

# There's only ONE

By SOPHIE KERR

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Right away when I went over this morning I knew someone'd been in. And I ducked around downstairs and didn't find anybody, but up in your ma's room there was your suitcase and I recognized it. How to gracious did you get in?"

While he put wood on the fire Rachel explained about the kitchen window and Mr. Kreeel was greatly bothered.

"I mighta noticed that window and nalled it shet, and then where would you been?"

"I'd have come over and pounded on your door, Mr. Kreeel, I knew you had a key."

"But what'd you do this morning? You didn't have a fire, or nothing to eat. You should've come over then. Mis' Kreeel's none too neighborly, I know, and sorry I am to admit it, but she'd surely have made you a cup of coffee."

"I went down and had breakfast with Bob Eddis."

"You did, Miss Rachel?" It sounded sly, amused.

"What's all the excitement about Mr. Eddis? Come on now, be a good sport, tell me. I know there's something going on."

Mr. Kreeel liked nothing better than a dish of gossip. He pursed his mouth with impudence and crinkled his eyes in a knowing smile.

"He's beaung the new primary schoolteacher, she's a right pretty girl, too, and cute as Christmas. She come to Rockboro after you and your ma left last fall and first off she boarded at Mis' Duffy's and then Mis' Duffy sent her over to her sister's, Mis' Catlin's, just an act of charity because Mis' Catlin was so hard up an' Mis' Duffy knew a schoolteacher'd pay regular, but she and Mr. Eddis they made it right up, quick, and most every day they eats their dinners together at the tea shop, and he takes her to the pictures and they walk on the beach, just like you and him used to do."

"Mr. Kreeel, this is interesting!" exclaimed Rachel. "This makes a lot of things clear to me. What's the schoolteacher's name?"

"She's a Miss Alice Hale. Hope you don't feel bad about it, Miss Rachel. I contend to Mis' Kreeel that you could have had him if you'd wanted him, but you didn't want him. A body with a pair glass eyes could've seen that he was after you last year. She's a light blonde."

"I wouldn't have any chance against a light blonde, so I'll have to make the best of it, though it breaks my heart."

"Now, Miss Rachel, quit your fooling. I guess you didn't want Mr. Eddis and I say you were right, for though he's a nice young feller, he's a mite, so to speak, peculiar. It's no way for a young man to live in a little made-over shack, housekeeping for himself." He interrupted his spate of talk to look out of the front window. "Here comes somebody up the road, looks like a stranger. Probably another one of these dinged brush peddlers hunting me down. They give a body no peace! He's coming in here by mistake."

Rachel turned to follow Mr. Kreeel's glance, then she jumped up and ran to the door. The stranger was Curt Elton.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

It took a little maneuvering to get rid of Mr. Kreeel without hurting his feelings or indulging his curiosity, but it was managed at last. And this being accomplished and Rachel and Curt left alone, an odd restraint fell on them.

Rachel broke it. "I do believe you're disappointed that I wasn't in the hands of gangsters or something wild, so you could rescue me. Did you bring a tommy-gun?"

"Not even a slingshot. Rachel, why did you come?"

"Why did you come?"

Curt got up and put some wood on the fire.

"It's very pleasant here," he said. "Any room with sunlight and a fireplace full of driftwood is decorated. And besides, there's the sea over the dunes. It must be lovely in summer."

"But quite!" said Rachel, mockingly. "Too, too lovely! Simply deevine. Gay rugs and chintz covers, ornaments on the mantelshelf, books, pictures and fresh flowers artistically arranged, my dear, you have no idea how really charming the little dump can be!"

"I don't deserve that, do I?"

"But what do you deserve, Curt? I don't even know why you've come."

"But you're not sorry I came?"

"No, of course not."

"I was worried about you, that's why I came. Pink showed me your telegram and I phoned Terriss and he said the Caynes had taken finding out about their son pretty hard and I was afraid they'd been so rotten to you that you'd run away. And then, another reason for coming, I didn't know when you were coming back."

"You could have wired me, or telephoned."

