After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

Chapter 30

Together

"AIN'T it the truth?" Webby asked, as if she had read his thought. "That's one who'll get the cream every time while her betters have to take skim milk. Miss Buff sure made a mistake when she hung Iris around her neck. Like as not, she'll be wiring again that she don't like Chicago——"

"I hope she does," the young man said through set teeth. "I only hope she does!" He took Webby by her fat shoulders and spoke determinedly. "From now on — or at least until Mr. Carroll comes—I'm looking after Miss Buff, understand? You're to bring me all telegrams—or call me to the telephone when it's fixed. She's not to be bothered with anything, least of all Miss DeMuth. Do I make myself plain, Webby?"

"You sure do," the housekeeper agreed; and added, with a sidelong glance to see how this addition would be received, "and high time, too!"

Buff awoke around one o'clock, weak but free from pain and fever. Tim would not let her talk.

"Wait till after the doctor comes," he bade her. "I'm expecting him any minute now."

In the middle of the afternoon two cars made their way up the road: Dr. Westland's and Tim's, driven by Simons.

"Well?" demanded Tim anxiously when the physician came downstairs.

"Almost," Dr. Westland replied, smiling. "She's been a pretty sick girl, but you seem to have known what to do. She's to stay in bed for at least a week, have plenty of eggs beaten up in milk and cream, let alone—you get that, Coriiss? No excitement of any kind. She's in a rundown condition. That's why this pleurisy hit her so hard. I've given Mrs. Webb thorough instructions, and I'll come out every day—if the weather permits."

"How about wiring her parents? They're in Arizona, you know."

"I'll attend to that myself. No need to alarm them—I'll tell them so. As for you——"

"I'm staying here until she's well," Tim announced. "I won't tire her, I won't do anything but stand by in case she gets worse. You can trust me, Doc!"

Dr. Westland inspected him over the rims of his spectacles.

"I believe I can, I *hope* I can! You're not particularly needed here, but maybe it's just as well somebody besides the servants should be in charge. I'll see about having the telephone fixed at once. That's essential. I've given her a sedative—I want her to keep as quiet as possible for a day or two. Don't go into her room unless she asks for you. If she does, stay only a few minutes and don't talk any more than is necessary."

So began the fortnight of Tim's second stay at the ranch. Buff did little but sleep for the first few days; sleep and sip the glasses of creamy milk brought her by Webby.

"Does she know I'm here?" Tim asked the housekeeper wistfully.

Webby shook her head. "She don't hardly know anything. She's like a worn-out child. Sometimes she goes to sleep while I'm giving her her egg and cream. But Doc claims that's what she needs."

So Tim continued to tiptoe to his room, contenting himself with seeing that the house was kept warm, the road to the highway open, and the telephone in working order.

So Infinitely Dear

"SHE can sit up a while this afternoon," Dr. Westland announced at the end of the week. "There's no fire in her room, though——" He cast a speculative eye at the blazing logs in the living room. Tim trembled with eagerness.

"Could I—would it be all right for me to carry her down here?"

The astute Doctor hid a smile. Webby reported that Tim's name was often on the patient's lips in her drug-induced sleep.

"I'll go back upstairs and tell her you're here," he said after a moment's thought. Presently he was down again, nodding reassurance to the anxious Tim. "It's all right. She'll be expecting you. But she's not to stay up longer than half an hour, and she's not to be excited in any way." He emphasized the final warning and took his departure, his smile growing broader as he mused on the romance unfolding beneath his eyes. "It's a disease like any other," he chuckled. "Rapid pulse, delusions, loss of appetite; but it's a form of illness most patients welcome, and more often than not convalescence is delayed until a really permanent relationship has been established. Bless the youngsters!" said Dr. Westland who would be sixty-eight his next birthday and thought of Buff and Tim as barely out of childhood.

Webby came down importantly at three o'clock.

"She's ready, Mr. Tim!"

It required all his self-control to speak quietly, even casually, to the slim girl in the warm bathrobe. Her eyes were very blue in her pale face, but the smile he loved shone suddenly as she caught sight of him.

"Hello, Tim!"

"Hello, Buff!" Nice to find you looking so well. May I——" Without waiting for an answer he stooped and lifted her gently in his arms, bore her down the stairs. He wondered if she could hear the pounding of his heart. So little, so infinitely dear and precious, and safe for the moment in his keeping!

Webby fussed about her in the living room. The big chair must be close, but not too close, to the fire. A footstool beneath her feet, a light blanket over her knees. Was there anything else?

"Nothing, Webby," the girl answered for herself. "I'm perfectly comfortable. I'm grand — just where I am."

When the housekeeper withdrew at last, sending inquisitive glances over her shoulder, Tim pulled a cushion close to Buff's footstool and sat down. He dared not speak, he dared not let her see his face. Dr. Westland had warned him against exciting her.

"Tim!"

"Yes, Buff," he said huskily.

"Why — why did you come? I mean—you didn't know I was ill, did you? Webby said the telephone wires were down."

He kept his eyes on the fire. "Let's not talk about it until you're stronger. You've been a very sick little girl, you know."

