

HEART'S HERITAGE
© Joseph McCord WNU Service.

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—The congregation of 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 Casius Erey, 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 inscribed a picture of a beautiful woman, inscribed in childish lettering "Elaine."

CHAPTER III—The Marblestones invite the Farwells to dinner with Casius Brady, known as "Lee," is away at the time with his mother, who is in poor health. At the dinner Evelyn monopolizes Dale, who tells her of his geological ambitions. He also tells her he has only one friend in Locust Hill, and she is the Bradys' maid. Evelyn bluntly quizzes Farwell about his womanless ménage. Brady attempts to divert the conversation and the minister then admits that the housekeeping arrangements are temporary, to be reversed shortly by the arrival of a hired housekeeper.

CHAPTER IV—Constable Kerney is perturbed by the arrival on the train of a suspicious-looking little man and shadows him. He is further mystified when the stranger, who is a geologist, is introduced. There the newcomer is warmly greeted as "Pink" Mulgrew and takes up his duties as housekeeper and the minister then admits that the housekeeping arrangements are temporary, to be reversed shortly by the arrival of a hired housekeeper.

CHAPTER V—Evelyn Marblestone did not neglect her mother's suggestion of entertaining for the minister's son. "It will be very informal," she explained to Dale over the telephone. "A few couples that want to meet you. I thought we could dance. Bridge table for the hopeless addicts. Something to eat later. I'm depending on you."

"I'll be there. Thanks."

Dale no sooner had hung up than he wondered if it would be possible for him to call for Lee the night of the party. He would find out before someone else beat him to it.

"I'm sorry, but I can't say yes," Lee told him readily when he dropped in to call and proffer his request. "Evelyn has arranged for my escort. It's a quaint custom we have here. Piny Morehead is the victim. One of the stand-bys. He's a nice boy. You'll like him."

"I don't like his name. And I shan't like him."

Dale wished afterwards that he had taken advantage of the occasion to inquire what this Piny person and the other males would wear. Evelyn had called it an informal affair, but he didn't feel sure. He finally elected to wear a dinner jacket.

"I was beginning to worry about you," Evelyn told him when she greeted him in the hall. "You've been very neglectful of me, too. But you do look nice," she added graciously, eyeing his slender figure and well-tailored clothes.

"So do you," he replied with a little bow. "Gorgeous."

"Come in and meet the crowd."

There was but one name that impressed itself on Dale's memory. Piny Morehead. A portly youth with thinning blond hair and pale eyes.

"And here is an old friend of yours, Mr. Farwell."

Lee's brown eyes smiling up from the depths of a big chair. Lee in a little russet dress that matched her hair. Russet slippers. She looked sweet.

"Of course. How are you, Miss Brady?"

"Very well, Mr. Farwell. I'm delighted to meet you again."

Later, the rugs were rolled back and the broadcasting stations searched for Dale music.

"I didn't know it," Dale remarked complacently, "but I've been wanting to dance with you all my life."

"Go on. That's very pretty."

"Thanks. That's another thing I've been wanting to tell you. You look very sweet. It's your dress, I think. You make me think of an autumn leaf."

"In the 'ere and yellow, you mean. That's very candid but not comforting. Don't you know you should be dancing this with your hostess?"

"She's bridging. I don't play and I won't be a kibitzer."

"Then you should be paying more attention to some of these nice girls. Remember I have to go on living here. This is the fourth time you've danced with me."

"It's only the fifth. And I still don't like Piny."

"Maybe I do."

Evelyn soon found a substitute for her place in the bridge game and appropriated her guest of honor for the remainder of the evening.

"Stay for a little while and talk," she commanded when the others made ready to leave. "You're supposed to tell me that you've had a pleasant evening, you know."

"Of course I did. Marvellous, thank you," Dale said politely.

"Are you sure you mean me? Not Lee?"

"You."

"I didn't know. After all, you didn't seem able to tear yourself away from her, until I helped. She is sweet. But you needn't have made it quite so obvious, do you think?" Evelyn smiled sweetly.