"I wanted to see you with my own eyes. You've been awfully overstrained, Rachel—remember the last time we talked? You were so undecided about searching that brat's room, you took it all so seriously, as if it mattered what happened to any of them. I got you into that job and I insisted that you ought to make the search, so I felt responsible."

"But how did you get here this time of day, there's no train?"

"I took Vinco's car and drove. I'd have been here earlier, but I lost my way in the night."

"You've been driving all night?"

"Pretty nearly. Want to drive back with me?"

"I suppose I might as well. I thought I'd take the afternoon train. But you can't drive back without a rest and a sleep, Curt."

"If you'd let me take the newspapers off that sofa and catch an hour's nap I'd be all right. You really want to go back today? There's no reason for you to stay?" His voice was anxious.

"No, not a thing. I was awfully upset by that last interview at the Caynes. And I felt I couldn't go back to the flat and begin in the morning at Vinco's. I suppose I let my nerves trick me, Curt. And so, I came down here, and—and had a good night's sleep and a great big breakfast—and I feel all right again. Now, I'll tell you—I had a sort of half-date for lunch, but I'll break it and while you take a sleep

I'll go downtown and get some food and we'll have a picnic here. Or we could go down on the beach and make a fire, no, it's too cold for that. I'd like to have a run on the beach before we start back, though, just for a minute. By the way, where's Vinco's car?"

"In a garage, one of the inner tubes was leaking, it's nothing, they only have to put on the spare. I am sleepy, it's this warmth getting me. And the relief of finding you so—" he paused.

"Finding me how?"

"Yourself again."

She left him lying on the sofa and went joyfully down the long road once more. Curt's coming had been a marvelous lift—and then, the news about Bob and this Alice Hale! Her mouth quirked remembering. No wonder he had been awkward and evasive! She stopped at the library and was glad to find him alone and she pulled her face into gravity. "Now, Bob—about lunch—" she began. But he stopped her.

"I'm—I'm awfully sorry, Rachel, I'm afraid we can't have lunch together today—"

"That's all right. That's just what I came to say. I've been obliged to make another engagement—" She began to laugh. "It's almost impossible for you to look relieved and annoyed at the same time, Bob. Don't be fussed, Mr. Kreeel told me all—she was halfway out of the door, ready to jump—"about your light blonde." She banged the door and ran down the street and when she heard him call after her she dashed precipitately into the tea shop. There she leisurely purchased a quart of oyster stew, half a dozen sandwiches, celery and apple salad, a package of peanut brittle and a bottle of homemade cider.

"And if that isn't a magnificent lunch," she thought, "what is?" Then her eyes fell on a tray of fresh sugared crullers and she brought two dozen. All that she and Curt didn't eat she'd take to Pink as a home-coming gift. And though she was laden with packages, she went round the block to avoid passing the library again. It would do Bob good to wonder who might be her luncheon date.

Curt was fast asleep when she got back. She tiptoed past the living room into the kitchen and noiselessly hunted a pan to reheat the stew, got out dishes, spoons and glasses. Back into the living room and she set the pan on the coals and arranged the other food on the desk.

"He might just as well sleep a while longer," she thought. "I'll slip out and run on the beach. I must do that before I go."

The morning wind had fallen, the winter sun was almost warm and the sea had caught blue light from the sky. The path across the dunes was hidden under wind-blown sand, but she knew her way and down on the curve of the beach the sand was hard and smooth. That searching breath of the sea, cold to penetrate and envelop and make even wool and fur chill to the touch; giving a sense of vigor and power, welcomed her to the familiar scallop of the cove and made her want to shout. There wasn't any reason why she shouldn't run, though it would be wiser not to shout, but run she did, all down the white causeway, turning to run back when she reached the rocks that led out to the point. Sun and sea, a hard beach, and best of all the maggot in her brain was gone, she had herself destroyed it. No more worrying about her own mother, no more secret resentment against Annel. There was the old spar Anne had leaped against last summer when she'd told Rachel the story of Elinor Caynel Rachel stopped her running beside this relic. "I might put a tablet on it," she thought frivolously, "Place of revelation, or 'Here's where the blues began,' or something." And then, "I ought not to be high—after all, that poor Elinor—and Mr. Cayne—" But it was no use, they were gone, she couldn't drag them up from the shadows and reproach herself with them any more.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## SNOW HILL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Matthews, Miss Annie Mae Matthews and Miss Katherine Harrell spent Sunday in Norfolk, Va., as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dozier.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eure and family, of White Hat, visited Mr. and Mrs. Moody Harrell on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cartwright, Mrs. Vernon Winslow, Misses Lucille, Blanche and Maude Cartwright were in Hertford on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Edward Benton visited her mother, Mrs. R. R. Keaton, Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Howard Matthews, of Norfolk, Va., visited Mrs. Mary A. Keaton recently.

