

HEARTS WALKING

Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith

CHAPTER VIII

By the last week in July Mr. Busby was next to finished at the Radcliffe house. There were only the loose ends to be tucked in. Janet began uneasily to wonder what would happen next. She had after considerable research decided on exactly what furnishings the old mansion required. She had the names of dealers and prices at her tongue's end, as well as neatly put down in a slender red notebook for Tony Ryan's consideration.

Deke had been engaged for several days in carefully weeding out the flower beds at the sides of the Radcliffe mansion. It was work at which he could sit down if his leg troubled him. The business of pruning the trees and cutting back the heavy shrubbery was to be left to Rufe under the supervision of the Earl of Jersey, so Deke said.

"Mr. Tony knows I can't handle no scythe," chuckled Deke, "but he promised to skin me alive if I missed any weed in these here flower beds. Mr. Tony can't stand nothing slovenly."

Janet's lips curled. "He expects you to earn your keep, does he?"

"Yas'm nothing like being able to eat your cake and have it too," she remarked. "I mean, it isn't everyone who can make a beautiful gesture pay."

"Yas'm," agreed Deke doubtfully.

He had no idea what she was talking about, but the man who had come up behind her knew. "I've seen the skids put under too many Good Time Charlies to let that happen to me," said Tony Ryan in a hard voice.

Janet turned with a little gasp. He had come in through the rear gate. Under the dark tan of his lean cheeks there was a red glow like the dusky flush on a copper vase.

"I'd like if possible to have the house ready for occupancy by the twentieth of August," he said. "Please buy what you think the house needs and have them send the bills to me," he said crisply. She winced, and her old antagonism flared up. "The price is no object, naturally?" she asked.

He gave her a curious glance. "I want the best."

Theoretically, after she had been busy at the office for eight hours, Berenice should have been

Church Appointments

SPARTA METHODIST CHURCH
L. F. Strader, Minister
Sunday School every Sun. at 10
Charles R. Roe, Supt.
Church service, 1st & 3rd Sun. 8:10
Epworth League every Sun. 6:30
Hazel Tompkins, Pres.

SPARTA CIRCUIT SERVICES
Shiloh, Second Sunday at 11 o'clock.
Piney Creek, 2nd Sun. at 3 o'clock.
Gentry Chapel, 1st Sun. at 2 o'clock.
Walnut Branch, 3rd Sun. at 3 o'clock.
Cox's Chapel, 4th Sun. at 11 o'clock.
Potato Creek, 4th Sun. at 3 o'clock.

SPARTA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
R. L. Berry, Minister
Church service, 2nd Sun. at 7:15.
Church service 4th Sun. at 11 o'clock.
Glade Valley, 1st Sun. 11 & 7:15.
Glade Valley, 2nd Sun. at 11 o'clock.
Glade Valley, 3rd Sun. 11 & 7:15.
Rocky Ridge, 2nd Sun. at 3 o'clock.
Rocky Ridge, 3rd Sun. at 3 o'clock.

SPARTA BAPTIST CHURCH
(Meeting in Presbyterian Church)
Sunday School every Sun. at 9:45
Amos Wagoner, Acting Supt.
Church service, 2nd & 4th Sun. 11
Baptist Tr. Union ev'ry Sun. 6:30

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST CHURCH
C. B. Kilby — S. G. Cardill
Pastors
Church service, 3rd Sat. and Sun.
in each month, at 11 o'clock.

REGULAR BAPTIST CHURCHES
of Little River Assn.
Big Springs, 2nd Sat. and Sun.
Double Spring, 1st Sat. and Sun.
Landmark, 4th Sat. and Sun.
Laurel Glen, 1st Sat. and Sun.
Mountain View, 3rd Sat. and Sun.
Mt. Ararat, 4th Sat. and Sun.
Mt. Carmel, 3rd Sat. and Sun.
Mt. Olivet, 1st Sat. and Sun.
New Bethel, 3rd Sat. and Sun.
New Salem, 2nd Sat. and Sun.
Pleasant Home, 3rd Sat. and Sun.
Prather's Creek, 2nd Sat. & Sun.
Roaring Gap, 1st Sat. and Sun.
Saddle Mountain, 4th Sat. & Sun.
South Fork, 4th Sat. and Sun.

UNION BAPTIST ASS'N.
Regular Church Services
Cherry Lane, 4th Sat. and Sun.
Glade Creek, 1st Sat. and Sun.
Liberty, 2nd Sat. and Sun.
Mount Union, 1st Sat. and Sun.
Pleasant Grove, 3rd Sat. and Sun.
Saddle Mtn., 3rd Sat. and Sun.
Whitehead, 2nd Sat. and Sun.
Welcome Home, 4th Sat. and Sun.

satisfied to stay quietly at home with Bill at night, only it had not worked out that way. She was generally tired by five and more and more inclined to feel sorry for herself because her friends had been doing nothing all day except play bridge or otherwise amuse themselves. She formed the habit of stopping in at one of their apartments after work. Usually The Bunch was together somewhere having cocktails. They encouraged her to join them.

