

Honeymoon Mountain

By FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

Copyright by Frances Shelley Wees WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

Graham backed off precipitately. "Just a minute," Tubby said softly. "Where did you get all your information about our hero?"

"It's none of your damn' business," Graham said.

"Let him go," Bryn said sharply to Tubby. "It's obvious, isn't it?"

Pilar, back in the shadows, stirred. With a set frozen face she rose, walked past Grandmother and Deborah and Bryn, standing together at the top of the steps, and past Graham staring at her. She got into her car, and without a backward glance, was gone.

The morning, Bryn discovered, had somehow whirled itself away. Pilar was gone; Graham was gone. Tubby and Madeline had gone wandering off into the woods. Sally herself had taken a cushion out to the lawn after lunch, with that avowed intention of getting another layer of sun-tan, but she had promptly gone to sleep there in the heat, and Simon had carried over an umbrella and erected it over her to keep her from burning. Grandmother was asleep, too, on the couch before the open window in the sitting room. Bryn left the room softly, and shut the door behind him; and then he went on with his search for Deborah.

He went down the path toward the brook with long, quick steps, and came at last to the solid ring of trees that formed the back of Deborah's most hidden sanctuary.

Bryn rapped lightly on the tree trunk under his hand. She turned, quickly, and looked up, her eyes dark and still full of dreams, her mouth red and soft. Bryn stood between the two trees, and just outside them. "May I come in, Deborah?" he asked.

She dropped her lashes. "If you wish," she said in a low voice.

He squeezed through the opening and came down toward her.

Deborah would not look up. Bryn moved nearer and dropped down a yard away, his eyes upon her. "Haven't you forgiven me?" Bryn asked at last, gently, "for not telling you that Grandmother knew? I told her on that ride."

"You did try to tell me."

"Tell me what's troubling you, Deborah. All the fears and worries are gone, dear."

She caught her lower lip between two white teeth. She shook her head.

Bryn moved closer to her. He tried to take her hands, but she pulled them away.

She swallowed. Then, "I wish you'd go away," she said under her breath.

"Go away?"

"The others are going today. After dinner. You could go with them."

"Go away, Deborah? Go away from you, you mean? Leave you here? Go back to San Francisco?"

She nodded, her eyes on a leaf.

Bryn put his face down into his hands. "After a long time he said, slowly, 'I don't understand, Deborah. This morning you . . . why, you gave me this dower!'" he said, touching it. "I thought you were beginning to care a little about me."

She did not reply.

He looked down at Deborah's bent head. "That's final, then?" he asked quietly. She did not answer.

"Sorry," he said after a moment. "I suppose I was a fool to think that you could possibly care about me. You're so exquisite, and so fine, and you're not made out of ordinary stuff like the rest of us. I might have known from the beginning that it wasn't any use. I think I did know, Deborah, so you needn't reproach yourself."

She was gazing up at him, still with that anguished look in her eyes. Bryn managed a smile. He held his hand out. "Shake hands?" he inquired. "If you don't mind, Deborah, I think I'll go now instead of waiting until tonight."

She got to her feet slowly. Her face was as white as chalk. She put her hand in his. "Good-by," she whispered, and he stood for a moment looking into her eyes, then turned away.

"No," Deborah said clearly. "No. It isn't any use. I can't let you go." She was beside him, her hands on his arms, her face upheld to his. "I can't let you go," she said. "I don't care what you think about me. I don't care if I am a new kind of toy to you. I don't care if this is only a part of an adventure to you, an adventure that will be over . . . tomorrow, or in just a little while. I don't care about anything, or who happens to me, only I can't let you go away from me. I haven't got any pride or any strength left."

Bryn stood, motionless, staring down at her in bewilderment.

"Don't you understand?" she cried again. "I . . . I love you."

"Love me?" he repeated incredulously.

She lifted her wet lashes and looked at him. With a little groan he moved his arms at last, and closed them tight around her. He bent his head, and put his lips to her eyelids.

"Deborah."

She turned her head, slowly, and looked up at him. A flood of color swept up over her face. He smiled tenderly down at her. "You funny little chicken," he said. "Do you think it would be much of an adventure just to marry anybody, Deborah? Do you think I would have offered to marry just any girl at all who happened to be in your predicament? Not in this world, you foolish baby. The minute I saw you standing there in the office, Deborah, something said to me . . . there's your girl, Bryn, out of all the world. I was completely lost from that very first look, sweetheart, and I wasn't going to let you go no matter what happened."

Deborah turned and buried her face again in his shoulder.

