

PEACOCK FEATHERS

By Temple Bailey

CHAPTER 39
SO WE CAME to our home at night. My imagination had seen it as we swept up to the door—the light streaming out; within a leaping fire, a groaning board, eager hands to help us:

My lawyer had told me that there were a half dozen laborers on the place, and the superintendent, Hayes, and his wife.

As we stopped in front of the house, I was clutched by a chill sense of impending disaster. The only illumination was a faint glimmer through a small, square pane. The driver honked, a door opened, and a dark form emerged.

"Is that you, Chandler?" a voice demanded.

Resenting merely the familiarity of the address, I answered "Yes."

"The man came forward. 'I'm Hayes, the superintendent.' I shook hands with him and presented him to Mimi.

"Glad to see you," he said. "My wife wants to know if your driver's going to stay to supper?"

"No, he has to get back." I helped Mimi out. Her ungloved hand as I touched it was cold. She had not spoken. The men behind us were busy with the bags. Together we crossed the little porch and went through the open door.

The room which we entered was utterly without charm. There was no fireplace. A great high-shouldered black stove gave out waves of heat which were grateful after the chill of the mountain air, but there was no glowing welcome of flames—only a sickly flicker of yellow and blue through the mica squares.

The furniture was expensive but hideous—golden oak and mahogany. The lamp on the table had a painted china shade. The pictures on the walls were colored photographs. Their flamboyant tints and blues brought a rushing memory of the little blonde who had dined with Uncle Jerry at the Washington restaurant.

At the far end of the room a long dining table was set for two. Above it hung a lamp with a chain mechanism by which it could be raised or lowered. A plump woman in a checked gingham dress was setting a huge platter on the table. She wiped her hands on her apron and came forward.

"I am Mrs. Hayes," she said. "I told Hayes I'd better get your supper. I thought Mrs. Chandler would be too tired to do anything herself."

My voice seemed to come from far off. "Where is the cook?"

"There ain't been any hired girl since your Uncle Jerry left. They're hard to get. He had some Indian help. The men about the place cook for themselves, and I look after Hayes."

Again that far-off voice which was mine. "This is Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Hayes. If you will show her to her room she can get ready for supper."

Without a glance at me, Mimi followed her. And I stood in that dreadful place, stunned by the impact of realities.

The men brought in the bags. Mrs. Hayes came back. The food was steaming on the table. "You'd

better hurry or things will get cold," the good woman warned me.

"I'll call Mrs. Chandler," I found it hard to speak. I went towards the room into which Mimi had disappeared. The door was open. As I entered, I saw that there was a room beyond. The effect of both of the bedrooms was quiet and comfortable. The furniture was walnut and the covers on the dressers and tables were snowy white. In the second room Mimi was unpacking feverishly, the bag which Mr. Hayes had brought.

I stood on the threshold. "Mimi," I said, and my tongue seemed thick. "supper is ready, my dear."

She turned and faced me, and I saw then that the radiance which had been hers, was gone. "I am not dressed, Jerry," she said.

"You needn't dress, my darling." "Why not? I've always dressed for dinner, Jerry. Do you think I'm going to give it up?" her voice was tense; "do you think I am going to give it up . . . just because I am married? Just because you have dared to begin our married life with a . . . lie . . . ?"

"Mimi," I implored, "it isn't my fault. Uncle Jerry told me it was wonderful."

"I know what he told. But you had no right to bring me here until you knew the truth. If I had dreamed I would find this—the wave of her hands seemed to include the room in which we stood and the dreadfulness beyond, "do you think I would have come?"

She turned from me and began to lay out her things on the dresser—the crystal bottles and the silver brushes—"You'd better get ready, too, Jerry," she said in a cool little voice. "Your bags are in the other room."

I don't know what my superintendent and his wife thought of us when we finally appeared. Mimi with her bare neck and bare arms, her wisp of train, and the glittering comb in her russet hair. I, miserable in my dinner jacket, drew out a chair for her. "We are sorry to be late," I said, "but we had to freshen up a bit."

Mimi, too, apologized. "It is too bad you had to cook our dinner, Mrs. Hayes. We would have brought someone with us if we had known."

"You might bring 'em, but they won't stay," said Mrs. Hayes, pessimistically. "The Indian women weren't so bad. But you can't get 'em any more for housework. The old ones are too old, and the young ones don't like it."

She had kept the food hot in the kitchen, and again brought in the big platters. I was hungry and the fried beefsteak and hot biscuits, the stewed cherries and excellent coffee had the effect of a feast to me.

