

BRENTWOOD

by Grace Livingston Hill



SIXTH INSTALLMENT

"I'll carry you," she said brightly, struggling with the frantic child. "There! There, you're cold. See, I'll tuck you inside this nice kitty-coat!"

She unbuttoned her coat and put him within its folds.

It wasn't an easy trip, that, but Marjorie was very determined when she started a thing, and at last, breathless and aching in every muscle, she arrived at the house, a little behind Ted and his burden.

By the time Ted arrived with the hand cart the sisters had Bonnie established on a hard little bed on the floor in the kitchen.

"What has Ted been after, anyway?" Betty suddenly asked.

"I told him to bring that first and then go get a truck and bring all the rest of the things."

"Oh!" said Betty breathless with relief. "Oh! Won't that be wonderful! But—what a lot we'll owe you!"

Then they heard the front door open and heavy footsteps tramping in, and the girls flew to caution Ted, and set But to watch the door.

"I found Bill hanging round with nothing to do, so we brought everything," explained Ted in a low mumble to Marjorie.

"It proved a bit hard to subdue Bill's voice and step, but Betty was vigilant, and Bud was delighted with his office of door-keeper, and it didn't take long after all to marshal in the poor bits of household comfort that had gone out one by one to supply necessities. When the door shut at last on Bill, and they heard his truck drive away, the brothers and sisters looked at one another in the garish light of a single stark electric bulb swinging from a lone wire in the parlor ceiling and drew breaths of relief. Suddenly Betty dropped down in a big shabby faded chair, buried her face in her hands, her weary, slender young shoulders shaking with the sobs she would not allow to become audible.

Marjorie was by her side instantly, her arms about her.

"There, dear! Don't cry. Poor dear! You're so tired, aren't you? But listen! We're going to have a nice supper now and a good time getting things to rights. Come, cheer up!"

Betty raised tearstained eyes and began to laugh softly, hysterically.

"I'm—only crying—because it's so wonderful—to see our old things back again!" she gurgled.

Marjorie smiled.

"Well, it does seem more home-like, doesn't it? My! That couch looks good to me. I'm going to try it after a while, but now I'm going to take Bonnie's temperature again and see whether we need the doctor."

But while she was taking the temperature, the doctor arrived.

"I've had a call out into the country," he explained as Betty opened the door for him, "and I might have to be gone all night. I thought I'd better just step in and see how the patients are before I leave. I want to make sure your mother's lungs are not involved before I go so far away!"

Betty went with him upstairs.

"All going well above stairs," he announced cheerfully when he came down. "Mother's breaking into a nice perspiration, and her lungs are clear so far. I don't expect her fever to go up tonight at all."

He glanced down at Marjorie.

"You're the sister, aren't you? You two are very much alike. Well, I think you can be easy in your mind. Anyhow I'll be back in the morning."

"But we have another patient in here," said Marjorie. "I think you'd better look at her before you go. I've done all I know how to do but her temperature seems to be going up in spite of it."

She led the way to the porch.

"I don't anticipate anything serious," said the doctor with a smile toward Betty, and another at Marjorie. It's her stomach, of course. Children will eat all sorts of things, you know. It looks like a light case of ptomaine, but I think she'll come out all right. Don't you worry," he added comfortingly, "everybody's going to be all right. They'll all be decidedly better in the morning, I'm sure."

Betty looked up and met his eyes wistfully, and Marjorie watching saw the glance, and thought what nice eyes the doctor had. Nice brown eyes.

Dinner was ready in a surprisingly short time, and the starved young appetites were ready too.

Marjorie went out to the kitchen to get Bud his glass of milk, while Ted attacked the big beef-steak with the carving knife which had just been recovered from the pawn shop.

"It's almost too pretty to cut, isn't it?" he said. And then he heard a step behind him. They all turned and there stood their father staring at them all in wonder, and sniffing the air.

"I smelled something so heavenly," he said, and he smiled a tired little smile that made him look like Bud. "Where did you get the meat, Ted?" he asked, his eyes resting on the laden table. "It appears you are having a feast."

"Sit down, Dad," said Ted laying down the knife and springing to draw up a chair for his father. "You aren't fit to stand up."

"Oh, I'm all right," he said, passing a hand over his forehead. "I thought I'd go out and see if I could get an evening's work. It might bring in a few cents and help to buy another bag of coal."

"My eye, you will!" said Ted. "You sit down and eat your dinner, that is, if you feel able to sit up."

The father sank back in the chair under Ted's powerful young handling, and looked about dazed.

"But you haven't told me yet where you got all this dinner?"

"Father, I'd better tell you right off quick. It's all in the family. You don't need to be troubled. My twin sister has come and she got all these things!"

The father looked up with great startled eyes, and turned perfectly white.

"Your sister has come? What do you mean, Elizabeth? Do you mean the little sister who was adopted? Do you mean that she has come and gone and your mother and I did not see her?"

"No, Oh no, Father," said Betty, half frightened at what her revelation had done to her father. "She hasn't gone. She's right here in the house. Here she comes now!"