When she came into the apartment that afternoon Bill was slamming things around in the kitchenette. "Hullo," he said without looking up, his face like a thundercloud.

"Hullo," said Berenice coldly, going into the dressing room to put her hat and gloves away.

The living room needed clearing of cigarette butts and scattered newspapers.

as I can climb into my best bib."

When Berenice let herself back into the apartment a little after two Bill was there asleep on his side of the bed.

She closed the dressing room door cautiously before she started to undress. Her hands were not quite steady and her eyes did not focus correctly. That was how she happened to pull open Bill's drawer instead of her own in the chiffoniere. That was why she did not at once recognize the stack of neatly cut out pictures which lay on Bill's pile of handkerchiefs.

The local newspaper had been running a contest for eight weeks. Each day they published a picture puzzle. There was a grand prize of five thousand dollars and a second of a thousand and a third of five hundred and forty of five dollars each. Berenice had never dreamed Bill was working

at the contest. Yet there were the pictures pains-takingly puzzled out and lettered in Bill's small cramped printing. Berenice's heart ached.

He had secured duplicate of each puzzle so that the set he finally sent in should be neat and legible. These were the ones he had worked from. They were almost tattered where he had written in and then rubbed out and rewritten his answers. In spots the cheap ragged paper had been worn through in holes from his patient eraser.

"Oh, poor Bill!" Berenice whispered to herself.

For all the pictures were torn in half and in the waste basket beside the chiffoniere lay a crumpled newspaper. Berenice picked it up with shaking hands. There were the names of the winning contestants. The winner of the grand prize headed them all in huge black letters, the second in smaller type, the third in still smaller print, and at the bottom the inconspicuous column of forty who received five dollars each.

Berenice's trembling finger ran down the list. Bill had not received a prize, not any at all. His name did not appear anywhere on the page. Berenice felt an anguish of pity. She knew why Bill had wanted five thousand dollars, why he had clutched at this forlorn hope to save his self-respect, but he had failed.

"Oh, Bill!" whispered Berenice, crawling into bed beside him and putting her arm across him.

But even in his sleep he flinched away from her.

Gradually the stately old house began again to take on a gracious

and gleaming aspect. Worn floors and wainscoting developed a satin sheen. In the dining room a Sheraton table and white leather-seated chairs rested on a hand-woven blue rug. Upstairs, prim ruffled white curtains framed the windows of bedrooms in which there were mahogany four-poster beds and slipper chairs and chintz-covered chaise longue.

"Almost finished," breathed Janet one sultry afternoon toward the middle of August. "The sooner I get away from here the better. The first thing I know I'll be breaking down and sobbing on the interloper's hearth rug."

A man stood at the foot of the stairs. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to startle you."

He was a slight man, thin for his height. He looked to be about forty-five and his expensively tailored gray suit was a little shiny at the seams.

"You are Miss Phillips, of course," he went on. "I'm Steve Hill, a friend of Tony's. He's done me a great service by being alive."

The next afternoon he was in the library when she arrived, sitting on the cushioned window seat, turning the leaves of an exceptionally fine copy of Tristan and Isolde.

"Allah be praised, you don't buy books for the color of their bindings!" he said.

Janet stared at him critically as he talked on. He did not sound like a bum, but neither did the Earl of Jersey. Steve Hill had a sensitive mobile face, and he seemed to have read everything worth reading and to have seen everything worth seeing and to have known everything worth knowing.

"Sorry," he said, glancing abruptly at his watch, "I'm afraid I've bored you."

She discovered with an incredulous start that they had been sitting there for an hour while he literally charmed her with the gently satirical flow of his conversation. "No," she said, "you haven't bored me. I doubt if you ever bored anyone in your life."

To her dismay his mouth twisted with pain. "I failed lamentably with the one audience in the world which mattered to me," he said and walked quickly away as if a horde of tormenting memories had been loosed about him.

But he was back again the next afternoon. Janet was hanging pictures.

"Nothing's lacking," she told Steve Hill, "except the portrait of my great-grandmother which is in our living room at home. It belongs here, commanding the whole house," she indicated the space opposite the wide staircase and the entrance to the library. "But nothing could persuade us to part with it."

She laughed unsteadily. "There are some things you can't put on the auction block unless with a matter of life and death. At least we've managed to eat without pawning great-grandmother."

She regarded him defiantly. "A bit of maudlin sentiment, eh, what? as the Earl of Jersey would say."

