

# Shifting SANDS

by Sara Ware BASSETT

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### SYNOPSIS

The youthful and comely "Widder" Marcia Howe has as her guest her late husband's niece, Sylvia Hayden. A stranger, exhausted, finds his way to Marcia's home. He asks her to hide a package containing jewelry. She does so. Elisha Winslow, town sheriff, brings news of a jewel robbery nearby. The stranger gives his name as Stanley Heath. Sylvia discovers the jewels, and naturally believes Heath is a robber, but decides to say nothing. Marcia feels she has too deep an interest in her guest, but is powerless to overcome it. Heath wires "Mrs. S. C. Heath, New York, saying he is a robber, and orders a man named Currier to come at once. Sylvia, in her room, bedsheets herself with the jewels. At Marcia's approach she hides them there. Heath asks Marcia to bring them to him. They are gone! Sylvia restores the jewels to their original hiding place. Elisha Winslow discovers them and has no doubt they are the stolen gems, and Heath is a thief. Leaving the jewels, he makes plans for arresting Heath. Currier arrives. Marcia overhears Heath describe how he acquired the gems, and is forced to believe him guilty of theft. Currier investigates the hiding place—and finds the gems! He returns to New York with them, but his references to "Mrs. Heath" have convinced Marcia her tender dream has been a foolish one. Elisha and Eleazer come to arrest Heath. The jewels, of course, are not to be found. To Sylvia Marcia admits she loves Heath and has faith in his innocence. She tells him she believes him innocent, but urges him, if he is guilty, to confess. He admits nothing, but compels her to confess she loves him, also telling her he is giving himself up to the sheriff. She insists this must be the end of their association, and he, thinking she will not face the "disgrace," reproaches and leaves her.

### CHAPTER X—Continued

Then she swayed, caught at a chair and shrank into it, her body shaking and her breath coming in gasping, hysterical sobs.

The clock ticked on, the surf broke in muffled undertone, the light faded; the candles burned lower, flickered and overflowed the old pewter candle sticks; and still she sat there, her tearless, dilated eyes fixed straight before her.

Having no inkling of a change in the delightful relations that had for the past week prevailed in the Homestead, the atmosphere that greeted Sylvia when she came down the next morning was a shock.

Stanley Heath stood at the telephone talking to Elisha Winslow and on the porch outside were grouped his suitcase, overcoat and traveling rug. He was plainly ill at ease and had little except the most commonplace remarks to offer in way of conversation.

Marcia had not slept, as her pallor and the violet shadows beneath her eyes attested.

Although the girl did not understand, she sensed Marcia's need of her and rushed valiantly into the breach—filling every awkward pause with her customary sparkling chatter.

When at length the meal was cut short by the arrival of Elisha Winslow, all three of the group rose with un concealed relief.

"Wal, Mr. Heath, I see you're expectin' me," grinned the sheriff, pointing toward the luggage beside the door.

"I am, Mr. Winslow."

"I've got my boat. Are you ready to come right along?"

"Quite ready."

Heath went to Sylvia and took her hand.

"Thank you very much," murmured he formally, "for all you've done for me. I appreciate it more than I can say. And you, too, Mrs. Howe."

"I wish you luck, Mr. Heath," called Sylvia.

"Thanks."

"And I, too," Marcia rejoined in a voice scarcely audible.

To this the man offered no reply. They followed him to the door.

It was then that Marcia sprang forward and caught Elisha's arm.

"Where are you taking him, Elisha?" she demanded, a catch in her voice.

"Remember, Mr. Heath has been ill. You must not risk his getting cold or suffering any discomfort."

"You need have no worries on that score, Marcia," replied the sheriff kindly, noticing the distress in her face. "I'll look out for him."

"Where is he going?"

"To my house for the present," Elisha answered. "I've a comfortable spare room an' I figger to put him in it 'til I've questioned him an' verified his story."

"Meantime, nobody in town will be the wiser. I ain't even tellin' May Ellen why Mr. Heath's at the house. If I choose to harbor company, that's my business. Not a soul 'cept Eleazer's in on this affair an' he's keepin' zurr. When him an' me decide we've got the truth, we'll act—not before."

