

Lovable

CHAPTER XVI

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"Thought I'd make you cook on your—your—"

"On my honeymoon," Ann supplied. Well, it was a queer kind of wedding trip.

"I expected you to help," she continued. "Sarah could tell you I'm not much good in a kitchen. But I'm learning. What about the family?"

"After I bought the place I realized it would be a white elephant on my hands. But I hung on to it for some reason, and finally I got this family to stay here. I give them the proceeds from the oranges and a small monthly wage to keep things up."

He turned on a light and now turned on the light. Ann stood, lost in admiration. The living room was typically Spanish, with its tapestries, its balustrades, dark ornate furniture supplemented by big wing chairs covered with bright cretonne. The curtains were cream with rich draperies of blue brocade. A stair with a wrought iron balustrade wound upward at one side of the room. A bright fire glowed in the fireplace.

"Oh, what a darling place!" breathed Ann.

"The bedrooms and bath are upstairs," Peter said. "Let's have a look at the kitchen."

The kitchen floor was covered with linoleum in large gray and black blocks, copying an old flagged stone flooring. The room had rough plaster walls and dainty ruffled swiss curtains at the windows.

Upstairs the survey led from Ann's bedroom to Peter's. The furniture in her room was painted cream and decorated in roses. Soft silk shades covered the lights. There were gray pillows on the window seat, a gay chintz-covered chair under the reading lamp.

Peter's room was furnished in walnut and there was a practical green-shaded light near his bed for reading.

Ann peeped in at the blue and white tiled bath. A tub and shower. Electric light. "Such luxury! I thought from what you said we'd be camping."

"I've run down a few times, so I furnished the place. But there are defects, as you will find out. Sometimes the water runs low. If it does, we'll do lots of our bathing in the lake."

"In January!"

"Lots of mild days. I'll walk over and tell Sam and his wife we're here."

"I'm going with you," Ann said. Not for words would she have been left behind in this quiet little house.

The started out through the grove. The path was rough and black slipped her arm through Peter's shadows along the path. Ann and trudged along his side while he pushed aside branches and guided her through the trees.

A light streaming from the open path clear and she slipped her door of the frame cottage made "Hello, Sam!" Peter called.

The family trooped to the porch. There were Sam and his wife, a younger woman and her husband, a little girl about three, and a boy. Ann judged that the boy, who had bright dark eyes, was around 10.

"Howdy, Mr. Kendall," Sam said. "We tried to fix everything right, sir."

"Everything's fine," Peter said. "The house looks nice. Mrs. Kendall likes the flowers."

"We have a garden," Sam's wife told Ann. "A little patch at the back. We're going to have lots of vegetables."

(To Be Continued)

The largest bird is the ostrich, which stands nearly eight feet tall and weighs about 300 pounds.

Carol went into her own room, re-enters in a few moments wearing a red coat, with a small black hat and close about her short dark hair. She wore no rings, but her eyes were brilliantly carmine.

"A little too much color on your face," Mrs. Kendall objected. Carol looked so beautiful, her mother was thinking, but she was smart-looking and had a certain charm. The fact that Carol had not been an overwhelming success was due, Mrs. Kendall knew, to her due. She had taken her share of the family, and often deliberately discouraged admirers.

The two drove to Valeria's apartment and Mrs. Kendall went in. "Please stop the car," Carol instructed the chauffeur after they had driven on a short distance. "I'm coming up front."

"Do you think you should, miss?" Carol asked.

"Yes, I think I should. I don't like sitting back here. Besides there are so many things I want to ask you."

"About my shoulders, miss?"

"No. Your diction, for one thing."

"I'm in the best families, Miss Kendall."

Carol had taken her seat beside the young chauffeur faced her, dropping his deliberate drawl in a way that was very much to her liking. "You're being very kind, you know."

"I'm being foolish," Carol said in a low tone. "Can't you see, Lawrence, that you are the only one I can talk to? You don't expect anything of me. You don't care anything about the Kendall traditions. You probably don't know we have such a name. But we have. And every member is supposed to live up to it."

"I know some other things."

"What things?"

"That you're rich. I'm poor. I'm a rich chauffeur and you are—"

"Just an American girl, Lawrence. Don't you forget all those other things and remember you are—just a girl!"

Just driving brought Peter and Ann to the vicinity of the little Florida home on the afternoon of the third day. For hours Peter's powerful car had been cutting its way along a road leading through a jungle of tropical growth. A single path, thick with shadows that seemed late afternoon although the sun was still high.

All pines, palms, huge water lilies, flaming hibiscus and the more delicately hued oleander making the deep green with color, and over all the intense, brooding atmosphere, broken only by the rustle of a leaf or the cry of a bird.

The shadows lengthened the more moss swaying in the wind, like ghostly white arms reaching out toward them.

Ann moved closer to Peter. "Frightened?" He laughed and asked her to give her hand a reassuring pat.

No, she couldn't be frightened with Peter. Peter's strong, splendidly muscled shoulders, his fighting chin meant adequate protection. And there was something about him, apart from his rugged strength and bigness, that gave him a feeling of security. It was as if Peter looked at life, as if he was just around the bend of this life, Peter said. And then, "Here we are."

On the top of the slope, almost hidden by orange trees, was a small bungalow, Spanish type. A path bordered by flowers ran from the steps to the edge of the hill.

"Peter!"

"Like it?"

"The afraid I shall love it and will never get me away."

Peter got out, opened the side door, and the big car climbed the slope, crushing thick grass under the wheels.

"A garage and everything!" marveled Ann.

Peter smiled. "People lived here once, you know."

