

# MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

Chapter 46  
CARROLLTON

SATURDAY night came. Emily went slowly, almost reluctantly, down the stairs, the taffeta skirt swirling about her feet. David saw her from the living-room, and came quickly to meet her. He was smiling, but his hand upon the novel post betrayed him: it was gripping the post so tightly that the knuckles stood out white.

"Portrait of a lady descending a staircase!"

She smiled faintly. "It wasn't meant to be. I hate portraits; conceals ones, I mean."

"That depends," he said, "on the subject of the portrait." He slipped her hand through his arm and they moved across the shimmering floor to the living-room.

People were arriving rapidly. The orchestra took up its position in the hall and began to tune its instruments. The guests had discovered the punch bowl and were already grouped around it.

David's voice said in Emily's ear: "The first and the last dances are mine."

The orchestra began to play—a throbbing, minor rhythm which, all negro music, seemed an echo of the jungle's heart-beat. David was before her, wordlessly holding out his arms, and she went to them with a homing motion that left him suffocated with wanting her. He closed his eyes for an instant, and brushed his lips lightly across her hair.

The dance was a great success. During supper the negroes sang, as they had sung at Carrollton—this time a spiritual she had never heard before.

Emily was the sensation of the evening. She tried valiantly to hide the glow that David had kindled, but men and women, glancing at her as she danced with him, watched at each other and smiled a little, wistfully.

Dan Raynor hadn't come—a previous engagement, he lied almost convincingly.

When the last guest had departed Judith yawned ostentatiously. "I'm not even going to look at this wreckage until morning. Good night, my children."

She went upstairs with Aubrey, whose arm was about her waist. Emily and David were alone before the living-room fire.

Emily's heart was beating so that she could hardly breathe, but her resolution was made. She said without preface:

"David, why haven't you been to Carrollton?"

He wratched his eyes from her, and stared into the dying fire. "Because I've been afraid. I'm going to-morrow."

She said it quickly, while her courage held. "May I go with you?"

His head came up. He stared at her, unbelieving. "You mean—you'd really go?"

"I'd love it, more than anything in the world—if you'd let me."

"If I let you—" He turned away, staring again into the fire. She went quickly from the room and left him there.

THEY drove in to Montgomery the next morning to get the key to Carrollton from a real estate agent. It was Sunday, but the agent, in answer to David's urgent request, would meet them at his office at eleven, and drive out with them.

David declined the offer. He could find the way quite well, he said into the telephone.

They left Morton Hall at half-past ten, and during the drive to Montgomery they scarcely dared to speak or to look at each other. The agent was waiting at his office, and in his eagerness came with David to the car, talking rapidly.

"It's in a terrible state of repair," he explained, but I think you'll find that it has wonderful possibilities. It's really one of the finest places in the state." He had caught David's name, but found in it nothing but coincidence.

David merely looked at him. "You're telling me?" he said, and got into the car.

Emily laughed as the car moved away. "David, he had the best intentions in the world!"

His mouth relaxed and he grinned suddenly.

"That was rough, wasn't it? I'll apologize when I see him again." He headed the car towards Carrollton. The pale gold of a February sun lit the rolling country through which they drove. Emily watched the fields and woods, but her mind was seeing David beside her; was absorbing every detail of his appearance, from his sun-colored hair to the heavy shoes he wore.

His eyes were fixed on the flying road beneath them and his face was white and drawn. Panic swept over her in waves: suppose she had been wrong, after all, in thinking that he wanted her; in forcing her presence upon him—it was a shameful thing to do—a thing she couldn't even imagine Frances Felton's daughter doing.

Suppose he hated her for it, and couldn't quite tell her?

And then, for the first time in nearly eight years, the car was turning into a driveway: was rolling through an avenue of trees that led to the house like an aisle to an altar—

HE stopped before the wide front steps, and for a long time neither of them spoke. They were gazing at the depositions that so short a time had wrought.

The house almost cried for paint: great bare smudges of gray dotted the faded columns and defaced the lofty facade. The raying sunlight was almost empty, and an occasional pane of glass leaked at them with an evil wink.

The shutters had been torn away—to be used for fuel, probably, by the scattered tenants. The front steps sagged dispiritedly, and dead leaves and branches covered the driveway and the porch. And beyond the house stretched acres and acres of weeds and sapling pines.

Emily forced herself to look at David, and the expression in his eyes left her cold with fear. She said very softly:

"Would you like for me to wait here, while you go in alone?"

He turned to her quickly, and the appeal in his eyes was an answer to all her doubts.

"I couldn't stand it unless you were with me."

