

**SHINING PALACE**  
 BY **CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER**  
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**WAC SERVICE**

**THE STORY**

**CHAPTER I**—James Lambert tries in vain to dissuade his beautiful foster-daughter, Leonora, from marrying Don Mason, young "rolling stone," whom he likes but of whom he disapproves according to his conventional business-man standards. He tells her, "Unless a house is founded upon a rock, it will not survive." Leonora suspects the influence of her half-brother, Ned, always jealous of the girl since the day his father brought her home from the deathbed of her mother, abandoned by her Italian baritone lover. Don arrives in the midst of the argument, and Lambert realizes the frank understanding between the two.

**CHAPTER II**—Sitting up late into the night, Lambert reviews the whole story of Nora as a child, at boarding school, studying music abroad, meeting Don on the return trip. In the morning he delivers his ultimatum, to give Don a job with Ned for a year's showdown. When Nora suggests the possibility of running away with Don, Lambert threatens disinheritance. Don agrees to the job, but before a month is over, his nerves are jumpy, he cannot sleep at night, he is too tired to go out much with Nora, and admits to her that he feels stifled. Nora soothes him with her music. He falls asleep and his face is more peaceful than it has been in many weeks.

**CHAPTER III**—Nora grows quieter, and broods over Don, complains to her father of Ned's spying on him, and decides that rather than see Don's spirit broken, she will run away. She urges her father to put an end to the futile experiment. James Lambert is obdurate and angry. Lambert tells her that if Don quits she will quit with him; that he will be through with her. He adds that if she tires of her bargain it will be useless to come to him for help.

**CHAPTER IV**—With the coming of spring, Don is full of unrest and wanderlust, and takes long walks at night. One evening a poor girl speaks to him, and in his pity for her, he gives her money. A car passes at that moment, flashes headlights and moves on. A terrific heat wave ushers in the summer, and Nora refuses to go to the country with her father. Ned, meanwhile, insinuates to his father about Don's evenings away from Nora, but Lambert refuses to listen. Meanwhile, Don broods over the undermining of his morale.

**CHAPTER V**—At the height of the heat wave, when Don is finding everything insupportable, Ned speaks of having the goods on him, having seen him give a girl money. When Ned scoffs at the true story of the episode, Don knocks him down, and is through. He calls Nora, who insists on running away with him to get married, realizing it is her job to restore Don's faith in himself. Her good-bye to her father is met with complete silence.

No hardships or inconveniences are ever so hard and inconvenient to man, as they are to woman. In that moment Nora grasped this first lesson she was to learn of marriage, and was forever thankful that no word of hers had cast a shadow on Don's happiness.

For things were not so bad as she had feared. Slipping into a paint-stained smock discovered in a closet, Don declared cheerfully that when all else failed he could always earn their living as a houseman. It was amazing how rapidly he did away with all that dust. And what seemed stranger still to the bewildered bride, he appeared to derive pleasure from the performance! The revolting cobwebs vanished as if by magic while Nora was hunting through her luggage for some costume suited to the task in hand.

"But I didn't realize the crying need of aprons in the life of a married woman," she admitted with chagrin. "Where are the towels, Don? Perhaps I can do my share in I pin one 'round me. I mustn't spoil my wedding gown, you know." "I'll say you mustn't!" Don swung down from a step-ladder to embrace his Nora with all the ardor of a brand new husband.

"When you say 'wedding gown,' woman, it sends a delicious shiver up my spine. And don't you worry about the lack of aprons. Jim Perkins' general store up at the Port supplies every need in the life of a modern housewife from bathing suits to vanity cases. The towels are, or were anyhow, in a bureau drawer; but this filthy job is mine alone, Mrs. Mason. Look here!" (with a glance from the west window) "I believe the deluge is over. It won't surprise me if we get a bully sunset!"

They did; and this auspicious ending to the day cheered Nora immeasurably, giving her a bit of

needed courage.

The sun broke through the clouds at last, and with its cheerful rays streaming in at the open casement, the oil stove seemed less dismaying—the lack of running water something that could be endured—for a time, at least! After all, nothing mattered except this chance to help Don back to his normal, sunny self, thought Nora—nothing, perhaps, save the parting with her father.