"And how about some golf tomorrow, if it's clear. We haven't been out to the country club for ages, you know. Or had you noticed?"

"I'm not sure that I can. Do you mind if I call you later—"

"Today?"

"Never mind. Some other time will do. . . After you get caught up with your work."

Dale extinguished his cigarette and rose to his feet. "I must be going," he said shortly.

His sense of irritation persisted as he strode through the dark streets. Perhaps he had devoted himself to Lee rather too conspicuously. But what of it? She had tried to tell him the same thing. In a tactful good-natured way, though. She was like that. Sweet. That word always came to him when he thought of her. Too bad if he had hurt Evelyn's feelings. Funny . . . about women.

When he reached the parsonage, Dale was surprised to catch the faint notes of the piano. His father was playing.

The one lighted lamp brought out Farwell's rugged features in bold relief. His chin was sunk on his breast. The dark eyes were half closed. From the keys came the stately solemn strains of Tschalkowsky's "Andante."

Dale caught his breath sharply. He moved on tiptoe towards the foot of the stairs.

"Dale!"

"Yes, Father."

"Where have you been?"

"Miss Marblestone had a few people in tonight. She asked me over."

"I have not heard you say anything recently about going back to the university. Have you changed your plans?"

"Well, not exactly. To tell you the truth, Father, I've been thinking about the finances. After the first of the year, I'll be making my expenses there and a little more. Then I want to find a real job. In the meantime . . ."

"And in the meantime?"

"I can carry on a good deal of my work here by myself. I've been a rather steady drain on you the past few years. And what I have left of my own money will last me longer here. Unless you're thinking of raising my board." He smiled a little at his suggestion.

"Finances need not enter into your decision," his father reminded gravely.

"You mean . . . you think I should go back?"

"You will have to settle the matter in your own way," Farwell rose to his feet. "It is late. Good night."

Lee drove to Dale's house one day. "I thought maybe you would like to ride," she said when he ran out in answer to the honking of her motor horn. . . If you're not too busy, and if there is any of the country around here you haven't explored."

"Sure, I'd like to! Only—" he glanced down at his jersey. "I'm not dressed exactly."

"Of course you are. Look at me."

"I have been," Dale already was opening the car door. "Let's go."

"All right. I'll fool you. I've brushing up on my history so that I could talk intelligently to you when I had the chance. How would you like to cover the retreat of the hostile British nation? Over to Staten, I mean."

"Great! Is it very far?"

"Not with me at the wheel. There's a small ferry over to the island that runs every so often."

Dale entered wholeheartedly into the excursion. "And will you look at the old houses scattered along here!" he was delighted exclamation as they followed the road along Staten Island's northern rim. "They must have been standing at the time of the Revolution. If only the could tell us what they have seen. What stories!"

"I suppose they could," Lee admitted. A few moments later, she turned the car about on the summit of a small elevation and shut off the motor. For a little time she settled back in her corner of the seat watching her companion. He was staring dreamily at the scene below, apparently lost in his historical reflections.

"I am still here," Lee suggested hopefully.

"Oh! I'm sorry, Lady Lee."

"But I can't very well help it. And why that name?"

"I meant I was sorry if I seemed to be wool gathering. And I think the name suits you."

"Do you know you're funny, Dale? I've never known anyone just like you. It's almost as if you'd forgotten to quite grow up. It makes me wish I had known you when you were a small boy."

"I'm not so sure that I was like. But I know that everything would

have been altogether different if we could have had . . . Elaine."

"Elaine?" she repeated hesitatingly.

"My mother. You see, I can't quite remember her. I wish I could."

"So do I, Dale. Will you tell me something about her, Dale? Unless you'd rather not."

In answer he fumbled a worn wallet from his pocket. Out came a small leather case. In the case was a photograph.

"That was Elaine."