Miss Maude Keaton and Miss Sallie B. Wood, students at Louisburg College, are expected to arrive on Friday to spend the spring holidays at their respective homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody Harrell and daughter, Carolyn Dean, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gregory, at Woodville, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harrell visited Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Benton, at Old Neck, Sunday.

The condition of Mrs. Mary A. Keaton remains about the same.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashby Jordan visited Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Chappel, at Chappell Hill, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cartwright and family and Mrs. Vernon Winslow visited Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Layden, at Belvidere, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Harrell, of Norfolk, Va., visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whedbee during the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Harrell were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Harrell, at White Hat, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Everett, of Weeksville; Mr. and Mrs. Quinton Hurdle and family, of Hurdletown, spent Sunday afternoon as guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Jordan.

Mrs. Jesse Harrell and Miss Eunice

Harrell visited Mrs. Nellie Sumner, at Hurdletown, Friday.

Mrs. William Whedbee visited Mrs. Shelton Harrell, at White Hat, on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Proctor and son, of Pender Road, spent Sunday with Mrs. E. S. Lane. Mrs. Lane is now on the sick list.

**Snow Goose Is Uncommon**  
The snow goose is rare. Once the birds were so abundant that when they migrated to the United States and rested on western plains they resembled huge banks of snow. Its flesh is not particularly appetizing, so hunters are not responsible. But the snow goose signed its own death warrant. It liked grain too well, so incurred the wrath of farmers.

**Hawks Called "Blue Darters"**  
The Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk are smaller than other kinds of common hawks and can be identified by their narrow wings and long tails. Both of them are often called "blue darters."

## BURGESS NEWS

Mrs. C. B. Parker and Mrs. N. C. Spivey were in Elizabeth City on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fletcher, of Washington, D. C., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Basnight Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Long visited Mr. and Mrs. Winston Lane and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Lane Sunday.

Matt Mathews and family, Alton Mathews and Lloyd Atkinson, of Norfolk, Va., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Mathews Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Spivey, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Parker, Mrs. William Tucker, Anne and Ruth Tucker were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Basnight on Sunday.

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**W. M. S. MEETS**  
The Woman's Missionary Society of Woodland Church met on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George Jordan with Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. J. W. Overton as joint hostesses. Mrs. Jack Benton, president, presided over the business session, after which Mrs. Odell Cartwright, Christian Social Relations leader, gave a very appropriate program. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. J. E. Wood. Mrs. Eddie Harrell, Bible Study leader, gave a part of the spring Bible study, which was very interesting. The hostesses served delicious ice cream and cake. Those present were: Mrs. Odell Cartwright, Mrs. W. H. Cartwright, Mrs. Vernon Winslow, Mrs. Moody Harrell, Mrs. Elmer Wood, Mrs. Jack Benton, Mrs. Eddie Harrell, Mrs. Marvin Benton, Mrs. Dennis Cartwright, Mrs. Ashby Jordan, Mrs. E. S. Lane, Mrs. Z. D. White, Mrs. J. W. Overton, Mrs. Will Everett, Mrs. George Jordan and Mrs. Carson Benton.

**Where Dante Did His Work**  
The Villa Bondi at Fiesole, Italy, was the home of a cousin of Dante and within its gardens and furnished rooms the great poet did some of his work on the "Divine Comedy."

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