She was silent for perhaps three minutes, a really remarkable feat for Buff who was getting well. Then:

"Tim, I want you to know about Iris. She's all right now, she's truly happy, she's——"

Electrified

"*Iris!*" All his suppressed anger at the girl crackled in his voice. "What do I care about Iris? It was she who was responsible for your illness. You wouldn't——" He checked himself, gulping down the words which crowded to his lips. "Look here, Buff, we mustn't talk. Not this first time, anyway. I'm going to sit still and not open my mouth until it's time to take you upstairs. I had my orders from Dr. Westland this morning."

"All right," she agreed meekly. The minutes passed, slow-footed. To have her so close, so sweet, so gentle and friendly, and not gather her to his heart, demanded a self-control which required all his strength.

He was electrified to feel the touch of a small hand on his head.

"Tim!"

"Hush, my darling!"

"B-but—am I . . . your darling, Tim?"

He turned toward her, knelt so that his face was on a level with hers.

"I love you with all my heart, Buff," he said simply.

Her arms went round his neck and she rested her head against his shoulder.

"I know I mustn't talk. Dr. Westland told me, too. But . . . but . . . how long, Tim?"

Apparently he understood the cryptic question.

"Ever since I saw you, I think. Since the first moment you came up the steps and spoke to me. I seemed to know then that—that it wasn't only my money, and my prestige as an assayer I'd lost, but my heart, too."

Silence. The two before the fire had no idea whether it lasted two minutes or two hours when they heard Webby's scandalized voice.

"Mr. Tim! So this is how you take care of her, is it? I guess I'd better get Doc on the phone. I guess I'd better wire Mr. Carroll. I——"

Tim's shining eyes met hers above Buff's golden head.

"She's mine now, Webby. If there's any consulting to be done I'm the one to offer suggestions." He picked the girl up in his arms. "She's going back to bed. Oh, yes, you are darling. I can't have you tiring yourself."

Webby followed close behind.

"And you ought to seen the kiss he give her before he put her back in bed," she said to Simons that night. "I guess them movie censors would have tore their hair, it lasted so long." Then realizing that she had been betrayed by excitement and satisfaction into a somewhat intimate speech with the foreman, she added: "But who's got a better right than them two? Going to be married as soon as her pa and ma get here from Arizona. Mr. Tim wants to take her to Florida to get her strength back."

At the telephone Tim was saying unsteadily: "That you, George? Tim speaking. Just wanted to tell you to keep next Tuesday free: going to be a party out here. Sort of exclusive, too. Buff and her father and mother, Dr. Westland and a minister, Webby, you and Simons—and yes, I expect to be among those present too! Guy, I'm that happy——" Embarrassed by his own emotion he slammed the receiver on its hook before the dazed George could answer.

THE END

COAL MINE CHIEF IS SLAIN IN RIOT

Greenville, Ky., Nov. 9.-(AP) Several hundred armed men involved in a clash in which a coal mine superintendent was killed and the mine president was wounded dispersed today before police reached the scene of the shooting.

The clash occurred at a coal mine property 15 miles west of here.

Sheriff Peck O'Neill of Muhlenberg county said when he and two deputies reached the mine about three hours after the shooting, no one was there.

O'Neill said he was informed the band of men numbered upward of 250.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

GERMAN AIRPLANE FALLS IN FRANCE

With the Royal Air Force in France, Nov. 9.-(AP)-A German Dornier reconnaissance plane, shot down by a British pursuit plane, crashed in the middle of a village today killing the three occupants.

Two women were injured slightly by slates knocked from a cottage roof by the plane.

Spokane Has Fire

Spokane, Nov. 9.-(AP)-Three firemen were injured this morning in a three-alarm fire at the edge of Spokane's business district which did damage of more than $100,000.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

On the RADIO CHAINS

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial: Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Thursday

5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO.

5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Army Band, KPO, KGW, KFI.

6:00—Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Workshop, KOIN; Music Hall, KFI, KPO, KGW.

7:30—Kogen's Orch., KGO, KJR; Pop-Offs, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.

8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Cutler's Orch., KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lyman's Orch., KGO, KEX.

9:30—Those We Love, KPO, KFI, KGW; James' Orch., KGW; Powell's Orch., KSL; Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KEX; Operetta Series, KEX, KOIN; News, KJR.

10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KSL, KNX; Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN.

10:30—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Tucker's Orch., KSL.

11:00—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Organist, KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

Friday

5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO; Melody Time, KPO.

5:30—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KJR, KEX; Kelsey's Orch., KGW.

6:00 — Plantation Party, KGO, KEX, KJR; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Jessel's Program, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.

7:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:30—Drama, KGW; Olsen's Orch., KGO; Young Man With a Band, KNX, KSL; Big Town, KPO.

8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Buckaroos, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW; Lum and Abner, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:30—Dorsey's Orch., KEX; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00—Sudy's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Kate Smith, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Noble's Orch., KPO.

9:30—Musical, KGO, KEX; University Explorer, KPO, KFI; News, KJR.

10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL.