"That relieves my mind very much. Mr. Heath is—you see he—"

"He's a friend of yours—I ain't gettin' that, I shall treat him 'cordin'ly, Marcia."

"Thank you, Elisha—thank you a hundred times."

There was nothing more to be said. Heath bowed once again and the two men walked down to the float where they clambered with the luggage into Elisha's dory and put out into the channel.

Sylvia loitered to wave her hand and watch them row away, but Marcia, as if unable to bear the sight, waited for no further farewell.

But by noon she was, to outward appearances, entirely herself. She had not been able, to be sure, to banish her pallor or the traces of sleeplessness; but she had her emotions sufficiently under control to talk pleasantly, if not gaily.

That day and the next passed in much the same strained fashion.

It was not until the third morning that the barriers between the two collapsed.

Marcia had gone into the living room to write a letter. She sat down before the desk and started to take up her pen when Sylvia heard her utter a cry.

"What's the matter, dear?" called the girl, hurrying into the other room.

As Sylvia came nearer, Marcia bowed her head upon the desk and began to sob as if her heart would break.

"Oh, how could he!" moaned the woman. "How could he be so cruel!"

"What has happened, Marcia?"

"Stanley—he has left a check—money—thrown it in my face! And I did it so gladly—because I loved him. He knew that. Yet he could leave this—pay me—as if I were a common servant. I had rather he struck me—a hundred times rather."

The girl took the check.

It was filled out in Stanley Heath's clear, strong hand and was for the sum of a hundred dollars.

"How detestable of him!" she exclaimed. "Tell me, Marcia—what happened between you and Mr. Heath? You quarreled—of course I know that. But why—why? I have not wanted to ask, but now—"

"I'll tell you everything, Sylvia. I'd rather you knew. I thought at first I could keep it to myself, but I cannot. I need you to help me, dear."

Marcia unfolded the story of her blind faith in Stanley Heath; her love for him—a love she could neither resist nor control—a love she had known from the first to be hopeless. She confessed how she had struggled to conceal her feelings; how he himself had resisted a similar attraction in her; how at last he had discovered her secret and forced her to betray it.

"Of course I realized we could not go on," she explained bravely. "That we loved one another was calamity enough. All that remained was for him to go away and forget me—return to his wife, his home, and his former life. Soon, if he honestly tries, this infatuation will pass and everything will be as before. Men forget more easily than women. Absence, too, will help."

"And you, Marcia?"

"I cannot give up my love. It is all I have now. Oh, I do not mean to mourn over it, pity myself, make life unhappy. Instead, I shall be glad, thankful. You will see. This experience will make every day of living richer. You need have no fears for me, Sylvia. You warned me, you know," concluded she with a pathetic little smile.

"I was a brute! I ought to have shielded you more," the girl cried. "I could have, had I realized. Well, I can yet do something, thank heaven. Give me that check."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Return it, of course—return it before Stanley Heath leaves town. I'll take it over to Elisha Winslow's now, this minute."

"I wonder—yes, probably that will be best. You won't, I suppose, be allowed to see Stanley," speculated she timidly. "If you should—"

"Well?"

"Don't say anything harsh, Sylvia. Please do not blame him, or—"

"I'll wring his neck!" was the emphatic retort.

"Oh, please—please dear—for my sake! I can't let you go if you go in that spirit," pleaded Marcia in alarm.

"There, there—you need not worry for fear I shall maltreat your Romeo, richly as he deserves it," was the response. "I could kill him—but I won't—because of you. Nevertheless, I warn you that if I get the chance I shall tell him what I think of him. He is terribly to blame and ought to realize it. No married man has any business playing round with another woman."

"I am half afraid to let you go, Sylvia."

"You don't trust me? Don't you believe I love you?"

"I am afraid you love me too much, dear."

"I do love you, Marcia. I never dreamed I could care so intensely for anyone I have known for so short a time. What you did for my mother alone would make me love you. But aside from gratitude there are other reasons. I love you for your own splendid self, dear. Please do not fear to trust me. I promise you I will neither be unjust nor bitter."