But Mimi ate little. She simply sat there, an incongruous, exotic figure. "Your coffee is delicious," she told Mrs. Hayes, "but I really don't want anything else."

Mrs. Hayes, who had promised to be garrulous on first acquaintance, seemed tongue-tied. She and her husband stole glances at Mimi, as they came back and forth on various errands, he to put wood in the stove—to build up the fires in the bedrooms; she, with trays of hot biscuits. When supper was over I found that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes expected to be sociable, so we all sat around the high-should-

ered stove, and Hayes and I smoked and talked of the ranch matters, while Mimi and Mrs. Hayes discussed, as I learned afterwards, domestic affairs.

At last our guests rose. "I told Mrs. Chandler to leave the dishes, and my daughter, Dora, will come over in the morning. I'd come, but it is baking day and I bake all my own bread. I'm going to send a few loaves to you. Dora ain't much of a cook—but she can help with the hard work. And Mrs. Chandler don't look strong."

"I am strong enough," Mimi said, "but I am not very experienced." She was smiling, and a faint hope warmed my heart.

At last we were alone. I came back from seeing the friendly couple to the door and found Mimi standing in front of the high-shouldered stove. I put my arms around her. She shivered, but did not draw away. "My dearest," I said, "I am sorry . . . But we've got to make the best of it . . ."

She gave me a little push and stood back. "If you hadn't said that, Jerry, I—I might have forgiven you. But there isn't any best to make of it. If you had said, 'Mimi, it is horrible. Tomorrow we'll run away.' But tomorrow you expect me to . . . talk to that awful Mrs. Hayes . . . and her daughter . . . I've never seen such people—Jerry. And they thought I should go mad. One can't be ungracious in one's own house. But . . . but you might have gotten rid of them. You might have told them I was tired. And—I don't want to make the best of it, Jerry. There isn't any best."

"My dear," I said, "it is our home. And we are married."

She flung out her hands. "Oh, wouldn't Mother grow over me—and Olga—and Andy?"

I dropped my hands heavily on her shoulders. "Do you think," I asked sternly, "that I care what your mother thinks, or Olga, or Andy, or anybody else in the whole wide world but yourself? I would rather have died than have had this happen. But it has happened. Mimi, this is our first night in our new home . . . are you going to shut your heart against me . . . ?"

For a moment she wavered, then she said, "I can't talk about it. I only know that if we go on arguing I shall say things that hurt you . . . and I am . . . tired. Perhaps, in the morning, Jerry . . . I can think better."

And so she left me, without a tender word, without a kiss. And I sat by the high-shouldered black stove and thought of the wide heart of my dreams. I thought of Mimi, as my fancy had painted her, the mistress of my castle; I thought of the simple grace which my father had always said and with which I had hoped to bless the food served at our own table.

And now my dreams were shattered; my hopes were dead. If Mimi's love had not survived this shock, it was not love as I knew it. In this lay the heartbreak. What cared I if the furniture was frightful, the pictures a blot on the walls, the high-shouldered stove a travesty on the leaping flames of my imagining. If Mimi had loved me, we could have laughed at it all, have surmounted all obstacles, have found bliss even against such a background.

(To Be Continued)

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By Temple Bailey

CHAPTER 40

I TOLD MYSELF that I had seen people happy in surroundings as primitive as ours; there were compensations in austere living; that my father and mother had been content on their little farm. I forgot, you see, that I had not been content; that I had asked for something more than ideals and aspirations. I had wanted luxury, beauty, a life packed to the brim with vivid experience, and I had gone forth to find it.

It was late when at last I rose and went out of doors. The moon was flooding the valley, turning the stream which writhed through it into a silver serpent. The beauty was so intense that I was hurt by it, as if it mocked the ugliness of the things which man had made.

I felt that if Mimi were by my side, lifting her eyes to the hills, there could be between us no barrier of rancor or bitterness. I wanted to call her, but I dared not.

As I stood there, something brushed against me—a cold nose touched my hand. A great dog had come out of the shadows which struck athwart the house. He had been, I learned afterwards, my uncle's pet. He was a collie, and his name was Jason. By some subtle instinct he seemed to know me at once as the new master. He stood panting beside me, his tail waving like a plume.

I was glad to have him there. I had thought before he came that my loneliness was insupportable. The heavens had seemed empty, and the earth—and I a desolate atom in a desert of despair.

