

# HEART'S HERITAGE

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WNU Service.

## THE STORY

**CHAPTER I**—The congress on the Old White Church in Locust Hill turns out in full force to look over the new preacher, Dr. Jonathan Farwell, and there is much speculation among the communicants as to what sort of man he will be. Absent from the service is Cassius Brady, treasurer of the church who had recommended Dr. Farwell for the post after hearing his baccalaureate sermon at the graduation of Dale Farwell, his son, who is a geologist. Brady's daughter Lenora interests Dale, who lives alone with his father.

**CHAPTER II**—Dr. Farwell meets the members of his congregation personally, accepts their tributes, but refuses to be impressed by the banker's family, the Marblestones whose daughter Evelyn obviously sets her cap for Dale. Meanwhile the women of the town are curious about the mystery of the Farwells' womanless household, and Abbie Brown attempts to get beyond the parlor by bringing the men a pan of home-made doughnuts. In the privacy of his room Dale has entrusted a picture of a beautiful woman, inscribed in childish lettering "Elaime."

## CHAPTER III

"You get all the mail today," Dale announced, coming into the kitchen where Doctor Farwell sat at the table pouring himself a cup of coffee. "It looks interesting."

As he spoke, he laid a heavy white envelope near his father's hand. It was addressed in a woman's handwriting, fashionably angular and bold.

The minister tore the letter open, glanced through the contents with an expressionless face, then held it out to his son.

### Dear Doctor Farwell:

Mother has asked me to invite you and your son to our home for Sunday dinner. I have delayed the note purposely, so that you will not have the opportunity to refuse us again. Please do accept. We will find you after morning services. Just a family dinner, of course.

Hastily but sincerely,  
Evelyn Marblestone.

"I've seen her rolling around in a big roadster. Are we accepting?" Dale wanted to know.

"I presume we shall have to," Farwell dismissed the subject by opening the morning paper.

Henry Marblestone's genial expansiveness was in full flower as he waited for his chief guest to receive a subdued chorus of acclaim after the morning service. And with reason. The ushers had been obliged to fill the aisles with chairs and the banker appropriated a share of the credit.

"We've another guest today—a friend of yours," he remarked to Doctor Farwell as the two men, followed by Dale, walked to the church door. "Cash Brady. You met him out West."

"Surely. I did not know that he was in the city." "Back yesterday. Another widower," the banker suggested with his usual freedom. "His wife's in poor health. Off on a little trip with the girl. Great fellow, Cash. Best prospector we've ever had. Keen as they come, close-mouthed as a clam. He's about the only man in Locust Hill I ever tell my business to."

Brady was standing by the Marblestone limousine listening to his hostess and her daughter when the others came up. He stepped forward at once to greet the Farwells and bid them a delay "welcome to the church and community. Then came Dale's turn to be introduced to the occupants of the car.

When Marblestone stowed his guests to his daughter's satisfaction, he took his own place beside the chauffeur and conversed steadily and loudly over one shoulder.

Dinner proved to be a long drawn out affair, served with little attempt at formality. Marblestone carved and orated in generous fashion from the head of the board, demanding frequent confirmation of his many opinions from the older men.

Evelyn, dressed again in green, gave bored attention to the masculine talk occasionally giving Dale a smiling glance from across the table intended to signify that she considered the situation hopeless. That young man found the meal something of an ordeal, marooned as he was between his hostess and Cassius Brady. Dale attempted several times to converse with the lawyer, but his hopes were dashed each time by Marblestone's dislike of losing an auditor. He did discover, however, that Lenora had taken her mother on a brief motor trip that included a stay with relatives. They would be coming home shortly.

At the conclusion of the meal, Marblestone suggested an adjournment to his library on the second floor. Dale was never to know whether the banker considered him mature enough to be included in the

manly session, for Evelyn had plans of her own. "Come on, Dale. Out in the sun room," she suggested, slipping her hand within his arm.

"May I offer you one of these?" Cassius inquired of the minister as they followed their host into a room with a beamed ceiling and a huge fireplace at one end. The walls were lined with books. Brady had taken several cigars from his pocket and was extending them tentatively.

"Thank you, no," Farwell returned with a quiet smile. "I smoke only in my study. I am a pipe addict."