Hand in hand they mounted the unsteady steps and crossed the wide verandah, dead leaves rustling under their feet. David inserted the heavy key and then paused, with his hand on the knob.

"Emily, I've got no right to ask this. I'm going to be so beastly poor—" He might have been resuming a conversation interrupted a dozen seconds before.

She shook her head, holding his look with hers. "I can think of no many worse things, David." Things, for instance, like life with Edwin.

"Besides," her eyes twinkled, "you haven't asked me. I've done it all myself, I'm afraid."

For the first time the veil lifted, and she saw the laughing eyes of the other David.

"You!" he chuckled derisively. He flung open the heavy door and turned back to her, and his voice was suddenly shaken.

"There's a family tradition about these things," he said, and lifting her into his arms, he stepped across the threshold.

THE END

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## RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK EXAM SET

The United States Civil Service commission has announced an open competitive examination for railway postal clerk.

Applications may be filed with the civil service district office nearest the

applicant, or with the U. S. Civil Service commission at Washington, D. C. Applications must be on file not later than October 28, 1935.

Applicants must have reached their 18th but not their 35th birthday on the date of the close of receipt of applications, except that those age limits do not apply to persons granted military preference. Applicants must measure at least five feet six inches in height in bare feet, weigh at least 130 pounds without clothing, be in sound health and capable of enduring arduous exertion.

Persons interested should apply at

once for information to Earl H. York, secretary U. S. Civil Service board of examiners, at the postoffice in this city.

Card of Thanks.  
We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness and sympathy, also for the beautiful floral offerings for our mother during our recent bereavement—Mrs. Chas. McClain, Mrs. Eddie Kametz, Mrs. Mattie Morris, Mrs. Josephine Wahlen, Shannon Oliver, Elie Oliver, Walter Oliver.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

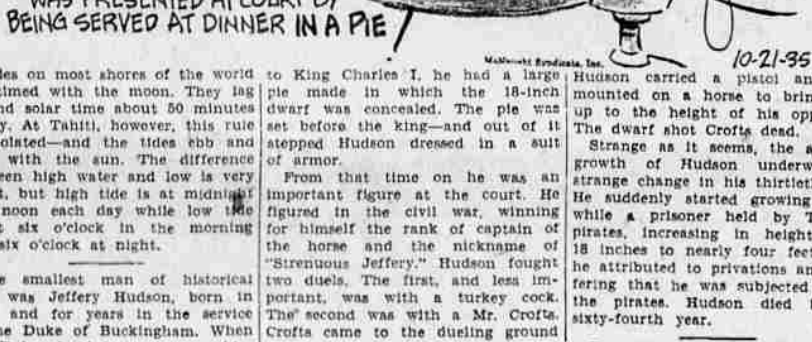
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



LION KILLER—JAY BRUCE, CALIFORNIA'S OFFICIAL LION KILLER, HAS BAGGED 500 MOUNTAIN LIONS...



TIDES OF TAHITI FOLLOW THE SUN, NOT THE MOON... THEY COME IN AT THE SAME TIME EVERY DAY!



JEFFERY HUDSON—famous 17th century English dwarf, WAS PRESENTED AT COURT BY BEING SERVED AT DINNER IN A PIE!

Tides on most shores of the world are timed with the moon. They lag behind solar time about 50 minutes a day. At Tahiti, however, this rule is violated—and the tides ebb and flow with the sun. The difference between high water and low is very slight, but high tide is at midday and noon each day while low tide is at six o'clock in the morning and six o'clock at night.

The smallest man of historical note was Jeffery Hudson, born in 1619, and for years in the service of the Duke of Buckingham. When the Duke decided to present him to King Charles I, he had a large pie made in which the 18-inch dwarf was concealed. The pie was set before the king—and out of it stepped Hudson dressed in a suit of armor.

From that time on he was an important figure at the court. He figured in the civil war, winning for himself the rank of captain of the horse and the nickname of "Strenuous Jeffery." Hudson fought two duels. The first, and less important, was with a turkey cock. The second was with a Mr. Crofts, Crofts came to the dueling ground armed only with a squirt gun, but

Hudson carried a pistol and was mounted on a horse to bring him up to the height of his opponent. The dwarf shot Crofts dead.

Strange as it seems, the arrested growth of Hudson underwent a strange change in his thirtieth year. He suddenly started growing again while a prisoner held by Turkish pirates, increasing in height from 18 inches to nearly four feet. This he attributed to privations and suffering that he was subjected to by the pirates. Hudson died in his sixty-fourth year.

Tomorrow: Prisoner for President!