Mimi and I ate breakfast the next morning under the amazed eyes of Dora Hayes. In a sort of daze of admiration she set on the table the hot rolls which her mother had sent over, the ham and fried eggs, a great bowl of fresh cherries. She had never, I am sure, seen anyone like Mimi, slim and white in short skirt and sweater, her hair an oriflamme in the morning sun.

Dora's youth was scrawny and freckled and towheaded and badly dressed. Yet, I am convinced she felt no jealousy of Mimi, she gloated over her rather, as a child gloats over some newly discovered treasure.

Mimi played her part, as mistress of the house, pleasantly. She asked if she might have an egg boiled instead of fried, and she ate cherries while she waited.

"The cherries are from our own orchard," I told her.

Her eyes met mine coldly. "Are they?"

"Yes. I picked them. I've been out looking over the place." I tried to speak easily. "It isn't so bad."

Hot color flamed up into her cheeks, but she said nothing. And presently Dora came back with the egg, and Mimi asked her a question or two—whether her mother had really risen so early to bake the bread, and the name of the collie, who stood waving his plumed tail outside of the screen door.

The collie, Dora said, had missed and mourned my uncle. "Mr. Chandler had been traveling before he died, you know, and he didn't live long after he came back here. Mother and I nursed him. And Jason never left him. He goes up the mountain every day and sits a long time by Mr. Chandler's grave, and then he seems to be satisfied. And he al-



"I'm not fitted for this life."

ways stays in this house. We can't let him come to us—we don't try any more . . ."

"Let him in, Jerry," Mimi said, and I rose and unlatched the screen. The big dog, with a flash of his eye for me, went straight up to Mimi and stood by her side, his ears cocked. He seemed to be waiting for her to make the first move in the affair of their friendship.

"Jason?" said Mimi, "I wonder why?"

"Perhaps because of his golden fleece," I ventured.

The big dog still waited. "Jason?" Mimi said again, and this time it was an interrogation, "How much are you going to love me?"

He gave a quick bark as if he understood and answered. It was his pledge of loyalty. He dropped down on the floor by her chair, laid his head on his paws, his bright eyes seeming to weigh us as he watched.

Jason from that day was Mimi's dog in a way he was never mine, although he gave me an unwavering devotion. He became her guardian, the companion of her walks, her protector—there were times when I envied him the hours he spent with her, and from which I was shut out.

He followed us this morning when breakfast was finished, and we went out on the porch. I had said, "Come and look at our farm, Mimi," and she had hesitated. But Dora's eyes were upon us. She was clearing the table with much clattering of dishes.

"You'd better put on your hat, Mrs. Chandler," she volunteered, "you'll get all freckled."

Mimi shook her head, "I love the sun."

Our house stood on the side of the mountain, with the ranch lands on the broad lower level which might, in prehistoric times, have formed the bed of some great

river. The barns were red-painted like the house, the chickens and ducks gave a kaleidoscope effect of many colors at this distance, the pigeons snow-dotted the roofs. There were cows in the pasture, and men and horses in the wide meadows. Towards the west were the cherry orchards, their rounded tops like great bouquets; beyond the orchards a neighboring mountain rose silver-crested against a sapphire sky.

I wanted to say, "God made it," as my father had so often said, when we worshipped beauty. But I lacked the courage to speak my thoughts to Mimi. I had my first sharp sense of a point of divergence in our ideals.

What I said was, "Mimi, doesn't all this make up a bit for the house?"

She did not look at me. "Jerry, nothing can make up. I'm not fitted for this life. I don't know where to begin . . ."

Something seemed to die in me. Through the darkness which had fallen upon me I tried to grope my way back to the words of that radiant ceremony, "For better or for worse . . . for richer . . . for poorer . . ."

Mimi had never meant them. She had said she could not be poor. And I, knowing how she felt, had urged her to perjure herself with a promise.

Well, I wouldn't hold her to it. I spoke with an effort—"I have no right to ask you to stay, Mimi."

She turned on me her startled glance, "What do you mean?"

"I thought it all over last night. The best thing we can do is to go back to St. Louis."

"But we can't go back!" "Why not?"

"Do you think I could face them? No. We'll stick it out somehow. I couldn't bear to have my friends know how I had been—fooled."

(To Be Continued)

NOTICE OF SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION SPECIAL PROCEEDING.

State of North Carolina: County of Vance: Oia Clark Ivey, Petitioner, vs.