Marjorie stood there smiling with a plate of bread in one hand and the glass of milk in the other, looking so at home, and so sweet and domesticated that he had to look twice to be sure she wasn't Betty. And Marjorie met her own father's eyes for the first time in her young life, and loved him at once.

Suddenly she put down on the corner of the table the things she was carrying and went to meet the father who had risen to his feet and was staring at her, went sweetly across the years into his arms and laid her golden head on his shoulder looking up into his face.

"Father, I've come home! Do you mind?" she said shyly.

Hungrily his arms went round her, and his face came down softly and touched hers.

"Do I mind?" he said wonder-

fully. "Do I mind? Oh, my little girl, whom I have never seen before! My other little Betty. Do I mind?"

He touched her forehead with his lips, almost as if he felt she was not real, and then he looked up again, while all the other children sat and looked on in wonder. A sadness had come over that sudden radiance of his face.

"But what a home you have come to, my child! What a home! All the comfort gone!" Then suddenly he looked around and saw the familiar sideboard and chairs and table, and bewilderment came into his eyes.

"Am I dreaming, Ted? Or is all this real?" He turned troubled eyes on his boy.

Ted gave him a sharp look.

"It's all right, Dad, but you won't be long if you don't sit down and eat some of this beef-steak pretty quick, and I mean it."

"But, my son, I cannot eat until I understand."

"All right, tell him, Betts!" said the boy.

"Why, Father, it's just that we have a fair sister with pockets full of money, and she insisted on paying for everything," said Betty.

"Do you mean," asked the father, laying his fork down beside his plate with a look of finality, "that we are feasting on Mrs. Weatherill's money? I could not possibly do that, my dear."

There was such pain and pride in his voice that Marjorie's heart was thrown into a panic. Was pride after all to put an end to her new hopes and plans?

"Father—" she said earnestly, and did not realize how naturally she had called him that. "It isn't her money at all. It is my money. I didn't know whether you wanted me or not, or whether anybody was alive or not, but I had to come and see. I had to find out if there was anybody who really loved me a little bit."

There was the catch of a sob in her voice as she finished, and a mist in her eyes. Even young Bud paused in his chewing for an instant and looked at her sympathetically.

Then the father came out of his sorrowful daze.

"Want you?" he said tenderly. "How we have wanted you! How we have longed for you, and talked about you, and tried not to blame one another, your mother and I, for having let you go!"

"Oh, dear Father!" said Marjorie deeply stirred, and putting

out a hand to lay upon his. "I'm so glad it is not too late for me to try to make up just a little for your suffering!"

He gathered her hand into his and his nervous one clasped it close.

"Does your mother know?" he asked of Betty.

"Not yet, I thought she ought to get a good sleep first before we excited her. Besides there was so much to do to get things going right again," explained Betty.

"Well, this will be meat and drink to your mother," said the father, gazing intently at the new unknown daughter.

When Betty came down to breakfast Marjorie was sitting at the table. She had cut the bread and laid out the eggs and bacon.

"You'd better make the coffee," she said to her sister. "I don't know how without a percolator. I'm afraid I would spoil it."

"We used to have a percolator when we were at Brentwood, but it got broken in the moving," sighed Betty.

"Brentwood? What's Brentwood? Was that where you lived before you came here?"

"Yes," said Betty sadly. "It was swell! It was an old farmhouse that had got caught on the edge of a new suburb when the city grew out there, and it had been fixed up with a great big porch across the front. There was a view out across a valley, looking away from the city, and a little brook in a meadow next to our place. Then the man Dad worked for died, and the firm closed up, and here we are!"

Betty's tone was almost hopeless as she finished. Then after a minute she went on again.

"Can you blame Mother for getting sick and going all to pieces?"

Then the father's voice was heard calling:

"Betty!"

Betty turned and flew up the stairs. In a moment she was down again, her eyes full of excitement.

"Father's told Mother, and she wants you to come right up!"

Marjorie turned on her eager sister and kissed her.

"Don't worry," she said softly, "it's all going to come right."

Then she hurried off upstairs.

Afterward Marjorie couldn't quite remember everything that happened, or what they all said. It was just a memory of being folded in tender frail arms, gentle hands upon her head, the soft lips in all the world upon her own, kisses on her lips and forehead and eyes. A voice saying softly:

"My little, little baby. My lost darling!"

When she came downstairs at last she had a look upon her as if she had been crowned.

The girls sat down in the kitchen for a minute.

"You'll want to fix Mother's room before the doctor comes.

Arey Explains That Pastures Need Feed

Too many North Carolina farmers look upon their permanent pastures as "poverty row," says John A. Arey, dairy specialist of the State College Extension Service. The old feeling, that when land gets too poor to grow profitable crops, it is still suitable for pasture is yet too prevalent in state for the good of many cows, he added.

Poor, washed land will not make pasture unless it is rebuilt. Most of such land should be planted to forest trees. Not much is expected of a cotton or tobacco crop which is not fertilized, yet the plant residue on slowly grazed pasture is more completely removed than is the case with either cotton or tobacco.

