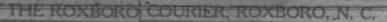
Wednesday, November 27, 1929.



wience, you don't know men. Or She didn't wother to swim beneath ifa, the African seaport where the Al-and know that I mean what I ap." the surface for any appreciable dis-gerian pirates made their headquary can't see but what it still means the "But why want a girl who has only tance.

in't ask not Why does the tide ome in? You beliave in Fate, you've aid so often enough, anyway. Well, source my Fale, Lury, God! I haven't nentioned love o'you, but if I had words to tell you ... The very sight of you drives me crazy; the tones of your voice, the way you sometimes a million milles away-Lucy, I've run around after you like a pet pup, for year, and now 17/

"Now the mongrel bites, eh?" nterjected. "He's only barking now hē

No. I don't think so, He'll be

"Get this into your pretty head and make it stick there," he cried he cried "Where you're concerned I just tee-Most women can, and ho totally don't give a damn! I always They don't tell you so, because you thought that men who went blah were weak. over one particular woman "I won't agree with you." he said kneed soft-head. But I've shanged "But if you can see through me, then my mind. You ... you ... oh. I you must know how much I ... love can't mike if clear, but you you." "That's what offends me." she re-

a cloud always before the, and if I turn my head to look the other way; "Offends? Is love offensive?" "Your kind. From a man like you the cloud is still there. It's you, you all the time, everywhere. If some one speaks to me it's your voice I hear. A girl dances in the theater and it's Lucy Harkness that I'm watching: he oried. "I don't mind it up to a The sun sets over Lake Worth and certain point, but when you indicate it's Lucy Harkness's face I see.

"A magazine, a newspaper super-ment processory of women and they're all photographs of you. Your "Then why, in God's name, come out they to all photographs of you. Your here with tonight?" he cried. "Because when I enter a game I sizes along the road. I tell you, Lucy. blay R. Pity you can't say as much, this is real, this is honest-to-God. I've never told you, never asked you to marry me, but . , you've known. "Yes, I've known, of course," she admitted.

He snatched at her admission. "And you came here tonight-Luc

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

of course it's offensive."

"How do you know I can't?

She isughed contemptuously

lo you know . . . when I play a game don't . . . . play it . . . . all theway?"

that I'm unclean, fifthy-

"You are-'

demanded.

tiny baby."

I didn't enter.

you play my game?"

you know. But

we're playing. The other game

let you leave; not before. New, do

Her eyes were dreamy; her sweet

nouth drooped pensively. "If Fate inteded, yes. But Fate has

that I cannot believe it intends me

any such trick as playing such a game

game

flatly.

Lim."

"Oh, by God! That's carrying 'it i

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off too far! Just a bit too raw, Lucy!

er. "but he will bite." She shook her head.

afraid of the whip."

"Ne can't accuse me of vanity be-"Begrethully f've never regretted cause I state that I can see through anything, Tim. 4 doy. . . whatever I you, Tim. because . it was ordained. Am I able to deflect the course of the have monay."

Then how can I deflect universe? myself? I'm a projectile, Tim, aimed some force at some remote target. "Remote? Maybe not -Perhaps I'm the target, Lucy," he suggested.

She pursed her mouth. "I harilly think so, Tim.

"Why hot?" he demanded. "I'm too good for you," she told him. "Are you, by any chance, joking?

he inquired. "certainly not." "Then you're just being rude?"

"Truthful' is a prettier word." "Too good for me, eh?" he mused Well, good is a strange word. It's capable of a lot of translations. Too ood for me? How about Leeson? Not too good for him?"

"Why harp on him? I'd never, met him until tonight," she said. The Minerava was one of the finest of its kind in Southern waters, boats

and often though she'd seen the craft. Lucy Harkness gave a little nod  $\beta f$ approbation tonight. The polished woodwork reflected, the stars; the cushioned wicker chairs gleamed spotlessly white; the fittings of the small boats shone: the canopy aft looked, in the silver light, as though made of colored damask. And upon the table laid for two the Minerva's steward had expanded not merely time but taste.

"I always like you better when I come aboard the Minerva, Tim," she said.

"So?" His voice was sullen. "I think the Minerva, ro clean and sweet, is your soul-when you were a tiny baby "How long have you been teaching

Sunday-school?" he demanded. She laughed.

"Fair enough! It isn't fair to reproach you about the present condition of your soul, is it, 'Tim? Not while my own is in the condition it is. Well, I won't lecture you or abuse you way more tonight." eager

"As nice as possible. You won the race, didn't you?" "And you didn't really mind my

fouling? You wanted me to win?" he demanded. 'I'm twenty-three, Tim. Old enough to realize that what we want we may

not have: what we get has been deermined geons ago. You've got me. for supper here. I've got you. Well, let's make the best of it." j "It could be a lovely best," he in-

sinuated. She shrugged.

"Maybe, I don't know. Fate hasn't taken me that far into her con-

fidence "Could I show you?" he inquired.

"You mean . . i make love to me?". She shook her head. "Pate has read me no riddles. Tim, but that don't need her assistance. Love can only be made when two engage in the pretty pastime. And I . . . shall never engage in that little game with you."

