

LOVE LAUGHS AT THE DOCTOR

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CHAPTER XV
 As a pause that seemed like a void in which all sound was suspended, Constance, smiling with bright, shining eyes into Derek's blank face, "Greetings, my dear Derek!" and Derek's lips and stammered with cordiality. "Why, I'm—this is a surprise! Where do you drop from?"

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handed her from one of Camilla Wynne's most popular roles; and the proper line came tripping to Constance's tongue.

"But, Jo-Jo, dear—she even remembered to laugh in that soft, caressing way that was one of Miss Wynne's most effective mannerisms—'don't you suppose I ever need a new dress? ... And I wasn't just badly that night—just stunned for a few minutes'—she glanced for encouragement toward Dr. Rogers, who nodded from the background. 'You can see for yourself that I'm all right, darling. ... But now you must rest. We'll talk some other time. I'll just sit here, very quietly now, while you go to sleep.'"

He seemed to think that over, frowning with the effort of concentration. His hand fumbled for her fingers.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I guess it's you all right—this time. Your hand is warm—and you smell sweet. ... You never touched me any of those other times you came."

"That's because I never did come before—not really," Constance told him softly. "You dreamed all that. You know. But this time you're not going to dream—not about me, nor anything else—just sleep."

He sighed, a quivering little sigh, like a child who has cried himself out.

"You were nice to come," he said drowsily, "after—the other night. But you were—always a lot—sweeter to me than I—deserved. ... That's what I was—trying to tell you when we met the truck—that I didn't deserve it, I mean—because I—don't seem to love you any more—not the way I used to. ..."

"I didn't put it very well, I guess. ... Men shouldn't have to say things like that—to women. ... Women ought to—see it coming, and make it easy."

"But I did understand," Constance said swiftly. "And you mustn't worry about that any more. ... What, in heaven's name was she saying, she thought, in the voice of that woman the boy thought her to be?"

She went on, "I'd have told you that night if we hadn't gone over the bank. ... I don't blame you. No one can help—not loving some one any longer. It's—she broke off, startled by the ironic truth of her own childish phrase.

Suppose it had been she, in her own person, who had had to speak those words—to Derek?

The boy made a drowsy motion as if to pat the hand that rested so close to his own.

"That's swell," he said. "Because I really—can't help it. ... But it was—nasty—thinking I'd—killed you. ... Now I think, if you don't mind, I won't—talk any more—just now."

Mark Rogers opened the door, and as the nurse came quietly forward, Constance slipped outside the room. In the corridor he overtook her.

"That's more like it," he said with a relief that lifted the words from the prosaic. "He may really sleep now."

Then when he saw that her lashes were wet, his eyes danced wickedly for a moment.

"You're not spilling perfectly good tears over being jilted by proxy, are you? Don't you take your play-acting too seriously?"

Constance wondered what he would say if she told him that for a moment she had almost forgotten that it was play-acting. ... Look at her probably, in that twinkling, quizzical way of his, as if she were something new and interesting, wriggling on a slide, as if he were wondering just why the specimen wriggled the way it did; and just what combination of circumstances might make it wriggle differently. ... He was doing it now.

She was casting around for something scathing to say to him when he anticipated her. (To Be Continued)

DEERHORN NOTES
 DEERHORN, April 12—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wearin left this week for Liberal, Kansas, where they will visit at the home of Mrs. Walter Furguson, a niece of Mrs. Wearin.

Homer Dawson, former resident of Deerhorn, but now of Portland, is spending the spring school vacation at the home of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Wheeler and family.

W. R. White and Harve Potter are slashing brush for Lester Millikan to increase the pasture land on the latter's ranch.

AT DEERHORN
 DEERHORN, April 12—(Special)—Wilbur Dehne, freshman at Oregon State college, spent the week-end with his family.

John Harris of Pleasant Hill has been blasting roots and stumps for Dick Hart on the latter's clearing job at his farm. Mr. Harris, an expert powder man, has often been employed for the work in this neighborhood.

MANY AT SERVICES
 GILLESPIE CORNERS, April 12—(Special)—On Sunday a large crowd met at the Central View church for services, a basket dinner was held, followed by singing in the afternoon.

La Blue Lone Cedar Ladies Aid will meet at the Coyote Community hall Thursday afternoon for a no-hostess meeting. For refreshments cookies and punch have been decided on.

RETURNS FROM TRIP
 GILLESPIE CORNERS, April 12—(Special)—Mrs. Hendricksen has returned home from Minnesota. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Stone, Thurston, visited with his mother and sister, Mrs. Lucy Stone and Etta Runk over the week-end.

Many of the farmers are finishing their spring grain sowing.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



Now Showing—"Can That Chatter!"

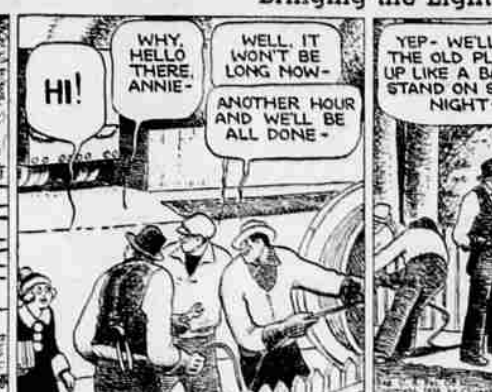


Tomorrow—"A Stranger in These Parts."



By HAROLD GRAY

Bringing the Light



By E. C. SEGAR

By HAROLD GRAY



By E. C. SEGAR

POPEYE



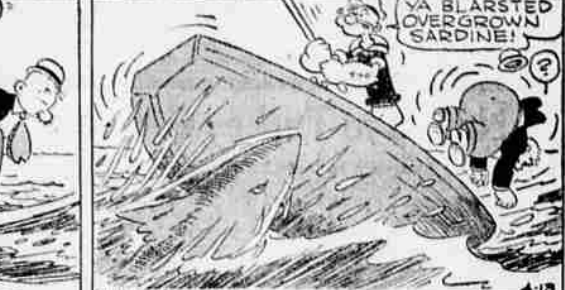
By ALEX RAYMOND

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By MARTIN

All the Dope



By MARTIN

By MARTIN



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WASH TUBBS



By CRANE

It Might Work at That



By CRANE

By CRANE



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ALLEY OOP



By V. T. HAMLIN

The Flight



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OUR BOARDING HOUSE - with MAJOR HOOPLE



By WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY



By WILLIAMS

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



By Sylvia

By Sylvia

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By Sylvia

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By Sylvia

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