

"BLACK ORCHIDS" by F. V. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS

Gray, First Secretary to the British Minister to Austria and Leonard Holt, are sitting at a group of officers on the balcony of the famous Hotel Duna when the conversation turns to the fascinating Countess von Waldeck. Several brok- ers are attributed to Holt's interest in the Countess, one of the officers, a fatal duel was fought on the balcony. Leonard cannot stand the Countess and comes to her defense. Ian wonders at the interest for Leonard is in Ilya Zichony, charming daughter of a Hungarian minister. That night, Leonard borrows from Ian who wonders what Ian wants with such a large party. Arriving early for dinner at the restaurant, Ian waits in the conservatory.

CHAPTER III

The young diplomat's reveries were broken by the sound of a footstep. Someone else had entered the conservatory. Ian looked at the moonlight that beat timidly through the conservatory's glass. Thankfully, he realized the girl had chosen a different path than he had selected. Good, he thought, another few minutes, he bore, these informal din- ners were doing queer things, and quick, they had entered a friendly gloom, and now they were moving slowly and heavily until they slowed to an uncer- tumbling cadence. His curi- osity, he raised his head to see that he could glimpse the face of a woman's evening gown and the palm fronds before him. Without warning, there sud- denly appeared in the moonlight a girl proudly held head and the shoulders of one of the girls that Ian, well-school- ed as he was, had ever

out being snub; below it was a short under lip that bespoke the senses and small, firmly rounded chin which struck the silent watcher as altogether delicate and delicious. Above the cameo-like features, a sleek aureole of ash hued hair caught the moonbeams and entan- gled them therein. Feasting his eyes on that exquisite moonlit loveliness, Ian remained silent as, for a long moment, the girl remained motionless as any statue. On more careful observa- tion he noted that the girl's barely perceptible cheek bones were higher than usual, giving to her face a faintly foreign cast that was infinitely intriguing.

Fearful of startling this lunar- illumined apparition, Ian remained quiet still, studying with a connois- seur's appreciation, the fragile beauty of her who, though less than thirty feet away, was undoubtedly quite unconscious of his presence. Suddenly he noticed the glimmer of something on her cheek and with a sharp pang of alarm realized that something was sliding over her cheek like a fugitive drop of quick- silver. Another appeared and then another. Ian felt a sense of out- rage—it was incredible that such a moon-silvered goddess should weep. There was something quite ghastly about the way she stood there weeping silently, and he fought down an absurd impulse to spring up and make an offer to solve her troubles.

With a quick, deft motion like that of a fish darting just below the surface of the sea, the girl sud- denly dropped her small patrician head and two slender and long fin- gered hands appeared, clutching an evening bag set with rhinestones. She had just opened its jeweled clasp, when from the depths of the great house sounded a man's voice, calling in low tones: "Lolita, Lolita, wo sind sie?" Ian, now wide eyed and thorough- ly alert, did not miss the convulsive stiffening of that slender body, nor the way the softly-curving nether lip was tucked into her mouth, even less did he miss the indescribable look of misery which contorted the girl's lovely features. In that ex- pression he thought to read both fear and despair.

"A moment, please, I will come in directly. It—it is so peaceful here." The girl spoke over her bare and rounded shoulder in fluent German, dabbed at her eyes with a frothy lace handkerchief. In apparently guilty haste her fingers next flew to her compact and in another instant she had skillfully repaired the damage wrought by those inexplicable tears.

As suddenly as the turn of a mag- ician's card the blonde vision was gone, and only a black interval in the palms was before Ian's bewil- dered eyes. Ah! He glimpsed her glittering ball gown once or twice through the intersections of the palm fronds, but then she was definitely gone.

"Well, may I be crowned! If that doesn't beat the cards! What a perfect, exquisite beauty—I'll have to meet her. Wonder who she is? What did that man call her?" He sat bolt upright with a start that flicked the ash from his cig-

rette into a watering pot to make a minute hissing sound. "Lolita! It couldn't be." In a mild mental turmoil he laughed to himself. "How absurd—there are many women called Lolita." Still obsessed with purity of that moon- revealed profile, he told himself that the girl who had just left could not possibly be the conscienceless and practiced intriguer who was charged with wrecking the lives of at least three men. "Can't be the same," he decided as he got up. "Just the same, I'd better get in my ground work before the crowd ar- rives." So deciding, he grinned a thoroughly boyish grin and ground out his cigarette under his heel be- fore starting for the door.

"Now what the devil could have gone wrong? Bet her canary died or something."

To his disappointment he found that quite a number of other guests had put in an appearance and that already the boyishly slender young beauty was attended by three or four eager gallants who made a brave showing in their gay and color- ful uniforms. Ian glowered. Of course that conceited young Italian Count would be among them, his lecherous eye traveling over the girl's white clad body like scurri-



Seizing by the elbow, Sir John Kelton, British First Secretary, Ian Gray, very ruddy and clean limbed in his perfectly fitting evening clothes, demanding an introduction. "Delighted, old chap," replied the

Englishman thus accosted. He smiled wisely. "But it's a waste of time, Ian, my lad—the lady fair will never notice yet another cap- tive at her chair wheels. Well, so here goes. Permit me, please," he bowed to the girl who, without a trace of her former sorrow, now stood smiling graciously. She nod- ded and treated the advancing pair to an expression so wholly winning that Ian's normally steady heart did a quick double-shuffle. "Ma- demoiselle la Contesses, may I have the honor to present an old friend?"

Ian, amid a queer confusion, watched the girl's red lips part in a quick and convincing smile. "It is a very great pleasure, Monsieur."