## TELEPHONE ACCESSORY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SETTLES DOWN TO IMPORTANT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION



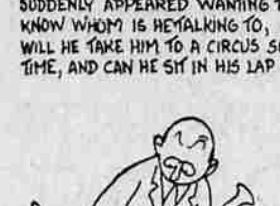
TRIES TO HUSH JUNIOR WHO HAS SUDDENLY APPEARED WANTING TO KNOW WHO IS HE TALKING TO, WILL HE TAKE HIM TO A CIRCUS SOME TIME, AND CAN HE SIT IN HIS LAP?



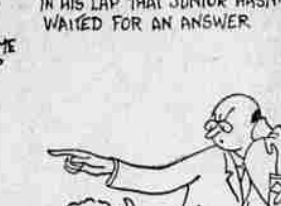
REALIZES BY SUDDEN COMMOION IN HIS LAP THAT JUNIOR HASN'T WAITED FOR AN ANSWER



KEEPS HIM FAIRLY QUIET UNTIL JUNIOR FEELS AN IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE TO WIGGLE THE HOOK



BY DROPPING EVERYTHING JUST MANAGES TO KEEP JUNIOR, WHO HAS LOST HIS BALANCE, FROM TOPPLING TO FLOOR



BANISHES JUNIOR, WHO LEAVES OBEDIENTLY WITH THE CORD ENTANGLED ROUND FOOT, EVENTUALLY DRAGGING INSTRUMENT OFF TABLE AND ENDING TELEPHONE TALK



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## SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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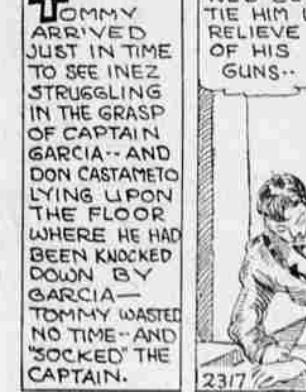
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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—A New Menace!

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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Stowaway

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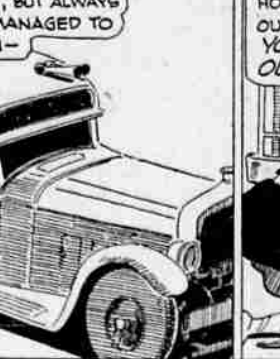
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## THE NEBBS—It's Different Now

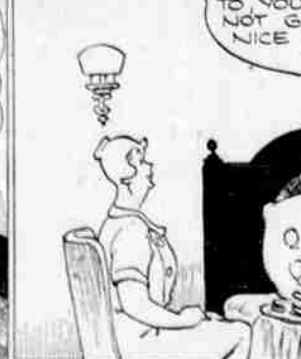
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## Forest Creek

FOREST CREEK, Oct. 21.—(Sp.)—

Miss Susan Davies transferred last week from Oregon State college to Ashland Normal, where she will continue her studies during the fall term.

Alice Maesen, who underwent a tonsillectomy at the Community hospital in Medford Oct. 4, is now completely recovered and has returned to school.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Davies and family moved to their home here Oct. 12, after having lived the past few months in Medford. All the families who spent the summer out in the valley or elsewhere are now at home for the winter, except the C. P. Slick family, whose return is indefinite.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan visited last week with Mrs. Sullivan's brother, Joe Broad. They are now living in Jacksonville.

Merton Leroy, younger son of Mrs. Jack Crump, who has been confined to his home here the past two weeks with measles, is now almost recovered and will soon return to school. This is only the second case in this community.

A meeting of taxpayers at the school house Oct. 16 was held to discuss and approve the budget for the coming school year, and re-elect Buck Crump to the board of directors.

Mrs. John Black attended the rehearsal of the Jackson county teachers' chorus Oct. 19 in Medford.

Logging operations which were held up by the rain last week have begun again on the Miles tract, with three trucks hauling.

Hunters in this district have not been very successful, only two deer having been taken out.

Farmers, taking advantage of the ideal weather, have begun to put in fall crops.

Keith Argreaves, Jacksonville, and Kenneth Kamberg, Central point, who have been staying with the Paul Pearce family and working at Stirling, returned to their homes last week for a short visit, pending beginning of work on the Stirling ditch.

Mrs. Louis Culy and children of Beaver Creek, arrived Oct. 15 to spend a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Charley Madson.

SEATTLE, Oct. 21.—(UP)—Pull 24-hour-a-day production was resumed today at the Fisher Flouring Mills plant, scene of a strike since Oct. 2.

President O. D. Fisher announced, and union teamsters retreated from their previous stand and began handling the product.