

# The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The story so far, in love with the money-hungry Gary Brent, Judith goes to marry Reuben Oliver for his money—only to discover he is bankrupt. Twins are born, and when Reuben loses a mental mining job their situation becomes desperate. Back into the picture steps red-headed Cissy Rogers who loves Reuben, and she comes to throw Judith and Gary together again by placing Reuben in Gary's lumber camp. On her arrival, Judith meets Gary. She still loves him and, for the first time, Gary realizes he loves her.

### Chapter 30

#### Cinderella And The Prince

IN THE log cabin Gary provided, they had dinner. His eyes rested hungrily upon Judith's mimosa face, as though he was trying to preserve a mental picture, trying to recall—what?

Two moths circled the candle flame in mad ecstasy.

"Judy," Gary burst out, when Alf had brushed away the last crumb and they sat on at the gay little table with the haze of cigarette smoke between them. "We made an awful mess of our lives, didn't we?"

She was unprepared for this from him.

"I was thinking about it walking up the hill tonight," the man frowned perplexedly, "trying to figure out how it happened."

"As if he didn't know! She moved a candle an inch nearer, and stared at him as if he were a stranger whom one doubts. He appeared hoarsely bewildered. She longed to cry out: "You're trying to figure out? You know you went away with Cissy! You were always going away—hanging me a kiss—keeping me waiting—leaving me to heart-break!"

Gary said: "It came over me tonight with terrific clearness, Judy. I shouldn't be here this way—just spending an evening like any casual caller. You should be mine—my wife."

Loyalty to Reuben demanded that she should contradict him. But she couldn't contradict him.

"How did it happen?" From this distance Gary could almost forget that Cissy's wit, charm and celebrity had fascinated him. That her money had lured him. That if it had not been Cissy it would have been someone else—"How?"

"How does everything in life happen and—why?" She achieved a lightness.

"Because we're like those moths," Gary said bitterly, "dazzled, stupid, blundering, blind!"

It was an entirely new theory for him. Until tonight he had always been quite sure he could make things happen as he willed. Now, looking at her, so near he could touch and utter forbidden, Gary realized with a sort of physical shock that he had been tricked by his own ego, his own cocksureness. There was a time when he could have had Judith. Now—

Face to face with that thing called Love—the thing he had played at lightly all his life, even as those moths were playing with the flame that sooner or later would destroy them—Gary found that the hour of reckoning—the adding and subtracting of the balance sheet, with the deficit on the wrong side, could be devastating. Total bankruptcy! A devil of a thing to happen to Gary Brent who had been so sure!

One of the moths fell into the flame.

Judith sighed: "I should have put out the candle."

"No. One high moment is worth all of life."

Fascinated they watched the remaining moth draw nearer to its doom.

The moth, from sheer exhaustion, fell into the flame. The candle sputtered and fluttered briefly, then resumed its steady burning.

### I Love You

AFTER a moment Judith said: "I hear music."

"It's nine o'clock. The dance is starting. Want to trip the light fantastic, Judy? Crackerjack music—Not too crowded—"

"Gary—if I could dance once more!"

"We're in the way!"

"But the babies—"

"Afraid to leave them with Alf?"

"No—no, I've never left them since they were born."

"Well—of all things! Why not?"

"Never had any reason to. Had I been living back in Maryland, I'd have gone out every night."

Cinderella going to her fairy ball never felt so excited than Judith walking down Winding Hill, on treacherous still heels with her arm through Gary's.

"I didn't dream there was such a place in the world," Judith said happily. "The privacy of the wilderness, but people within hailing distance—I love it!"

"And I love you!" He had to say it. It was torn from him—not on the old flirtatious note—with the gruffness of deep feeling. "I've been the world's worst fool! Judith, I love you!"

I love you! Judith tried to steady the whirling earth. "Gary—don't!—spoil a perfect moment!"

"You don't want to hear it?"

"No."

But she did want to hear it. She wanted to hear it again and again and again. She wanted to live and die hearing Gary say—"I love you—I love you—I love you—"

Reuben woke that morning to the old soaring sensation. Judith was coming! If work went smoothly, if everyone pulled together and finished the section, he could get down to the camp tonight, by nine o'clock and take her to the dance.