The sadness of that parting still hovered near, when after a supper of bread and milk ("The first bread and milk supper I've had since I was six years old!" admitted Nora) they tramped a half mile up the beach, and from a sand dune saw a full moon rise out of the sea. Sitting there quietly, watching that ever widening path of gold, hearing the soft, low murmur of breaking waves, Don felt that his cup of joy was running over. He said, drawing the girl closer: "Happy, beloved?"

"Happy," said Nora. He turned to search her face in the growing brightness, conscious of a reservation in the answer; and, loving her greatly, Don understood. "Try to forget your father for a little while," he told her. "For you to worry won't help him now, Nora; and—and it hurts you."

The fingers clasping his own tightened a little.

"But he's suffering, Don. It would be cruel if I forgot that altogether. I wonder—"

"Yes?" he urged after a silence. "Would you mind if—I wrote to him once in a while, dear?"

"Why should I mind, Nora?"

"But he's unjust to you, Don. Terribly, terribly unjust. I couldn't have you feel that I wasn't loyal."

"Oh, my dear! Haven't you given me proof of your loyalty? Write to your father of course, if it will make you happier. Who am I to deny him the comfort of your letters? He's got only the shadow—poor man!—while I have the substance! Yes, write, even if you receive no answers. He's angry now; but he'll treasure those letters just the same."

Not for years was Don to know how true a prophecy that was.

Nora wrote next day, wrote as she might have a year before, ignoring utterly their tragic parting.

"Dad dear, we're here on the coast of Maine, occupying a studio (it goes by the classy name of 'shack!') that belongs to a friend of Don's, Carl Venable, whose work you think so wonderful. It's a darling place, right on the dunes with the broad Atlantic for a front yard, and a glimpse of pine covered hills behind us. I'm out on the tiny porch (just big enough to hold a bridal couple, Dad!) breathing in huge lungfuls of cool, salt air, and hoping you're not suffocating in the city. And from the delicious odor issuing from within, I judge that the fish chowder my husband (!) has promised me for dinner, is in the making. It's a relief to find him a good cook, Father. Otherwise we might suffer from starvation or indigestion or something. Why in the world didn't you send me to cooking school instead of college?"

She covered six pages with cheerful nothings, and ended as she had ended all her letters to him since childhood: "I love you heaps, Daddy, your Nora." Nor did she omit the three black crosses below her name. They signified kisses. She had never forgotten them, even in the busy days at college or when touring Europe. The girl knew, though he had never told her in so many words, that her father would feel cheated if those crosses (first appearing in her letters when she was only seven and James away on business) were omitted.

Nora mailed the letter that afternoon when they went to the Port in search of a kitchen apron.

"Do you think he'll answer it?" she questioned, hope in her voice; and Don, who had been wondering the same thing, thought savagely: "He's a beast if he doesn't!" though all he said was: "I wouldn't expect too much of him—at first, Nora."

James Lambert did not answer that letter; but one afternoon some ten days later when they turned away from the post office, empty handed as usual, Jim Perkins, who ran not only the general store but the express office, hailed them joyfully:

"Hi there, Mr. Mason! Your wife's baggage come in on the mornin' train. Want I should carry it down to the shack right now?"

Puzzled, they crossed the street and entered the small frame building which served the American Express. What, Nora was thinking, could that man mean? Then her eyes fell on the familiar steamer trunks that had accompanied her all over Europe. Beside them, neatly tagged with her new name, stood a wardrobe trunk that she had never seen before—a handsome one. Her heart quickened when she saw that the tags were addressed in the neat, clear script of a generation that knew no typewriters—her father's penmanship.

"He—he has sent my things," she said to Don, her voice unsteady. "I see," Don murmured; then to the expressman: "We're on our way home now, Jim. Send 'em along." "You can ride on the truck, both o' you, just as well as not," offered the man cheerfully. "That is," he added with a twinkle, "if the lady's not too proud!"

"She's not," Nora assured him, and managed a light laugh, while the man shouted to some invisible person in the rear: "Back the truck right up to the platform, Iry, and cart these trunks down to Mr. Venable's old shack. And get a move on!" The trunks were locked. "Which means," said Don, when they made the discovery, "that the keys are coming along by mail. I really didn't expect your father'd write, Nora, but perhaps he will."