Marblestone lifted the cover of an ornate humidor and selected a cigar for himself. "I've no objection to your smoking your own cigars, Cash," he grumbled, "but I can't go 'em. If you think you can stand a good smoke, help yourself to one of these." He lighted his own as he spoke, with little smacking noises of his lips. "I say, Cash, you'll have to reform along another line, too."

"How's that?" "Going to church. Seeing for yourself where the funds get to. You're cheating yourself, now that the Doctor's here. Real sermon this morning—two-fisted stuff. We had to hang out the SRO sign."

"So I heard."

"Say, Doctor . . ." Marblestone spoke abruptly. "I should think you'd find it a slight disadvantage for a man in your profession to—not to be married."

"Why?" Farwell turned to his host. His white face was impassive.

"Oh, you know. It's more or less a popular notion that a preacher's wife has a lot to do with his getting on."

"As a preacher, you mean? I always have been in the habit of preparing my sermons unaided." There was no indication of resentment in the words.

"Oh, no. I didn't mean that. Of course not. I was referring to general success in the community. There are social affairs, for instance. It takes a woman, after all."

Brady flashed a quick glance at the banker. There was the suggestion of a warning in the gray eyes behind their shining lenses. Why the devil couldn't Henry see that he was broaching an untimely topic? But Marblestone was speaking again.

"Well, it's always seemed to me that a man in your position would find himself rather on a spot, as the saying goes. Under pretty close watch and—well, fair game for a lot of unattached females." He chuckled at his expression of the idea, as he leaned forward and deposited his cigar ash in a heavy bronze tray that rested on a corner of the library table.

"I am afraid I am not in a position to say, from experience," was the deliberate answer.

"Then I can tell you one thing, Doctor," Marblestone resumed good-humoredly. "You have the good women here guessing in one respect. It worries them to have you and your boy keeping bachelors' hall. That's a new one on them."

Brady had been studying the glowing end of his cigar abstractedly.

"Your advice strikes me as being sound, Henry," he observed quietly. "My advice? What about?"

"My attending church." Brady straightened in his chair. It was high time for someone to take the conversation out of the banker's hands.

In the meantime, Dale was making the acquaintance of Miss Marblestone in the sun room.

"You know, Dale," she began languidly, leaning back among the cushions of the willow settee to which she promptly had guided her guest, "it's quite an event when a new young man comes to this town. You don't mind if I call you Dale, do you?"

"Very simple, Miss Marblestone . . ." "Evelyn," she corrected, with a slight lift of her brows. "Right. Well, I've been in school and in school—and in school. Most of my vacations have been spent in



"Very simple, Miss Marblestone."

holding down jobs. Since I was big enough. That's my recent history."

"But we heard you were graduated last spring," Evelyn said in surprise.

"I was, by dint of great luck. Then I spent this summer on a survey. I have a chance to go back to the U for the second semester. Have a sort of a job there in the department. I may run out there sooner and get in some studying. After I get father safely settled." He smiled.

"Now I am disappointed. We thought you would be here."

"Unfortunately, I have to work. I have visions of becoming a geologist. There are a lot of rocks in the world that need somebody's care. I'm going to try to break one good rock every day."

"That sounds dreadfully energetic. I'm sure that someone told me you were studying for the ministry, under your father."

Dale chuckled with undisguised amusement. "Hardly! If I ever had an idea of becoming a preacher, I would have been discouraged long ago. My father's too shining an example, to my way of thinking."

"Isn't he wonderful! There's something so—so fascinating about him. Everybody's quite mad over him. Only . . . You know, I'm rather in awe of him. He looks so dignified and stern. Is he really?"

"Oh, no. I used to feel that way about him when I was a kid," Dale remarked reflectively. "Of course we haven't seen such a lot of each other these past years. Perhaps I understand him better now. He's a mighty square shooter."

"I'm sure he is. Have you met many people here?"

"Almost no one. Oh, there have been quite a few droppings in at the house. But father does the honors."

"Then you have no friends here at all?"

"Only one, you might say. I haven't seen her since I came."

"Really?" Evelyn's eyes widened to sudden attention. "Whom are you talking about?"

"Miss Brady. I met her out West."

