

Shifting SANDS

by Sara Ware BASSETT

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—The future of the still youthful and comely "Widder" Marcia Howe, recently released by death from her idling, selfish husband, is a conversational tit-bit among the house-wives of the little hamlet of Wilton. Eligible bachelors and widowers also evince a more or less unselfish interest in the "Widder."

CHAPTER II.—Marcia, despite her unfortunate matrimonial experience, finds pleasure in her daily life, but is lonely at times, and has invited her late husband's niece, Sylvia Hayden, whom she has never seen, to visit her. The girl arrives and Marcia takes to her at once, while Sylvia, expecting to see a somewhat elderly aunt, finds Marcia more like a sister.

To cover the awkwardness of the moment, she bent to caress Prince Hal who had risen and stood, alert and listening beside her. Only an instant passed before Marcia spoke again—this time with visible effort to recapture her customary manner.

"Suppose we have lobster Newburg this noon," suggested she. "I'll get the chafing-dish. What's the matter, Hal, old man? You look worried. Don't tell me you hear more fish swimming our way?"

The nose of the setter quivered and, going to the window, he growled.

"He does hear something," asserted Sylvia. "What do you suppose it is?" "Gulls, most likely. They circle above the house in clouds," was Marcia's careless answer. "The Prince regards them as his natural enemies. He delights to chase them up to the beach and send them whirling into the air. Apparently he resents their chatter."

Again the dog growled. Almost immediately a hand fumbled with the latch, and as the door swung open, a man staggered blindly into the room.

He was hatless, wet to the skin, and shivering with cold, and before Marcia could reach his side, he lurched forward and fell at her feet.

"Quick, Sylvia, close the door and heat some broth. The poor fellow is exhausted. He's chilled to the bone."

"Who is he?" "No one I know—a stranger. Bring that pillow and help me to slip it under his head. We'll let him rest where he is a moment."

Her fingers moved to the bronzed wrist.

"He's all right," she whispered "Just cold and worn out. He'll be him self presently."

She swept the matted hair, lightly sprinkled with gray, from the man's forehead and wiped his face.

An interesting face it was—intelligent and high-bred, with well-cut features and a firm, determined chin.

A sweater of blue wool, a blue serge suit, socks of tan and sport shoes to match them hung to the tall, slender figure, and on the hand lying across it sparkled a diamond sunk in a band of wrought gold.

It was not the hand of a fisherman, tanned though it was; nor yet that of a sailor. There could be no doubt about that. Rather, it belonged to a scholar, a writer, a painter, or possibly to a physician, for it was strong as well as beautifully formed.

Sylvia bent to adjust the pillow, and her eyes and Marcia's met.

Who was this man? Whence came he?

What disaster had laid him here helpless before them?

As if their questions penetrated his consciousness, the stranger slowly opened his eyes.

"Sorry to come here like this," he murmured. "The fog was so thick, I lost my bearings and my power-boat ran aground. I've been trying hours to get her off. She's hard and fast on your sand-bar."

He struggled to rise and Marcia, kneeling beside him, helped him into an upright position where he sat, leaning against her shoulder.

"I seem to have brought in about half the sea with me," he apologized, looking about in vague, half-dazed fashion.

"No matter. We're used to salt water here," she answered. "How do you feel? You're not hurt?"

"Only a little. Nothing much. I've done something queer to my wrist. I was trying to push the boat off, and something suddenly gave way."

Turning his head aside, he bit his lip as if in pain.

"We'll telephone Doctor Stetson. Meanwhile, you mustn't remain in these wet clothes. There is no surer way of catching cold. Do you think you could get upstairs if Sylvia and I guided you?"

"I guess so—if it isn't far. I'm absurdly dizzy. I don't know why. I suppose, though, I must shed these wet togs."

"You certainly must. Come, Sylvia, lend a hand! We'll help him up."

"Oh, I'm not in such a bad way as all that. I can get up alone," he protested. "Only please wait just another minute. The whole place has suddenly begun to pitch again like a ship in midocean. Perhaps I may be faint. I haven't eaten anything for a day or two."

"Why didn't you tell me? The soup, quick, Sylvia. I only wish I had some brandy. Well, at least this is hot, and will warm you up. I'll feed you. Hand me the cup and spoon, Sylvia."

"How do you feel like a baby," tutted the stranger.

