

Lovable

By MARY RAYMOND

(Continued From Page One)

it all out. I'm going to sell the house.

"I won't hear to that. The house is yours. No one can touch it."

"I couldn't keep it. Surely you understand."

The judge sighed heavily. "Ann, don't let anyone make you believe your father was dishonest. He had every confidence in the security he offered."

"Thank you." Ann's voice was trembling. "Of course I knew that. How much will the house bring?"

"It might bring \$10,000. These are dull days."

"Would \$10,000 cover all the debts father made?"

"Practically all."

"All, you mean, except the amount he owed you. You must tell me the truth. How much was it, Judge Wilson?"

"Ann dear—it was so little—I was happy to help. Did no one ever tell you, Ann, that your mother was the only woman I ever loved?"

"Yes, I've known always. Father said instead of hating him he became his best friend."

"Then don't you understand how happy it made me?"

"Please."

"It was about \$3,000. On my next case I'll charge a double fee."

His smile and the twinkle in his blue eyes did not deceive Ann. Financial difficulties were written in the tired, anxious lines of his face.

"I'll have a sale. All the wealthy people at Crystal Beach will come over for it."

"Ann, you can't be in earnest—"

She nodded her bright head. "You know that silver coffee urn—the one that was used for the banquet Lafayette attended—and the Hepplewhite chest of drawers and that ancient china—"

"And the blue cloisonné vase your mother kept roses in? Ann, my child, I don't see how you could sell such things."

"My mother would have valued them less than father's good name," Ann said in a low voice.

Her old friend got to his feet, crossed the room and grasped the girl's hands.

"I'm more than scandalized at your daring. But I'm proud of you. It's exactly what your mother would have done. God bless her!"

ANN had gone bravely about removing the desolate atmosphere from her home, making it a gay and gallant place. Shining surfaces were restored. Books and vases of flowers were placed about the rooms where the "sale" would be held.

Old Mollie, who had served two generations of Hollisters, had come to "help."

The announcement that "Miss Ann Hollister would conduct a sale of her family possessions from 2 until 6" had brought gasps of amazement from Greenfield's elite and virtual retirement for the time of all Ann's relatives.

"If you dare to desert my poor brother's home I'll wash may hands of you," Aunt Hattie told Ann.

"Dad would have died before he would have borrowed all that money for any one but me," Ann reported. "I owe it to him to shake up those notes and I shall."

"You won't be so high-minded when you haven't a nickel and no place to go," her aunt said darkly.

Ann's bravery had been assumed. She was feeling sick now, and frightened. Old Mrs. Sykes, with her gimlet eyes, who always arrived first when there were bargains to be had, would make straight for the beautiful secretary inlaid with ebony and tortoise shell.

Alene Carson, who had married rich old Mr. Williamson, would motor in from her new home in the country and buy recklessly and gloatingly.

"Yo looks tired, honey," Molly said, her dark face softened by sympathy. "I don't blame yo for feelin' bad. All these pretty things goin' to folks they don't belong to."

"Please, Molly," Ann said faintly. Sympathy was the one thing she could not endure.

"Mos' time for 'em to be comin'. Look like some of 'em would be here before. Leastways, Mrs. Sykes better be."

"Yes," said Ann from the window. Then, breathlessly, "Somebody is coming, Molly, be ready to open the door—"

"Mis' Sykes?"

"No, it's a man—a young man—I've never seen him before."

(To Be Continued)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



\$90,000
WAS FOUND IN
LETTERS, OPENED
AT THE
DEAD LETTER
OFFICE,
IN ONE YEAR.
(1932)

A MEMORIAL AVENUE
OF TREES, 24 MILES LONG, WAS PLANTED
ALONG THE ROAD TO THE TOMB OF IESUAS,
JAPANESE LEADER! 18,308 OF THE TREES
STILL STAND, ALTHOUGH PLANTED IN 1651.

IN ARGENTINA,
THE RIGHT HEAD-
LIGHTS OF MOTOR
CARS ARE GREEN.