"Dale! How very lovely!" Lee exclaimed softly, studying the picture. Then she murmured, as if to herself: "Lily Maid of Astolat."

Dale caught his breath sharply. "You thought of it, too! She has always been that to me," Dale reflected. "Ever since I was old enough for my father to tell me about her. I have wondered something . . . that he didn't object to my calling her Elaine instead of mother. But he never did. He was the one who sent me to Arthur's court in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, father looked after most of my early education. And he used to read to me by the hour. I became a disciple of old Malory when I was pretty small. Rather a rabid one, as I think about it now."

"You mean you liked stories of knights? Chivalry? I understand that."

"Perhaps. I think most boys get the fever at one time or another. I went to extremes. I always had the house littered up trying to make armor out of pasteboard and tins cans. I was forever playing at being a knight. It was a good thing, in one way. I developed a regular mania for physical culture." Dale smiled to himself. "I know I used my desire for deeds of prowess to get into scraps with the other kids."

"Young Galahad."

"That was the general idea. By way of squaring myself, I would stand in front of Elaine's picture and tell her how I had ridden out with her scarf on my lance—that sort of thing."

"I thought it was something like that," Lee nodded wisely. "It explains you. But it makes me want to ask you about other things."

"Such as?"

"Well, your father. I feel it every time I look at him. It's something in his eyes. I think. I can't explain it very well, but . . . He was very devoted to your mother, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I was sure. He carries her scarf, too. Perhaps I shouldn't say that."

"Why not? It's true. Since I have become older I think I'm beginning to understand what she must have meant to him. What it meant when he lost her. I can talk about it to you. I've never tried to tell anybody before. Never spoke of it to Pink even. And I know him better than anybody. But I never found anyone who I thought would understand. Until now. I think it's because of your mother," he decided. "Would you mind if I tried to tell you something?"

"Of course not, Dale."

"It's a queer thing—" he frowned thoughtfully, staring away again into the distance—"I doubt if a boy

could have had . . . Elaine."

"Elaine?" she repeated hesitatingly.

"My mother. You see, I can't quite remember her. I wish I could."

"So do I, Dale. Will you tell me something about her, Dale? Unless you'd rather not."

In answer he fumbled a worn wallet from his pocket. Out came a small leather case. In the case was a photograph.

"That was Elaine."

"Dale! How very lovely!" Lee exclaimed softly, studying the picture. Then she murmured, as if to herself: "Lily Maid of Astolat."

Dale caught his breath sharply. "You thought of it, too! She has always been that to me," Dale reflected. "Ever since I was old enough for my father to tell me about her. I have wondered something . . . that he didn't object to my calling her Elaine instead of mother. But he never did. He was the one who sent me to Arthur's court in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, father looked after most of my early education. And he used to read to me by the hour. I became a disciple of old Malory when I was pretty small. Rather a rabid one, as I think about it now."

"You mean you liked stories of knights? Chivalry? I understand that."

"Perhaps. I think most boys get the fever at one time or another. I went to extremes. I always had the house littered up trying to make armor out of pasteboard and tins cans. I was forever playing at being a knight. It was a good thing, in one way. I developed a regular mania for physical culture." Dale smiled to himself. "I know I used my desire for deeds of prowess to get into scraps with the other kids."

"Young Galahad."

"That was the general idea. By way of squaring myself, I would stand in front of Elaine's picture and tell her how I had ridden out with her scarf on my lance—that sort of thing."

"I thought it was something like that," Lee nodded wisely. "It explains you. But it makes me want to ask you about other things."

"Such as?"

"Well, your father. I feel it every time I look at him. It's something in his eyes. I think. I can't explain it very well, but . . . He was very devoted to your mother, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I was sure. He carries her scarf, too. Perhaps I shouldn't say that."

"Why not? It's true. Since I have become older I think I'm beginning to understand what she must have meant to him. What it meant when he lost her. I can talk about it to you. I've never tried to tell anybody before. Never spoke of it to Pink even. And I know him better than anybody. But I never found anyone who I thought would understand. Until now. I think it's because of your mother," he decided. "Would you mind if I tried to tell you something?"

