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gone, in the last few days. He sat down on the porch steps and looked through the open door into the hall. Aunt Rita had taken the maid with her, and the cook had left that morning to stay with her daughter, who was "po'ly." The dogs—that was what made it so still! What he had told Judge Fairleigh about the dogs was just an excuse—he had already sent them off; but he wasn't going himself now until he heard definitely that everything was all right about David. He didn't feel much like going anyway. Closing his eyes and leaning back against the post behind him, Maury realized that he was tired.

An epidemic, like almost any other general misfortune, is so fraught with inconveniences of one kind or another that they are apt to obscure the real issue. Maury had expected to be worried about a variety of things until the yellow fever was over, but not once had he expected to have it himself. Even when he began to realize that such a thing was at any rate possible, the inconvenience of it still loomed larger in his mind than anything else.

He went upstairs to his room and lay down, intending to get up presently and find himself some supper; but it was nearer breakfast time before he woke, not in the least hungry, only glad to find the big china pitcher on his washstand full of water. He would go down after a while and get some ice, he thought, lying down again. How long he slept this time he had no way of knowing; he had not wound his watch, and was not particularly interested anyway.

It was not until, after a sleep much longer than the others had been and weighted with a different kind of dreams, he opened his eyes and saw David standing in the doorway that he realized with an overwhelming sense of calamity what had befallen him.

"You must not come in," he said, raising himself on his elbow. "Stand right where you are, David, and I will tell you what you must do." Then, as David did not stand: "You must obey me, David!" he shouted with all the strength he had, and fell back on his pillows, realizing more from David's face than anything else his own helplessness.

"I will, Maury," he said, pushing up a chair and sitting down by the bed. "But first you must let me get somebody to look after you. And anyhow, why should you think I would be afraid?"

MAURY tried again to get up. "Go, I tell you—go!" he cried desperately, over and over. "You do not understand!"

"I will, Maury," David said again. "I promise you I will." But he did not move, and Maury, seeing that it was useless, buried his face in the pillow and lay shivering with sobs and with fever until unconsciousness again descended upon him.

This time when he woke, it was evening and David was still there. After that, other faces sometimes appeared to him—a doctor—a Negro nurse—but as long as he saw anything, he saw David too.

Nobody, the doctor told him when he pronounced him out of danger, had ever had a worse case of yellow fever, or one that lasted longer. He said it in a *cum laude* manner, as if he were handing him a diploma. He did not mention the number of weeks it had taken him to accomplish this, and Maury did not ask. By the way the trees looked, summer was over; he knew that. One of the strangest things he noticed about himself was his willingness to know so little—only the things he didn't have to be told. He did not want to be told how many weeks he had lain there, nor to be reminded that while his "hopeless" case ran its long course and had its fortunate ending, others might have ended differently. He did not want to be told about David, knowing perhaps already what he would hear.



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going to read you a few of my favorite poems," she said, sitting down near the bed. "I'm going to read you about Lazarus." He lay very still. Her chair was between him and the window, where the treetops that had changed so were gold behind her; and when she finished reading, he lay stiffer yet. "Did you ever think, Maury," she said, "how hard it must have been for Lazarus to come back like that, and be the only stranger in the midst of all those friends who were reaching over him, and take up his life again, being so far away? In all the stories about people coming back from the dead, why are you so much about the joy of the family friends, and so little about the feelings of the ones who came back—whether they were glad or not. The more I think of it, the more it seems to me they could have been—at any rate, in some way. It would be a good deal like the case of someone who had been blind and who

Now the crimson and So brief, so bright, So swiftly fled, Have followed where Only lonely autumn Where went the rose

This little poem, even in the literary column Judge Fairleigh had judiciously, and now told her that it reminded Amy Gilbert, who was Fairleigh, said "Sweet!" kissed her. Mrs. Fairleigh said, "Bedtime, dear," up the nearest child, anything. Mrs. Fairleigh him through senses that either sight or hearing compare them with an

MOM!!! I'VE GOT A PAIN IN MY BUDGET

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO LIVE ON LOVE UNTIL PAY DAY!



TUNA'S A GOOD TONIC FOR THAT SUE...

I FOUND THAT OUT A LONG, LONG TIME AGO!



"One month, when you were

very young, I had budget troubles and didn't want to tell your father. So, for two weeks, he ate tuna in one form or another practically every night. Those wonderful little cans saved me from household bankruptcy. Your dad never knew until months later, when I finally told him. He's been a tuna addict ever since... for I learned how to serve tuna a score of ways, both hot and cold, and he loved all of them.

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recovered his sight and making him go back to finding his way more, wouldn't all those things are such a comfort to us," she began again after a moment, "that we are so dependent on we haven't away—the fact that people their life, though are nearly all them material, you come down to it—had have been being but a for him to and to again." I knew now I knew; and I openly she at him! The of the name not spoken where on. He asked "Where our blue name," she surprised. you like White is and to be and hasn't not again, at little believe you tell each if you was well

my dear," she cried, "that is all I am waiting for! I have been so lonely here and not being able to talk to you—just to please the doctor! Lie down and I will tell you now."

of broken communications, of omissions and mistakes and interferences, was still so present to her as absorbing that she had to force it brief. The end, since it was ready, she made briefer still.

There was not a soul to stay with her—not at first. How could you go and leave you alone in this way? If he had not stayed he would have David; you know that. And by your father could get here, and Miss when of course I came—" "I'll get me back, like Lazarus."

FOR one desperate moment Lucia was to think, "I can't go on." Yet there was no choice. Lying on an island, his face covered by a cheap cotton bandanna, was a dead man. Lucia had put him there. Tucked away in a blackmailer's pocket were some love letters costing \$5000. Lucia's daughter had written them. In a city pawnbroker's office Lucia was to hear: "I'll give you six hundred dollars for your jewels, lady. That's all I can give you."

There was nothing Lucia would not do to save her foolish child. Lucia was to prove this. Blunderingly, courageously, she was to face a world she had never met before. Using their weapons, she fought a losing battle. And then suddenly help came. Only Lucia knew why the shadow of suspicion was lifted from their lives. Only Lucia knew that, out of the filth of all that had happened, something lovely and wonderful had been offered her.

By

Elizabeth Sanzau Holding

Condensed from the novel shortly to be published by Simon and Shuster.

Complete in the October Journal

three, she had told her had surprised him too Cherry Station were 1 age, even to people Maury considered the tours of Amy's face and hair, combed back and on her neck. Was this ronment too? Maybe up so fast when they grow in.

"Amy is pretty—don't I was afraid she would such a strong-minded leigh had said shortly. That had been some v whether or not they b Station standard, were taken for granted; she