Winnie Clark Harris and husband, G. W. Harris; Belle C. Duncan and husband, Luther Duncan; John Holloway and wife, Jennie Buchanan Holloway; S. M. Knott, Mildred Knott, Buck Knott, Robert Ivey, husband of Oia Clark Ivey, Jimmie Holloway, Respondents.

The respondents, Winnie Clark Harris and husband, G. W. Harris, Belle C. Duncan and husband, Luther Duncan, John Holloway and wife, Jennie Buchanan Holloway, Buck Knott, Jimmie Holloway, and Henry T. Powell, Guardian Ad Litem for S. M. Knott and Mildred Knott, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Vance County, North Carolina, to sell lands for partition and

partition; and the respondents will further take notice that they are required to appear at the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County in the Courthouse in Henderson, North Carolina, on the 4th day of January, 1938, and answer or demur to the petition in said action, or the petitioner will apply to the Court for a relief demanded.

This the 3rd day of December, 1937. E. O. FALKNER, Vance Clerk of The Superior Court.

J. P. Wyche, attorney Petitioner.

Having qualified as executor of the estate of Mrs. Ida Clark, deceased, of Vance County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned or his Attorney at Henderson, N. C., on or before the 13th day of November, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 19th day of November, 1937. JIMMIE HOLLOWAY, Executor of the Estate of Mrs. Ida Clark.

B. P. Wyche, Attorney.

NOTICE

North Carolina: Vance County: Helen Burrows Gentry, Plaintiff, vs.

Robert Henry Gentry, Defendant.

The defendant, Robert Henry Gentry, will take notice: That an action entitled as above, has been commenced in the Superior Court of Vance County, North Carolina, for the purpose of securing an absolute divorce upon the grounds of separation and the said defendant will further take notice, that he is required to appear at the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County in the Courthouse in Henderson, N. C., on the 3rd day of January, 1938, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This 3rd day of December, 1937. E. O. FALKNER, C. S. C. Vance County.

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in a Deed of Trust executed by W. E. Walker and wife, Virginia P. Walker, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Vance County, in Book 21 at page 516, default having been made in the payment of the debt therein secured, at the request of the holder of the note, I shall sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Courthouse door in Henderson, N. C., at twelve o'clock, Noon, on Friday, January 21, 1938, the following described real estate:

TRACT ONE: Begin at a stake on the South side of the Townsville-Clarksville road, Burwell corner, and run thence along said road, South 89 degrees 66 minutes West 25 chs. to corner of Larcena Stark dower; thence along her line S 5 deg. 30 min. West 117 chs.; thence West 29.56 chains; the edge of mill pond; thence along the meanders of said pond in a northerly direction 26 chs., more or less, to double sycamore, dower corner; thence and continuing on road, South 74 1-2 deg. East 13.13 chains to corner on road; thence N 42 deg. 45 minutes E 5.5 chains; thence N 51 deg. 15 min. W 16 1-2 chains; thence S 39 3-4 deg. W 5.5 chains; thence N 60 3-4 deg. W 1.3 chains to a creek; thence down the said creek in a northerly direction 9.4 chains; thence S 39 deg. 15 min. W 11.5 chs.; thence S 85 deg. W 1 chain; thence S 78 1-2 deg. W 4 chains; thence S 79 deg. W 3 chains; thence N 75 deg. W 2.5 chains; thence N 82 deg. W 7.5 chains to Big Island Creek; thence up the said creek in a southwesterly direction 5.95 chains to an ash; thence S 11 deg. W 17.8 chains; thence S 3 deg. W 9.74 chains; thence S 2 deg. 30 min. W 16.35 chains to pile of stones, Peck's corner and center of 234 acre tract of parties of the first part; thence S 87 deg. E 73.30 chains; thence N 30 deg. 30 min. East 4 chs. to Hickory in edge of woods or ravine; thence along the said ravine in a southeasterly direction 1.17 chains; thence N 18 deg. E. 33 chains; thence N 78 deg. W 11.4 chains; thence N 18 deg. E 16 1-4 chains to the place of beginning, containing 379.1 acres more or less.