"Take the check then and go. I wish I were to see him."

"Well, you're not! Let him do the explaining and apologizing. Let him grovel at your feet. That's what he ought to do!"

"You won't tell him that?"

"I don't know what I shall tell him."

"Please Sylvia! You promised, remember."

"Don't fret. Some of the mad will be taken out of me before I see Mr. Heath. Kiss me and wish me luck, Marcia. You do believe I will try to be wise, don't you?"

"Yes, dear. Yes!"

"That's right. You really can trust me, you know. I'm not so bad as I sound."

Tucking the check into the wee pocket of her sweater, Sylvia caught up her pert beret and perched it upon her curls.

"So long!" she called, looking back over her shoulder as she opened the door. "So long, Marcia! I'll be back as soon as ever I can."

The haste with which she disappeared, suddenly precipitated her into the arms of a young man who stood upon the steps preparing to knock.

"Hortie Fuller," cried Sylvia breathlessly. "Hortie! Where on earth did you come from?"

Her arms closed about his neck and he had kissed her twice before she swiftly withdrew, rearranging her curls and saying coldly:

"I cannot imagine what brought you here, Horatio."

### CHAPTER XI

"I can't imagine," repeated Sylvia, still very rosy and flustered, but with her most magnificent air, "what brought you to Wilton—I really cannot."

"Can't you?" grinned Horatio cheerfully.

"No, I cannot."

From his superior height of six-feet-two, he looked down at her meager five feet, amusement twinkling in his eyes.

Sylvia, however, was too intent on patting her curls into place to heed his glance.

"You wrote me to come, didn't you?" he presently inquired.

"I wrote you to come!"

"Well, at least you led me to suppose you'd like it if I were here," persisted Horatio. "Toward the bottom of page two you said: 'I am positively homesick'; and in the middle of the back of page three you wrote: 'It seems years since I've seen you.'"

"What if I did?" answered the girl with a disdainful shrug.

Nevertheless the dimples showed in her cheeks.

"And that isn't all," Horatio went on. "At the end of page five you wrote: 'Would that you were here!' Sylvia bit her lip.

"That was only a figure of speech—what is called poetic license."

"Then you didn't mean it when you said you wished I was here."

Horatio was obviously disappointed.

"Why, of course I am pleased to see you, Horatio. It is very nice of you to come to the Cape to meet my aunt and—"

"Damn your aunt!" he scowled. "I didn't come to see her. I am not interested in aunts."

"Take care! I happen to be very keen on this aunt of mine. If she didn't like you, you might get sent home. Don't be horrid, Hortie. I truly am glad you've come. You must make allowance for my being surprised. I haven't got over it yet. How in the world did you contrive to get away at this season? And what sort of a trip did you have?"

"Sweet! I stopped overnight in New York at the Gardners. Mother wanted me to deliver a birthday cake to the Ester's, who, you may remember, is the master's god-daughter. She's a pippin, too. I hadn't seen her since she graduated from Vassar."

Sylvia listened.

She did not need to be told about the Gardners.

They had visited Horatio's family more than once and rumor had it the elders of both families would be delighted when the young people to make a match of it.

"I'm surprised you did not stay longer in New York," Sylvia observed, gazing reflectively at her white shoe.

"New York wasn't my objective. I came on business, you see. Dad gave me two months off so I could get married."

Sylvia jumped.

"I was not aware you were engaged," murmured she in a formal, far-away tone.

"I'm not," came frankly from Horatio Junior. "But I'm going to be. In fact I chance to have the ring with me this minute. Want to see it?"

"I always enjoy looking at jewels," was her cautious retort.

Horatio felt of his pockets.

"Where on earth did I put that thing?" he muttered. "Hope I haven't lost it. Oh, here it is."

He took out a tiny velvet case and sprang the catch.

"Oh, Hortie! Isn't it beautiful!" Sylvia cried. "It fairly takes away my breath."

"Try it on."

She shook her head.

"It wouldn't fit me. My hands are too small."

"It's a small ring. Here. Put it on," he urged, holding it toward her.