Arey recommends that a light application of stable manure be applied early this month to old pastures which have become thin. On farms where manure is not available, an application of about 300 pounds of a high test fertilizer per acre will give good results.

On the more fertile soils, a complete fertilizer will not be needed because the object there is to stimulate the growth of legume plants, such as the clovers and lespedeza. All that is needed for this purpose is an application of phosphate and lime, such as ground limestone and superphosphate or basic slag. The latter contains both elements.

One to two thousand pounds of ground limestone and about 300 pounds of superphosphate, or 400 to 500 pounds of basic slag, per acre will do the work. This material should be applied just as soon as the soil gets dry enough to work. It can be broadcast and worked in with a drag harrow, or better still applied with a drill.

State College Answers Timely Farm Question

Question: When should rose plants be pruned and treated for insect and disease?

Answer: Prune the plants early in the spring before growth starts and then spray the bushes with dormant strength lime-sulphur. This can be made by using one gallon of commercial lime-sulphur to seven gallons of water or one pound of dry lime sulphur to four gallons of water. As soon as the first leaves open, dust the plants with a good grade of dusting sulphur and repeat at weekly intervals throughout the season. For sucking insects, 12 ounces of forty per cent nicotine sulphate solution should be mixed with two pounds of hydrated lime and eight pounds of dusting sulphur. Where chewing insects are present, arsenate of lead should be included in the dust.

HOGS AND CHICKENS

Columbus farmers sold 15,941 pounds of poultry for \$2,383.17 cash at the car door and 77 other farmers shipped 66,210 pounds of fat hogs for \$5,005.89 as a boost to the farm income of the county last week. The sales were arranged cooperatively by the county agent's office.

A special reservoir on Yerba Buena Island, 260 feet higher than Treasure Island, contains 3,000,000 gallons of water for use at the California World's Fair.



Over-indulgence in food, drink, or tobacco frequently brings on an over-acid condition in the stomach, Gas on Stomach, Headache, Sour Stomach, Colic, Fatigue, Muscular, Rheumatic or Sciatic Pains.

To get rid of the discomfort and correct the acid condition, take

ALKA-SELTZER

Alka-Seltzer contains Acetyl-Salicylate (an analgesic) in combination with vegetable and mineral alkalis.



At your drug store, at the soda fountain, and in 30¢ and 60¢ packages for home use.

BE WISE-ALKALIZE

NOTICE!

Fruit Growers, Truckers, Gardeners, General Crop Farmers!

We have just received a car of the

NEW FERTILIZER

IN THE GRANULATED FORM

No Dust . . . No Waste . . . Clean and Pleasant to Handle

Pomo Food—10-6-4 For Fruit, Truck and Gardens

Davco—4-8-7 . . . For Potatoes

2-12-6, 2-12-4 and 0-14-6 Corn, Oats & Gen. Crops

No Adulteration or Filler Used. Try this NEW FERTILIZER and see the difference!

C. A. Lowe & Sons

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—and do not act as Nature intended—fall to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Nerves NERVES Nerves

Dr. Miles' NERVINE

"Did the word" says Miss Oliver

WHY DOES YOUR FEET IT?

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

If you suffer from "Nerves," if you are cross, nervous, start at sudden noises, are easily, are cross, blue and listless, your nerves are probably out of order.

Quiet and relax them with the same medicine that "did the work" for this Colorado girl.

Whether your "Nerves" have troubled you for hours or for years, you'll find this wonderful remedy effective.

As Drug Stores 25c and \$1.00

DR. MILES' NERVINE

CHEVROLET

The only low-priced car combining "All That's Best at Lowest Cost"

You can pay more—but you can't get more quality!

Chevrolet brings you the outstanding quality features of the day—including Exclusive Vacuum Gearshift, Body by Fisher, Perfected Knee-Action Riding System*—at the lowest cost for purchase price, gas, oil and upkeep! Drive this car—be more comfortable physically—and be more comfortable mentally, too—because of the big savings! Don't be satisfied with anything but the best—BUY A CHEVROLET!

SEE YOUR LOCAL CHEVROLET DEALER

GADDY MOTOR CO.

TENTH STREET TELEPHONE 112 NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

The Best in MODERN FISHER BEAUTY
New Bodies by Fisher
New Aero-Stream Styling
New Custom-Tailored Interiors

The Best in MODERN VALVE-IN-HEAD PERFORMANCE
Out-Accelerates its field
Out-Climbs its field
Out-Lasts its field

The Best in MODERN COMFORT FEATURES
Exclusive Vacuum Gearshift
Perfected Knee-Action Riding System*
Tiptoe-Matic Clutch

The Best in MODERN SAFETY FEATURES
New Observation Car Visibility
Perfected Hydraulic Brakes
Safety Plates Glass All Around

ALL CHEVROLET PRICES ARE MUCH LOWER!

*Available on Motor. Do Lux models only.