Slowly he raised her head, and put his lips down to hers, so soft and young and innocent.

"Deborah," he said gently, "I love you. You're the only girl in the



"Oh, Bryn, You Are a Big Silly."

world, as far as I'm concerned, Deborah . . . will you be my wife? What I'm asking you now is whether or not you think that some time you might love me enough really to be my wife. I couldn't hope for so much yet, but later, when you get to know me better, and trust me more, do you think you could?"

She began to understand. "When you're a wife you think about . . . that is, about having children, don't you?"

"If you want children."

"Well," Deborah said positively. "I do. There isn't any difficulty about that. I've wanted them for years and years. I built this playhouse for them, long ago for a little boy and a little girl." She looked at him and smiled. "So that's all right," she said, in a happy voice.

"Yes," he said after a moment, "that seems to be all right. I think we could practically count on something like that eventually." He reached into his watch pocket and drew out a ring box. Then drew out the ring. He lifted Deborah's hand, and slowly took off her wedding ring. He slipped the new ring on the finger where the wedding ring had been, lifted the hand and put it to his lips. "That's your engagement ring, dear," he said.

Deborah looked down at it. It was a great gleaming pearl, flushed the palest rose, and set exquisitely

in thin gold filigree. "It's . . . lovely," she breathed.

"It was my mother's."

Deborah looked up at him.

"When you want your wedding ring," Bryn went on carefully, lifting a curl on her temple, "when you're sure of me, and positive that you're making no mistake, and when you get to know that you feel about me the way I feel about you — as nearly as you can, of course . . . and can't live without me, I'll be very glad to put it back on your finger. As far as I'm concerned, Deborah, I never did approve of long engagements."

It was time at last to say good-bye to the guests. Sally and Madeline got into knitted dresses and Simon and Tubby into their knickerbockers, and their bags were put into the car, and Grandmother had insisted on having Gary pack a basket of fruit for them and at last they were gone.

Grandmother went to bed early, tired from a hard day. Deborah and Bryn sat near the door, and looked across at the moon. "I can't believe that you're real, and that you love me, and that we're here together, alone," he said. "Tell me again, Deborah."

She told him again, and when Deborah looked at him she knew that she loved him for always, and when he spoke his voice rang in her heart.

After a long time he rose. "You'd better get to bed, sweetheart," he said, and his voice held the deep low note in it she was beginning to understand. "It's been a long day for you, too."

"Are you coming up too?"

"I'll take you up. I'll carry you up," he decided, and slipped his arms beneath her. They reached the top at last, and were in her sitting room.

"Why did you wear your wedding dress tonight?" he asked.

"Oh," Deborah murmured, "just because. Do you . . . like it?"

"I'll never forget the first time I saw you in it, Deborah."

She looked up at him. "This is the last time I'm going to wear it," she said. "It's so delicate, and old, I'm going to save it for . . . that is, I'm going to save it."

"Aren't you going to wear it just once more, Deborah? When . . . just one more time, sweetheart?"

"No," she said under her breath. He bent and kissed her white shoulder where the lace sleeves lay against it. "There, then," he said. "That's what I wanted to do the other time I saw it." Then he kissed her lips again, quickly. "Good-night," he said, and went toward his own door.

Bryn came out in a moment, with some clothes hanging over his arm. He started across the room toward the hall. Deborah looked up. "Where are you going?" she asked in her soft voice.

"I'm . . . moving down the hall," he told her. "Back to my own room."

"Why?"

He came back to her. He dropped the clothes over a chair arm and put his arms about her again. "Don't make it hard for me, darling," he begged. "I've got to go. I couldn't stay here so near to you now."

"Why?"

"Oh, Deborah!"

"I don't know why," she said. "Simon stays with Sally. Always. Doesn't he?"

"Yes, but . . ."

She stood on tiptoe and put her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Bryn, you are a big silly," she said contentedly. She kissed the cleft in his chin, and put her palm against his cheek. "I thought you didn't approve of long engagements?"

[THE END]

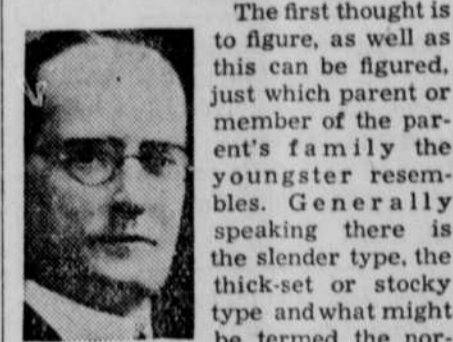
HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON

Underweight in Children

WHEN parents consult the height and age table and find that their youngster is below the "normal" weight for his or her age and height their natural impulse is to try to increase the amount of food eaten.