10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KGW, KFI; Concert Hall, KPO; Roberts' Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Organist, KOIN, KSL; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

Fishing Too Good

Grants Pass, Nov. 9.-(AP)-A fine of $25 was paid in justice court today for Harry O. Davis, Portland dress manufacturer, for having in his possession 141 trout of which 19 were steelheads. Joe Harper, Grants Pass, who paid the fine, said that 40 of the fish were his. The others were confiscated at a cold storage plant for distribution to relief families.

Glouchester, Mass., Nov. 9.—Gloucester, Mass., Nov. 8—(AP) Natalie Hays Hammond, daughter of the late John Hays Hammond, famed mining engineer, has announced that her father's beautiful showplace estate, Lookout Hill, would be given to the Catholic archdiocese of Boston, possibly for use as a girls' school.

German Acquitted

Portland, Nov. 9.-(AP)-Frank W. German, former vice-president of the defunct Fred W. German real estate company, was acquitted at his third trial last night of a charge of larceny by bailee. He was accused of taking $1550 from an aged client. The first jury convicted him and the second failed to agree.

Boys Questioned

Mission City, B. C., Nov. 9.—(CP)— British Columbia police today held two youths, both under 16 years of age, for question ing in connection with the slaying of Reuben Cooper, 55-year-old storekeeper in nearby Clayburn who was shot by burglars in his store during the night.

Charlevoix, Mich., Nov. 9.—(AP)—Captain John Oling lost his life and two others were rescued early today after the tug Badger State foundered in Lake Michigan during a storm.

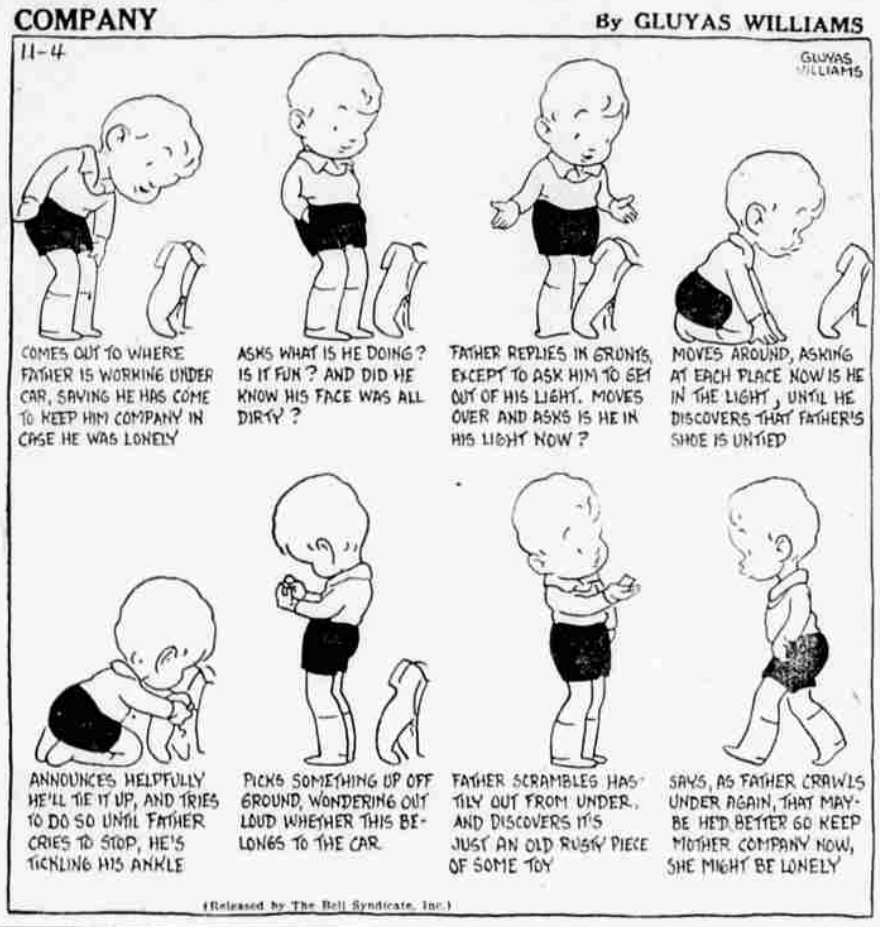
Portland's Chest Reported Over Top

Portland, Nov. 9.-(AP)-Portland's mobilization for human needs "went over the top" today. The community chest goal was $507,000, but the city subscribed $507,138 with some donations still unreported.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

COMPANY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

STEPHEN GIRARD

Born in Bordeaux, France (1750), Stephen Girard as a lad followed the sea, but eventually settled in Philadelphia as shipmaster and merchant.

Girard bought controlling interest in the old Bank of the United States and renamed it the Bank of Stephen Girard. This institution became one of the country's foremost financial institutions. In 1814, when the United States government's credit was at its lowest ebb, Girard subscribed to 95 per cent of a $5,000,000 government loan, permitting the country to finish the War of 1812.

At the time of his death he had a fortune of $7,500,000, largest in the United States, nearly all of which he left in public benefactions.

TOMORROW: Lone Passenger!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Quentin Has No Sentiment . . . For Flyers!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Accident?

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—The Man of Mystery

By SOL HESS