"Oh, if he only would!" she answered; but her hope was vain. The next mail brought a registered package containing trunk keys. Nothing more. Nora, who had been opening the small box with eager fingers, flushed hotly in disappointment; and Don laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder. "Buck up, dear. Some day he'll understand."

"I think," she said a moment later as she fitted a small brass key into its lock, "I think he just wanted to get rid of everything—everything that reminded him of—of me, Don."

"And it's quite as likely," observed her husband with characteristic fairness, "that he knew these things would help if we were hard up. He loves you, Nora. Never forget that."

Nora arose and put her arms around him.

"Oh, Don!" she cried. "If I could only be sure!"

James Lambert had sent his daughter's entire wardrobe.

"Everything from my beautiful seal coat to the gold mesh bag he gave me Christmas."

Nora spoke from the floor while she, extricated this costly trinket from the toe of a smart tan overshoe. She smiled a little.

"Dad must have packed this stuff himself, Don. Martha would never have put that gold mesh bag in such a place. Why, how queer this is! I . . ."

Her voice faded curiously into silence, and Don turned from preparing lunch to join her.

"What's queer?" he questioned. Nora looked up, a puzzled expression clouding her eyes.

"There's money here—here in this bag, I mean. I never carried money in it, Don—that is, not more than a dollar or so for an emergency. But this looks . . ."

Don knelt beside her, taking a roll of bills from its golden hiding place.

"It—it's a thousand dollars!" he said after a moment, awe in his voice. "It's ten one-hundred-dollar bills, Nora! Are you sure, absolutely, that you didn't leave it here?"

She laughed unsteadily.

"Of course I'm sure! Do you imagine that I went 'round carrying a thousand dollars—especially in a mesh bag for anyone to see? Even I wasn't as careless of money as all that! Dad must have put it there when he packed these things, Don. Oh, it was dear of him! How—how can anybody be so dear, and yet so hard? He bothered to pack my clothes himself. I know he did. And he sent everything—everything except my silver slippers. I wonder—" (she glanced up wistfully) "I wonder why he kept the slippers, Don."

"Is it so hard to guess, darling?" Don answered; and then, perhaps because she had been fighting them courageously for days, Nora's tears came.

(Continued Next Week)

**666**

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**NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY**

Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in a certain Deed of Trust from Frank I. Bailey to A. R. House, Trustee, which deed of trust is recorded in Book 755, Page 103, Wake County Registry, and default having been made in the payment of the note secured thereby, and upon request of the holder of the note, the undersigned Trustee, will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Courthouse door in the city of Raleigh, Wake County, North Carolina, on Saturday, March 19th, 1938, at twelve o'clock,

M., the following described lands: Beginning at a stake in the corner of lot 6 in Sanford Keith's line, thence with said Keith's line E. 210 feet to a pine, said Keith's and A. D. O'Neal's corner, thence with said O'Neal's line S. 86 3-4 Water Fork Branch; thence down the meanders of said branch, degs. E. 490 feet to a poplar on about 960 feet to a stake, corner of lot 1 in line of lots 4 and 5; thence W. 957 feet to the beginning, containing 15 acres, being the same with line of lots 4 and 5 N. 16 1-2 however, more or less. Being the same lands conveyed to the party of the first part by L. A. Ray and wife, Carrie Ray, by a deed of date Jan. 2nd, 1926, and recorded in Book 712, page 58, Wake County Registry. Reference to which deed is hereby made for a more perfect description hereof.

This the 14th day of February, 1938.

A. R. HOUSE, Trustee.

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**Norfolk Southern Railroad**  
 Beginning February 1, 1938

9:30 A. M. Lv. Norfolk	Ar. 4:50 P. M.
11:17 A. M. Lv. Elizabeth City	Ar. 3:02 P. M.
2:06 P. M. Lv. Washington	Ar. 11:50 A. M.
3:07 P. M. Lv. Greenville	Ar. 10:52 A. M.
3:32 P. M. Lv. Farmville	Ar. 10:18 A. M.
4:27 P. M. Lv. Wilson	Ar. 9:25 A. M.
5:26 P. M. Lv. Zebulon	Ar. 8:25 A. M.
5:36 P. M. Lv. Wendell	Ar. 8:15 A. M.
6:20 P. M. Lv. Raleigh	Lv. 7:30 A. M.

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