This may be all right in some cases, but the big point in the matter is that children are like horses—race horses, light delivery horses, and truck or cart horses. There is just as much difference in the build or physique in human beings as there is in horses.



Dr. Barton

The first thought is to figure, as well as this can be figured, just which parent or member of the parent's family the youngster resembles. Generally speaking there is the slender type, the thick-set or stocky type and what might be termed the normal type which is neither tall and slender nor too short and heavy. And as the table for height and age is supposed to be made up from the normal or average type, it can be readily seen that the youngster of the slender type will be lighter and of the stocky type will be heavier for their age and height than will the normal or average type.

It is only too true that the youngsters of today are taller and more slender than their parents and grandparents. I have mentioned before the preparatory school in Toronto where the sons were able to use the beds used by their fathers in most cases, but the grandsons found the beds too short, so that new and longer beds had to be secured for the grandsons.

The slender type has light bones, narrow body, drooping shoulders, narrow back, sagging abdomen, flat chest. The stocky type has large heavy bones, broad body, deep broad chest, wide back, abdominal organs held high.

How Types Behave

Just as there is a difference in outside build so there is a difference in the size and arrangement of the internal organs, and temperament or disposition.

The slender type are quick, nervous, sometimes irritable, high strung, blood thin, heart and lungs small, stomach long and narrow, small and large intestine short in length.

The stocky type are slower in body and mind, even tempered, blood rich, heart and lungs large, stomach broad, and small and large intestine a number of feet longer than in the slender type.

You can thus see that the slender type is not likely to want or desire much food and the body processes are likely to use or burn it up more quickly and completely so that there is nothing left to store away as fat.

However, because the parent resembled was weak or underweight at the same age doesn't mean that some weight cannot be added to the youngster, and it is worth the effort to try building up as much as his or her particular body can be built up.

Extra Food Adds Weight

At meal times an extra slice of bread, an extra pat of butter, an extra glass or half glass of milk, an extra lump or teaspoonful of sugar, with a chocolate bar or piece of taffy, banana, or glass of milk at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., would increase the food intake by about one-quarter.

This extra amount would be sufficient to gradually increase the weight, that is, increase the weight as much as possible in each case. If there are emotional disturbances or upsets, overwork, overtiredness, infected teeth or other conditions present, little or no increase can be expected.

By resting before and after each meal, having quiet and peacefulness at mealtime, with a little candy or fruit to "play on" at four o'clock, there should be a definite increase in strength and weight if these little extras in food are taken regularly.

Ailments Due to Foods

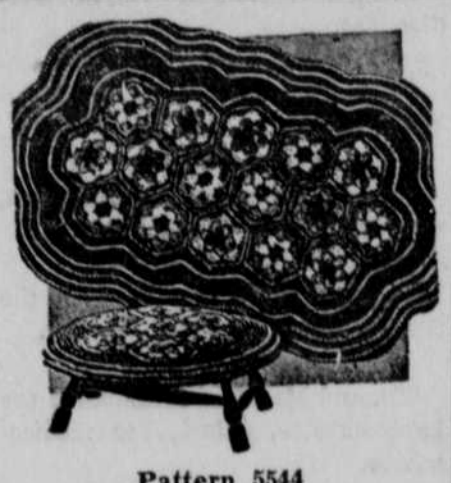
Many individuals suffer with one or more of the following symptoms: Sour stomach, belching of gas, coated tongue, nausea or even vomiting, heavy burning pain in stomach, cramps in the stomach or abdomen, constipation, diarrhea.

Now research physicians are finding that the above symptoms are due to certain foods to which these individuals are sensitive, but because they do not come out in hives, get head colds, have attacks of hay fever or eczema, they do not suspect food as being the cause of their symptoms. It is estimated that about 10 per cent of the population are greatly sensitive to certain foods and have these well marked symptoms.

However, Dr. W. O. Browning in Tri-State Medical Journal tells us that from 50 to 60 per cent of the population while not suffering with hives, eczema, asthma or head colds, do have one or more of the symptoms first mentioned.

©—WNU Service.

New and Simple Crochet



Pattern 5544

"Can anyone do it?" Most assuredly! It is a lovely rug, a matching foot-stool top or pillow for quick crocheting. Easy, six-sided medallions are done one by one, each flower a different color with background uniform or

not, as you please. Sew them together and you're ready to begin the border crochet, going round and round with stripes of color used to break the background. Rug wool, rags or candlewicking may be used.