"Oh . . . I never thought . . . Do you mean she attended the same school you did? Why, how odd! You are a friend of Lee Brady. I knew she had been in college somewhere, but I never supposed . . . Then you've known her for a long time," Evelyn said.

"But I haven't. That's the funny part of it. I never met her until Mr. Brady came to town, commencement time. He heard father preach the baccalaureate sermon and introduced himself. Miss Brady was with him. That's when I found we had been together at the U for two years, and I never knew it."

"Oh," Evelyn's red mouth curved in a smile. "Lee is a dear. We were in high school together and went to the same kid parties here. I haven't seen so much of her lately."

"Are you children getting acquainted? I thought I'd look in."

Mrs. Marblestone rustled into the room to stand looking in vague perplexity at the two on the settee.

"Please sit down, Mr. Farwell," she resumed. "I can squeeze in between the two of you—like this." She suited action to the word. "Evelyn, you've been smoking. I don't know what Doctor Farwell would think. What do you think?"

ination and hoping to remember the salient points of his story. The minister came to his aid by refusing a chair. He offered the preparation of his evening sermon as an excuse for taking an early leave. Brady, it appeared, had some business to discuss with his host and had remained in the library.

"We've been having such a nice visit with your son . . ." Mrs. Marblestone beamed. "So sorry you must go. Evelyn and I were so interested . . . Such a pity your dear wife was not spared to share your labors . . ."

Evelyn took up the theme as her mother's voice trailed away in its customary indecision.

"Is Dale a good cook, Doctor Farwell?" she wanted to know. "I've been wondering if I dared drop in on you at meal time. You'd almost have to ask me to remain, you know."

"Of course." There was no suggestion of amusement in the minister's dark eyes.

"Then I think I will. I could help with the dishes, at least. I'm sure that Dale would like to have me help him. Wouldn't you?" Evelyn turned to him with a smile and a flash of her white teeth.

"Dale and I are old campaigners," Farwell interposed quietly.

"Just the same . . ." Mrs. Marblestone trying again.

For the first time since his arrival in Locust Hill, the minister vouchsafed information regarding his personal affairs.

"The present arrangement at the parsonage is temporary. Our housekeeper will be here shortly. And now I really must say good-night."

## CHAPTER IV

Aside from more or less routine duties, Constable Kerney of Locust Hill permitted himself one diversion. It was meeting the half dozen north and south-bound trains whose schedules called for a stop within the province of his authority.

The office of the law was little more than a stone's throw from the railroad station and only pressing business prevented the officer from taking his unobtrusive stand near the telegraph operator's observation window a few moments before each train's arrival.

Public buses and automobiles would have furnished a more accurate index to the town's transients, but the station offered a convenient method of keeping one's finger on the traveling pulse.

Kerney's shrewd eyes were ever on the alert. Nearby cities furnished him with frequent "filers" describing wanted criminals—rogues' gallery likenesses, aliases and, not infrequently, a mention of tempting rewards. The constable acquired the knack of keeping these unfavorable portraits in the back of his mind. Locust Hill with its quiet respectability might easily appeal to some fugitive as a peaceful haven.

This uncompromising vigilance appeared to have met with possible results one afternoon. Number 406, from the North, slowed to a grinding halt on time. The last passenger to clamber down the steps of the smoker was a small man who clutched a shabby suitcase in one hand and a paper parcel in the other.

An unprepossessing figure this stranger, looking about uncertainly from under the cap drawn low over his thin face. A livid welt ran from the outer corner of his left eye across the cheek and under the jaw. The ear on the same side seemed to have suffered damage all its own.

The scarred face brought no response from Kerney's mental collection, but he felt amply justified in accosting the new arrival.

"Lookin' for somebody, buddy?" "Maybe. Is this a pinch?"

"That depends," was the grim reply. "I like to know who folks are that get off here. I get paid for it."

The eyes under the cap scanned Kerney coolly. There was a slight flicker of amusement in their gray depths.

"Okay, fatfoot. I was just startin' to pay a call on my boss."

"Who's he?" "Doe Farwell. Know him, do you?"

"I know him. Right. But . . ." "Then you might show me where he hangs out. Trail along, if it suits you."

"His church is up the next street . . . Got a high steeple. Doctor Farwell's house is on the far side. By the graveyard."