"No matter. We must get something hot inside you right away. Don't

fuss about how it's done," said the practical-minded Marcia. "There! You look better already! Later you shall have a real, honest-to-goodness meal. Run and call Doctor Stetson, Sylvia, and open the bed in the room opposite mine. You might light the heater there, too."

As the girl sped away, Marcia turned toward her visitor.

"Suppose we try to make the rocking chair now. Shall we? But what worries me is your wet clothing. I'm afraid you'll take your death of cold. Let me peel off your shoes and socks. I can do that. And I believe I could get you out of your water-soaked sweater if I were to cut the sleeve. May I try? We needn't mind wrecking it, for I have another I can give you."

The man did not answer. Instead, he sat tense and unsmiling, his penetrating brown eyes fixed on Marcia's face. Apparently the scrutiny crystallized in him some swift resolution, for after letting his glance travel about the room to convince himself that no one was within hearing, he leaned forward:

"There is something else I'd rather you did for me first," he whispered, dropping his voice until it became almost inaudible. "I've a package here I wish you'd take charge of. It's inside my shirt. But for this internal wrist, I could reach it."

"I'll get it."

"I'd rather you didn't talk about it," continued he, hurriedly. "Just put it in a safe place. Will you, please?"

"Certainly."

Puzzled, but unquestioning, Marcia thrust her hand beneath his sodden clothing and drew forth a small, flat box, wrapped in a bedraggled handkerchief.

"If you'll look out for it, I'll be tremendously obliged."

"Of course I will," smiled Marcia. "Look! Here is my pet hiding-place. This brick in the hearth is loose and under it is plenty of space for this small box. I'll tuck it in there. Just hold it a second until I pry the brick up. There we are! Now give it to me."

She reached hurriedly for the package, but as their hands met, the moist, clinging handkerchief became entangled in their fingers and slipping from its coverings a leather jewel-case dropped to the floor.

Out of it rolled a flashing necklace and a confusion of smaller gems. Marcia stifled an involuntary cry. Nevertheless, she neither looked up nor delayed.

"Sorry to be so clumsy," she muttered, as she swiftly scooped up the jewels.

It was well she had made haste, for no sooner was the clasp on the box snapped and the treasure concealed beneath the floor than Sylvia returned, and a moment later came both Doctor Jared Stetson and Elisha Winslow.

"Mornin', Marcia," nodded the doctor. "Lish happened to be in the office when your niece called up, an' hearin' you had a man patient, he thought maybe he might be of use. What 'pears to be the trouble, sir?"

"I've done something to my right wrist."

"H—m—m!" With skilled hand, he pushed back the dripping sleeve.

"You're a mite water-logged, I notice," observed he. "Been overboard?"

"Something of the sort," returned the man, with the flicker of a smile.

"Mr.—" for the fraction of a second, Marcia hesitated; then continued in an even tone, "—Mr. Carlton grounded his boat and had to swim ashore."

"You don't say! Well, I ain't surprised. 'Tain't no day to be afloat. You couldn't cut this fog with a carryin'-knife. How come you to take your boat out in such weather?" the doctor demanded.

"I was—was cruising."

"Oh, an' the fog shut down on you. I see. Fog has a trick of doin' that, unless one keeps an eye for fog symptoms. Now, what I'd recommend for you first of all, Mr. Carlton, is a warm bed. You look clean beat out. Better let 'Lish an' me help you upstairs, an' out of your wet things, 'cause with a wrist such as yours, I figger you won't be very handy at buttons. Not that 'Lish is a professional lady's maid. That ain't exactly his callin'. Still, in spite of bein' town sheriff, he can turn his hand to other things. It's lucky he can, too, for he don't get much sheriffin' down this way. Wilton doesn't go in for crime. In fact, we was laughin' 'bout that very thing this noon at the post office. 'Pears there's been a robbery at one of the Lang Island estates. Quantities of jewelry taken, an' no trace of the thief. The alarm was sent out over the radio early yesterday an' listenin' in 'Lish, here, got quite bet up an' not a little envious. He said he 'most wished the burglar had took place in our town, excitement bein' at a pretty low ebb now."

Marcia, standing by the stove, spun about.

"Now, Elisha, don't you run down Wilton. Why, I have twenty-five dollars in my purse this minute," she asserted, taking a worn pocket-book from her dress and slapping it with challenging candor down upon the table. "I keep it in that china box above the stove."