"With wohnen, you mean? But of why did you come? Was it because curse you mean that. It's the only "It was because, solely, you won the you've race. No other reason. I've never never played it with my kind of wo- shirked an issue, never avoided a man, because my kind don't play with problem. Fate meant me to come here tonight. But I've told you this dozen times. "You're one that's going to," he said.

"I think the Minerva, so clean and sweet, is your soul-when you were

"And don't you think that Fate also means us to care for each other?" "Think so?" She shook her head again. ' "This is Mrs. Clary's game "I've answered that before, Tim, but I'll answer it again. I'd rather be dead than let your hands rest upon me; I'd rather be dead and condemned "You didn't know you'd entered it, he contradicted, "but you have. You're to eternal hell than let you kiss me here, aboard the Minerva. You'll leave Now, is the answer clear?" when I'm damned good and ready to

Later, sheer, stark panic overwhetped her. She was trapped, aught, at what morey this beast, this madman, chose to extend to her And even as she recognized this een so very kind-to me, thus far, fact a knock sounded upon the door. Steven's voice came through the anels. It held a quality of excitenent that she had never noted in his as before. It was almost as though he had been drinking heavily and was fighting hard not to show the effect of the liquor. Yet there had not been time, since she left him, for him to become intoxicated.

ters and from which they sallied forth same thing.



We believe every one should be thankful, for things are never so bad but that they might be worse, but this year we all have much to be thankful for. We are thankful for the prosperity which is with the good people of this-County; for the splendid health which all are enjoying, and for the fact that at no time during the year has pestilence, floods or other disasters visited this splendid section.

And we are especially thankful for the splendid

## you, fin't it?" he jeered. Second Instlalment

"Bure?

"She stared at him, taking no warning from his eagerness. .

"Bes-o-lute, old thing." She straightened up in her chair. "Come on; let's drop nonsense. "I said I'd be as nice na possible. But 'possible' ends at talk of fliriation and long before flirtation begins. Here, what's this?" She leaped to her feet. The Minerva's lines had been cast off, and the propeller, had begun to move. She BWD.Y.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" efaculated Slevens. think you thought I was about to kidnap you. Any objection to a spin down the lake, to give us an appetite for supper?

at all, without offending our hostess, al don't suppose it much matters where we go

"It looked as though you were afraid of me," said Stevens

"Desire must have had to do with what it looked like, then the retorted. "You like women to be alraid of you, don't you, Tim?" "I don't get you," he told her. "The very devil of it is do get me always land true? I see through you at complete-true? I see through you at being feared in that "' instead of being feared you're algitle bit alraid of me;

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Hate-Herself - that's

with you. Tim, I've come out with you. Let's go back."

"Not." he told her. "amtillearned a little more of fate. "Abduction went out with hoop skirts," she saft. "It's come in again," he remarked

semly. She remembered Modane, the Minrva's skipper. A rat-faced man, of inexact ancestry, a touch of the Levan tine in his hooked nose, The men were ordinary sailors, and the domes ran to the low fail and stood poised the staff, so to speak, were Japs. No upon it for a moment. But the help from the latter would be forthstone pier was already twenty feet coming; it was not for them to inter-

fere in the actions of the barbarian who employed them. The white sail-"Any- one would ors were crude, stupid men; and Modane was his master's man. Wariness owned her; this situation abingdly impossible though it might teem later when the narrated it, was

"Well, if we can leave Casa Clary all, without offending our hostess but suppose it much matters where so and anger depended entirely on the ness by her very defense to the suppose it much matters where the suppose of mathematical anger depended entirely on the ness by her very defense to the suppose it much matters where the suppose of mathematical anger depended entirely on the ness by her very defense to the suppose it much matters where the suppose of mathematical anger depended entirely on the ness by her very defense to the suppose it much matters where the suppose of mathematical anger depended entirely on the ness by her very defense to the suppose it is danger depended entirely on the ness by her very defense to the suppose of mathematical anger to the suppose of the legree of madness which possessed stevens

"And it all leads to . . . what?" she

"You'd keep your word. It leads to vour promise to mairy mo. When I carried them through as calmly as they that. Til put you ashere." Though they have the months through the thought over the months. ur promise to marry mo. litholy he?" she asked.

"I won't wait that long," he "said "Maybe, after a ,while, you'll ask me to marry you."

"Isn't this a think too melodramatic Tim? The ruled malden pleads with her despoiler-

The trouble with yok, "Lucy," h

"Lucy, I want to talk to you," he hia

The maddest panic swept over her, billerating sanity. The door was limsy, would give way, despite the fimsy. bolt, at the least onslaught. Tim Stevens had dared plan an abduction and carry it through. He might not go to further lengths, but how could she 

fim Stevens She had never begged of any one in all her life; she would not begin now. Yet she could - not

Panic passed: although her act was mad to the point of suicide, her ac-

tions were cool, deliberate. This was Devil-May-Care, who made her de-claims on instant inipulse, but who

She opened thep ort-hole-really a window-of her cabin, and di leanly into the Gulf Stream, She opened the port-hole-really she went below the gleating waters. It was one of those nights when semi-tropical Pierids is really tropical, and the difference between the

manner and the liberal patronage the farmers of this, and adjoining counties have given us this season. We thank each and every one of you for the many kindnesses in a business way which you have bestowed upon us, and we shall strive even harder in the future to deserve your continued support,

HYC

Varehouse

Yours thankfully,

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