

ARMOUR'S STAR PURE PORK SAUSAGE - *On the way!*



Appetites Are Always Sharp for America's Favorite Sausage!

Watch the faces of that delighted family of yours... watch the rush they make for the table... when they scent the delectable, mouth-watering aroma of Armour's Star Pure Pork Sausage, a-sizzling in the broiler! You see, Armour has done everything to make this the finest, tastiest, most tempting sausage... a sausage that truly satis-

fies a flavor-hungry family! Rare spices, gathered from every corner of the world, are expertly blended in just the right amounts into the Grade-A meats. And Armour's Star Pure Pork Sausage is made fresh every day in kitchens as spotless as your own! Order some today... you'll enjoy it.

In PURE PORK SAUSAGE... As in All Other Meats

Ask for ARMOUR'S STAR

what I'm not sure—just relief. I less, I reached out and slipped on the patent lock. Then I went down by the desk and waited, waiting for doom.

I heard a quiet step in the Then I saw a large, dark blur the glass and the knob turn, slowly up the phone on the desk.

Mr. Michener's voice answered "This is Diane Baker." I said somebody at the office door. I "Shall I let them in?" "Certainly."

His voice sounded a little surpr I felt like a fool. What if Jen changed her mind and not told

I put down the phone, unl door, opened it, and gasped. It was

"Where's Jennifer, Diane?" curtly. "Dr. John said she was

His eyes were so extraordinarily with something—consternation, heaven only knew what, exactly, voice so desperately urgent, that I

speak. I pointed to the inner do He caught his breath sharply a quick step forward. Halfway ac room he stopped. The office door



Who should come first man's life—the relatives are dependent upon him the girl he loves? Read answer in a brilliant

THE UNCERTAIN HEART

By

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

IN FEBRUARY

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING



Jennifer, her face streaked with came out. She stopped dead, her open, her eyes suddenly wild with d "Rusty!" she cried. "Oh—"

At that instant I saw Mr. Abbott doorway. He looked from one of the the other.

I suppose he meant to be kind. He "The charge against Mr. Lattimer been dropped, Miss Reid."

Jennifer's face crumpled. "How she whispered. "I—"

And at that moment a deafening cut off the rest of that horrified We stood there motionless for an Then Rusty and Mr. Abbott sprang door of the inner office. Abbott wren it open, took one stride forward, stopped. Jennifer reeled against the her eyes closed, her face like cha sprang after Mr. Abbott, and stopped

John Michener was sitting bolt up at his desk, a thin trickle of blood out of the blackened hole in his forec his hand with the gun sprawling ac the inkwell in front of him. The pung acrid smell of cordite filled the room a pall of terrible incense. I leaned blind with sudden nausea, again doorframe. Mr. Abbott moved heat across the narrow space to the desk his fingers for an instant on John Mic ener's wrist. He leaned forward and pic up a sheet of paper on the desk and