"That might serve as a starter," remarked the stranger, regarding her quizzically.

She freed him, chin drawn in, and head high and defiant.

"Besides that, in my top bureau drawer is a string of gold beads that belonged to my great-grandmother," she continued, daring laughter curling her lips. "They are very old and are really quite valuable."

"We'll make a note of those, too," nodded the man, his eyes on hers.

"I'm afraid that's all I can offer in the way of burglary inducements."

"That bein' the case, s'pose you an' me start gettin' the patient upstairs. 'Lish," broke in Doctor Stetson. "If we don't, next we know he'll be havin' pneumonia as well as a bad wrist."

The stranger's admiring glance fixed itself on Marcia's.

"What is my next move?" he inquired.

"I told you before—you must take off your wet things and rest," she repeated.

"You still pressin' that treatment?"

(To Be Continued)

MACCLESFIELD NEWS

(By MRS. G. W. PEEBLES)

PERSONALS

Miss Effie Walston of A. C. College spent the past week end at home.

Miss Susie Moore is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Battle Webb of near here.

Mr. Henry Hagan of near here is in the Tarboro hospital undergoing operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Wright Webb, who suffered a stroke last Tuesday morning is still in a very serious condition.

Miss Katherine Alford of Kenly spent several days here last week with her sister, Mrs. J. Fred Webb.

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Hick Webb, who is in a Rocky Mount hospital is some better but still very ill.

Mr. Josh Winstead of New York City spent the past week end here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Winstead.

Mrs. E. C. DeShields and infant daughter, Sandra Jean, of Norfolk, are spending some time with Mrs. Maggie McKee.

Misses Marjorie Hagan, Elizabeth Ruffin and Olivia Ogburn of Tarboro spent the past week end here with Miss Maggie Jutry Cox.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Hick Webb has been returned home from a hospital where he was seriously ill for several days.

Mrs. Susie Dodd and Mrs. E. B. Dodd of Bunn who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. C. S. Winstead, returned to their home Sunday.

Miss Elizabeth Council of near Pinetops and Mr. Frank Webb of this place were united in marriage Saturday, October 5th, in Emporia, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Battle Webb entertained the tobacco buyers of Clark's warehouse in Tarboro and several of their friends Saturday night at a barbecue supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Webb announce the marriage of their daughter, Edna, to Mr. George Eason of near here on Tuesday, October 8th, at Emporia, Virginia.

The business men of Macclesfield will sponsor a talking moving picture every Thursday night to be given on the street free to the public. Every one is invited to share standing room.

Stunt night which was to be sponsored by the Woman's Missionary Society on the coming Friday night has been postponed indefinitely due to the coming of a tent show which will be here the full week.

The Parent-Teacher Association of the Macclesfield school will hold its first meeting next Monday night, October 14th. Officers for the coming year will be elected and all parents and school friends are urged to attend.

The following people attended a Brunswick stew supper near Tarboro Thursday night: Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Winstead, Mr. and Mrs. Battle Webb, Mrs. E. B. Dodd, Mrs. Susie Dodd, Miss Susie Moore, Miss Leslie Webb, Miss Edna Webb, Miss Katie Mae Phillips.

Miss Bettie Lewis entertained her bridge club Thursday evening with Mrs. Z. T. Cox as special guest. Club members present were: Mrs. G. W. Peebles, Mrs. R. L. Corbett, Mrs. J. H. Norville, Mrs. C. S. Winstead, Mrs. Pearl Flowers, Mrs. C. K. Griffin, Miss Martha Hearne. Mrs. Corbett won an attractive vase for scoring high. Miss Lewis served a delicious salad course.

MR. WEBB PARALYSIS VISTIM

Mr. Wright Webb, 71, of near here died late Sunday afternoon after a few days illness following a stroke of paralysis.

Funeral services were conducted Monday afternoon from the home by Dr. L. I. Echols of Concord, who was assisted by his son, Mr. Joe Echols of Rocky Mount and Mr. McFayden of Pinetops, all Presbyterian ministers. Interment took place in the family burial grounds near the home.

Pall bearers were: W. F. Owens, William Jones, A. A. Atkinson, N. T. Lewis, T. L. Proctor and Mark Webb, friends of the family. Flower girls were grandchildren and other relatives. The grandchildren taking part were: Edna, Evelyn, Eve and Elsie Webb.