"Sounds cheerful. Thanks."

by Doctor Farwell. The man in the cap dropped his parcels and extended both hands with a shrill: "Hey, Domnie!"

There was no mistaking the smile of greeting on the minister's pale face, as his own hands went out to clasp the stranger's.

"Well, I vow!" Kerney ejaculated, as he turned and retraced his steps in the direction of his office.

Jonathan Farwell smiled across the parlor at his guest who lolled easily in the largest of the upholstered chairs, puffing on a cigarette and grinning delightedly. The minister's smile held a warmth that no Locust Hill acquaintance had been privileged to see.

"Pink, it does seem good to see you again!"

"No foolin'?" Some nice dump." The man called Pink looked about the parlor approvingly. "The old stuff looks pretty familiar."

Farwell emitted one of his rare laughs. He had relaxed strangely in this little man's presence, sitting low in his own chair with his long black legs outstretched and hands thrust in his trouser pockets.

The two men chatted for a time, Pink telling of his trip and asking pointed questions regarding Locust Hill and its people.

"Thought I was goin' to see it from inside the hoghouse," he chuckled, sailing his cigarette butt into the fireplace with an accurate flip. Cop down at the depot. Took me for one of them public enemies, I guess."

"You told him, of course, that you were coming here?"

"Sure. But he trailed me all the same. Say, Domnie . . . Ain't it about time my sidekick was showin' up?"

"I expected him before this," Farwell drew a large open-face watch from his pocket and studied it thoughtfully.

"Has he made up his mind yet what he's goin' to do?"

"He is going back to school. I do not know just how soon."

"The sooner the better," Pink grumbled. "Here he is now. Drinkin' up with a dame. Classy, all right. Get a load of her, will you?"

Farwell stepped near enough the window to look over the smaller man's shoulder.

"She is the 'fighter of one of my members." His dark eyes contracted a trifle.

"Then you picked a good church. Here comes the kid."

Quick steps sounded in the hall. The parlor door was flung open and Dale stood framed in the entrance.

"Pink Mulgrew! Gee, but I'm glad to see you, Pink! Dale had the little man by the shoulders, shaking him affectionately.

"Same here. But not in them trick pants. Bad enough to get 'n for a sissy game without dressin'. You look pretty fit, otherwise. And you've been playin' with dames. I see. I should have got here sooner and started you trainin'."

"Dale," Farwell interposed the word almost sharply. "I imagine that Pink would like to go to his room. Will you show him the way?"

The minister stood without moving after the pair left the parlor. His brows were drawn into a frown as he stared down at the rug. The expression on his face did not change until the silence was broken by a sound from the second floor.

It was the staccato tattoo of a punching bag, vibrating under the attack of professional knucklers.

Within forty-eight hours, Locust Hill was mulling over a Farwell problem that dimmed its predecessors completely. This new and intriguing puzzle was the latest addition to the parsonage household.

Who was this Pink Mulgrew? The fact that he had been seen conversing with Constable Kerney gave rise to rumors that Mr. Mulgrew was a sometime gangster, employed by the pastor for purposes of reformation. Pink's sinister appearance made the suggestion entirely feasible.

Mulgrew must be a servant. It was early discovered that one of his offices was to answer the door bell. More than that, he wore a white house jacket on duty. Such a thing was unheard of in Locust Hill homes. Moreover, the man Mulgrew officiated in the dining room as a server of meals. This last knowledge was made public when the window shades of that hitherto unused room remained raised of an evening.

"Pagin' Mister Fa-awell!" Pink Mulgrew thrust his head into the living room. Dale was there, stretched comfortably on the couch reading a magazine.

"Phone, Pink?" "Yeah. The girl friend. Want me to dust off the clubs?"

the way Dale had hoped it stood in the center of a large lawn. A house of drab brick topped by a mansard roof, its colored slates laid in patterns. A house to live in.

Lee came to the door. The same Lee of the brown eyes and ready smile. Of the bronze curls. And, this time, she wore no hat.

"I'm so glad to see you again," was her frank greeting.