He hurried feverishly through the day, a human dynamo driving men to do their utmost, making impossible tasks as easy—leading a hand here, taking an axe there. Joking with the discouraged. Hectoring the laggards.

By seven o'clock, unconscious of tensed nerves, tired muscles, or the long miles ahead, he was on his way! Base No. 2. He needed a haircut. Have to stop at the barber shop. Glad he still had some decent clothes—

It was five minutes after nine when he reached the camp.

As always, whether he had been away hours or days, the thought of going home to Judith warmed the cockles of his heart. The knowledge that it was to such a poor home, one so utterly unworthy of Judith, blew against the warmth like an icy breath, taking something of his youth. Taking much of the confidence that had been his in the woods.

### Storm Clouds

HE TURNED down a tent bordered in pine.

"Number 16 is at the very end of the line and under a tall pine," Reuben remembered, Jimmy and Judykin would be asleep but Judith would probably be busy as a nailer getting things shipshape. It would be fun helping—

He stopped short, looked around in bewilderment. Just a blackness. A vacant space. Here he missed the perspiring face on his shirt sleeve, turning? No. Here was the pine. A ridge pole. A roll of canvas—but no welcome—no Judith!

Fear clutched him like a giant hand. Had something happened? The road up was treacherous in spots.

By the time he reached Pike's store his breath ragged at his throat making speech, for the moment, almost impossible. "The bus—It didn't get in!"

"Sure it got in! Like opening a barrel of sugar sacks to wipe the mud out of your eyes."

"When your wife didn't come on the bus, I naturally concluded she wouldn't show up until next week and I didn't hurry to get the tents up, see?" Pike explained reasonably.

Reuben said nothing. Judith hadn't come. Until that moment he hadn't known how much he had counted on Judith's coming.

"I had plenty to keep me busy I can tell you. They, the store-keeper and handy man gestured widely, "can think up more jobs in one minute! There's no keeping up with them! But, in a hurried tone, "if you'd a hinted that Mrs. Oliver might drive up—"

"Drive? Mrs. Oliver—?"

"Got in about five or thereabouts. If you'd a told me—"

"Where is she?"

"Mr. Brent took her to the Winding Hill cabin. The camp's busy body informed Reuben. "They're up at the pavilion dancing now. I seen 'em going."

Muttering unintelligibly, Reuben left the store. Vaguely he heard Pike saying something about "getting the fixin's up at day-break," but somehow it didn't make sense. One thing only was clear in Reuben's mind. Judith had come and despite all his forethought for her comfort, it was to Gary Brent that she owed it. A greater comfort than Reuben Oliver could provide.

Outside he hesitated, uncertain which way to go. Disappointment, jealousy, black rage took complete possession of him, blotting out sanity, reason, or black storm clouds obscure the sun. Senselessly, beyond all reason he blamed Judith. That she could do this to him! Humiliate him! Accept favors from Gary Brent whom he despised. It was bad enough to have to work under him, but for his wife to accept favors—

Mechanically he turned in the direction of Plot 16. The ground seemed to rise up and hit him. The stars left their sky and came down to whirl about his head. The music from the pavilion drummed against his brain—She had gone dancing with Gary!

Not since that far away day when he had discovered the theft of his first \$5 had he felt so outraged, so murderous. He felt the same sense of injury too. Felt the same desire to retaliate. The sound of laughter, echoing through the night, added thander to the storm of his passion.

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Tomorrow: Anger—savage and primitive—arises in Judith.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



A BABY'S HEARTBEAT IS TWICE AS FAST AS THAT OF AN OLD MAN

A SYCAMORE TREE GROWS FROM THE SIDE OF THE J. B. NORMAN BUILDING, MOUNTAIN, GA.



### The Fugitive Railroad

A marvel of modern engineering is the Callao, Lima and Oroya railroad which crosses the Peruvian Andes as the highest standard gauge railroad in the world.

Strange as it seems, the man who was responsible for its creation was a fugitive from justice—Henry Meiggs a man who had failed in business in the United States and escaped the country owing close to \$1,000,000.

Meiggs had been caught in the mad swirl of the gold rush in California's "49" days, making a fortune in lumber. Like many other men of his day, he lost everything when the boom slowed down.