Steve Hill smiled. "There was a time when I thought I'd outgrown the old gods, but that's merely a phase, you know. In the end you realize that life without sentiment is a wine without bouquet."

She caught her breath. "I'd like you to know my mother," she said, and blushed because until then she had not known she approved of him to that extent.

"Would you like to go home with me tonight to dinner? It'll be informal. We live in a flat and we can't entertain on an elaborate scale, but Mother's the only person I know of in this town who could talk to you about books and philosophy and poetry and hold her own. You see, she grew up in a library like this."

"I'll be delighted," he said. (To Be Continued)



"The price is no object, naturally?" she asked

Maple Shade

Maple Shade, May 13.—Mr. and Mrs. Vester Peak, of West Virginia, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hix Halsey Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Halsey, Fox, visited in the home of Ahart Halsey Sunday.

Misses Grace Kirk and Winnie Hash, teachers of the Mill Creek School at Rugby, spent the week-end at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Landreth, Sparta, were dinner guests of Mrs. Mae Halsey, Saturday.

Miss Reka Paisley was a business visitor at Independence Friday.

Miss Lottie Lee Halsey spent Saturday night and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Halsey.

Mrs. C. M. DeFord has been ill for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Cox were visitors in the home of Jack Halsey Sunday afternoon.

Reka Paisley spent Saturday night with Helen Rose.

Mrs. G. W. Kirk, who has been ill since October, has improved considerably.

Mrs. Nannie Parsons and daughter, Aileen, spent Sunday of last week with Miss Maxine Parsons, of Turkey Knob.

Miss Bettie Halsey, of Sparta, spent the week-end with home folks here.

A Mother's Day program was given here Sunday by the Sunday school. The pageant, "Let's Give Mother a Rest," by four girls and three boys, and a reading, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," by Mrs. W. M. Paisley.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Delp and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Delp.

Dr. and Mrs. Mont Cox and children, of Independence, were visiting in this community Sunday.

H. L. Shaver, Jr., of Winston-Salem, visited his uncle, Dewey Cox, Sunday.

Mrs. Mamie Delp was a visitor in Sparta Saturday.

C. E. Cox was in Galax Sunday to hear Dr. Bob Shuler.

Miss Gertrude Mooney, of Mouth of Wilson, spent Sunday with friends here.

Cecil Halsey, of Fox, visited in the A. J. Halsey home Sunday.

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A show-off at the wheel often shows up at the hospital.

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SPEAKING OF NECESSITIES

Certain items appear on every shopping list. Here is one that is as important as any other.

The Star-Times offers a year's subscription to PATHFINDER—the news magazine with more than a million subscribers—for the small price of \$1.30. It's the best bargain you will find anywhere. Send your order now and be among the best informed in your neighborhood. Call us now before you have started to do the housework and you will know the day has started right.

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THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS



Four young people go as delegates from N. C. to the

National 4-H Club camp in Washington, D. C., June 12-19. They are Rudolph Ellis, of Fayetteville who entered 4-H Club work four years ago and is now making a name for himself in his own peanut industry; Alfred Greene, Durham County, who has been in the club for nine years and has completed projects with pigs, corn, poultry and gardening.

The two girls to attend this club camp are Margaret Ellis, Durham County, now serving as president of the State council, having been a member for nine years and completed projects in clothing, food preparation, room improvement, poultry, home beautification, and gardening. Sue Parker, of Jones County, who has held prominent offices in her club during her six years of membership.

Citron

Citron, May 14.—Robert Fender, candidate for House of Representatives, was in this community Monday.

R. G. Taylor and Wilmer Fender made a business trip to North Wilkesboro Monday.

Mrs. Dayton Dixon is slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Taylor and son were in this community Sunday, visiting his old home place.

Mrs. Carrie Hamm Jones and son, Jimmy, spent the week-end with her brother and sister-in-law, Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Hamm.

Dare and Lena Sheets, Athleen and Iva Grace Hoppers visited Mrs. Edith Taylor Saturday.

A large crowd attended Moth-

Sparta Bus Schedule

GREYHOUND
Detroit and Pittsburgh to Miami
Lv. Sparta, north'nd, 10:45 a.m.
Lv. Sparta, south'nd, 3:15 p.m.

Fro Boone & W. Jefferson, ar. 2 p.m.
To " " " " lv. 3:15 p.m.

N. Wilkesboro & Statesville Bus
To " & Stat'ville, lv. 9:45 a.m.
From N. Wilkesboro, ar. 3:00 p.m.
To " & Stat'ville, lv. 5:10 p.m.
From N. Wilkesboro, ar. 10:30 p.m.

ers Day services at Pine Fork Church Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlie Osborne visited the home of R. G. Taylor Tuesday.

More than 225,000 children under 15 years of age were injured in traffic accidents last year.

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