Those surviving besides the widow are two daughters, Mr. Sue Pitt and Mrs. Ernest Webb, and one son, J. Fred Webb, all of this community.

SCHOOL MASTERS CLUB

The Edgecombe County School Masters Club met Monday night as dinner guests of the South Edgecombe Home Economics department.

The business meeting included the election of officers for the coming year. They were as follows: Mr. Frazier of West Edgecombe, president; Mr. Bowden of Crisp, vice-president; and Mrs. C. K. Griffin of Macclesfield, secretary-treasurer.

Sadie Brown of South Edgecombe was elected from the teachers of Edgecombe county as honorary member. One teacher is chosen each year as honorary member.

Those present at the meeting this month were: Mr. Yarborough of Pinetops, Mr. J. A. Kenny, Mr. Joseph Dunn of Spots, Superintendent N. E. Gresham of Tarboro, Mr. J. N. Grant of South Edgecombe, Mr. S. A. Bowden of Crisp, Miss Estelle Jenkins of Pinetops, Mrs. C. K. Griffin of Mac-

clesfield, Mr. J. G. Frazier of West Edgecombe, Mr. S. J. Bundy of Leggett and Mr. H. J. Massey of Conetoe.

BABY CONTEST

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Christian church is sponsoring a baby popularity contest. Everyone is urged to vote on their favorite among the following babies which have been entered by their parents or friends, Mae Felton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Felton, Barbara Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Lewis, Christine Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Rose, Dorothy Varnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Varnell, Susie Winstead, infant of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Winstead. The babies rank in number of votes as follows: Susie Winstead, first; Barbara Lewis, second; Dorothy Varnell, third; Christine Rose, fourth, and Mae Felton, fifth.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Miss Maggie Jutry Cox was hostess to a host of friends of both this place and Tarboro, her former home. Her home was made attractive with bowis, vases, and baskets of fall flowers artistically arranged.

Mrs. G. W. Peebles and Miss Cox's mother presided at the punch bowl which was placed at the convenience of the guests upon arrival. Dancing and cards were enjoyed throughout the evening. At a late hour the forty five guests went to the drug store where they were served angel cake and ice cream, with little Miss Ruth Peebles, Mrs. Peebles and Mrs. Cox assisting.

Miss Cox was recipient of many lovely and attractive gifts.

Some Timely Farm Questions Answered At State College

QUESTION: How can I keep my cows from eating dirt and chewing fence rails?

ANSWER: This is a sure sign the animals are not getting sufficient minerals in the ration. Check the ration and add the minerals that are deficient. If legume hays, such as cow pea, soybean, clover and alfalfa is being fed, this will usually supply the needed amount of calcium. If the ration contains as much as thirty percent of feeds rich in phosphorus, such as wheat bran, cottonseed meal and soybean meal, there should be a sufficient amount of this mineral. See that both minerals are in the ration. It will not do any harm to allow the animals free access to a mixture containing one part of salt and four parts of steamed bone meal.

QUESTION: How can I renew an old, run down pasture?

ANSWER: Cut down all weeds and shrubbery, and scratch the soil to a depth of about two inches. Use a heavy, spike tooth harrow for this work, or it may be done with a disc harrow if the disc is set almost straight so as not to destroy the old sod. The fertilizer is applied as soon as the ground is scratched. Reseed the land with selected mixture of seed. If the old pasture is badly

infested with obnoxious weeds it would be best to break the land and grow some crop before reseeding.

QUESTION: Can I expect heavy egg production from cross bred birds?

ANSWER: Where well bred stock is used on the first cross the cross-bred birds will do well in the first generation. There is usually an increase in vigor and egg production in the first cross, but further crossing usually has the opposite effects. The birds fall off in production, are more subject to disease, and show a loss in vigor and livability. In the long run, it is best to sell all first generation crosses after one year and start again with baby chicks.

The new soil conservation program in Rowan County has started with over 9,000 acres of land signed up for immediate terracing.

A critic asserts that no notable American-fiction has been written lately. But just wait until next year's campaign gets going.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND FOR DRAINAGE ASSESSMENTS.

