

By Harold Gray

The WINE of LOVE

By Claire Pomeroy

CHAPTER LXVII SAD TIDINGS

After two more days of shopping, matinees, teas and gaiety, Carol admitted she had had enough, and she was glad, even eager to return to Boston.

She talked it all over with Magnolia—young Armstrong's sinister prophecy that she would find the man she loved too late, and Magnolia had laughed and kissed the girl. "Don't be a little idiot, Caroline," she advised. "That Armstrong boy is a born romantic. It sticks out all over him. Nice enough youngster, and he'll probably get somewhere, but he's not the man for you to marry. You'd outgrow him in a year's time and he'd bore you to death."

Carol admitted that he bored her a little even now.

"But—but, Magnolia," she hesitated, her eyes clouded with worry. "Is it obvious about me? I mean," she went on miserably, "does everyone believe I am marrying Crawford for his money?" Magnolia's brows went up.

"What's that?" she said in surprise. Then she laughed. "What rot!"

But Carol was immovable. "No, Magnolia," she insisted, it isn't rot. Mr. Gardener—"Oh, bother Mr. Gardener," said Magnolia with a shrug. "Carol likes to torment you and you know it. He takes a diabolical delight in that sort of thing and your naivete gives him a chuckle. She looked at Carol and smiled. "And if Nicko made love to you, which I dare say he did—you can't blame him. You are pretty enough to make any man light-headed, Caroline."

Carol's color heightened at this but she made no reply and the subject was dropped.

A telegram was dispatched to Crawford Summer, that he might meet the travelers when they arrived in Boston.

Carol looked forward to seeing the man again. She wanted to convince herself that she really cared for him and she had come to a secret decision. She made up her mind that she would not marry Summer if her heart told her she could never love him. She tried to be honest with herself and she wanted, most of all, to be honest with Summer. She knew he would understand if she told him she had searched her heart and could find no promise of love there. Yes, she thought gratefully, he would be big enough to let her go—And because she was a woman, this knowledge made her a little sad.

The journey was over at last and the two girls made their way through the trainshed, their eyes roving over the waiting crowd for the tall figure of Crawford Summer. Now that she was about to see him again, Carol was at once impatient and reluctant, and a feeling of faintness swept over her which made her angry with herself. But no tall figure stepped out of the crowd and after waiting ten minutes or more, the girls were not met to admit that Summer had not forced them.

They climbed into a taxicab and Magnolia sank back against the cushions, a line of worry drawn across her forehead.

"Something happened," she said shortly. "Crawford wouldn't have let anything interfere with his meeting us—you. Unless—"

"He might be away—out of town," put in Carol.

Magnolia shook her head.

"No," she said, "I know Crawford. He'd have let us know if he went away somewhere. He's the most methodical and the most punctual man on earth. There's something wrong—somewhere."

Black Maria received her two mistresses with her usual joyous exuberance and the shepherd dog

romped and barked his ecstatic pleasure. "Soon's you young ladies is ready, they'll be some supper ready," Maria told them, her stomach rumbling as she bustled about with the luggage and a dozen other tasks. "My, I sure am mighty glad to have you—all home ag'in where yo' belongs. I s'pose yo' been havin' a high ol' time down there in that New York place."

"Be quiet a minute, will you Maria?" Magnolia commanded. "I want to ask you something."

"Yes'm, Miss Magnolia."

"Have you heard anything from Mr. Summer? Has he telephoned any message for us?"

Black Maria shook her head energetically.

"No'm, Miss Magnolia. Ain't heard nary a word o' Mistah Summer."

"All right, Maria," Magnolia said crisply. "That will do." She made her way up the stairs to her room and called to Carol.

"Come in when you've rested, will you, Caroline?"

In her own little room, Caroline glanced about her and she remembered the first time she had been ushered into the dainty little bower.

What a little simpaton she had been then and how out of place she had felt in her shabby, home-made clothes. She gazed at her reflection in the mirror, and how she had changed!

She slipped on a loose little house gown and entered the room of her companion.

"You wanted me?" she said quietly.

"Oh, yes, Caroline," Magnolia said, looking at the girl with troubled eyes. "I think we'd better telephone Crawford, don't you?"

Carol nodded.

"Perhaps I'd better do it, in case there is anything wrong," Magnolia continued. "I'm used to shocks, you know."

Carol nodded again, and for the first time, she knew a feeling of presentiment.

Magnolia picked up the telephone that stood on the little table at her bedside and gave the operator a number.

"Miss Chatterday speaking," she said after a pause. "I'm calling Mr. Summer." Another pause—"I say?—Thank you, good-bye."

Magnolia placed the receiver back on the hook and turned slowly to the waiting girl.

"Caroline, my dear," she said, her voice low, her face grave. "He's ill—Crawford is ill, most awfully, seriously ill."

Carol Teller did not move—she sat there, cold as ice and an icy hand gripped itself around her heart.

(To be Continued)

HUNTERS TAKE REST

Silverton—Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hunter of North Second street left Thursday morning for Pacific City where they intend to remain for about two weeks in hopes of improving Mrs. Hunter's health. The Hunters made a trip to California some months ago, also for her health.

