

# MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

## Chapter 48 BAD MOMENT

THE horses were tied to trees at the other side of the clearing. Dan's horse nickered softly as he approached.

"This one is yours," he said to Emily, laying a hand upon the flank of a small chestnut next to his own. "He's got a soft mouth and he's as sure-footed as a goat."

She caressed the horse's shoulder, feeling the play of muscles beneath his skin. "I think," she turned impulsively to Dan, "that a good horse is the most beautiful thing in the world."

Dan's face looked queer in the dim, frosty light. "Not quite," he said thickly, and before she could guess his intention, he had her in his arms.

None of Dan's casual caresses had prepared her for this. Not even marriage had warned her of the existence of such sheer animal passion.

She fought against it terrified, aware that Dan's mouth was brushing hers, that one arm crushed her against his hard body, that one hand lay against her breast.

She tore herself away finally and leaned against the horse's warm shoulder, sobbing for breath.

"Dan! What a rotten thing to do!" He straightened, fighting for composure. "God knows I'm sorry," he said huskily. "I forgot for the moment—what sort you were."

"That's no excuse," she said hotly. "I'm no baby!"

"Yes, you are," he said roughly. And added, "Oh, I know you've been married, and all that, but not to a man."

She stared at him, wondering if Judith—He read her thoughts. "Nobody's been telling tales," he reassured her. "I guessed that for myself. A real man would never have let you go, or if he had, would never have left you so—untouched."

She couldn't reply to that; she could only lean against the horse shivering. Dan closed his eyes for an instant and cursed himself.

He came close to her and took her hands, very gently. "Emily, honey, it won't happen again. Please forgive me and trust me." He lifted her hands and kissed her fingers softly; turned the hands over and laid their palms against his burning face. "Please, Emily—"

She relaxed. Perhaps Dan was right, and she was childish and untouched. "I'll—try."

He said, "Thank you," almost humbly, and slipping one of her hands through his arm turned once more towards the cabin. At the door he paused, shamefaced.

"Have you got some powder in your pocket?"

She flushed, thinking for the first time of what he must have done to her appearance. She powdered her face; tucked her disordered hair under the little hat. Together they went into the shack.

THE group before the fire greeted them without looking up. Only Judith glanced swiftly at Emily and guessed what had happened. Dan was a beast, she decided; perhaps after all she had better tell Emily of David's cable—of David, speeding across the Mediterranean.

For two weeks, now, she had carried the words of David's answer in her heart: "Take a sixty-day option. Home next month. Cheerio! David." (It was like David to have disregarded cost and added that, "Cheerio!")

If Emily showed signs of becoming too interested in Dan she'd have to tell her, but she did want it for a surprise.

After seeing Emily settled Dan sank to the floor beside her. "Dan me in," he drawled, his voice normal again. "Emily's not playing. I need her for a mascot."

The game went on. Money changed hands swiftly and in breath-taking sums. Dan lost heavily; re-empted; lost again. At eleven he turned to Emily.

"Time for you to sleep a while." She wanted to protest, but the thought of sleep was too alluring. One of the girls and the intoxicated gentleman had already succumbed. She laughed apologetically.

"I don't seem to be able to help it!" He drew a dilapidated couch nearer the fire and found a heavy blanket that smelled strongly of horseflesh. "Lie down," he ordered.

She curled up gratefully and he tucked the odorous blanket close about her, then stood for an instant smiling down at her. She returned the smile, reassuringly, and his weathered face flushed painfully.

Five minutes later she was asleep. A hand upon her shoulder awak-

ened her. The room was alive with activity.

"Time to get up," Dan told her briskly. "Mac's cut the peck loose and we'll have to hurry."

He helped her into her coat and they ran for the door. The intoxicated guest snored loudly on the floor. "Aren't you going to wake him?" she asked.

Dan grinned. "Try and do it. He's never seen a fox-hunt in his life: this is as far as he ever gets."

Outside the moon was high and bright. The horses were saddled and waiting and several of the party were already under way. The yapping of the dogs came faintly from a distance.