"Of course not, Dale."

"It's a queer thing—" he frowned thoughtfully, staring away again into the distance—"I doubt if a boy

could have had . . . Elaine."

"Elaine?" she repeated hesitatingly.

"My mother. You see, I can't quite remember her. I wish I could."

"So do I, Dale. Will you tell me something about her, Dale? Unless you'd rather not."

In answer he fumbled a worn wallet from his pocket. Out came a small leather case. In the case was a photograph.

"That was Elaine."

"Dale! How very lovely!" Lee exclaimed softly, studying the picture. Then she murmured, as if to herself: "Lily Maid of Astolat."

Dale caught his breath sharply. "You thought of it, too! She has always been that to me," Dale reflected. "Ever since I was old enough for my father to tell me about her. I have wondered something . . . that he didn't object to my calling her Elaine instead of mother. But he never did. He was the one who sent me to Arthur's court in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, father looked after most of my early education. And he used to read to me by the hour. I became a disciple of old Malory when I was pretty small. Rather a rabid one, as I think about it now."

"You mean you liked stories of knights? Chivalry? I understand that."

"Perhaps. I think most boys get the fever at one time or another. I went to extremes. I always had the house littered up trying to make armor out of pasteboard and tins cans. I was forever playing at being a knight. It was a good thing, in one way. I developed a regular mania for physical culture." Dale smiled to himself. "I know I used my desire for deeds of prowess to get into scraps with the other kids."

"Young Galahad."

"That was the general idea. By way of squaring myself, I would stand in front of Elaine's picture and tell her how I had ridden out with her scarf on my lance—that sort of thing."

"I thought it was something like that," Lee nodded wisely. "It explains you. But it makes me want to ask you about other things."

"Such as?"

"Well, your father. I feel it every time I look at him. It's something in his eyes. I think. I can't explain it very well, but . . . He was very devoted to your mother, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I was sure. He carries her scarf, too. Perhaps I shouldn't say that."

"Why not? It's true. Since I have become older I think I'm beginning to understand what she must have meant to him. What it meant when he lost her. I can talk about it to you. I've never tried to tell anybody before. Never spoke of it to Pink even. And I know him better than anybody. But I never found anyone who I thought would understand. Until now. I think it's because of your mother," he decided. "Would you mind if I tried to tell you something?"

"Of course not, Dale."

"It's a queer thing—" he frowned thoughtfully, staring away again into the distance—"I doubt if a boy

could have had . . . Elaine."

"Elaine?" she repeated hesitatingly.

"My mother. You see, I can't quite remember her. I wish I could."

"So do I, Dale. Will you tell me something about her, Dale? Unless you'd rather not."

In answer he fumbled a worn wallet from his pocket. Out came a small leather case. In the case was a photograph.

"That was Elaine."

"Dale! How very lovely!" Lee exclaimed softly, studying the picture. Then she murmured, as if to herself: "Lily Maid of Astolat."

Dale caught his breath sharply. "You thought of it, too! She has always been that to me," Dale reflected. "Ever since I was old enough for my father to tell me about her. I have wondered something . . . that he didn't object to my calling her Elaine instead of mother. But he never did. He was the one who sent me to Arthur's court in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, father looked after most of my early education. And he used to read to me by the hour. I became a disciple of old Malory when I was pretty small. Rather a rabid one, as I think about it now."

"You mean you liked stories of knights? Chivalry? I understand that."

"Perhaps. I think most boys get the fever at one time or another. I went to extremes. I always had the house littered up trying to make armor out of pasteboard and tins cans. I was forever playing at being a knight. It was a good thing, in one way. I developed a regular mania for physical culture." Dale smiled to himself. "I know I used my desire for deeds of prowess to get into scraps with the other kids."

"Young Galahad."