VISITS NEW ARRIVAL

Silverton—Mrs. Ed Geer motored to Portland with the A. A. Webb Tuesday and visited her new grandson who was born to her son Lester and wife Sunday.

BINGHAM POWELL LEAVES

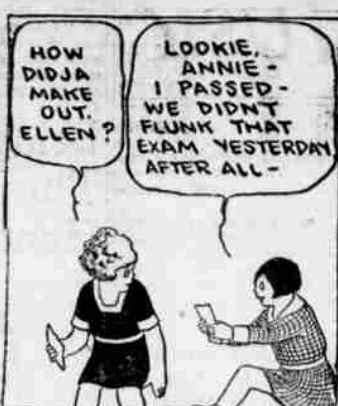
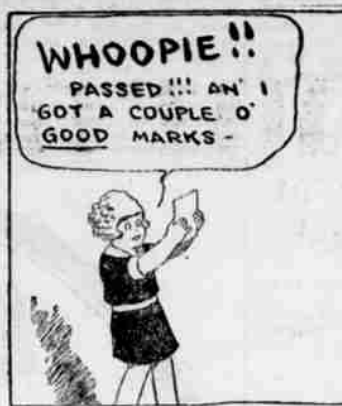
Woodburn—Bingham Powell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Powell, left Wednesday for Custer, South Dakota, to spend the summer at the home of an aunt. He was accompanied as far as Portland by his parents.

BACK FROM OSWEGO

Woodburn—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Commack and sons Charles and Donovan returned Wednesday from visiting relatives at Oswego, Portland and Vancouver.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Success



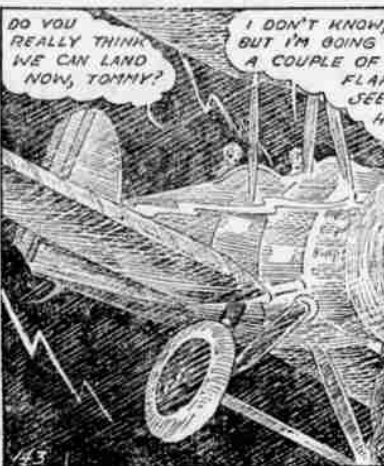
REG'LAR FELLERS

The Big Wind



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Tommy Guides The Ship Carefully



DUMB DORA

The Missing Miss.



BRINGING UP FATHER

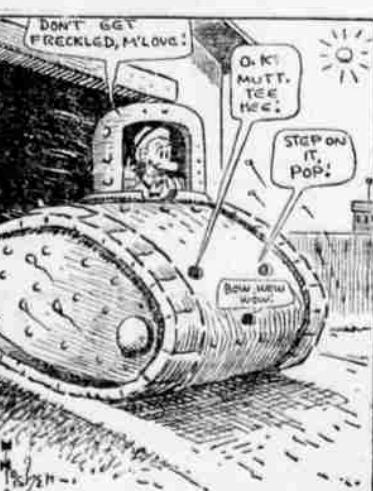
By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

A Hermetically Sealed Sight Seeing Trip

By Bud Fisher



ACROSS

1. Fruit alone
2. Nodules
3. Thick, black liquid
4. Silkworm
5. Eaten
6. Individual
7. Related level place
8. Division of a hospital
9. Curdles
10. Home
11. Flavor
12. Daughters of same mother
13. King of Bashan
14. Harsh forth
15. Crystallized
16. Part of the verb "to be"
17. Serpent
18. Blind
19. Dispatch
20. Manner of translation
21. Southern
22. Stated
23. Thin
24. Leave out

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

A	P	A	R	T	H	E	S	T	S			
R	I	G	O	R	A	N	T	I	E	R	I	E
E	M	A	T	E	A	I	R	N	I	L	E	
S	T	R	E	A	M	S	R	E	G	E	N	T
C	R	E	E	L	Y	E	A	S	A	B	L	E
R	E	A	D	E	R	A	N	T	S	L	A	M
E	G	G	S	E	A	L	I	O	N	A	C	E
S	A	L	E	D	I	E	D	I	M	M	E	R
S	L	E	E	P	D	A	Y	N	E	E	D	Y
L	I	E	S	A	N	K	E					
S	E	R	P	E	N	T	M	U	F	F	L	E
O	L	I	O	T	H	E	O	R	A	T	E	
R	A	N	T	E	R	L	E	M	O	N		
E	M	D	S	R	E	E	D	D	E	A	N	G

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DOWN

1. Curdles
2. Anger
3. Coverings of wheels
4. Implements for mixing
5. Fish eggs
6. Bone
7. Lizards
8. Flood
9. Connection of addition
10. Thing
11. Ratio
12. River islands
13. Alaskan town
14. Browned bread
15. Current
16. Nukes turbid
17. Not trimmed
18. Dignity
19. Russian parliament
20. A casting of votes
21. Grouched
22. Softly
23. Contagion
24. Hook
25. Beverage
26. Small explosion
27. Small tumor
28. Tort
29. Negatives