"Well, I suppose I might try it to please you. But I know it will be too large."

She slipped it on her finger.

"Why, it does fit. How odd!"

"Very odd indeed," he answered drily, as she reached her hand out into the sun and turned the diamonds so that they caught the light.

"Looks rather well on, doesn't it?" was his comment.

"It is a beautiful ring."

Horatio, standing behind her, twice extended his arms as if to gather her into them and twice withdrew them, deciding the action to be premature.

At length with a determined squaring of his shoulders, he locked his hands behind him and stood looking on while she continued to twist the ring this way and that.

"Well," yawned he after an interval, "I suppose I may as well put it back in the box."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Designers in a Mood for Pleating

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



PLEATS, pleats and nothing but pleats, is the message of many of the smartest fashions this season. Turn where one will in the realm of costume design, there's an orgy of intriguing pleated effects "carrying on."

So let's keep up with the mode while we talk about pleats, pleated and being pleated.

French designers, especially, are not leaving anything unpleated that could, should and must be pleated according to their idea of things. Their pleated mood pertains to daytime fashions as well as those of highest evening formality. The all-over pleated gown reflecting Grecian inspiration is a highlight in evening modes. Evening capes to go with these lovely creations are also completely pleated in waistline or longer lengths. In daytime fashions the all-over pleated dress, has also been received with acclaim.

However, all-over pleating is only one phase of the subject, for the use of pleats is embracing every sort from the tiniest of sprightly pleated edgings which run hither and thither about hemlines and up and down, flanking each side of neat buttoned closings which sometimes extend from head to foot. Some designers there are who make a feature of pleated tiers and apron fronts and pleated sleeves.

The new fabrics are entering into the pleated conspiracy with a noble gesture. Most of them seem made just to be pleated—fairly invite one to pleat them. Take the all-silk black crepe which is so ultra smart for daytime dresses. It pleats to perfection. A statement that does not need a second telling after one glimpses the stunning gown in the center of the illustration. Pleated every inch of the way is this black silk crepe afternoon dress. The pleats are stitched down at the neck, shoulders and waist, giving a fitted

well-groomed appearance to the frock. A green clasp at the throat and a suede belt in the same color provide bright contrast. This dress is the much talked-of Molyneux which is meeting with such outstanding success this season.

An effective treatment of wider pleats in a black silk crepe dress for the young girl, is pictured to the left. The pleats are stitched with tailored precision about the hipline and released half way down the skirt so as to slenderize at the same time that it provides a flared hemline. The bodice is a modified shirtwaist with tiny metal buttons in front.

Speaking of the new materials adapting themselves so readily to the pleated mode, the new silk lame weaves, many of which are sheer and tissue-like in texture, enter into the scheme of things with infinite grace. If you are wanting a lovely gown for prom gayety, here it is at the right in the group pictured. Shirrings and pleats go fifty-fifty in the instance of this ultra chic and adorable evening dress made of silver silk lame. The shirred top is held by narrow double straps, and the décolletage is outlined by a tiny band of pleats. The pleated theme continues in the skirt, held well in place by the crispness of the silk lame. The only trimming is the metal and jeweler buckle of the belt.

Among the pleated triumphs in evening fashions are the perfectly charming airy-fairy floating visions of silk chiffon, most lovely, perhaps, in white but which set your heart throbbing at faster pace in any of the new jewel colors or pastel shades. Sometimes only the skirt is pleated, but when it is, it's done so artfully it flutters out like a feeble cloud or a mist enveloping the figure.

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### WEAR TO SCHOOL

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Is the "what to give for Christmas" problem beginning to disturb your peace of mind? If it's Junior or little sister you have in mind, the answer will be found in the picture. To become the happy possessor of a pig-grain three-quarter length coat just like big brother's is enough to bring a big smile to any little boy. Little girls have a liking for leather coats, too, for no doubt they have heard their elders declare that leather's the thing for smart sports wear.

### FUR CAPES RICHER; OF MANY VARIETIES

Fur capes are richer than they have been in years. Full-length evening models are made of strips of silver fox running from shoulder to hem—one very elegant one boasting twenty full-sized animal skins. Knee-length day capes are fashioned of mink, silver fox, dyed red fox or moleskin, while any number of shorter capes appear in astrakhan, nutria or broodtail.