THE greatest memorial avenue in the world is the avenue planted at Nikko, Japan, leading to the tomb of Iesuas, father of the second Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty. It took twenty years to complete the planting.

NEXT — The shop of what President still stands in Greeneville, Tenn.

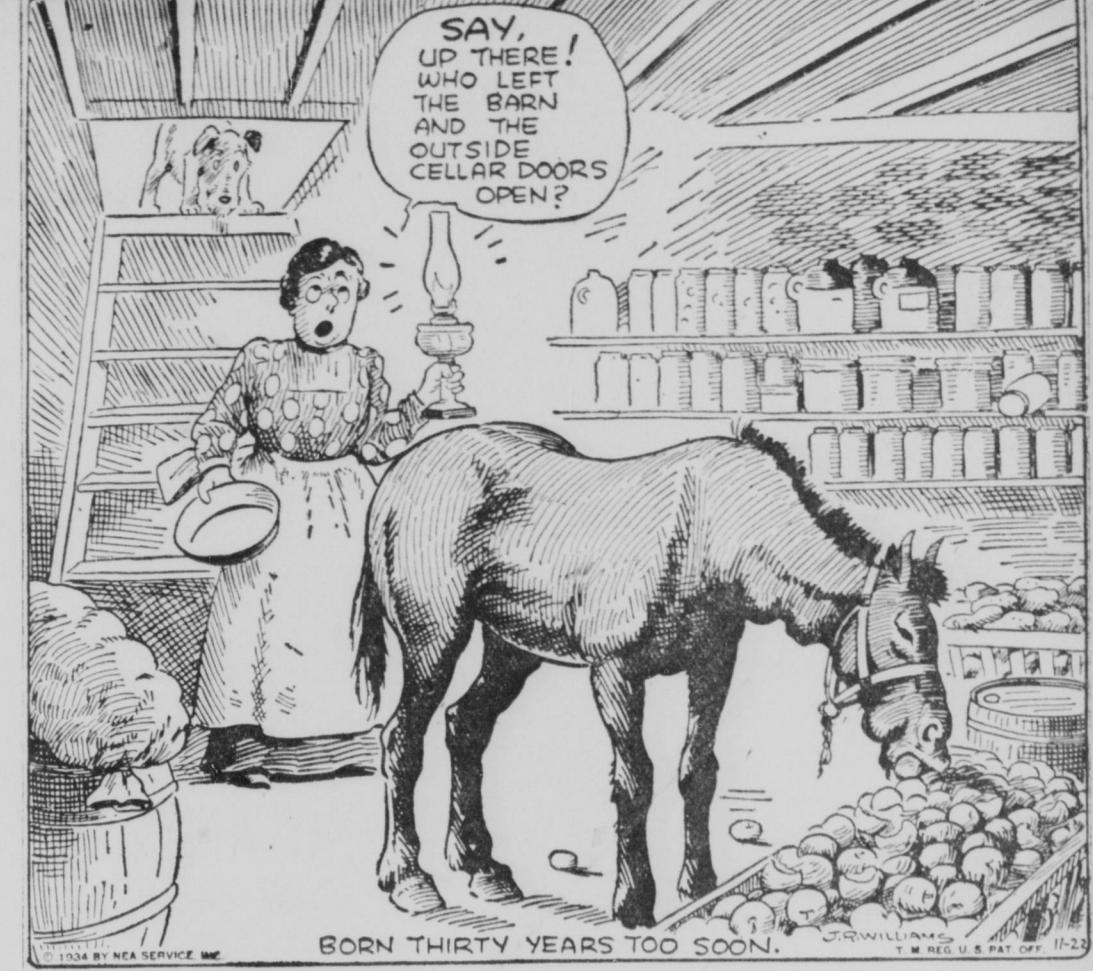
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



ALLEY OOP

—By Hamlin



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Shop in the "Buy-Way" — Downstairs at Ayres — Where You SAVE on Everything for Home and Family!

REGISTERED