

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."

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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 oriflammé 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. 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."



"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 worshiped 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 vision; 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.

NOTICE 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 24 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 Townesville-Clarksville road, Burwell corner, and run thence along said road, South 89 degrees 66 minutes West 28 chs. to corner of Larocina Stark downer; thence along her line S 5 deg. 30 min. West 17 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, downer 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 13 chains to a creek; thence down the said creek in a northerly direction 9 1-2 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 29 deg. E 15 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 25.51 chs.; thence S 86 deg. 45 E 31 chs. to post oak; thence S 50 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 estate of the first part have in and pass of the first part Stark as downer 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. MULES Sold Carload Just Received. Choice young Tennessee mules. One of the best lots we have ever had. Come in now and see them. Prices Are Right. 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 way 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, or 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 "To make making isn'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.