Occasionally the fur capes for day wear are cut with broad shoulders and little fullness below so that they hang straight, though more often they have some flare.

### New Soft Wool Weaves Are Proving Popular Just Now

With wool increasing in fashion importance, and women's insistence on being comfortable indoors as well as out, something pretty definite has been done in this year's weaves for the interests of all concerned.

This year's domestic weaves are as soft as chiffon, warm enough for all normal purposes, and have taken on an additional silky finish, adding to wearing enjoyment.

Colors have never been more flattering. That day has gone when winter means somber tones, and the "little wool frock" to wear underneath the tweed coat or the fur sport coat may be as gay and colorful as one's temperament demands.

### Whiter Blouses

White silk blouses should never be hung out to dry as it will yellow them. Wrap them in towels until ironing. If they become yellowed in spite of your precaution, use a little whitening in the rinse water.

### Sharp Contrast

Paris is wearing black afternoon frocks with billowy white sleeves—a style becoming to many women.

## "Bird Cage" Pot Holders Make a Practical Gift

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



This cute pot holder set makes an attractive addition to any kitchen or an inexpensive practical gift. With very little handwork you can make this charming set. Good-looking pot holders are always in demand. Make up one of these sets and you will want to make more.

Package A-8 contains bird cage and two pot holders stamped and tinted on unbleached muslin to be embroidered and made up. Instructions are given for embroidery stitches and the color scheme is also given. Embroidery thread is not included. Fifteen cents each or four for 50 cents, postpaid.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. A, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Inclose self-addressed stamped envelope when writing for any information.

### Fishing Fleet Concocts

#### Funeral for Ghost Ship

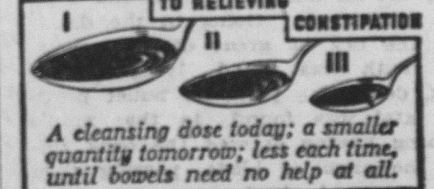
The Flying Dutchman, encountered usually in the neighborhood of Cape Horn, and prophesying disaster at that most dreaded ocean corner, is the most famous of ghost ships, but now we hear that another sinister vessel has taken to appearing and disappearing in the South sea. It takes the form of a phantom launch, which haunts the fishing grounds near Chatham islands, a lonely outpost 460 miles southeast of New Zealand.

Four years ago the craft was first reported, and soon afterwards a launch in which 11 fishermen were going to a football match foundered, all being drowned. More recently a lonely fisherman claimed to have seen it; a few days later he was swept overboard by the idea of exercising this grim visitant, the whole fishing fleet assembled on the approximate spot, and held a solemn funeral service. The ghostly launch is said to appear in misty weather and to travel at supernatural speed.

## NO UPSETS

### The proper treatment for a bilious child

#### THREE STEPS TO RELIEVING CONSTIPATION



A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.

ANY mother knows the reason why her child stops playing, eats little, is hard to manage. Constipation. But what a pity so few know the sensible way to set things right!

The ordinary laxatives, of even ordinary strength, must be carefully regulated as to dosage.

A liquid laxative is the answer, mothers. The answer to all your worries over constipation. A liquid can be measured. The dose can be exactly suited to any age or need. Just reduce the dose each time, until the bowels are moving of their own accord and need no help.

This treatment will succeed with any child and with any adult.

The doctors use liquid laxatives. Hospitals use the liquid form. If it is best for their use, it is best for home use. The liquid laxative most families use is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Any druggist has it.

WNU-4 48-85

## Ringworm on Head. Child Cried All the Time

### Cuticura Relieved

"Ringworm started with a white crust on my little boy's head. Then it turned into eruptions and his head was in a terrible way. These eruptions itched and when he scratched them they would burn, and more broke out. He could not rest, but cried all the time.

"I tried different remedies, but the eruption lasted one year. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now my boy's head is relieved. I will never be without Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Margaret Carter, 840 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore, Md., May 27, 1935. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.