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When A Girl Loves

© 1928 by NEA Service RUTH DEWY GROVES

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Virginia Brewster is in love with Nathaniel Dunn, but she is tricked into promising to marry Frederick Dean in one year if he fails to earn \$100,000 that he alleges her father cheated him out of. Brewster had lost his fortune before his death and Virginia is left destitute.

She pawns her jewelry and Oliver Cutler promises to invest the money for her. She seeks work without success, and discovers that Dean has been the agency not to help her. Oliver gains her confidence and shows her attention which Neil resents, but she does not like the way his model, Chiri, treats him.

Finally Virginia obtains a position she likes. Shortly afterward she is charged by Cutler's wife with trying to alienate his affections.

She appeals to him to explain and demands an accounting of her investments. He confesses that he has not made any money for her, but says that he will give her any amount if she will go away with him. She denounces him and leaves the office.

Her firm requests her to go on a voyage as ship hostess. This separation, together with the Cutler affair on one hand and Chiri on the other, cause a lover's quarrel between her and Neil, which is not mended before Virginia sails.

They both suffer, but her work and the hope of getting aid from one of her father's friends, O. D. Leigh, in Haiti, helps Virginia endure the heartache. Arriving at Haiti, she goes out to the sugar plantation of Leigh.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XLV

Ten minutes after Virginia entered "Oddy's" Leigh's bedroom she had buried her hopes forever. He did not confide directly that he was a ruined man but it was apparent in everything she saw and in what he left unsaid.

He had heard of her father's death. Virginia, sitting in a chair drawn close to his bedside, saw a flicker of pain pass over his face as he mentioned Richard Brewster's name.

Finally he asked Virginia who had come out to the plantation with her. She rather sought to evade answering him.

"I'm afraid our reception of visitors doesn't do us much credit," he said with a smile that wrung Virginia's heart. "The overseer is away. His wife was my housekeeper. I haven't been able to get down for a few days to see what old Rastus is doing."

Virginia was not taken in by his reference to his illness as a short one. It would have been evident to anyone that he had not been out of his bed for much longer than a few days.

"It was a relief to find you here," Virginia Brewster said, smiling back at him. "I'm glad to see you." "Rastus is a godsend," Leigh returned promptly. "I don't know what I'd do without him. He needs a lot of bossing, though. We will have to tell him just what to do about lunch. He's chief cook and bottle washer for the present."

Virginia thought she detected a new note of concern in his voice and concluded that he was troubling himself over her entanglement.

"I'm afraid I can't stay to lunch," she said. "I must get back to the ship."

Leigh did not answer for a moment but Virginia saw a look of disappointment spread over his face. He made a movement to pull himself farther up on his pillow. Weakness forced him back.

"If you'll just be so good as to call Rastus I'll have him get you something," he muttered. "Hot drive out. You must be parched."

"Please don't bother," Virginia pleaded. "We'll be going in a few minutes."

Mr. Leigh turned a searching glance upon her and Virginia realized something in it that cut her deeply.

"I'm sorry," he said. "When Rastus brought me your card I hoped that you were staying at least until the next boat. There's a lot I'd like to talk about to Richard Brewster's daughter."

Virginia's eyes smarted with tears. It was plain to see that he believed she was influenced by concern for her personal comfort—that she was not very deeply interested in her father's old friend.

"It's unfortunate that I can't offer you any decent hospitality just now," he went on. "If you had asked me I'd have had the place put to rights."

"Oh," Virginia exclaimed involuntarily. "I'd love to stay, dear Mr. Leigh, but you see I can't. I—I—"

She stopped. She had not told him of her reduced circumstances. He did not know that her time belonged to the Blue Capella.

He laughed, a bit hollowly. "Don't trouble to disguise your feelings, my dear," he said. "I know you couldn't endure this place. Old Rastus prefers teaching the third boys to shoot craps than to do his duty, I fear."

Virginia could not bear to have him think her a snob. She leaned forward and placed a hand on his. "Please don't misunderstand me," she said softly. "I must get back to the ship because I am the hostess engaged by the line to turn the passengers are all guests."

Leigh was amazed. "Why in the world are you doing that?" he exclaimed.

Virginia swallowed hard, and told him a beautiful lie. "Don't you know that most of the girls in my set are going in for self-expression?" she asked. "I thought it would be worth while to do something useful, and besides, coming down here afforded me an opportunity to meet you. Father used to talk about you a great deal. I know that you saved his life." She added simply.

He placed a hand over hers, pressed it tenderly. Virginia felt his eyes searching through hers, weighing her, but she felt safe because there were some things she did not know about "Oddy."

He knew also that when a woman had been a natural gift but if it had been developed to a higher degree during the years he had spent as a big game hunter in the jungles.

He had learned to know what a beast meant to do in the same fraction of time required to send the order for action from the mind of the animal to its muscles. He needed only a glance at his eyes.

Then Virginia looked at him, a man used for good or evil, wild aspen could not drag the truth from her if she really did not wish to tell it. So he asked no questions of Virginia.

She sat and talked a little longer, on her promise to let Rastus serve her and Miss Webster—she spoke of her now—with tea. She called the servant and his master ordered him to prepare iced tea and cakes, and to refresh their driver and pony.

Then Virginia said goodbye to "Oddy" Leigh.

Somehow she staggered down the dim stairs without mishap and out into the dazzling glare of the sunlight. Miss Webster called to her from the cleared path under some thickly grown trees.