They rode hard for several minutes along a sandy, uneven road, towards the barking of the dogs.

"Have they struck yet?" Emily asked between breaths.

"Not yet," Dan was close beside her. "They're just making conversation."

They drew up even with Judith and Aubrey, and reined in to listen. The dogs were in the woods to the right of them, uttering those short, purposeless yaps.

"Might as well wait," Aubrey suggested. "They seem to be circling."

SUDDENLY a new note sounded in the chorus, a deep, prolonged howl.

"That's Lead!" Dan cried. "Wait and see what direction they take." The tone of the distant chorus had changed unmistakably, so that even Emily could tell the difference. It grew fainter as the dogs trailed.

Judith said resignedly, "I hope to heaven it's not a red fox."

"Why?" Emily asked.

"A red fox runs straight, for miles and miles. The dogs might not get home until tomorrow night."

They rode slowly forward, reining in occasionally to listen. The rest of the party was a short distance ahead. Emily was unable to judge the distance, but she guessed that already they must have ridden several miles. And then she realized that the deep-throated chorus was growing louder.

Dan reined in quickly. "They're coming back. Must be a gray fox, Jude."

Minutes went by. The entire party was together now, tense and silent, and the chorus was growing gradually louder. Suddenly still a different note was sounded.

"Oh-oh!" Yaller bounced in his saddle. "Tree bark! Hit's a coon, Mist' Dan; hit's a coon, sho' I'm settin' byah."

Dan turned his horse and rode back several hundred yards, followed by the rest of the party. He veered sharply to the left and took a trail leading into the heart of the pine woods.

They reached the milling dogs at last and Mac flicked on a powerful searchlight. High in the scrubby pine crouched a furry animal, his eyes gleaming green in the light.

Yaller began to chortle. "Hit's a coon. Didn't I tell you hit was a coon!"

Suddenly a shot rang out and the dark, furry body hurtled to the ground.

"Oh!" The cry was wrung from Emily, a note of pity and horror. Judith patted her arm.

Slowly, with the aid of the searchlight, they made their way back through the woods. Yaller carried the coon like a banner, as one more example of Winnie's prowess. Dawn was breaking as they reached the horses, and they began the long ride back to the cabin in the dim gray light of a January morning.

Dan looked anxiously at Emily. "Tired?"

She shook her head. "I was too excited to think about it. I can't believe we've been out more than a few minutes."

He smiled. "We've been riding nearly four hours. Was it worth the trouble?"

She nodded eagerly. "Oh yes. I hated seeing the coon shot, but even then I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

He patted her hand approvingly. "Atta girl!"

She wondered, seeing him now, if she had dreamed the scene after supper, and wished with all her heart that she had.

Breakfast was ready when they reached the shack and they fell upon it ravenously. Afterwards she was vaguely conscious of hiding the set reached Morton Hall she was sound asleep on the back seat while Judith slept again with her head in Aubrey's lap.

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Emily takes up new duties, tomorrow.

## MOVIE GAMBLER PORTRAYER DIES

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Oct. 17. — (AP) Sam Hardy, veteran actor of the stage and screen, died in Hollywood hospital early today after an emergency operation for an abdominal ailment. The 52-year-old player, best known for his humorous, gambler-type portrayals, collapsed on a studio set yesterday as he made up for scenes in an Eddie Cantor picture.

## CANTOR AND NORMAN TAYLOR, THE DIRECTOR, RUSHED HIM TO THE HOSPITAL, WHERE IT WAS DECIDED TO OPERATE FOR AN INTESTINAL OBSTRUCTION.

As a result of his collapse and death, Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, said much of the Cantor picture completed so far will be scrapped, because Hardy appeared in most of the scenes. Hardy, educated at Yale, was a member of the Lambs, Players, New York Athletic club, the Elks and several motion picture societies here. He was married to the former actress, Betty Scott.