In an effort to recoup, Meiggs forged warrants stolen from San Francisco's city treasurer, and when discovery became inevitable, he and his

family shipped unknown aboard the barque, "America," on October 5, 1854, for South America. During the whole of his ensuing career he was thus a fugitive from justice.

Meiggs' luck held out in South America. He founded a bank in La Paz, built a \$500,000 home, celebrated the completion of one of his railroad projects with a 10-day banquet costing \$200,000.

Meiggs reached a high point in his career with the building of the trans-Andean railroad for a commission of \$125,000,000. He indebted the Peruvian government to him, gaining considerable political power. Meiggs turned much of his own profit back into the railroad.

He repaid most of his old San Francisco debts and secured the passage of a law by the California state

legislature making it illegal for a grand jury to indict him for offenses committed prior to 1855, clearing his record in that state.

Meiggs never returned to the United States, however, and finally lost his entire fortune in building the Andean railroad. He died of "verruca fever" contracted while on the job.

### Baby's Heart Beats

The pitter-patter of baby's footsteps are nothing compared with the pitter-patter of its heartbeats, numbering between 110 and 140 per minute. In old age, "baby's" heartbeat will slow down to around 60 per minute.

Tomorrow: The Train That Could Not Run Forward.

### Trees For Birds

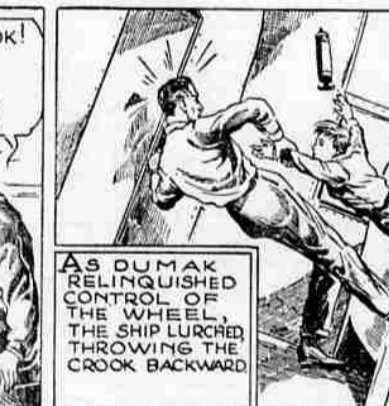
IDAHO FALLS, Idaho (P)—Two thousand Russian olive trees, whose fruit is particularly attractive to wild life, will be planted near here this year in a feeding program, for game birds, the Bonneville County Sportsmen's association announced.

town, in honor of the widely known and famous Rogue river.

The emblem bears the national air mail emblem symbolizing "wings of the air" across the upper portion of the stamp and the lower half portrays a river scene, depicting a nationally known recreation facility of this district.

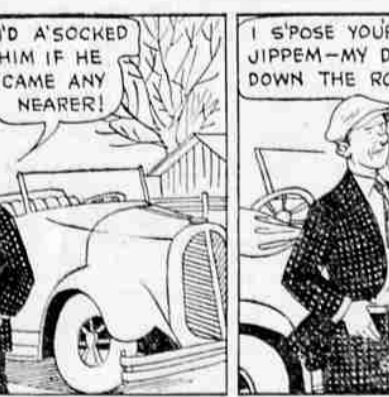
Every air mail letter dispatched during National Air Mail week will bear this emblem celebrating the great progress of air mail service since the first air mail flight 20 years ago, and to commemorate the beautiful southern Oregon river, and the town bearing its name.

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Spinning In"



By HAL FORREST

### BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Proposition?



By EDWIN ALGER

### THE NEBBS—On Their Way



By SOL HESS

## J'Ville P. T. A. Elects Officers For Coming Year

JACKSONVILLE, May 7.—(Sp.)—At the P. T. A. meeting Friday a committee including Mrs. Thelma McIntyre and Mrs. C. P. Sanden was named to meet with the school board to discuss obtaining uniforms for the band. Mrs. Paul Godward, president, also made a plea for each member to bring a hot lunch during the coming season and can some suitable food for the hot lunches next winter.

Officers elected for the coming year include: President, Mrs. Ruth Kent; vice-president, Mrs. Myrtle Arnold; secretary, Miss Wiseman; treasurer, Mrs. Agatha Wyatt. The officers were installed by Jack Hayward of Medford.

## ROGUE RIVER CACHET FOR AIR MAIL WEEK

ROGUE RIVER, May 6.—(Sp.)—In cooperation with the celebration of the National Air Mail week May 15-21, the city council and the Rogue River chamber of commerce are sponsoring the "Rogue River Cachet" for air mail week. The cachet is a small stamp of appropriate air mail cachet for the