest of 1935, instead of the smallest as in the preceding year.

### No Hope Held For Man Struck By Automobile

Gastonia, Jan. 6.—No hope was held out this afternoon for the recovery of William Green, Kings Mountain textile operative, who is in the City hospital here suffering from two broken legs and a fractured skull suffered when he was struck in Kings Mountain Saturday night by a car driven by F. F. Black of Forest City.

### Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their many kind deeds and expressions of sympathy shown to us during the illness and death of our father and grandfather.

J. A. SOUTHER AND FAMILY.

### Marriage Licenses

Licenses to wed were issued during the past week from the office of Old Wilkes, register of deeds, to the following: Kenneth L. Johnson and Ruth Vannoy, both of North Wilkesboro; Harrison Jennings and Flossie Hayes, both of Halls Mills; Willie M. Moore, Mt. Airy, and Gertrude E. Clouse, North Wilkesboro; Ralph Call and Clara Curry, both of Wilkesboro.

### A Three Day Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how minor medicine you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Doan's Kidney Pills. Serious trouble may be brewing and your cough may be a danger signal with something less than a cold. Doan's Kidney Pills are the best of the world to get rid of a cough and to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Doan's Kidney Pills have failed to be discontinued, your doctor is authorized to prescribe Doan's Kidney Pills and he will advise you if you are not satisfied with the results. Doan's Kidney Pills are sold everywhere. Get Doan's Kidney Pills now. (Adv.)

### Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes fail in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.

Then you may suffer from backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, weakness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay! Use Doan's Kidney Pills, especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by medical men the country over. Get them from any druggist.

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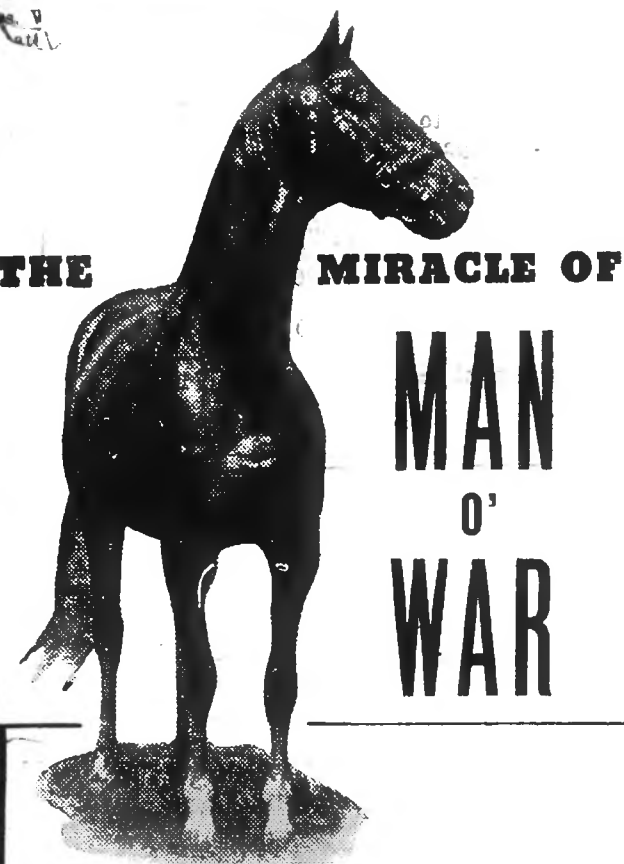
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Back through the ages, Nature began the miracle of Man O' War. Speed from one strain, courage from another, endurance from still another—blended at last into perfect balance in this horse with the natural ability to prove his superior qualities every time he ran. A champion in every respect.

And here's another champion—another of Nature's miracles—Natural Chilean Nitrate. With its natural balance of vital impurities over and above its nitrogen, this natural fertilizer stands out as a champion should, by its everlasting ability to produce. Nature herself blended the vital spark into Natural Chilean. It's there—the natural blend and balance of many elements—the vital impurities. That's why Natural Chilean is the logical nitrogen for your crops.

## Natural CHILEAN NITRATE

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If you own a leaky roof, see us about replacing it with Carey Roofing or Shingles. Our line is complete, so you can choose exactly the right type for the purpose. Not only can we give you the highest quality, but you will pay no more for Carey materials than ordinary roofings will cost elsewhere. Let us bid on your roof needs.

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After more than three months of suffering from a nervous ailment, Miss Glivar used Dr. Miles NERVINE which gave her such splendid results that she wrote as an enthusiastic letter.

If you suffer from "Nerves" if you lie awake nights, start at sudden noises, tire easily, are cranky, blue and fidgety, your nerves are probably out of order.

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FARMERS, rural mail, carriers, tank wagon operators, truck owners and others who must drive on unimproved roads and through mud and snow report Ground Grip tires the best investment they ever made. Letter after letter tells how these new tires pull through under conditions that always stopped them before even with chains. The deep bars of tough rubber give the greatest traction ever known and they are scientifically placed so that the tread is self-cleaning. If you need extra traction you will find Ground Grip tires the best investment you ever made. Come in today and equip your car or truck.



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