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## LANDON SUPPORTERS WILL OPEN QUARTERS

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 17. — (AP) — Supporters of Gov. Alf M. Landon of Kansas for the Republican nomination for president hope to "have offices throughout the state opened within 30 days." Eugene R. Case, executive secretary of the local Landon-for-President committee announced today. The campaign headquarters opened here last October 1 was the first in the United States, Case said.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MORNING GLORY SEEDS GOLD AS HIGH AS \$18 A POUND IN JAPAN... 1930-  
IRON-HEATED AND DIPPED IN COLD WATER—HARDENS... COPPER, HEATED AND DIPPED IN COLD WATER—SOFTENS...



THE HORSEWHIPPED KING—HENRY II WAS PUBLICLY WHIPPED BY MORE THAN 80 MONKS, BISHOPS AND ABBOTS BECAUSE HE UNWITTINGLY CAUSED THE DEATH OF THOMAS A BECKET

A few hasty words, spoken in impatience by King Henry II, made him unwittingly the cause of the murder of Thomas a Becket. The murder of Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was certainly not sought by the king because he must have known the disastrous results that were sure to follow.

The murder came after a long struggle between the church and state, and Becket in direct opposition to his former friend and benefactor.

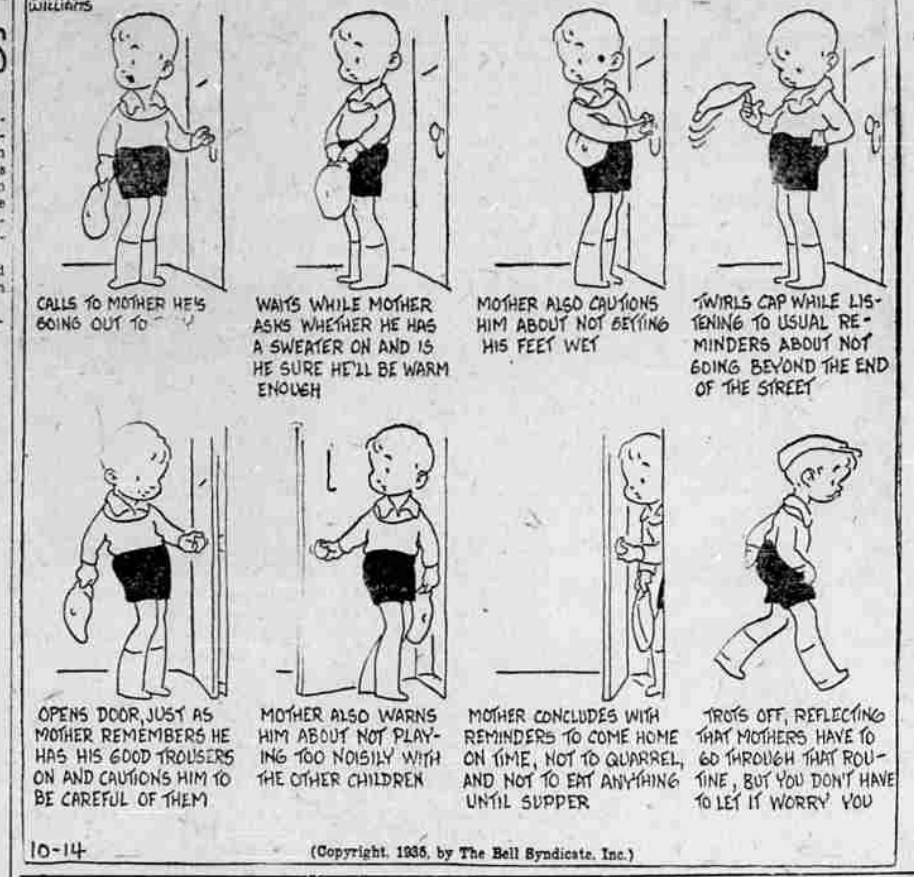
Henry II. Henry's remark, "No one will deliver me from these low-born priests," was taken by a courier to indicate that he wanted Becket out of the way. Becket was soon murdered, and Henry was held responsible by the church.

To save himself from excommunication, he had to submit to the humiliation of having bishops, abbots and monks flog him in public as he knelt at the tomb of the murdered churchman. Eighty monks each gave him three lashes, while every bishop and abbot present was privileged to give him five lashes.