The garage was clean and free from cobwebs. Ann wondered. And

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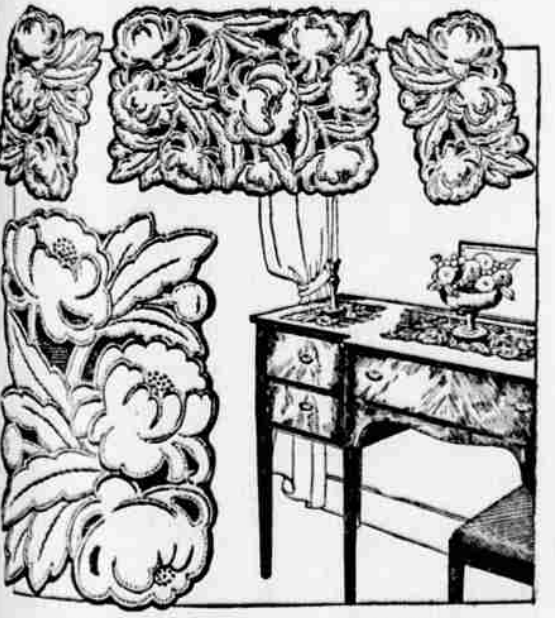
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LAURA WHEELER SUGGESTS MANY USES FOR CHRYSANTHEMUM CUTWORK



Get out needle, thread and thimble, and start making some Christmas gifts that will be a lasting joy to the fortunate owner. Cutwork—ever lovely needlework—is shown here in a new version—and it is the newest thing in cutwork, too, the all over design. And what it means this makes! The design is bold and sweeping in line and is easily embroidered. There are no bars, which simplifies the work. The large and two small pieces make a lovely buffet set or each alone make a dollie that has many uses. These are but a few ways of using these motifs, more of which are given in the pattern. The design can be embroidered in one or many colors.

Pattern 793 comes to you with a transfer pattern of a piece 9 1/2 x 15 inches and two 6 1/2 x 11 inch pieces; suggestions for uses; material requirements; detailed directions for doing cutwork and illustrations of all stitches used.

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern.

Register-Guard, Register-Guard Book

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

ANOTHER 10 MINUTES BACK IN THE CAVE AND THE SMOKE WOULD HAVE SNUFFED THE LIFE OUT OF US ALL—

WILLOWIST LED US OUT ONLY BECAUSE HIS OWN LIFE WAS IN DANGER, BUT I STILL SUSPECT TREACHERY—

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID, WILLOWIST?

BEYOND THAT EXIT MY LEOPARD-MEN WAIT — TO TEAR YOU ALL TO PIECES!



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BILLY COULD HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD, AS HE STEPPED INTO THE LODGE! IT WAS SIMPLY UNTHINKABLE! UNNOTICED, HE CLOSED THE DOOR AFTER HIM AND SLIPPED AWAY AS QUIETLY AS HE HAD ENTERED



BRINGING UP FATHER

FROM MAGGIE'S BROTHER!!! WELL, THE WHY, AH— I'LL— WHAT! THIS IS ABOUT THE LIMIT— BELIEVE IT OR NOT FER NERVE!!!

WILL YOU STOP HOLLERING? DO YOU WANT TO FRIGHTEN LITTLE "DAPHNE"?

ALL RIGHT! BUT I JUST GOT A LETTER FROM YOUR BROTHER AN' HE TOOK MY BEST COAT AN' PANTS WHEN HE WENT AWAY.

WELL, HE DIDN'T STEAL THEM— YOU SEE HE ADMITS HE HAS THEM! HE PROBABLY TOOK THEM BY MISTAKE.

MISTAKE?

HE ADMITS HE'S GOT 'EM! AN' HE HAS THE NERVE TO ASK ME TO SEND HIM THE VEST!



THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"HE KNOWS WHEN HE'S WRONG" TOMORROW—"LOVE IS BLIND"

BY E. C. SEGAR

YEAH, THAT'S IT, HONEY, JUS' A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY, I GUESS

THIS SEEMS TO BE THE BACK WALL TO MY SHACK BUILT UP AGAINST THE HILL— BUT THERE'S A SECRET ROOM IN BACK OF IT AND A SECRET DOOR HERE

ISATSO?

INSIDE THE SECRET ROOM

IS THAT THE ROOT OF A TREE COMIN' OUT THERE FROM THE SIDE OF THIS CAVE ROOM? THE END OF IT IS IN A CRACK— AINT IT?

MY BROTHER IS A CHEMIST. HE SUPPLIES ME WITH THE STUFF YOU SEE IN THE CROCK—THE ROOT OF THE CACTUS TREE IN BACK OF MY HOUSE TAKES UP THE FLUID—SOME OF IT GOES INTO THE BERRIES WHICH MY MEN EAT.

I DON'T DARE FEED IT TO THEM OPENLY BECAUSE IF THE GOVERNMENT KNEW THEY'D SEND AN ARMY AFTER ME

I SEE— THE STUFF KILLS THEIR CONSCIENCE AND MAKES OUTLAWS OF THEM



OUT OUR WAY

NOW, THERE'S A GOOD COAT — AN' AWFUL GOOD LEATHER COAT! I'VE OUTGROWN IT, BUT IT'S STILL IN PERFECT CONDITION— JUS' LIKE NEW, ALMOST! IT'S GOOD FER YEARS, YET— IT'S—

I WOULDN'T GO TO ALL THAT BOLONEY — JUS' PUT IT IN MY STOCKIN', AN' TELL ME SANDY CLAUD BROUGHT IT.