"Mr. Gray, the Countess von Waldeck."

Had a bayonet been plunged into Ian's back, he could not have been more startled. Nothing but his diplomatic training rescued him from committing a faux-pas of the worst sort, but his head buzzed as it had when a shrapnel splinter had dented his helmet that day before Siecheprez.

Great Scott! Then this was the famous or rather infamous Countess von Waldeck? It could not be! Not this simple unaffected girl in white. More than a bit of the world had Ian seen in his thirty- seven odd years and during those years he had become, by common consent, a singularly apt judge of character.

(To Be Continued)

36 Percent Drafted Men Have Hi School Education Or More

The high type of intelligence among the men being inducted into the armed forces through the selective service, according to General J. Van Metts, state director revealed by a recent war depart- ment analysis, shows that 26 per cent of the trainees inducted into the army since last July have a high school education or better. Army standards, the director pointed out, require education equivalent to the fourth grade in grammar school. In this connec- tion he cited that examinations of trainees at army reception cen- ters have shown that 91 per cent of the men recruited by selective ser- vice have had a grammar school education or better, and that more than one-third have completed high school or college courses. Statistics compiled at National Selective Service headquarters, and recently announced by Presi- dent Roosevelt, show that only 5 per cent selective service regis- trants who have been examined for induction into the army have been disqualified for lack of sufficient education. Even that 5 per cent revealed as lacking the equivalent of a fourth grade grammar school education is a condition not de- sired by the American people, it was pointed out.

halted with her face in pro- gress fixedly at the moon, consciously revealing every of her features. Hers was a that was just short enough piquant and intriguing, with-

40—To Enjoy Life More
Live Liver Bile
Now A Boost--

tomorrow Morning and Keep
This Up for 30 Days
The liver should discharge about
it of digestion-aiding bile juices a
If it doesn't—a scanty flow—may
tick headaches, so-called biliousness,
irritation, with that half-sick, tired,
feeling and most probably Con-

no need to take Calomel or
any drugs, just take a little daily
of that world-famous Kruschen Salts
a level teaspoonful in a glass of
cold water about half an hour
breakfast. This rouses the flow of
its gentle bowel action. Try it
days and you too may shake off
"modern" feeling and get a real
But don't start unless you are well
keep it up for 30 days. If then
not feel 100%, better get your
back.
Hilt's Cut Rate Drug Store

ARK THEATRE
WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY-FRIDAY

A Yank In The R. A. F.

with Tyrone Power and Betty Grable.

SATURDAY

"Singing Hill"

with Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette.

OWL SHOW

Nine Lives Are Not Enough

With all star cast.

SUNDAY

"Great Guns"

with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy

MONDAY-TUESDAY

"The Corsican Brothers"

NOTICE OF RE-SALE

NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY. The undersigned, Executors of the estate of W. F. McCrary, Deceased, under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in the will of the said W. F. McCrary, Deceased, the un- dersigned Executors, will on Mon- day, November 10th, 1941, at 11 o'clock A. M. at the Court House Door in the Town of Waynesville, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash the fol- lowing described land: Situated lying and being in Fines Creek Township, Haywood County, N. C., and known as a part of Sis Brown tract, and bounded as follows: Be- ginning on a spruce pine, C. B. McCrary's corner on Wilkins Fork of Fines Creek and runs North 0.10 East 57 feet to the center of Road, corner of school house lot, thence North 88-30 East with road 255.7 feet to a stake; thence North 1.45 East 216 feet to pine on watershed of ridge; thence North 22 East 85 feet, North 15-30 West with wa- tershed of ridge 110 feet, North 23-30 West 124 feet, North 10.00 West 224 feet to a flint rock; thence North 33-30 West 122 feet to a stake on watershed of ridge; thence North 23-39 East 503 feet to (poplar gone) now walnut; thence South 81-21 East 1217 feet to a stake, stake 10 feet South 81-21 East of large oak stump; thence South 2-15 East 950 feet with fence to a stake; thence South 86 West 85 feet; South 49 West 98 feet, South 70-15 West 61 feet to a stake in private road; thence North 10-30 West 85 feet to a stake in the center of road; thence with said road No. 209 South 83 West 1066 feet to a stake in said road; thence South 0.10 West 57 feet to a stake; thence South 88-30 West 255.7 feet to the be- ginning. Containing 34.32 acres, more or less. This the 20th day of October, 1941.

CHARLES B. McCRARY, W. JENNINGS McCRARY, R. GOEBEL McCRARY, Executors of the Estate of W. F. McCrary, Deceased, No. 1123—Oct. 23-30-Nov. 6.

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YES—BUT CAN THE NAVY USE A FELLOW LIKE ME?

ALL SAY THEY CAN! AN' WHAT'S MORE YA GETS PLENY OF TIME IN TH' NAVY FER FUN AN' PLAY

BUT WILL I HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO PRACTISE AND DEVELOP MY MUSICAL AMBITION??

A' COURSE YA KIN! WE GOT SOME OF TH' BES' MUSICIANS IN TH' WORLD TO HELP YA!—AN AMBITIOUS LAD KIN LEARN MOST ANYTHIN' IN TH' NAVY

IN TH' NAVY WE HANDELES THESE VIOLINS AS EASY AS DROPPIN' AN ANCHOR!

WOW! THAT'S NO VIOLIN—BUT YOU CAN SIGN ME UP RIGHT NOW!

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WEDNESDAY

The Last of The Duane's

A Zane Grey Special.