The whipping did not completely atone for the murder of Becket started a series of events disastrous to Henry's reign. He was forced to complete surrender on his stand against the church's power, and in later years even the rebellious actions of his own sons were said to result from his part in Becket's fate.

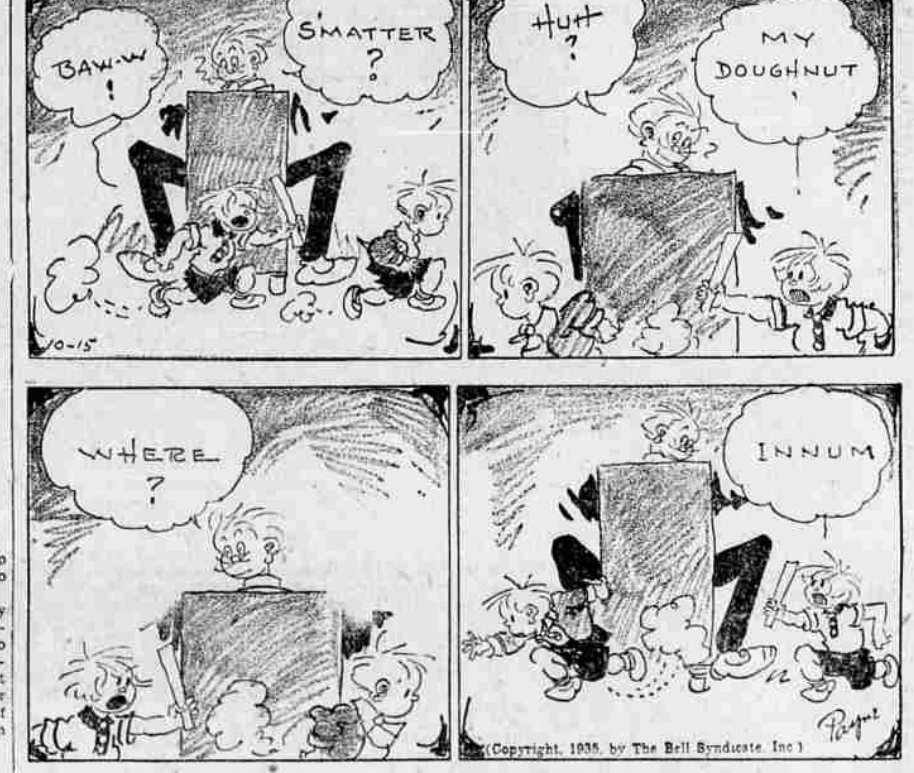
Tomorrow: Next to Nowhere.

## ROUTINE



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## SMATTER POP—



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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Garcia Shows His "True Colors"!



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## By HAL FORREST



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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—More Details



10-18 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## By EDWIN ALGER



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## TAX FORECLOSURES HELD UP IN CURRY

GOLD BEACH, Ore., Oct. 17. — (AP) — Legal proceedings have caused indefinite postponement of tax foreclosures against a long list of property in Curry county. In an answer to summons John Goes, through his attorney, C. H. Burlington, declared his properties in Curry county have not been duly listed for taxation and that the assessment, levy and equalization and all other acts required by law to make the taxes a first lien on the property were not done regularly and at the proper time. "KICKERBACK" Undergarments that fit at Ebbelwa & Johnson's.

## M'NARY FAVORS POWER GOING TO HOMES FIRST

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 17. — (AP) — United States Senator Charles L. McNary declared here today that the primary consideration in the distribution of Bonneville power should be that it must first be offered to homes and farms. The surplus then, he said, should be placed at the command of industry. The Oregon senator, leader of the Republican party in the upper chamber of congress, was the speaker at a meeting of the East Side commercial club of Portland. LONDON, Oct. 17. — (AP) — The Archbishop of Canterbury's recent appeal on behalf of a British ambulance service for Ethiopia today had brought in donations amounting to \$32,500.

## THE NEBBS—No Confidence



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## By SOL HESS



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