In pattern 5544 you will find complete instructions for making the rug shown; an illustration of it and of all stitches needed; material requirements; color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Ab urbe condita. (L.) From the building of the city (Rome).
Aere perennius. (L.) More enduring than bronze.

Bon jour. (F.) Good day; good morning.
Coup de grace. (F.) Finishing stroke.

De jure. (L.) By right of law.
En avant. (F.) Forward; onward.

Femme de chambre. (F.) A chambermaid; a lady's-maid.
Gnathi seauton. (Gr.) Know thyself.

Laissez-faire. (F.) Let alone.
Quoad hoc. (L.) To this extent; so far.

Being True

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true, I am bound to succeed, but I am bound to live Up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right.

—Abraham Lincoln.

Doing Our Part

YET act thy part, heroic heart! For only by the strong Are great and noble deeds achieved; No truth was ever yet believed That has not struggled long.

—John T. Trowbridge.

Doing Right by an Idol

When a street was widened in Chaoyang, China, recently the temple of a god named Tsao Shih had to be torn down, and his followers to keep a roof over his head put the idol in the Wang Ku temple, but since the latter was a goddess, an elaborate wedding ceremony was held to avoid violation of the proprieties.—Pathfinder Magazine.

DEMPSTER STOCK TANKS

Last Longer!



The strongest, most durable steel stock tanks on the market — that's the famous Dempster Round and Round End Tanks. Roll rim at top for greater strength and to prevent injuring stock. Double lock seam bottom.

DEMPSTER WELL CASING made in both plain or perforated, 3 to 12 inches. Accurately threaded.

SEE Dempster Tanks at your nearest Dempster dealer.
DEMPSTER MILL MFG. CO.
Beatrice, Nebr.

Classified Department

PHOTOGRAPHY

Roll Developed—116 size or smaller, 8 beautiful enlargements from your roll 25c. Wisconsin Photosop, West Salem, Wis.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Properly and promptly. Let us show you. Rolls developed and printed, 25c coin. Two beautiful enlargements free. ACME STUDIO, BOX 3566, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Roll Films Developed, 8 super toned prints and two beautiful 5x7 enlargements. Only 25c coin. Quick service. American Studios, Box 584, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

AGENTS

Want Several Representatives, sell and appoint others. Ladies' knit goods line. Lowest prices. Gorgeous styles. Pays well. DANISH KNITTING WORKS, Minneapolis.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Patterns of Wolfpen

A Gripping Story of Kentucky Pioneers

By HARLAN HATCHER



The Patterns had lived at Wolfpen for four generations. Loving the land, proud of their heritage, their daily routine a design of tranquil, independent, self-sufficient harmony, of a gracious, simple and truly cultivated practice of life. But the outside world

closes in. Industry, crying for more timber, marches into the Cumberland, bringing ugliness, disease and violent death. But beauty is not altogether lost. For the lovely Cynthia Pattern, at least, there is an intimate rewarding, an exquisite compensation.

WATCH FOR THE FIRST INSTALLMENT

JOE E. BROWN



JOE E. BROWN ASKS BOYS AND GIRLS TO JOIN CLUB

Famous Comedian Offers 36 FREE Prizes!

Just send one top from a red-and-blue box of Grape-Nuts Flakes—and you'll get the dandy membership pin shown here and the Club Manual. It tells you how to get 36 valuable prizes free—how to work up to Sergeant, to Lieutenant and to Captain.

So ask your mother to get Grape-Nuts Flakes right away. They're swell! Crisp and crunchy and full of that famous Grape-Nuts flavor! So good you'll cheer every spoonful! And Grape-Nuts Flakes are good for you, too! Eaten with milk or cream and fruit, they pack more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal! (This offer expires December 31, 1936. Good only in U. S. A.) A Post Cereal—made by General Foods.

SEE JOE E. BROWN'S LATEST MOTION PICTURE—"EARTHWORM TRACTOR"—A WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE



Club Membership Pin—Gold finish with blue letter, actual size shown. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts Flakes package top.

Club Membership Ring—24-carat gold finish. Adjustable to fit any finger. FREE for 3 Grape-Nuts Flakes package tops.

Joe E. Brown, c/o GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES, WNU 741-36, Battle Creek, Mich.

I enclose . . . Grape-Nuts Flakes package tops. Please send me free the items checked below. (Put correct postage on your letter):

Membership Pin and Club Manual. (Send 1 package top).

Membership Ring. (Send 3 package tops).

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____