TRACT TWO: Begin at a rock pile, Peck's corner and corner of foregoing tract and run thence N 86 deg. W 6 1-2 chains to a stone; thence N 20 deg. W 33 1-2 chains to Big Island Creek; thence up said creek as it meanders in a westerly direction 36 chains to horse barn; thence S 40 deg. 30 min. W 29.51 chs.; thence S 86 deg. 45 E 31 chs. to post oak; thence S 30 deg. 15' E 25 1-2 chains; thence S 30 deg. of ravine; thence along said ravine in a southeasterly direction 12.25 chains to stone; thence S 35 deg. E 1.62 chs. to stone; thence N 69 deg. E 19.8 chs. to a gum; thence N 63 1-4 deg. W 14.4 chs.; thence N 18 chs.; 10 chs.; thence N 47 1-4 deg. E 4 chs.; thence N 28 3-4 W 2.87 chs.; thence the point 18 1-2 deg. E 15 1-2 chs. to the place of beginning containing 234 acres more or less. Also all right, title and interest that the said parties of the first part have in and pass of the first part Stark as dower on February 16, 1926, containing 61 acres more or less.

This 18th day of December, 1937. T. P. GHOLSON, Trustee.

Merry Merry Christmas

Our wish is that Christmas may bring Happiness and Prosperity to you and that your house may be their dwelling place the livelong New Year through. Along with these wishes let us also offer our thanks to you for your patronage in the past. We hope that we have served you in such a way that you will find it pleasant and profitable to give us your business in the future.

Turner's Market



Choice young Tennessee mules. One of the best lots we have ever had. Come in now and see them.

C. W. FINCH

Ralph and George Finch, Managers.

YOUR NAME.

By Edgar Guest.

You got it from your father. 'Twas the best he had to give. And right gladly he bestowed it—it is yours the while you live. You may lose the watch he gave you and another you may claim, But remember, when you're tempted to be careful of his name.

It was fair the day you got it and a worthy name to wear: When he took it from his father there was no dishonor there; Through the years he proudly wore it, to his father he was true, And the name was clean and spotless when he passed it on to you.

Oh, there's much that he has given that he values not at all. He has watched you break your playthings in the days when you were small. And you've lost the knife he gave you and you've scattered many a game, But you'll never hurt your father, if you're careful of his name.

It is yours to wear forever; yours to wear the while you live; Yours, perhaps, some distant morning to another boy to give; And you'll smile, as did your father smile, to love the baby there. If a clean name and a good name you are giving him to wear. —Selected.

NOTICE

Pursuant to authority conferred in that certain judgment of Superior Court of Vance County, in proceeding entitled, Lee Bullock vs. Edward S. Bullock, the undersigned commissioner will offer for sale at mid-day on Monday the 17th. of January 1938, at courthouse door in Vance County, at the highest bidder, for cash, a public outcry, a one-half undivided interest, in the following described real property in Vance County, viz: Begin at a stake and two pointers in old road, Parker Bullock and Burwell corner, and run thence along said road S 50 degrees W 38 poles to stake of H. Burwell corner; thence S 25 degrees W 90 poles to 3 pines in Burwell line; thence S 65 degrees E 104 poles to sourwood and pine; thence S 10 degrees W 151 poles to the beginning, containing 40 acres, more or less.

This 17th December, 1937. D. P. McDUFFEE, Commissioner.

North Carolina WPA Aids Santa Claus



Daily Dispatch Bureau. In the St. Water Hotel.

Raleigh, Dec. 23.—These toys were not made in Japan, Germany or in any other foreign country; nor are they displayed or for sale in any stores.

North Carolina's Works Progress Administration has played assistant to Santa Claus and has created these and thousands of others in sewing rooms and furniture repair shops from scraps, leftovers, odds and ends, broken toys. All over the state all year, WPA has planned a merry Christmas, indeed, for thousands of underprivileged children whom "Santa" otherwise might have forgotten.

Usually WPA officials give the value of a completed project, but "Toy making hasn't been a WPA project in the official and technical sense of the world," explained State Administrator George W. Coan, Jr. "We have not appropriated funds for the enterprise. Scraps and time between regular activities have been utilized. I do not know the intrinsic value of these thousands of dolls and toys. It can be estimated by asking the question, 'What is the value of a toy to a child who hasn't one?'"

Many of the toys will go to children of the parents who made them, WPA sewing rooms have also made, for

children of relief families having no funds for Christmas, warm garments, jackets, caps, coats, rompers for little tots, dresses for little girls and pants for boys.

NYA workers have lent most of their efforts in contributing to the happiness of the season by reconditioning discarded toys. They are being distributed by various civic and welfare agencies throughout the state.

Thank heaven for that news item which predicts the current style of women's hats will soon pass. We've exhausted the supply of jokes we've been able to think up about them.