"That was the general idea. By way of squaring myself, I would stand in front of Elaine's picture and tell her how I had ridden out with her scarf on my lance—that sort of thing."

"I thought it was something like that," Lee nodded wisely. "It explains you. But it makes me want to ask you about other things."

"Such as?"

"Well, your father. I feel it every time I look at him. It's something in his eyes. I think. I can't explain it very well, but . . . He was very devoted to your mother, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I was sure. He carries her scarf, too. Perhaps I shouldn't say that."

"Why not? It's true. Since I have become older I think I'm beginning to understand what she must have meant to him. What it meant when he lost her. I can talk about it to you. I've never tried to tell anybody before. Never spoke of it to Pink even. And I know him better than anybody. But I never found anyone who I thought would understand. Until now. I think it's because of your mother," he decided. "Would you mind if I tried to tell you something?"

"Of course not, Dale."

"It's a queer thing—" he frowned thoughtfully, staring away again into the distance—"I doubt if a boy

could have had . . . Elaine."

"Elaine?" she repeated hesitatingly.

"My mother. You see, I can't quite remember her. I wish I could."

"So do I, Dale. Will you tell me something about her, Dale? Unless you'd rather not."

In answer he fumbled a worn wallet from his pocket. Out came a small leather case. In the case was a photograph.

"That was Elaine."

"Dale! How very lovely!" Lee exclaimed softly, studying the picture. Then she murmured, as if to herself: "Lily Maid of Astolat."

Dale caught his breath sharply. "You thought of it, too! She has always been that to me," Dale reflected. "Ever since I was old enough for my father to tell me about her. I have wondered something . . . that he didn't object to my calling her Elaine instead of mother. But he never did. He was the one who sent me to Arthur's court in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, father looked after most of my early education. And he used to read to me by the hour. I became a disciple of old Malory when I was pretty small. Rather a rabid one, as I think about it now."

"You mean you liked stories of knights? Chivalry? I understand that."

"Perhaps. I think most boys get the fever at one time or another. I went to extremes. I always had the house littered up trying to make armor out of pasteboard and tins cans. I was forever playing at being a knight. It was a good thing, in one way. I developed a regular mania for physical culture." Dale smiled to himself. "I know I used my desire for deeds of prowess to get into scraps with the other kids."

"Young Galahad."

"That was the general idea. By way of squaring myself, I would stand in front of Elaine's picture and tell her how I had ridden out with her scarf on my lance—that sort of thing."

"I thought it was something like that," Lee nodded wisely. "It explains you. But it makes me want to ask you about other things."

"Such as?"

"Well, your father. I feel it every time I look at him. It's something in his eyes. I think. I can't explain it very well, but . . . He was very devoted to your mother, wasn't he?"

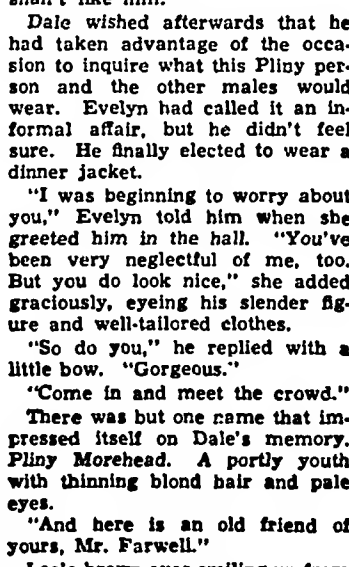
"Yes."

"I was sure. He carries her scarf, too. Perhaps I shouldn't say that."

"Why not? It's true. Since I have become older I think I'm beginning to understand what she must have meant to him. What it meant when he lost her. I can talk about it to you. I've never tried to tell anybody before. Never spoke of it to Pink even. And I know him better than anybody. But I never found anyone who I thought would understand. Until now. I think it's because of your mother," he decided. "Would you mind if I tried to tell you something?"

"Of course not, Dale."

"It's a queer thing—" he frowned thoughtfully, staring away again into the distance—"I doubt if a boy



"Of course not, Dale."