"Maybe I'm not glad to see you!" Then the "nicest person," welcoming the caller from her big chair



Lee came to the door.

beside the glowing fire. Dale's heart went out to Mrs. Brady at sight. A delicate woman with snowy hair framing a young face. Dark eyes like Lee's. Gentle voiced.

"I feel as if we were old friends, Mr. Farwell," she explained, as Dale held her slender fingers in his warm clasp. "Lenora and Mr. Brady have told me about you."

"We are," he assured her. "And just how long have you been in town?" he demanded of Lee.

"Two whole days. Our trip lasted longer than we expected. We didn't know you were here until Daddy told us. I was sure you would be at school."

"I was. Stayed there long enough to make sure you weren't registered. Then I decided to look you up. You told me I could, you know."

"Lenora should have returned," Mrs. Brady interposed. "I don't know where she got the idea she must stay here to look after me. It's quite ridiculous." Her hand stole out and rested upon Lee's.

"She's a stubborn child. Like her father. They both spoil me."

"Of course they do." Dale could understand that.

"Isn't she adorable?" Lee asked, after Mrs. Brady left the room. She slipped down into the chair her mother had vacated.

"She certainly is. I wonder if you know how lucky you are."

"Of course I do. Now tell me about things. Out in the great wide open spaces. And don't skip any details."

They talked about the university town. The installation of the new president there. Prospects of a winning football team.

"When will you be leaving again?" Lee asked.

"I haven't made up my mind. You know, I don't have to go until after New Year's. I like it here. The place interests me a lot."

"I know." That quick little turn of the head Dale remembered. "And I understand that you have been very busy."

"Not very. Puttering around. Getting in a little golf and things. I've been studying, too. Exploring around here. And I've wanted to help father all I could. Getting the place settled. You know?"

"Of course," Lee agreed soberly. "Being a minister's son must be quite a responsibility. What have you been studying? I didn't suppose we had much geology around here. That's your hobby, isn't it?"

"It's my job—or going to be. To tell you the truth, I've been getting a kick out of the past history here. I never lived in a place before where things like that happened. Always had a yen for Colonial history and you run into tablets here everywhere you turn. Do you know Thomas Brown?"

"You mean Miss Abbie's brother?"

"That's the chap. Looks like a musty old parchment. But he sure knows his stuff. He's given me a lot of dope and I've been checking it up in the field. I had to amuse myself in some way until you came home."

"And then I had to call you up. It's all right. I don't blame you a bit."

It was growing dusky in the room and the fire was low. But Dale knew the brown eyes were laughing at him.

"Go on," he encouraged. "What are you thinking about now?"

dumb to have a career. What else?" "Get married. I'm predicting. You won't have a chance to teach long."

"That's the most comforting thing I've been told in a long time." They still were chatting animatedly when Cassius Brady found them upon his return from his office.

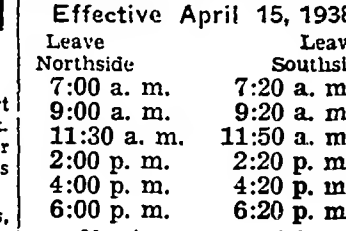
"Hello, young man," was his greeting. "Found your way over, did you?"

"Yes, sir. And almost forgot the way home. I didn't realize it was growing so late."

"That's all right. I know what it is to get in this young woman's clutches."

(Continued next week)

## PROVED HIS ASSEETION



"He always said marrying for money would be the last thing he'd do."

"He must have meant what he said—he hasn't had a job since he tied up."

## OREGON INLET FERRY Effective April 15, 1938

Leave Northside	Leave Southside
7:00 a. m.	7:20 a. m.
9:00 a. m.	9:20 a. m.
11:30 a. m.	11:50 a. m.
2:00 p. m.	2:20 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:20 p. m.
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Lv. Manteo	Ar. E. City	Ar. Norfolk	
7:00	9:00	10:00	
11:00	1:00		
Lv. Norfolk	Lv. E. City	Ar. Manteo	
5:00	6:00	11:00	

Afternoon Schedule			
Lv. Manteo	Ar. E. City	Ar. Norfolk	
2:30	4:45	6:30	
Lv. Norfolk	Lv. E. City	Ar. Manteo	
6:15	1:45	3:30	
4:10	4:40	7:00	

## TRUCK SCHEDULE DAILY EXCEPT