"Have you seen a ghost?" the stewardess exclaimed when Virginia reached her. She got up and gave the girl the chair. "Well, I don't doubt it. Everything is dead around here. I never saw such a terrible mess. I've been poking around. There isn't a house boy on the place except that woolly-headed darkey from the States. And I don't believe there's anyone at work in the fields, at all."

Virginia covered her eyes with her hands. "I know," she said. "Please don't talk about it. It is very sad. If you will fetch another chair we will stay a moment. Rastus is getting us some iced tea."

"Iced tea?" Miss Webster snorted. "If there is any ice on this place I'm an Eskimo." She went for the chair and returned grumbling about the dust that covered it.

Virginia paid no heed to her. She was sunk in dejection. Her sacrifice of time had been in vain. Futility. She was no nearer her goal than when she started. And there was the remainder of the cruise to be endured, while back in New York Nathaniel—

"No, she dared not let her mind dwell on what might be transpir-

ing there. She'd go mad if he let herself think of Nathaniel turning to Chiri for comfort.

Presently Rastus came with a cane table and then returned to the house for the tea. It looked very refreshing in the tall glasses with slices of lime and orange. But it was not cold. It was, in fact, tepid.

"The ice machine done broke 't self this mawin'," he apologized. Miss Webster rattled on with her "I told you so's," while Virginia slipped from her glass in silence.

Just before they were leaving she asked Rastus about his mission. "How long has he been ill?" "I dunno, Mas'rs. He ain't been out o' bed for mos' sev'l weeks. Iee 'told he ain't goin' to get well; he's a broke man."

"Can't you persuade him to call a doctor?"

"Ain't no doctor goin' bring him back what he los'."

Virginia reflected over that remark on the way back to the city. The servant was right. "Oddy" Leigh was a broken man. His plantation was neglected, his house falling to ruin and he himself laid low with no one to attend him save one lone old darkey.

It had been impossible to burden him with another's troubles. Even had she done so the indications were that it would have been of no avail. A prosperous man did not live as she had found Oddy Leigh. Virginia guessed that he had impoverished himself in an attempt to buy his wife's departure from the West Indies. Certainly his plantation looked as if it had been sacrificed for lack of funds to keep it up.

It could not be worth \$100,000. And if it could bring that much she could not ask the man who owed her nothing to deprive himself of his last penny to save her or even her father's honor.

Had he not once saved her father's life? What was \$25,000 compared to that? No, Virginia had to admit, "Oddy" owed her nothing.

Virginia did not go again to visit him. For two reasons; her time was too fully taken up and she could not go through such an emotional crisis again without losing control of herself.

The first night after her visit to Leigh it had been necessary for the physician aboard the ship to attend her for an attack of hysteria. He was watching her very closely now, warning her against a repetition of the cause of the attack. Virginia had told him enough of the visit to explain why it upset her so.

She tried to make up for her neglect by sending out boxes of delicacies, some of which she bought from the ship's stores, books and magazines the passengers had discarded, and little notes of cheer.

In return Mr. Leigh sent her gorgeous flowers, mostly roses, but now and then a potted pansy plant, with blooms more than a foot in diameter.

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Special. Rebuilt Champion Mower \$50.00

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Before the Agents left Port au Prince, Virginia received a letter from Nathaniel. It had arrived on a mail boat that had not stopped long in Havana, but she knew it must have been written within a few days after she left New York. Time enough, however, for Neil to write calmly. Virginia tore open the envelope with eager, trembling fingers.

(To Be Continued)

OLDEST EASTERN STAR MEMBER IN OREGON KILLED

(Associated Press Local Wire)

SALEM, June 28.—Mrs. Sophia L. Aufrance, of Donald, who recently observed her 80th birthday, was instantly killed about 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon when the automobile in which she was riding overturned near the Chapman mill. Her husband, August Aufrance, was also injured while Mrs. Charles Gibbs, of Newberg, driver of the machine, was badly injured. She was taken to Newberg, Gibbs, the other occupant of the automobile, was not hurt.

Mrs. Aufrance was the oldest member of the Eastern Star order in Oregon.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

RISKO DOUBTFUL WINNER OF BOUT WITH BLACK GIANT

(Associated Press Local Wire)

NEW YORK, June 28.—Johnny Risko, the Cleveland baker boy, was awarded a decision over George Godfrey, successor to Harry Wills as the "black mon-

ster," last night at the end of their 10-round go at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn.

Although the verdict of the judges met with only lukewarm approval from 25,000 spectators, several sport writers gave Risko a margin of five rounds with four for Godfrey and one even. The Associated Press score sheet gave the negro giant five rounds, with three for Risko and two even.

Risko apparently caught the judges' eyes with a thrilling rally in the last two rounds that had in the 235 pound negro giant glad to hold and back away. Neither two marks of the battle at the close.

The match was one of the few financial successes of the rainy summer season of many postponements. Receipts were \$51,584.

CALL FOR WARRANT

Notice is hereby given that Warrant No. 62 of School Dist. No. 17 of Umpqua, Douglas County, Oregon, is this day called for payment and all interest thereon ceases from the date of this notice dated this 21st day of June, 1928.

Bessie E. Edwards, Clerk.

NOTICE OF SALE OF SCHOOL WARRANTS

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Looking Glass school board, Dist. No. 13, July 14 at 3:00 p. m. for the purchase of \$5,000 of school warrants with interest at 5 per cent, payable semi-annually July 1 and Jan. 1. Retirement amortization plan beginning Jan. 1, 1930. Optional payment after 5 years.

A. H. MARSH, Clerk Dist. 13, Looking Glass.

Magazines—one cent each. Franklin Library, near Junior high school.

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