"Of course not, Dale."



"It was wonderful," Evelyn breathed.

(Continued next week)

Early Corn Harvester Patent
In 1834 and 1836 Henry Blair was granted patents on a corn harvester; he was the first negro to receive a patent on an invention.

Could Buy Out of Army
During the Civil war, conscientious objectors could buy their way out of the army for \$300.

FERRY SCHEDULE
ROANOKE FERRY COMPANY
Roanoke Island, Manns Harbor, Port Landing, East Lake
Effective May 1, to July 1, 1938
Leaving Roanoke Island: 7 a. m.; 8:30 a. m.; 10 a. m.; 11:30 a. m.; 12 noon; 1:30 p. m.; 2:30 p. m.; 4:00 p. m.; 6:00 p. m.
Leaving Manns Harbor: 7:30 a. m.; 9:00 a. m.; 10:30 a. m.; 12 noon; 1:30 p. m.; 3:00 p. m.; 4:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.
Leaving East Lake: 8:30 a. m.; 2:00 p. m.; 5:30 p. m.;
Leaving Port Landing: 7:30 a. m.; 12 noon; 4:30 p. m.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having this day duly qualified as administrator of the estate of L. J. Wool, deceased, of Nags Head, Dare County, North Carolina, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediate settlement; and those holding claims against the same will present them for payment within TWELVE MONTHS from the date of this notice or it will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
This 6th day of June, 1938.
W. A. EVERETT, Administrator,
Edenton, North Carolina
(19-01 5ump)

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having this day duly qualified as Administratrix of the estate of Lanis L. Midgett, deceased, of Wanchese, Dare County, North Carolina, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediate settlement; and those holding claims against the said estate will present them for payment within TWELVE MONTHS from the date of this notice or it will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
This 11th day of May, 1938.
Mrs. Lueye Midgett, Administratrix,
Wanchese, North Carolina,
(May 13-June 17-6t)

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having this day duly qualified as Administrator (with will annexed) of the estate of Joseph Midgett, deceased, of Rodanthe, Dare County, North Carolina, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediate settlement; and those holding claims against the said estate will present them for payment within TWELVE MONTHS from the date of this notice or it will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
This 12th day of May, 1938.
DAVID B. MIDGETT, Administrator,
Rodanthe, North Carolina
May 20 6t

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having this day duly qualified as Administrator (with will annexed) of the estate of Joseph Midgett, deceased, of Rodanthe, Dare County, North Carolina, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediate settlement; and those holding claims against the said estate will present them for payment within TWELVE MONTHS from the date of this notice or it will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
This 12th day of May, 1938.
DAVID B. MIDGETT, Administrator,
Rodanthe, North Carolina
May 20 6t

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having this day duly qualified as Administrator (with will annexed) of the estate of Joseph Midgett, deceased, of Rodanthe, Dare County, North Carolina, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediate settlement; and those holding claims against the said estate will present them for payment within TWELVE MONTHS from the date of this notice or it will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
This 12th day of May, 1938.
DAVID B. MIDGETT, Administrator,
Rodanthe, North Carolina
May 20 6t

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having this day duly qualified as Administrator (with will annexed) of the estate of Joseph Midgett, deceased, of Rodanthe, Dare County, North Carolina, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediate settlement; and those holding claims against the said estate will present them for payment within TWELVE MONTHS from the date of this notice or it will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
This 12th day of May, 1938.
DAVID B. MIDGETT, Administrator,
Rodanthe, North Carolina
May 20 6t

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having this day duly qualified as Administrator (with will annexed) of the estate of Joseph Midgett, deceased, of Rodanthe, Dare County, North Carolina, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediate settlement; and those holding claims against the said estate will present them for payment within TWELVE MONTHS from the date of this notice or it will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
This 12th day of May, 1938.
DAVID B. MIDGETT, Administrator,
Rodanthe, North Carolina
May 20 6t