Under and pursuant to that Special Act passed by the last General Assembly of North Carolina, relative to Pitt County Drainage District, No. 1, the undersigned Tax Collector, will on Monday the 4th day of November, 1935 offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder before the Courthouse door in Greenville, North Carolina, at 12:00 o'clock Noon, the lands hereinafter described, for the unpaid 1934 drainage assessment due as set opposite said acreage:

NAME AMOUNT
Mrs. W. C. Askew, 113 acres178.11
Mrs. J. T. Bundy, 117 acres129.66
Herbert Burnette, 108 acres 96.87
Mrs. Helen Horton, 228 acres230.07
Robert Joyner, 18 acres 9.97
Mrs. M. V. Horton, 111.6 acres 90.39
J. R. Lewis, 132 acres 93.84
Fred C. Moore, 150 acres174.57
Mrs. G. E. Moore, 164 acres104.45
Mrs. B. S. Sheppard, 270 acres315.33
R. L. Smith, 188 acres175.68
Mrs. W. Y. Swain, 65 acres 55.77
Mrs. J. P. Taylor, 15 acres 16.65
R. F. Tugwell, 20 acres 10.09
Joab Tyson, 57 1/3 acres 60.20

This the 9th day of October, 1935.
H. L. ANDREWS,
Pitt County Tax Collector.

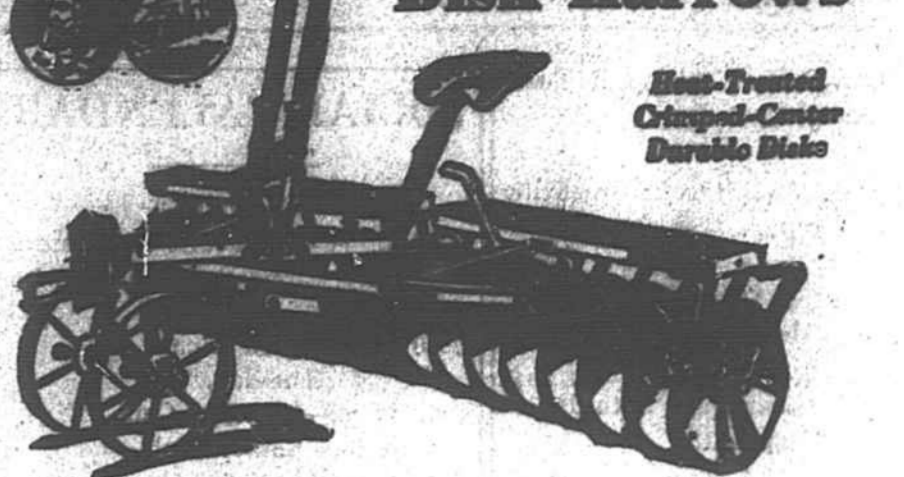
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Among the necessities of home is a good, reliable laxative. Don't be without one! Do your best to prevent constipation. Don't neglect it when you feel any of its disagreeable symptoms coming on. . . . We have used Theodor's Black-Draught for 21 years and have found it a very useful medicine that every family ought to have in their home," writes Mrs. Perry Hicks, of Belton, Texas. "I take Black-Draught for biliousness, constipation and other ills where a good laxative or purgative is needed. I have always found Black-Draught gives good results."

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McCormick-Deering Disk Harrows



Heat-Treated Crimped-Center Durable Disks

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GOOD Harrowing means a good seed bed and "bumper" crops. The bumper disk harrow shown above has a country-wide record of performance. An exclusive McCormick-Deering feature, the heat-treated crimped-center disks, gives this bumper disk harrow unequalled ability to hold its sharp cutting edges under tough, hard soil conditions.

The expense of frequent sharpening is saved, and the disks are automatically kept in shape for fast, clean work. It's the last word in disk quality!

We are now displaying the new McCormick-Deering Bumper Disk Harrows best suited for local conditions. Come in and see them.

THE TURNAGE CO., Inc. FARMVILLE, N. C.

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4.40-21 \$6.05 4.75-19 7.05

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Farmville Service Station W. C. WOOTEN, Manager. Farmville, N. C.

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Omaha is an outstanding horse today. And in the cigarette world Chesterfield is outstanding. Both won their place strictly on merit.

Apply any test you like—Chesterfields stand for the best there is in cigarettes. They are milder . . . yet they let you know you're smoking. They taste better—give you real pleasure.

for mildness for better taste